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WEEKLY INSTRUCTOR.

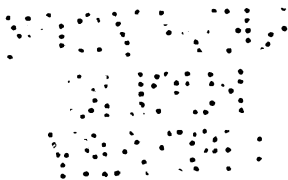
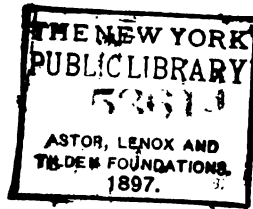
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WEEKLY HOGG'S INSTRUCTOR

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NOODLES.

NORWITHSTANDING the 'march of intellect,' and the great exertions now made for the diffusion of useful knowledge, there are still to be found in every sphere of life not a few who may be denominated *Noodles*. We have met of late years with many worthy persons, who imagined that when once the 'schoolmaster' was fairly abroad, the noodles, like the rest of the community, would be benefited by his labours. They thought it impossible that these would remain stationary when every body else was 'going a-head.' The showers of knowledge which were descending in all directions from the press could not fail, they argued, to penetrate into the hardest and thickest heads among them. Nay, some of the more enthusiastic renovators of society hinted that they had no doubt but that their friend the 'schoolmaster' would put an effectual extinguisher on the whole class. The hopes of these worthy men have, however, been rather disappointed. They are still in a flourishing condition. To us this is no matter of marvel. They form, in truth, an element in the great social system. They are part of the material (and often a considerable part) of which the great web of society is composed; it is therefore idle to fancy we shall get entirely quit of them. Like the poor, they will never cease from the land. There were noodles at the beginning, and there will be noodles to the end.

Before we proceed to mention a few specimens of the class, it is needful that we should give a general geographical sketch of the Kingdom of Noodledom, in order that the uninitiated may have some distinct idea as to its locality and boundaries. Society may be said to be made up of two classes, the sane and the insane. Between these, however, there is a third class, dwelling in a sort of debatable land, bounded on one side by the territory of those who are sane and sensible, and on the other by that of those who are 'mad as March hares.' It is in this neutral ground, where the inhabitants are neither altogether sound in their intellects nor thoroughly crack-brained, that our heroes have their place of habitation. There are various degrees of noodleism. Some are immeasurably dull and stupid; others, again, are flighty and hair-brained. It is not at all necessary that a man should be to a certain extent crazed in order to constitute him a noodle. The truth is, it is perfectly possible for him to be in the full possession of all the faculties he was ever blessed with, and yet still be a noodle and nothing but a noodle. Indeed a man requires a certain portion of intellect to be a noodle. It may be very small, a mere glimmering, barely sufficient to create a sort of darkness in his mind, but he could not do without it. Un-

less he possessed a small modicum of intellect, he would be a simple fool; but having wherewithal to keep him somewhat on the sunny side of sanity, he takes rank as a noodle. He is therefore a superior person to a fool. He no doubt at times talks and acts somewhat like a fool, but there is always a spice of rationality about what he says and does, which clearly distinguishes him from one. He is frequently a harum scarum half-witted being, who, though by no means a Solon, has at least two ideas in his brain. They may not be very bright, but they bear each other company, and prevent the noodle's mind from being an absolute vacuum. It is this mingling of a small modicum of intellect with a pretty considerable amount of stupidity, absurdity, and silliness, which constitutes a genuine thorough-paced noodle.

We cannot undertake to describe every variety of the noodle species. Their name is legion. We may, however, notice some of the more prominent of the class. There is the silent noodle and the loquacious noodle. The former is in general lean, lank, and cadaverous; he is as lean in body as in mind. If he is young, he is pale and parched-looking, with sleek smooth hair, green spectacles, and oftentimes a drop at the tip of his nose. If he is getting up in years, or ears (for a noodle can scarcely be said to have arrived at the years of discretion), he is generally considerably bald, or sports a wig which can never under any circumstances be mistaken for natural hair. He has a very staid look, reminding one of an owl in an ivy bush, and he sits so motionless on his chair that one would almost take him for a man of straw, which to a certain extent he is. Those who belong to this class very seldom open their mouths. If they are not as wise as the Carthusian Monks, they are certainly as taciturn. As Miss Mitford would say, they have a 'remarkable gift of silence.' On some rare occasion they will perhaps utter half-a-dozen words, or perchance venture to hazard some profound observations respecting the weather, but the sound of their voice seems almost to terrify them, and they soon relapse into their wonted taciturnity. As to entering into conversation with a noodle, the thing is quite impossible. You may direct your discourse to him, but he will merely answer you with monosyllables and exclamations; or if he is far gone in noodleism, he will content himself with shrugging his shoulders, or waving his hand, or peradventure he will nod his head in such a solemn and mysterious manner as will impress you with an idea that he is a perfect Solon. It is only after he opens his mouth you discover he is merely a solan goose. Coleridge gives us a very amusing account of an adventure with one of these nooding noodles. He was dining at the table of a friend. The person who sat next him was a little, lean,

lantern-jawed man. He listened with profound attention to every thing that Coleridge said. He of course never responded, but appeared such a profound listener, and withal nodded his head so appropriately and heartily, that the author of the 'Ancient Mariner' began to regard his companion as a sensible man. Had the noodle contented himself with merely nodding his head all would have been well with him, and Coleridge would have remained ignorant that he had been pouring forth the rich pearls of his intellect to one of the species. In an unlucky moment, however, the unfortunate noodle ventured upon a remark. Towards the end of the repast apple dumplings were placed upon the table. No sooner did the hitherto silent man behold the dumplings than his tongue became loosened, and he exclaimed, rubbing his hands with joy, 'Them's the jockeys for me!' This was quite enough. These few words revealed the true character of the man.

In our speculations respecting noodles we have always been sorely puzzled to understand how any of the silent order ever get married. They no doubt often look, or rather stare, with lack lustre eyes at the fair daughters of Eve, but we never heard of one of them venturing to enter into conversation with any of them. How then can they, under this 'silent system,' carry on the pleasant preliminaries of marriage? How can they carry out the delectable details of sighing and whispering? How can they find out each other's tastes and distastes? How can they discover each other's mental and moral gifts? Above all, how can the noodle, unless his tongue, in some happy moment, becomes suddenly loosened, pop the question? Truly the way of a noodle in such matters baffles our comprehension. It is clear notwithstanding, whatever means they employ, that the noodles generally contrive, some way or other, to get married, and not unfrequently too to ladies remarkable both for beauty and accomplishments. There is a mystery in this matter which we cannot comprehend. Perhaps, after all, the ladies court the noodles. We don't see why they should not. This is a free country, and if the ladies choose to 'stoop to conquer' even a noodle, we do not see why they should be prevented. Many of the species are worth the conquering. Not a few of them are men well to do in the world—sleek well-conditioned men—who, though they have little in their heads, have plenty in their purses, and if they have the misfortune to have short tempers, have the luck to have long rent-rolls. No wonder that the fair sex should set 'man-traps' for such game. They are worth winning. If a noodle can give them a 'local habitation and a name,' they are quite right to take him. It is a 'good match,' and what more would they have. Besides, after all, the noodles make excellent husbands; quiet, good-natured, obedient creatures. A noodle, if he is in comfortable circumstances, is in more senses than one quite a treasure to a woman. He can either be frightened or flattered to do any thing. He is entirely under petticoat government, and of course never contradicts his wife, but allows her to lead him about by the nose whithersoever she listeth.

The talking noodles are considerably more numerous than their silent brethren. The 'outer man' of these two orders of noodles is also in most cases very different. The talking noodle is a fat, fresh, rosy-faced biped, with curly hair and little restless eyes. He generally contrives to make a considerable noise in the world. He talks incessantly. Morning, noon, and night, in season and out of season, he is constantly talking. If he was to talk downright nonsense it would be bearable, it might sometimes be even amusing; but it is pure unadulterated drivel, regular twaddle. He will tell you interminable stories about people that you never saw or heard of, and he will bore you to death with endless arguments and facts about some threadbare question which he has taken into his head is of great importance. Rather than remain silent, he will rehearse in your ears all his private concerns; ay, he will declaim on some subject of which he knows nothing. Indeed the less a noodle knows about a subject the more eager he is to speak about it. In private circles,

he is sometimes a source of infinite amusement; but when he happens to have anything to do with the real business of life, he becomes a source of annoyance to every one who has to do with him. If, for instance, the noodle is a member of a town-council, or a commissioner of police, or a member of some committee, he is sure to keep the whole of his associates in a perpetual pucker and passion. He is continually making speeches, or entering protests, or making amendments, or moving resolutions. He cannot for the life of him remain silent. He is everlasting on his legs, talking at the top of his voice about something or other. If he is not moving some resolution, or protesting against some measure, he is sure to be shouting 'hear, hear,' or expressing vehement marks of disapprobation. A noodle, when he is a member of a town-council, or a committee-man, &c., generally evinces no small importance in the discharge of his duties. His zeal knows no bounds. He is resolved to put every thing to rights, in which endeavour, however, he generally contrives to put every thing wrong. The civic noodle is generally a great hunter down of nuisances. Perhaps some waggish friend, who knows the noodle's weak side, suggests to him that one of the public wells ought to be removed, or perhaps he may have made this important discovery himself. Be that as it may, the public well is with him the all-absorbing topic. It becomes a sort of monomania. He writes paragraphs and letters in the newspapers, urging the necessity of the immediate removal of the public well. At private parties, it is the still beginning never ending theme of his discourse, and if he meets any acquaintance in the street, he incontinently seizes hold of him by the button and rehearses in his ear his project for removing the public well.

There are perhaps fewer noodles amongst the lawyers than amongst the other two learned bodies. The law requires men of clear heads, with both talent and tact to guide them in their profession. These qualities of course a noodle does not possess. If a noodle succeeds in the law, it is by dint of pure interest and favour. In general he sinks, by the mere weight of his noodleism, to the under grades of his profession, gliding from one subordinate situation into another, and passing all the days of his mortal existence as a mere quill-driver at 'the desk's dry board.' It is different in the other two learned professions. In medicine and divinity there is ample scope and verge enough for the noodle to go on his way rejoicing. In the medical profession there are a vast number of silent noodles. These men live by saying nothing, and often by doing nothing. They go about in the dress of their order, look exceedingly grave, feel the pulse of their patients with chronometer in hand, shake their heads mysteriously when any question is asked them, write a prescription, and often walk out of the sick chamber without uttering half-a-dozen words during their visit. They leave behind them, however (and herein consists their craftiness), a profound impression of their superior professional skill. The patient and his relations have been struck with awe by the noodle's silence and solemnity. The oracular and mysterious way in which he shakes his head has convinced them that his knowledge is unbounded, and that their ailing friend is quite safe in the hands of such a gifted man. Amongst the members of the healing art there are an immense number of talking noodles. They have an endless store of small talk, and have a most plausible and insinuating way of nestling themselves into the good graces of the public. They can be all things to all men, and to all women too. These talking noodles are wise in their generation; by their much speaking they often succeed in feathering their nest pretty comfortably. They will talk with the patient about his disease, his feelings, and sensations, and enlighten (or rather darken) him with most erudite discussions about his lungs and liver, and stomach and bowels, while ever and anon they will pour forth such torrents of professional jargon, interlarded with mysterious scraps of Latin, that the sick man and his relations will regard the noodle as a perfect Hippocrates.

The clerical noodles belong of course all to the talking order. Talking is their vocation. Shallow streams make the greatest noise, and the fewer ideas a man has in his head he invariably makes the greater noise in giving them utterance. This holds especially with regard to clerical noodles, because they have all the talk to themselves. In the private circle, a noodle may remain concealed to a certain extent; his friends may keep him in check, and by their own tact may throw a veil over his twaddle. In a pulpit, however, noodleism will always come out. There the noodle reigns and revels in the full amplitude of his nature, floundering in the dark, ever talking, dragging in every thing that comes uppermost in his mind, and smothering his subject under a load of words which no human being can understand. There is a certain instinctive cunning which leads all clerical noodles to choose dark and abstruse topics for the subjects of their discourse. They know quite well that if they were to choose a subject level to ordinary capacities that the nakedness of their intellect would appear. Their hearers feel they have listened to an interminable discourse of an hour or two's length, and they are not a whit wiser of what they have heard. The noodle has done every thing in his power to enlighten them. The two or three ideas he has been blessed with he has almost wrought to death in endeavouring to bring the subject before his hearers. He has ransacked all the corners of his memory for facts bearing upon the subject; his descriptive powers have been taxed to the utmost; metaphors and illustrations he has poured forth without intermission; and he has argued till he is almost black in the face; but unfortunately the poor noodle has involved the subject in greater darkness than he found it. His hearers do not know what to think. They tried to follow the thread of his discourse, but soon found themselves in a labyrinth of confusion. Much did they ponder and cogitate, and sorely did they cudgel their brains, but all to no effect. They could not understand the subject of discourse. They therefore come to the conclusion that the fault lies all with themselves, that they have been listening to a deep divine, a man of profound genius, and that therefore it was no marvel that simple folks such as they could not comprehend him.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

JAMES HUTTON.

DR JAMES HUTTON, to whom the science of geology owes such weighty obligations, was born at Edinburgh on the 3d of June, 1726. His father, a merchant highly respected for his integrity, was for some time treasurer to the city. He died while James was very young, but Mrs Hutton bestowed on her son a liberal education, first in the High School and afterwards in the University, then distinguished by the teaching of the celebrated Maclaurin. Stevenson, professor of logic, had, however, more influence in directing his future studies, by a casual allusion to the solution of gold in aqua regia—the two acids which singly can dissolve the baser metals, requiring to be united before they can attack the most precious. This drew Hutton's attention to chemistry, a love for which decided the whole course and complexion of his future life.

His first destination was the law; and in 1743 he was bound apprentice to Mr Chalmers, a writer to the signet. But it was soon apparent that this was not the field in which he was to succeed, and his master kindly advised him to think of some more congenial employment. In the following year, therefore, he began the study of medicine in the University, and pursued it till 1747, when he repaired to Paris, where he continued his study of chemistry and anatomy with great ardour for two years. He returned home by the Netherlands, having taken his degree at Leyden, in September, 1749. His first intention seems to have been to enter on the practice of his profession; but having had some communication with Mr

Davie, a chemical friend, regarding a project for establishing a manufactory of sal ammonia from coal soot, he abandoned this design, and resolved to apply himself to agriculture. This science was then but imperfectly understood in Scotland, and he therefore, in 1752, went to reside for some time in Norfolk, whence he made excursions on foot into different parts of England. Though agriculture was his main object, yet he had become fond of studying the surface of the earth, and of looking into every pit, or ditch, or bed of a river that came in his way. Not contented with what was to be learned at home, he extended his researches in 1754 to Holland, Brabant, Flanders and Picardy, with the garden culture of which countries he was highly delighted. He now returned home and settled himself to improve a small property he had inherited from his father in Berwickshire. It is related that before leaving Norfolk he bought a plough, hired a ploughman, and brought both home with him on the post-chaise. The neighbours were diverted with this assortment of company and baggage, and no less with the attempt which followed, to plough with a pair of horses without a driver. This joke, however, has become serious; the practice is now general from one end of Scotland to the other; and Hutton has the merit of beginning that course of agricultural improvement for which this country is now so justly celebrated.

A geological journey to the north of Scotland, in 1764, was one of the few incidents that diversified fourteen years spent chiefly in rural retirement. Next year he entered into a regular co-partnership with Mr Davie in the manufactory already mentioned, which proved a source of considerable gain to him. In 1768 he let his Berwickshire farm, and afterwards resided chiefly in Edinburgh, employing his leisure time in scientific researches, especially chemical experiments. The structure of the earth was already occupying his thoughts; and in 1774 he made a tour through part of England and Wales, principally with a view to this study. He had now become a skilful mineralogist, and carefully perused books of travels in order to extract from them materials for a knowledge of the natural history of the globe. The great outlines of his theory had been formed for some time, but it had been communicated only to a few of his intimate friends, when the formation of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, in 1783, gave him an opportunity of making it more generally known. Unfortunately, the obscurity of the style, the conciseness of the statements, and the novelty of the doctrines, opposed its popularity, and it remained in a great measure unknown, till brought anew before the public in the illustrations of his eloquent disciple. Even yet the theory is little understood and frequently misrepresented, whilst the truths it maintains are introduced to the world as new discoveries.

Dr Hutton's object was, not to explain the first origin of things, which he considered as beyond the field of legitimate speculation, but only to trace the changes that terrestrial bodies have undergone since the establishment of the present order, so far as distinct marks of these remain. For this purpose he drew attention to certain general facts observable on the earth, and to the conclusions naturally deducible from them. The first fact is the existence of fragmentary rocks—rocks apparently composed of the wreck or ruins of an older world. He perceived that all true strata or beds were of this nature, and hence formed of rocks older than themselves. But these strata must once have been composed of loose materials, deposited, as is shown by the form of the beds, at the bottom of the sea, whereas they are now hard and firmly consolidated. This second fact implies that they have been acted on by some general and very powerful agent, which, he believes, could be no other than subterranean heat. Any diversity in its effects from those produced by fire on bodies at the surface of the earth, are to be explained by the vast compression which must have prevailed in the region where it acted. Under the weight of a superincumbent ocean, even intense heat might fail to volatilize many substances, and by forcing them to re-

main united might render the bodies more easily fusible. This opinion was subsequently confirmed by an experiment of Sir James Hall, who found that limestone, which is infusible when exposed to heat in the atmosphere, could be melted when the carbonic acid was retained in union with it by pressure. Dr Hutton's third fact was, that the stratified rocks, which must originally have been formed either horizontal or nearly so, are now elevated at all angles, and some even perpendicular. Though evidently formed at the bottom of the sea, many of them are now raised ten or fifteen thousand feet above its surface. From this, as well as from the inflexions, the breaking and separation of the strata, it is inferred that they have been elevated by some expansive force below, similar to the cause of earthquakes or volcanoes. Hence it is probable that the internal heat which consolidated, has also elevated and disturbed the strata. Among these marks of disturbance, veins, or great fissures in the rocks filled with materials different from the sides, are the most conspicuous, and form the fourth great fact on which this theory depends. These comprise not only metallic veins but dykes of trap, porphyry, and granite—all crystalline substances, containing no remains of organized bodies. From their appearance Dr Hutton concluded that they were of later origin than the rocks they intersect; that their materials had been melted by subterranean heat, and violently injected among the fissures of these rocks. This mode of origin he ascribed to all the masses of trap, porphyry, granite, or other unstratified rocks, found among the strata. The fifth fact to which he directed attention completes the great circle of natural changes. All mineral bodies, when raised into the atmosphere, are without exception found going to decay; from the shore of the sea to the top of the mountain, from the softest clay to the hardest quartz, all are wasting. But the materials thus formed are carried down by rivers and deposited in the ocean. Here, however, as the first fact noticed shows, they do not remain, but are consolidated and raised up in new beds, forming new continents. How often these vicissitudes have been repeated nothing in nature gives us any means to discover; there are remains in mineral bodies that lead us back to continents from which the present are the third in succession, but how many more there may have been we cannot tell. Hence, in the mineral kingdom, as in the animal and vegetable world, and in the planetary system, there is a series of revolutions of which we see neither the beginning nor the end, no mark either of the commencement or termination of the present order. As Playfair eloquently observes, 'It is unreasonable, indeed, to suppose that such marks should anywhere exist. The Author of nature has not given laws to the universe, which, like the institutions of men, carry in themselves the elements of their own destruction; he has not permitted in his works any symptom of infancy or of old age, or any sign by which we may estimate either their future or their past duration. He may put an end, as he no doubt gave a beginning, to the present system, at some determinate period of time; but we may rest assured, that this great catastrophe will not be brought about by the laws now existing, and that it is not indicated by anything which we perceive.'

Such is the simple yet comprehensive system of Hutton, which, in most of its parts, is now generally adopted. He has been blamed for hasty generalization, but wrongly, as the facts he had observed fully warranted all the conclusions he deduced from them. In his own time the more formidable charge of impiety was brought against him; and because he would not attempt to explain the nature of creation, he was alleged to deny it altogether. No charge could have less foundation in the character of his work, in which he ever shows a laudable anxiety to point out the marks of wisdom, design, and goodness, observable in the structure of the universe. The high antiquity he was compelled to ascribe to the earth, was also treated as an attack on the truth of Scripture, but is now generally admitted to be no less consistent with the words of Moses, properly interpreted, than absolutely required

by the facts of nature. It is very remarkable that all the numerous additions to geology since his time, have done little more than fill up the subordinate parts of the picture, without altering any of its great lineaments. Even the numerous discoveries in organic remains are only carrying the principles he had established, in reference to the mineral structure of the earth, into the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and showing that they too are subject to revolutions, and that their genera and species have repeatedly changed along with the continents or oceans they inhabited.

The natural history of the earth was not the only branch of physical science in which Hutton is entitled to rank as a great discoverer. Meteorology, or the laws that regulate the atmosphere, also engaged his attention; and his theory of rain was one of the first steps to a scientific knowledge of this subject. Philosophers had long been puzzled to account for this very common phenomenon. It was well known that as the temperature of any mass of air increases, it becomes capable of dissolving a greater quantity of moisture. Now Dr Hutton saw that if the increase of moisture in the atmosphere was in the same or in a less ratio with the increase of heat, a mixture of two portions of air at different temperatures, each loaded with its full amount of humidity, would produce no condensation of moisture, and consequently no rain. But every day experience proves that such a condensation takes place, when warm and moist air, like the breath, is mixed with colder air; and hence a different law must prevail, and the moisture must increase more rapidly than the temperature. Hence, where currents of air, or winds of different temperature, meet and mix in the atmosphere, a deposition of moisture must take place, forming clouds, or, if the supply of humidity be sufficient, rain. By this simple theory all the aqueous meteors of the atmosphere may be explained; and Dr Hutton confirmed its reality by showing that the rain in different regions of the earth was proportional to the humidity of the atmosphere over them. He also pointed out the reason why, in level countries far from the sea, like the great Sahara, no rain falls, condemning them to perpetual sterility; whereas when a mountain tract occurs, causing the various currents of air to mingle, rain is common, perennial springs abound, and isles of verdure, like Fezzan or Palmyra, burst forth in the wilderness.

This theory, though it met with some opposition at first, is now generally received. It was not his only contribution to this science, for observing that evaporation proceeded in a vacuum, he anticipated the discovery of Dalton, that the air has no chemical action on the vapour contained in it. He also explained the diminution of temperature as we ascend in the atmosphere, by the expansion of the air, causing a portion of its heat to become latent. His theories being now before the public, he made excursions into various parts of Scotland in order to compare certain parts of them with actual observation. The occurrence of granite veins in the strata was then little known, and he sought some place where his theory on this subject might be confronted with nature. The line where the granite kernel of the Grampians unites with the slaty mountains on the south, was likely to offer such points; and an invitation from the Duke of Athol to accompany him to Glentilt, in 1785, gave him an opportunity of looking for them. Here, in less than a mile, he found six large veins of red granite traversing the black mica-slate, and expressed his feelings of delight at this testimony of nature to the truth of his system so strongly, that the guides who accompanied him were convinced that nothing less than the discovery of a vein of silver or gold could call forth such marks of joy and exultation. In the following summer, he observed similar veins in Galloway; and in 1787, also in Arran, from which he returned highly gratified, having, as he was wont to say, no where found his expectations so much exceeded as in the grand and instructive appearances with which nature has adorned this little island. In it he also saw the secondary rocks resting unconformably on those of pri-

mary formation; a phenomenon which he again observed more distinctly on the Jed, near Jedburgh, where he found thin beds of horizontal red sandstone reposing on the ends of vertical strata of greywacke. This appearance highly delighted him, as an undeniable proof of the different formations composing the crust of the earth; the greywacke having not only been formed, but raised into a vertical position, before the deposition of the red sandstone.

But these studies were not sufficient wholly to occupy his active and inquiring mind, and he wandered from the open fields of science into the tangled mazes of metaphysical speculation. His chemical studies seem to have led to this circumnavigation both of the material and intellectual world. As his biographer remarks, 'the chemist is flattered more than any one else, with the hopes of discovering in what the essence of matter consists; and nature, while she keeps the astronomer and the mechanician at a great distance, seems to admit him to more familiar converse, and to a more intimate acquaintance with her secrets.' His speculations on the essence of matter are, however, too profound for popular illustration, and led many to imagine that he denied its existence altogether. We shall only remark, that they had a great affinity to those of the celebrated Italian Boscovich, and some theories of more recent origin. They led him to publish some papers on the nature of fire, light, and heat, which contain many things worthy of the notice of modern speculators on these difficult subjects.

His metaphysical opinions have been almost buried beneath the ponderous tomes, and the obscure style in which they were given to the world. His work in three quarto volumes, entitled, 'An Investigation of the Principles of Knowledge, and of the Progress of Reason from Sense to Science and Philosophy,' seems to have found few readers even in his own days, and is now almost forgotten. His metaphysical have been less fortunate than his physical theories, in not finding a commentator to put them into a form more fitted to attract public notice. From the account given of his opinions, they seem not unlike those which in a neighbouring country have raised their authors to fame, and a high philosophic reputation. The third volume is dedicated to a deduction from his system of the leading doctrines of morality and natural religion; and, 'it is worthy of remark, that whilst thus employed, his style assumes a better tone and a much greater degree of perspicuity than it usually possesses. Many instances might be pointed out, where the warmth of his benevolent and moral feelings burst through the clouds that so often veil from us the clearest ideas of his understanding.' The publication of this work formed one of his amusements when recovering from a severe illness, in the summer of 1793.

His next employment was to reduce the results of his reading and experience on the subject of agriculture, to a systematic form. He had nearly completed a work on this science, when he was seized with a painful disorder, and though immediate danger was averted, yet he never fully recovered. In the winter of 1796, he suffered much pain, and gradually declined in strength, though still retaining his activity of mind and acuteness of intellect. His favourite studies occupied him to the last; and he was employed in writing when he became suddenly ill, and expired almost before medical assistance could be procured, on the 26th March, 1797, in the seventy-first year of his age.

Dr Hutton possessed in an eminent degree the talents, the temper, and the acquirements that distinguish the philosopher. He was no less cautious and accurate as an observer, than sagacious, bold, and rapid as a theorist. He felt an exquisite relish for whatever was beautiful or sublime in science, and expressed his feelings with an ardour that astonished those who did not know him, when such objects were presented to his view. This seems to have been his chief motive and sole reward in his various speculations regarding the structure of the globe. 'The novelty and grandeur of the objects offered to the imagi-

nation, the simple and uniform order given to the whole natural history of the earth, and, above all, the views opened of the wisdom that governs nature, are things to which hardly any man could be insensible; but to him they were matter, not of transient delight, but of solid and permanent happiness.' His figure was slender, but his thin countenance, high forehead, aquiline nose, and keen penetrating eye, bespoke the acuteness and vigour of his mind. Even his dress—plain, and all of one colour—was in harmony with the genuine simplicity, originating in the absence of all selfishness and vanity, that distinguished his character. He had many friends among the eminent literary and scientific men who then adorned the northern metropolis. To the eloquence with which one of these, Professor Playfair, has related his life and explained his theories, is perhaps owing the measure of fame, however inadequate to his merits, which he now enjoys.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF PLANTS.

WHEN we look abroad on the earth, it appears as a natural garden, teeming spontaneously with all kinds of vegetable forms. Not only are the woods and forests clothed with their tall and dense trees, the magnificent work of ages, and the green valleys and meadows rich in their varied luxuriance, but even the heath, the marshy fen, the sandy waste, the ledges of the rocky mountain-side, all bear their appropriate plants. We see the same profusion of nature everywhere—the same bursting into living verdure, however unpropitious the situation. You cannot look into the slightest crevices of the rock, but there some little gem will meet your eye; weeds of the brightest hue spring up among the rubbish of the roadside; and the same dry wall which supports the woodbine or the rose also bears on its top the bright green moss, with its little tinted cups of delicate hue. Nor does nature require for this the art or even the presence of man. The vast American forests cover many hundreds of miles of lonely solitude, where the sombre green of the dark foliage is not unfrequently varied by the far-stretching open prairie, rich in all the brilliant hues of expanded blossoms, and yet there is no human eye to admire or partake of their riches.

Such is this profusion of nature that botanists have culled from her stores upwards of fifty thousand distinct species of plants; and this number, large as it may appear, is probably not much more than a third of the whole vegetation of the globe.

Not only is every portion of the earth's surface adorned with plants, but every region of the globe has its peculiar species. The tropics produce their palms, their spices, their acid fruits, and their sugar-canes; the more temperate regions, their oaks, elms, wheat, and other grains; the hardy pine, the birch, and alder, take possession of colder climes; and as we approach the extreme of cold, the grasses and green herbs give way to the Iceland moss and various species of simple lichens. It has in consequence become a question with the observers of nature, by what means all these varieties of families have obtained possession of their present localities; and why it is that the banks of the Orinoco are fringed with trees and herbs whose counterpart we should in vain seek on the margin of the Rhine—that out of seven thousand species of flowering plants found wild in Europe, not a hundred have been seen in Australasia—that the Alps of Switzerland and Mountains of Nepal produce perhaps not a greater number common to both—and that, in short, every country of considerable extent has certain species to distinguish it from others? To solve these questions, various conjectures have been hazarded regarding the original creation of plants. Some suppose that all plants originated in a central point from which they gradually spread, both by natural and artificial means, over the earth's surface; others conceive that several such centres must have ex-

isted; while a number suppose that species, for the most part, must have originated where they now appear as the natural and untransported products of the soil and climate. Some again have conjectured that *genera* only, or leading families of plants, were at first created, and that the species sprung from these. It seems pretty evident, too, that since the first creation of plants the earth's surface has suffered many changes and modifications, by which both the relative position of land and sea, and the relative states of temperature, have also undergone fluctuations; so that, from these causes, the original distribution of plants must have also been greatly modified. It is sufficient for us, however, to know that at the present day certain zones or belts of vegetation exist on the earth's surface—that the allocation of these zones is influenced in a considerable degree, though not entirely, by temperature—and that, notwithstanding this allocation to particular localities, there is still a great tendency in plants to scatter their species by natural agencies; while man, by his art, is continually at work in transplanting them from one climate to another, and successfully cultivating those that most tend to his comfort and happiness. The different kinds of corn, the grape, the sugar-cane, the bread-fruit, the potato, the coffee plant, and innumerable others, have thus been extensively spread over the earth.

Altitude has also an effect on temperature, and on the localization of plants. As elevated situations are colder than those on a level with the ocean, the higher we ascend mountains the lower the temperature becomes, till at last we reach their summits tipt with snow; and thus we experience a change of climate corresponding to that observed in passing from the equator to the poles. A similar change of vegetation is also visible. Thus in ascending the Alps or Pyrenees, we find the oaks and vines, characteristic of a temperate climate, around their base. A little higher these have disappeared, but pines, birches, and alders are found. Still higher, the absence of trees, while there yet appear small willows and heaths, with many mosses and saxifrages, recalls the treeless flora of the arctic regions. Many of the plants found high on the mountains of Southern Europe are indeed specifically the same as those of Spitzbergen and Greenland. Below these we have Lapland species; lower still, those of Britain. Nearly one half of the plants of Spitzbergen are found on the hills of Scotland; those of England, lower in height, have only one fourth. The height at which perpetual snow lies on the mountains of the equator is about 16,000 feet, becoming lower as we advance to the poles, and resting on the sea level in seventy or eighty degrees of north latitude. At these points vegetation of course ceases, unless we except that curious red lichen which vegetates even on the surface of snow, and has been called red-snow (*palmella nivalis*). Beyond the arctic circle the number of plants is extremely limited. Captain Ross, speaking of a tribe of Esquimaux that he met with on the shores of Baffin's Bay, says—'Their knowledge of wood seemed to be limited to some plant like heath, of a dwarfish growth, with stems no thicker than the finger. They knew not what to think of the timber they saw on board the ship; and so little notion had they of cloth or any kind of vegetable texture, that, when presented with a shirt, they inquired of what animal's skin it was made.' In Norway and Lapland, the trees which are found to approach nearest the limits of perpetual snow are the dwarf birch and the dwarf willow, if they can be properly denominated trees; for the birch seldom exceeds two or three feet in height, and the willow is even smaller—so small, indeed, that half a dozen full-grown plants, with their roots, stems, branches, and leaves complete, may be laid out on the fourth of a sheet of common letter-paper. Next to these diminutive trees succeed the birch, the mountain-ash, the willow, the Scotch fir, the larch, and the pine. Forests of these trees, growing to a great height, cover the northern parts of Europe, and extend from Russia into the northern regions of Asia. As we approach a little farther south, the oak, the beech, and the elm make their appearance. These trees flourish in full luxuriance in Britain, and clothe the mountain-

sides of the whole of Southern Europe. In these temperate regions, too, wheat and the other grains, as well as the grasses, attain their greatest perfection; and here also is the proper region of the grape, apple, pear, plum, apricot, almond, chestnut, currant, gooseberry, strawberry, and many similar fruits. According to Humboldt, the cultivation of the vine succeeds only in those climates where the medium temperature of the year is between fifty and sixty-eight degrees, and where especially the summer heat is not less than sixty-eight to seventy. In the old world, this temperature is found to prevail as far north as the fiftieth degree of latitude, whereas, in the new world, it does not extend beyond the fortieth.

It is to the west of Milan, in Italy, that the cultivation of rice first begins to make its appearance. This is truly a tropical grain, and forms a valuable substitute for the wheat and barley of more temperate climes. The rice plant is a species of grass bearded like barley; it grows in marshy places, and hence, for its successful culture, the land must be irrigated with water at two different periods—during its growth and maturation. The olive, too, is extensively cultivated in the south of Europe, as well as throughout the more temperate parts of Asia; and the orange and lemon trees fill the air with the fragrant odours of their blossoms.

In Italy, and on both sides of the Mediterranean, the American aloe blooms in the open air, and one species of palm, the dwarf palm, here first makes its appearance. The myrtle, laurel, geranium, and many of our choice garden flowers, here grow in the fields and hedges, without the culture or the care of man. From the same countries, we originally derived the hyacinth, the tulip, the iris, the ranunculus, which appear to have been imported during the reign of Elizabeth. To this list may be added the horse-chestnut, the lilac, the sweet jasmine, the melon, and the cucumber. That the melon and cucumber were raised in Egypt at a very remote period, appears from the complaints of the Israelites when they murmured against Moses and Aaron in the wilderness. 'We remember the fish,' said they, 'which we did eat in Egypt freely; the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlic. Wherefore have ye made us to come up out of Egypt to bring us into this evil place? It is no place of seed, or of figs, or of vines, or of pomegranates; neither is there any water to drink.'

But it is in the torrid zone that vegetation assumes its most luxuriant forms. 'When a traveller newly arrived from Europe penetrates for the first time into the forests of South America, if he is strongly susceptible of the beauty of picturesque scenery, he can scarcely,' says Humboldt, 'define the various emotions which crowd upon his mind; he can scarcely distinguish what most excites his admiration—the deep silence of these solitudes—the individual beauty and contrast of forms—or that vigour and freshness of vegetable life which characterizes the climate of the tropics. It might be said, that the earth, overloaded with plants, does not allow them space to unfold themselves. Not only the ground, but the trunks and branches of trees, are covered and loaded with flowers of all hues; creeping plants often reach from the ground to the very summits of the trees, and pass from one to the other at the height of a hundred feet, so as to deceive the observer, and lead him to confound the flowers, the fruit, and the leaves which belong to different species. So thick and uninterrupted are the forests which cover the plains of South America, between the Orinoco and the Amazon, that, were it not for intervening rivers, the monkeys, almost the sole inhabitants of these regions, might pass along the tops of the trees for several hundred miles together, without touching the earth!'

Yet the medium heat of the equatorial regions is by no means so different from that of other parts of the globe as we might be led to suppose, by observing the extraordinary extent of tropical vegetation. In a climate where the bamboo attains in a few months the height of sixty feet, and palms and other plants shoot up with surprising rapidity, we should be inclined to look for a correspond-

ing increase of the sun's rays. This, however, is not the case. In general, the mean temperature of the equator does not exceed eighty-two degrees; a heat by no means uncommon in our English summers. It is true, this heat is more steady, is not interrupted by great night chills, and is accompanied by moisture; and what perhaps also contributes to the vigour of vegetation, an abundant evolution of electricity.

There are some families of plants which arrive in the tropical regions at a magnitude unknown in our climate, such as the grasses, ferns, and mallows. The bamboo, which has a jointed hollow stalk like the grasses, often reaches the height of sixty feet. Of ferns, we have in Britain about forty species, none of which exceed three or four feet in height; whereas, in the torrid zone, they attain the size of trees. Of all the forms of tropical vegetation, these and the bamboo most excite the attention and awaken the admiration of the traveller. In their general aspect, the tree ferns resemble the palms. Their stems are generally black, as if burnt with the sun, their leaves of a bright and delicate green, beautifully crisped at the edge. It has been observed of the ferns, that they principally delight in insular situations; few, comparatively, are found in the interior of large continents, owing, perhaps, to the want of a due proportion of moisture. They abound amongst the dropping springs that ooze from the crevices of rocks; and some species of exquisite beauty are found lining the sides and roof of the little caverns which contain the sources of natural fountains. Ferns are very numerous in Jamaica, in New Zealand, in Otaheite, and in St Helena. In this last island they form a large proportion of the whole number of native plants. Of the mallow family, only five species grow in Britain, while in the torrid zone they are exceedingly numerous and splendid, many of them attaining to the magnitude of our forest trees.

But it is chiefly the palm tribe that imparts a peculiarity to the aspect of tropical countries. Of this family, there are upwards of one hundred and thirty different kinds. This tree differs from others in rising up to a considerable height in one single stem; the large broad leaves then spring out from the summit, and the fruit grows in the centre of this bunch of foliage. Not only do these excel every other family of plants in beauty and stateliness, but also in the great abundance of their fruits. Amidst the solitudes of the South American forests, in plains far remote from human habitation, Humboldt found the ground covered with the fruit of these trees, in places to the depth of three inches. More than twelve thousand flowers have been counted in a single swathe of the date palm. These palms, especially the cocoa, afford food, oil, cordage, and wood, for every useful purpose. The cabbage palm, the wax palm, the banana, and date, all furnish substances highly useful to man.

In India and its islands, the greater number of the spices are produced, as cinnamon, cloves, camphor, ginger, pepper, nutmeg, as well as gums, resins, and medicinal substances. China produces tea. The West Indies sugar, coffee, pine apples. America pours forth its cotton, mahogany, and various dye-woods. From Peru we derived the inestimable potato; and Mexico has furnished some of our most splendid garden plants, as the dahlia and sun-flower. One of the most singular of flowers, the *Rafflesia Arnoldii* grows in Sumatra. The blossom bursts from out the warm fertile earth, and when fully expanded, measures at least three feet in diameter. It consists of five large thick spotted petals, with a central disc—its odour is fetid, and resembles that of decaying mushrooms. The largest tree in the world grows in Senegal; it is the famous *Baobab tree* of Adanson. Its huge trunk, twelve feet from the ground, measures thirty feet across; its height is seventy feet, and the canopy formed by its numerous branches and matted leaves will contain under it many troops of elephants and soldiers. Though the largest, this is not the highest of trees. Many of the palms attain a height of one hundred and fifty feet; and a species of pine tree of Australia, the *araucaria excelsa*,

grows to two hundred and twenty feet in height, with a considerable breadth of trunk, forming, on the whole, one of the most magnificent objects in nature.

Fortunately, those plants which are most useful to man are those which are best suited by their natures to bear the extremes of climate, and which are capable of being raised in all ordinary soils. This is the case with the various kinds of corn—the potato, the turnip, the carrot, and many other vegetables. It is the same with all our most useful timber and fruit trees. The industry of man has done much to transport and cherish the useful plants of various climates, and to inure them to new soils. But besides this, his art and enterprise enables him to transport the produce of one soil to another, and thus to diffuse the necessities of life over every region of the globe. The astonishing progress of steam navigation has now, we may say, brought the tropical regions within eight or ten days' journey of us. A hundred years ago, it was as great an effort, and took nearly as long time, for a market gardener, in the midland counties of England, to bring up the produce of his garden to the London market, as it now does for a West India steamer to transport the produce of those fruitful isles across the Atlantic. It was but the other week that the London market was supplied with a cargo of fresh pine-apples brought in ten days from Barbadoes. We may now, in the depth of our winter, be supplied with all the rich concocted juices of more favoured climes, where the sun never ceases to exercise a genial and a summer influence.

THE SKELETON'S CAVE.

AN AMERICAN STORY.

ONE pleasant summer morning a party of three persons set out from a French settlement in the western region of the United States, to visit a remarkable cavern in its vicinity. They had already proceeded for the distance of about three miles through the tall original forest, along a path so rarely trodden that it required all their attention to keep the track. They now perceived through the trees the sunshine at a distance, and as they drew nearer they saw that it came down into a kind of natural opening at the foot of a steep precipice. At every step the vast wall seemed to rise higher and higher; its seams, and fissures, and inequalities, became more and more distinct; and far up, nearly midway from the bottom, appeared a dark opening, under an impending crag. The precipice seemed between two and three hundred feet in height, and quite perpendicular. At its base, the earth for several rods around was heaped with loose fragments of rock, which had evidently been detached from the principal mass, and shivered to pieces in the fall. A few trees, among which were the black walnut and the slippery elm, and here and there an oak, grew scattered among the rocks, and attested by their dwarfish stature the ungrateful soil in which they had taken root. But the wild grape vines which trailed along the ground, and sent out their branches to overrun the trees around them, showed by their immense size how much they delighted in the warmth of the rocks and the sunshine. The cælastrus also here and there had wound its strong rings round and round the trunks and the boughs till they died in its embrace, and then clothed the leafless branches in a thick drapery of its own foliage. Into this open space the party at length emerged from the forest.

'Yonder is the Skeleton's Cave,' said one of them, who stood a little in front of the rest. As he spoke he raised his arm, and pointed to the dark opening in the precipice already mentioned.

The speaker was an aged man, of spare figure, and a mild, subdued expression of countenance. Whoever looked at his thin grey hairs, his stooping form, and the emaciated hand which he extended, might have taken him for one who had passed the Scripture limit of three-score years and ten; but a glance at his clear and bright hazel eye would have induced the observer to set him

down at some five years younger. A broad-brimmed planetto hat shaded his venerable features from the sun, and his black gown and rosary denoted him to be an ecclesiastic of the Romish faith.

The two persons whom he addressed were much younger. One of them was in the prime of manhood and personal strength, rather tall, and of a vigorous make. He wore a hunting-cap, from the lower edge of which curled a profusion of strong dark hair, rather too long for the usual mode in the Atlantic States, shading a fresh-coloured countenance, lighted by a pair of full black eyes, the expression of which was compounded of boldness and good-humour. His dress was a blue frock-coat trimmed with yellow fringe, and bound by a sash at the waist, deer-skin pantaloons, and deer-skin moccasins. He carried a short rifle on his left shoulder; and wore on his left side a leathern bag of rather ample dimensions, and on his right a powder-flask. It was evident that he was either a hunter by occupation, or at least one who made hunting his principal amusement; and there was something in his air and the neatness of his garb and equipments that bespoke the latter.

On the arm of this person leaned the third individual of the party, a young woman apparently about nineteen or twenty years of age, slender and graceful as a youthful student of the classic poets might imagine a wood-nymph. She was plainly attired in a straw hat and a dress of russet-colour, fitted for a ramble through that wild forest. The faces of her two companions were decidedly French in their physiognomy; hers was as decidedly Anglo-American.

Notwithstanding this difference of national physiognomy, there was nothing peculiar in her accent, as she answered the old man who had just spoken.

'I see the mouth of the cave; but how are we to reach it, Father Ambrose? I perceive no way of getting to it without wings, either from the bottom or the top of the precipice.'

'Look a few rods to the right, Emily. Do you see that pile of broken rocks reaching up to the middle of the precipice, looking as if a huge column of that mighty wall had been shivered into a pyramid of fragments? Our path lies that way.'

'I see it, father,' returned the fair questioner; 'but when we arrive at the top, it appears to me we shall be no nearer the cave than we now are.'

'From the top of that pile you may perceive a horizontal seam in the precipice extending to the mouth of the cave. Along that line, though you cannot discern it from the place where we stand, is a safe and broad footing, leading to our place of destination. Do you see, Le Maire,' continued Father Ambrose, addressing himself to his other companion, 'do you see that eagle sitting so composedly on a bough of that leafless tree, which seems a mere shrub on the brow of the precipice directly over the cavern? Nay, never lift your rifle, my good friend; the bird is beyond your reach, and you will only waste your powder. The superfluous rains which fall on the highlands beyond are collected in the hollow over which hangs the tree I showed you, and pour down the face of the rock directly over the entrance to the cave. Generally, you will see the bed of that hollow perfectly dry, as it is at present, but during a violent shower, or after several days' rain, there descends from that spot a sheet of water, white as snow, deafening with its noise the quiet solitudes around us, and rivalling in beauty some of the cascades that tumble from the cliffs of the Alps. But let us proceed.'

The old man led the party to the pile of rocks which he had pointed out to their notice, and began to ascend from one huge block to another with an agility scarcely impaired by age. They could now perceive that human steps had trodden that rough path before them; in some places the ancient moss was effaced from the stones, and in others their surfaces had been worn smooth. Emily was about to follow her venerable conductor, when Le Maire offered to assist her.

'Nay, uncle,' said she, 'I know you are the politest of men, but I think your rifle will give you trouble enough. I have often heard you call it your wife; so I beg you will wait on Madame Le Maire, and leave me to make the best of my way by myself. I am not now to take my first lesson in climbing rocks, as you well know.'

'Well, if this rifle be my spouse,' rejoined the hunter, 'I will say that it is not every wife who has so devoted a husband, nor every husband who is fortunate enough to possess so true a wife. She has another good quality—she never speaks but when she is bid, and then always to the point. I only wish for your sake, since I am not permitted to assist you, that Henry Danville were here. I think we should see the wildness of the paces that carry you so lightly over these rocks a little chastised, while the young gentleman tenderly and respectfully handed you up this rude staircase, too rude for such delicate feet. Ah, I beg pardon, I forgot that you had quarrelled. Well, it is only a lover's quarrel, and the reconciliation will be the happier for being delayed so long. Henry is a worthy lad and an excellent marksman.'

The ecclesiastic was the first of the party who arrived at the summit. He pointed out to his companions the peculiarities of the scenery; he expatiated on the flowery beauty of those unshorn lawns; and on the lofty growth, and the magnificence and variety of foliage which distinguish the American forests, so much the admiration of those who have seen only the groves of Europe.

As they proceeded, the great height at which they stood, and the steepness of the rocky wall above and below them, made Emily often tremble and grow pale as she looked down. A few rods brought the party to a turn in the rock, where the path was narrower than elsewhere, and precisely in the angle a portion of the terrace on which they walked had fallen, leaving a chasm of about two feet in width, through which their distance from the base was fearfully apparent. Le Maire had already passed it, but Emily, when she arrived at the spot, shrunk back and leaned against the rock.

'I fear I shall not be able to cross this chasm,' said she, in a tone of alarm. 'My poor head grows giddy from a single look at it.'

'Le Maire will assist you, my child,' said the old man, who walked behind her.

'With the greatest pleasure in life,' answered Le Maire; 'though I confess I little expected that the daughter of a clear-headed Yankee would complain of being giddy in any situation. But this comes of having a French mother, I suppose. Let me provide a convenient station for Madame Le Maire, as you call her, and I will help you over.' He then placed his rifle against the rock, where the path immediately beyond him grew wider, and advancing to the edge of the chasm, held forth both hands to Emily, taking hold of her arms near the elbow. In doing this he perceived that she trembled.

'You are as safe here as when you were in the woods below,' said Le Maire, 'if you would but think so. Step forward now, firmly, and look neither to the right nor left.'

She took the step, but at that moment the strange inclination which we sometimes feel when standing on a dizzy height, to cast ourselves to the ground, came powerfully over her, and she leaned involuntarily and heavily towards the verge of the precipice. Le Maire was instantly aware of the movement, and bracing himself firmly, strove with all his might to counteract it. Had his grasp been less steady, or his self-possession less perfect, they would both inevitably have been precipitated from where they stood; but Le Maire was familiar with all the perilous situations of the wilderness, and the presence of mind he had learned in such a school did not now desert him. His countenance bore witness to the intense exertion he was making: it was flushed, and his muscles were working powerfully; his lips were closely compressed; the veins on his brow swelled, and his arms quivered with the strong tension given to their sinews. For an instant the fate of the two seemed in suspense, but the strength

of the hunter prevailed, and he placed the damsel beside him on the rock, fainting and pallid as a corpse.

'God be praised,' said the priest, drawing heavily the breath which he had involuntarily held during the fearful moment, while he had watched the scene, unable to render the least assistance.

Some moments of repose were necessary before Emily was sufficiently recovered from her agitation to be able to proceed. The tears filled her eyes as she briefly but warmly thanked Le Maire for his generous exertions to save her, and begged his pardon for the foolish and awkward timidity, as she termed it, which had put his life as well as her own in such extreme peril.

'I confess,' answered he good-naturedly, 'that had you been of as solid a composition as some ladies with whom I have the honour of an acquaintance, Madame Le Maire here would most certainly have been a widow. I understood my own strength, however,' added he, for on this point he was somewhat vain, 'and if I had not, I should still have been willing to risk something rather than to lose you. But I will take care, Emily, that you do not lead me into another scrape of the kind. When we return I shall, by your leave, take you in my arms and carry you over the chasm, and you may shut your eyes while I do it, if you please.'

They now again set out, and in a few moments arrived at the mouth of the cavern they had come to visit. A projecting mass of rock impended over it, so low as not to allow in front an entrance to a person standing upright, but on each side it receded upwards in such a manner as to leave two high narrow openings, giving it the appearance of being suspended from the cavern roof. Beneath it the floor, which was a continuation of the terrace leading to the spot, was covered in places to a considerable depth with soil formed by the disintegration of the neighbouring rocks, and traversed by several fissures nearly filled with earth. As they entered by one of the narrow side openings, Emily looked up to the crag with a slight shudder. 'If it should fall!' thought she to herself; but a feeling of shame at the fear she had lately manifested restrained her from uttering the thought.

Le Maire produced from his hunting-bag a roll of tinder, and lighting it with a spark from his rifle, kindled in a few moments a large pitch-pine torch. The circumstance which first struck the attention of the party was the profound and solemn stillness of the place. As the three went forward they passed through a heap of dry leaves lightly piled, which the winds of the last autumn had blown into the cave from the summit of the surrounding forest, and the rustling made by their own steps sounded strangely loud amid that death-like silence. A spacious cavern appeared to their sight, the roof of which near the entrance was low, but several paces beyond it rose to a great height, where the smoke of the torch ascending, mingled with the darkness, but the flame did not reveal the face of the vault.

They soon came to where, as Father Ambrose informed them, the cave divided into two branches. 'That on the left,' said he, 'soon becomes a low and narrow passage among the rocks; this on the right leads to a large chamber, in which lie the bones from which the cavern takes its name.'

He now took the torch from the hand of Le Maire, and turning to the right guided his companions to a lofty and wide apartment of the cave, in one corner of which he showed them a human skeleton lying extended on the rocky floor. Some decayed fragments, apparently of the skins of animals, lay under it in places, and one small remnant passed over the thighs, but the bones, though they had acquired from the atmosphere of the cave a greenish yellow hue, were seemingly unmoistened. They still retained their original relative position, and appeared as never disturbed since the sleep of death came over the frame to which they once belonged. Emily gazed on the spectacle with that natural horror which the remains of the dead inspire. Even Le Maire, with all his vivacity and garrulity, was silent for a moment.

'Is anything known of the manner in which this poor wretch came to this end?' he at length inquired.

'Nothing. The name of Skeleton's Cave was given to this place by the aborigines; but I believe they have no tradition concerning these remains. If you look at the right leg you will perceive that the bone is fractured: it is most likely the man was wounded on these very cliffs either by accident or by some enemy, and that he crawled to this retreat, where he perished from want of attendance and from famine.'

'What a death!' murmured Emily.

The ecclesiastic then directed their attention to another part of the same chamber, where he said it was formerly not uncommon for persons benighted in these parts, particularly hunters, to pass the night. 'You perceive,' added he, 'that this spot is higher than the rest of the cavern, and drier also; and indeed no part of the cavern is much subject to moisture. A bed of leaves on this rock, with a good blanket, is no bad accommodation for a night's rest, as I can assure you, having once made the experiment myself many years since, when I came hither from Europe. Ah, what have we here? coals, brands, splinters of pitch-pine! The cave must have been occupied very lately for the purpose I mentioned, and by people too who, I dare say, from the preparations they seem to have made, passed the night very comfortably.'

'I dare say they did so, though they had an ugly bed-fellow yonder,' answered Le Maire; 'but I hope you do not think of following their example. As you have shown us, I presume, the principal curiosities of the cave, I take the liberty of suggesting the propriety of getting as fast as we can out of this melancholy place, which has already put me out of spirits.'

The good priest, though by no means participating in Le Maire's haste to be gone, mildly yielded to his entreaties, particularly as they were seconded by Emily, and they accordingly prepared to return. On reaching the mouth of the cave, they were struck with the change in the aspect of the heavens. Dark heavy clouds, the round summits of which were seen one beyond the other, were rapidly rising in the west; and through the greyish blue haze which suffused the sky before them, the sun appeared already shorn of his beams. A sound was heard afar, of mighty winds contending with the forest, and the thunder rolled at a distance.

'We must stay at least until the storm is over,' said Father Ambrose; 'it would be upon us before we could descend these cliffs. Let us watch it from where we stand above the tops of these old woods: I can promise you it will be a magnificent spectacle.'

Emily, though she would gladly have left the cave, could say nothing against the propriety of this advice; and even Le Maire, notwithstanding that he declared he had rather see a well-loaded table at that moment than all the storms that ever blew, preferred remaining to the manifest inconvenience of attempting a descent. In a few moments the dark array of clouds swept over the face of the sun, and a tumult in the woods announced the coming of the blast. The summits of the forest waved and stooped before it, like a field of young flax in the summer breeze—another and fiercer gust descended—another and stronger convulsion of the forest ensued. The trees rocked backward and forward, leaned and rose, and tossed and swung their branches in every direction, and the whirling air above them was filled with their leafy spoils. The roar was tremendous—the noise of the ocean in a tempest is not louder—it seemed as if that innumerable multitude of giants of the wood raised a universal voice of wailing under the fury that smote and tormented them. At length the rain began to fall, first in large and rare drops, and then the thunder burst over head, and the waters of the firmament poured down in torrents, and the blast that howled in the woods fled before them as if from an element that it feared. The trees again stood erect, and nothing was heard but the rain beating heavily on the immense canopy of leaves around, and the occa-

sional crashings of the thunder, accompanied by flashes of lightning, that threw a vivid light upon the walls of the cavern. The priest and his companions stood contemplating this scene in silence, when a rushing of water close at hand was heard. Father Ambrose showed the others where a stream, formed from the rains collected on the highlands above, descended on the crag that overhung the mouth of the cavern, and shooting clear of the rocks on which they stood, fell in spray to the broken fragments at the base of the precipice.

A gust of wind drove the rain into the opening where they stood, and obliged them to retire farther within. The priest suggested that they should take this opportunity to examine that part of the cave which in going to the skeleton's chamber they had passed on their left, observing, however, that he believed it was no otherwise remarkable than for its narrowness and its length. Le Maire and Emily assented, and the former taking up the torch which he had stuck in the ground, they went back into the interior. They had just reached the spot where the two passages diverged from each other, when a hideous and intense glare of light filled the cavern, showing for an instant the walls, the roof, the floor, and every crag and recess, with the distinctness of the broadest sunshine. A frightful crash accompanied it, consisting of several sharp and deafening explosions, as if the very heart of the mountain were rent asunder by the lightning, and immediately after a body of immense weight seemed to fall at their very feet with a heavy sound, and a shock that caused the place where they stood to tremble as if shaken by an earthquake. A strong blast of air rushed past them, and a suffocating odour filled the cavern.

Father Ambrose had fallen upon his knees in mental prayer, at the explosion; but the blast from the mouth of the cavern threw him to the earth. He raised himself, however, immediately, and found himself in utter silence and darkness, save that a livid image of that insufferable glare floated yet before his eyeballs. He called first upon Emily, who did not answer, then upon Le Maire, who replied from the ground a few paces nearer the entrance of the cave. He also had been thrown prostrate, and the torch he carried was extinguished. It was but the work of an instant to kindle it again, and they then discovered Emily extended near them in a swoon.

'Let us bear her to the mouth of the cavern,' said Le Maire; 'the fresh air from without will revive her.' He took her in his arms, but on arriving at the spot he placed her suddenly on the ground, and raising both hands, exclaimed with an accent of despair, 'The rock is fallen! the entrance is closed!'

It was but too evident—Father Ambrose needed but a single look to convince him of its truth—the huge rock which impended over the entrance had been loosened by the thunderbolt, and had fallen upon the floor of the cave, closing all return to the outer world.

Before inquiring further into the extent of the disaster, an office of humanity was to be performed. Emily was yet lying on the floor of the cave in a swoon, and the old man, stooping down and placing her head in his lap, began to use the ordinary means of recovery, and called on Le Maire to assist him. The hunter, after being spoken to several times, started from his gloomy reverie, and kneeling down by the side of the priest, aided him in chafing her temples and hands, and fanned her cheek with his cap until consciousness was restored, when the priest communicated the terrible intelligence of what had happened.

Presence of mind and fortitude do not always dwell together. Those who are most easily overcome by the appearance of danger often support the calamity after it has fallen with the most composure. Le Maire had presence of mind, but he had not learned to submit with patience to irremediable misfortune; Emily could not command her nerves in sudden peril, but she could suffer with a firmness which left her mind at liberty to employ its resources. The very disaster which had happened seemed to inspire both her mind and her frame with new strength. The vague apprehensions which had haunted

her were now reduced to certainty; she saw the extent of the calamity, and felt the duties it imposed. She rose from the ground without aid and with a composed countenance, and began to confer with Father Ambrose on the probabilities and means of escape from their present situation.

In the mean time, Le Maire, who had left them as soon as Emily came to herself, was eagerly employed in examining the entrance where the rock had fallen. On one side it lay close against the wall of the cavern; on the other was an opening of about a hand's breadth, which appeared, so far as he could distinguish, to communicate with the outer atmosphere. He looked above, but there the low roof, which met the wavering flame of his torch, showed a collection of large blocks firmly wedged together; he cast his eyes downwards, but there the lower edge of the vast mass which had fallen lay imbedded in the soil; he placed his shoulder against it and exerted his utmost strength to discover if it were movable, but it yielded no more than the rock on which it rested.

'It is all over with us,' said he at length, dashing to the ground the torch, which the priest, approaching, prudently took up before it was extinguished; 'it is all over with us; and we must perish in this horrid place like wild beasts in a trap. There is no opening, no possible way for escape, and not a soul on the wide earth knows where we are, or what is our situation. Then turning fiercely to the priest, and losing his habitual respect for his person and office in the bitterness of his despair, he said, 'This is all your doing—it was you who decoyed us hither to lay our bones beside those of that savage yonder.'

'My son,' said the old man.

'Call me not son—this is no time for cant. You take my life, and when I reproach you, you give me fine words.'

'Say not that I take your life,' said Father Ambrose mildly, without otherwise noticing his reproaches; 'there is no reason as yet to suppose our case hopeless. Though we informed no person of the place to which we were going, it does not follow that we shall not be missed, or that no inquiry will be made for us. With to-morrow morning the whole settlement will doubtless be out to search for us, and as it is probable that some of them will pass this way, we may make ourselves heard by them from the mouth of the cavern. Besides, as Emily has just suggested, it is not impossible that the cave may have some other outlet, and that the part we were about to examine may afford a passage to the daylight.'

Le Maire caught eagerly at the hope thus presented. 'I beg your pardon, father,' said he, 'I was hasty—I was furious—but it is terrible, you will allow, to be shut up in this sepulchre, with the stone rolled to its mouth, and left to die. It is no light trial of patience merely to pass the night here, particularly,' said he, with a smile, 'when you know that dinner is waiting for you at home. Well, if the cave is to be explored, let us set about it immediately; if there is any way of getting out, let us discover it as soon as possible.'

They again went to the passage which diverged from the path leading to the skeleton's chamber. It was a low, irregular passage, sometimes so narrow that they were obliged to walk one behind the other, and sometimes wide enough to permit them to walk abreast. After proceeding a few rods it became so low that they were obliged to stoop.

'Remain here,' said Le Maire, 'and give me the torch. If there be any way of reaching daylight by this part of the cavern, I will give an account of it in due time.'

Father Ambrose and Emily then seated themselves on a low bench of stone in the side of the cavern, while he went forward. The gleam of his torch appearing and disappearing showed the windings of the passage he was treading, and sometimes the sound of measured steps on the rock announced that he was walking upright, and sometimes a confused and struggling noise denoted that he was making his way on his elbows and knees. At

length the sound was heard no longer, and the gleam of the torch ceased altogether to be described in the passage.

'Father Ambrose!' said Emily, after a long interval. These words, though in the lowest key of her voice, were uttered in such a tone of awe, and sounded, moreover, with such an unnatural distinctness in the midst of that perfect stillness, that the good father started.

'What would you, my daughter?'

'This darkness and this silence are frightful, and I spoke that you might re-assure me by the sound of your voice. My uncle is long in returning.'

'The passage is a long and intricate one.'

'But is there no danger? I have heard of death-damps in pits and deep caverns, by the mere breathing of which a man dies silently and without a struggle. If my poor uncle should never return!'

'Let us not afflict ourselves with supposable evils, while a real calamity is impending over us. The cavern has been explored to a considerable distance without any such consequence as you mention to those who undertook it.'

'God grant that he may discover a passage out of the cave! But I am afraid of the effect of a disappointment, he is so impatient—so impetuous.'

'God grant us all grace to submit to his good pleasure,' rejoined the priest; 'but I think I hear him on the return. Listen, my child, you can distinguish sounds inaudible to my dull ears.'

Emily listened, but in vain. At length, after another long interval, a sound of steps was heard, seemingly at a vast distance. In a little while a faint light showed itself in the passage, and after some minutes Le Maire appeared, panting with exertion, his face covered with perspiration, and his clothes soiled with the dust and slime of the rocks. He was about to throw himself on the rocky seat beside them without speaking.

'I fear your search has been unsuccessful,' said Father Ambrose.

'There is no outlet in that quarter,' rejoined Le Maire sullenly. 'I have explored every winding and every cranny of the passage, and have been brought up at last, in every instance, against the solid rock.'

'There is no alternative, then,' said the ecclesiastic, 'but to make ourselves as tranquil and comfortable as we can for the night. I shall have the honour of installing you in my old bed-chamber, where, if you sleep as soundly as I did once, you will acknowledge to-morrow morning that you might have passed a worse night. It is true, Emily, that one corner of it is occupied by an ill-looking inmate, but I can promise you from my own experience that he will do you no harm. So let us adjourn to the skeleton's chamber, and leave to Providence the events of the morrow.'

To the skeleton's chamber they went accordingly, taking the precaution to remove thither a quantity of the dry leaves which lay heaped not far from the mouth of the cave, to form couches for their night's repose. A log of wood of considerable size was found in this part of the cavern, apparently left there by those who had lately occupied it for the night; and on collecting the brands and bits of wood which lay scattered about they found themselves in possession of a respectable stock of fuel. A fire was kindled, and the warmth, the light, the crackling brands, and the ever-moving flames, with the dancing shadows they threw on the walls, and the waving trains of smoke that mounted like winged serpents to the roof and glided away to the larger and loftier apartment of the cave, gave to that recess lately so still, dark, and damp, a kind of wild cheerfulness and animation, which, under other circumstances, could not have failed to raise the spirits of the party. They placed themselves around that rude hearth, Emily taking care to turn her back to the corner where lay the skeleton. Father Ambrose had been educated in Europe; he had seen much of men and manners, and he now exerted himself to entertain his companions by the narrative of what had fallen under his observation in that ancient abode of civilized man. He

was successful, and the little circle forgot for a while in the charm of his conversation their misfortune and their danger. Even Le Maire was enticed into relating one or two of his hunting exploits, and Emily suffered a few of the arch sallies that distinguished her in more cheerful moments to escape her. At length Le Maire's hunting watch pointed to the hour of ten, and the good priest counselled them to seek repose. He gave them his blessing, recommending them to the great Preserver of men; and then laying themselves down on their beds of leaves, they endeavoured to compose themselves to rest.

(To be concluded in next Number.)

THE CONSTANCY OF NATURE AND FAITHFULNESS OF GOD.

THE constancy of nature is taught by universal experience, and even strikes the popular eye as the most characteristic of those features which have been impressed upon her. It may need the aid of philosophy to learn how unvarying nature is in all her processes—how even her seeming anomalies can be traced to a law that is inflexible—how what might appear at first to be the caprices of her waywardness, are, in fact, the evolutions of a mechanism that never changes—and that the more thoroughly she is sifted and put to the test by the interrogations of the curious, the more certainly will they find that she walks by a rule which knows no abatement, and perseveres with obedient footstep in that even course from which the eye of strictest scrutiny has never yet detected one hair-breadth of deviation. It is no longer doubted by men of science that every remaining semblance of irregularity in the universe is due, not to the fickleness of nature, but to the ignorance of man—that her most hidden movements are conducted with a uniformity as rigorous as fate—that even the fitful agitations of the weather have their law and their principle—that the intensity of every breeze, and the number of drops in every shower, and the formation of every cloud, and all the occurring alternations of storm and sunshine, and the endless shiftings of temperature, and those tremulous varieties of the air which our instruments have enabled us to discover but have not enabled us to explain—that still they follow each other by a method of succession, which, though greatly more intricate, is yet as absolute in itself as the order of the seasons, or the mathematical courses of astronomy. This is the impression of every philosophical mind with regard to nature, and it is strengthened by each new accession that is made to science. The more we are acquainted with her, the more are we led to recognise her constancy; and to view her as a mighty though complicated machine, all whose results are sure, and all whose workings are invariable.

But there is enough of patent and palpable regularity in nature, to give also to the popular mind the same impression of her constancy. There is a gross and general experience that teaches the same lesson, and that has lodged in every bosom a kind of secure and steadfast confidence in the uniformity of her processes. The very child knows and proceeds upon it. He is aware of an abiding character and property in the elements around him—and has already learned as much of the fire, and the water, and the food that he eats, and the firm ground that he treads upon, and even of the gravitation by which he must regulate his postures and his movements, as to prove that, infant though he be, he is fully initiated in the doctrine that nature has her laws and her ordinances, and that she continueth therein. And the proofs of this are ever multiplying along the journey of human observation: inasmuch, that when we come to manhood, we read of nature's constancy throughout every department of the visible world. It meets us wherever we turn our eyes. Both the day and the night bear witness to it. The silent revolutions of the firmament give it their pure testimony. Even those appearances in the heavens at which superstition stood aghast, and imagined that nature was on the eve of giving way, are the proudest trophies of that sta-

bility which reigns throughout her processes—of that unswerving consistency wherewith she prosecutes all her movements. And the lesson that is thus held forth to us from the heavens above, is responded to by the earth below; just as the tides of ocean wait the footsteps of the moon, and, by an attendance kept up without change or intermission for thousands of years, would seem to connect the regularity of earth with the regularity of heaven. But, apart from these greater and simpler energies, we see a course and a uniformity everywhere. We recognise it in the mysteries of vegetation. We follow it through the successive stages of growth, and maturity, and decay, both in plants and animals. We discern it still more palpably in that beautiful circulation of the element of water, as it rolls its way by many thousand channels to the ocean—and, from the surface of this expanded reservoir, is again uplifted to the higher regions of the atmosphere—and is there dispersed in light and fleecy magazines over the four quarters of the globe—and at length accomplishes its orbit, by falling in showers on a world that waits to be refreshed by it. And all goes to impress us with the regularity of nature, which in fact teems, throughout all its varieties, with power, and principle, and uniform laws of operation—and is viewed by us as a vast laboratory, all the progressions of which have a rigid and unflinching necessity stamped upon them.

Now this contemplation has at times served to foster the atheism of philosophers. It has led them to deify nature, and to make her immutability stand in the place of God. They seem impressed with the imagination that had the Supreme Cause been a Being who thinks, and wills, and acts as man does, on the impulse of a felt and a present motive, there would be more the appearance of spontaneous activity, and less of mute and unconscious mechanism in the administrations of the universe. It is the very unchangeableness of nature, and the steadfastness of those great and mighty processes wherewith no living power that is superior to nature, and is able to shift or to control her, is seen to interfere—it is this which seems to have impressed the notion of some blind and eternal fatality on certain men of loftiest but deluded genius. And, accordingly, in France, where the physical sciences have of late been the most cultivated, have there also been the most daring avowals of atheism. The universe has been affirmed to be an everlasting and indestructible effect; and from the abiding constancy that is seen in nature through all her departments, have they inferred that thus it has always been and that thus it will ever be.

But this atheistical impression that is derived from the constancy of nature is not peculiar to the disciples of philosophy. It is the familiar and the practical impression of every-day life. The world is apprehended to move on steady and unvarying principles of its own; and these secondary causes have usurped, in man's estimation, the throne of the Divinity. Nature, in fact, is personified into God: and as we look to the performance of a machine without thinking of its maker, so the very exactness and certainty wherewith the machinery of creation performs its evolutions, has thrown a disguise over the agency of the Creator. Should God interpose by miracle, or interfere by some striking and special manifestation of providence, then man is awakened to the recognition of him. But he loses sight of the Being who sits behind these visible elements, while he regards those attributes of constancy and power which appear in the elements themselves. They see no demonstration of a God, and they feel no need of Him, while such unchanging and such unflinching energy continues to operate in the visible world around them; and we need not go to the schools of ratiocination in quest of this infidelity, but may detect it in the bosoms of simple and unlettered men, who, unknown to themselves, make a god of nature, and just because of nature's constancy; having no faith in the unseen Spirit who originated all and upholds all, and that because all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation.

Such has been the perverse effect of nature's constancy

on the alienated mind of man: but let us now attend to the true interpretation of it. God has, in the first instance, put into our minds a disposition to count on the uniformity of nature, insomuch that we universally look for a recurrence of the same event in the same circumstances. This is not merely the belief of experience, but the belief of instinct. It is antecedent to all the findings of observation, and may be exemplified in the earliest stages of childhood. The infant who makes a noise on the table with his hand for the first time, anticipates a repetition of the noise from a repetition of the stroke, with as much confidence as he who has witnessed for years together the unvariableness wherewith these two terms of the succession have followed each other. Or, in other words, God, by putting this faith into every human creature, and making it a necessary part of his mental constitution, has taught him at all times to expect the like result in the like circumstances. He has thus virtually told him what is to happen, and what he has to look for in every given condition—and by its so happening accordingly, he just makes good the veracity of his own declaration. The man who leads me to expect that which he fails to accomplish, I would hold to be a deceiver. God has so framed the machinery of my perceptions, as that I am led irresistibly to expect that everywhere events will follow each other in the very train in which I have ever been accustomed to observe them—and when God so sustains the uniformity of nature, that in every instance it is rigidly so, he is just manifesting the faithfulness of his character. Were it otherwise, he would be practising a mockery on the expectation which he himself had inspired. God may be said to have promised to every human being that nature will be constant—if not by the whisper of an inward voice to every heart, at least by the force of an uncontrollable bias which he has impressed on every constitution. So that, when we behold nature keeping by its constancy, we behold the God of nature keeping by his faithfulness—and the system of visible things, with its general laws, and its successions which are invariable, instead of an opaque materialism to intercept from the view of mortals the face of the Divinity, becomes the mirror which reflects upon them the truth that is unchangeable, the ordination that never fails.

Conceive that it had been otherwise—first, that man had no faith in the constancy of nature—then how could all his experience have profited him? How could he have applied the recollections of his past to the guidance of his future history? And what would have been left to signalize the wisdom of mankind above that of veriest infancy? Or suppose that he had the implicit faith in nature's constancy, but that nature was wanting in the fulfilment of it—that at every moment his intuitive reliance on this constancy was met by some caprice or waywardness of nature, which thwarted him in all his undertakings—that instead of holding true to her announcements, she held the children of men in most distressful uncertainty by the freaks and the falsities in which she ever indulged herself—and that every design of human foresight was thus liable to be broken up, by ever and anon the putting forth of some new fluctuation. Tell us, in this wild misrule of elements changing their properties, and events ever flitting from one method of succession to another, if man could subsist for a single day, when all the accomplishments without were thus at war with all the hopes and calculations within. In such a chaos and conflict as this, would not the foundations of human wisdom be utterly subverted? Would not man, with his powerful and perpetual tendency to proceed on the constancy of nature, be tempted at all times, and by the very constitution of his being, to proceed upon a falsehood? It were the way, in fact, to turn the administration of nature into a system of deceit. The lessons of to-day would be falsified by the events of to-morrow. He were indeed the father of lies who could be the author of such a regimen as this—and well may we rejoice in the strict order of the goodly universe which we inhabit, and regard it as a noble attestation to the wisdom and beneficence of its great Architect.—*Dr Chalmers.*

LEGENDS OF THE ISLES, &c.*

WE like the fresh, loving, and above all the religious spirit which pervades this volume. It will add not a little to its author's well-earned celebrity. With his previous productions we have been more than pleased. His 'Hope of the World' is a noble poem on a noble subject; while his 'Salamandrine' displays a delicacy of taste, a tenderness of fancy, and a power of easy and elegant versification, which entitle him to a place among the real poets of the day. We are glad to notice that this latter poem has reached a second edition.

In inscribing his 'Legends of the Isles' to a brother poet, Alfred Tennyson, Mr Mackay remarks that 'poetry and the love of poetry are not necessarily extinguished by the progress of railroads, as all the pert smatterers have taken delight in affirming.' By no means. Why should they? The advancement of the sciences and the growth of the fine arts are surely not incompatible; and though both may now and then have to bewail the desecration of some favourite scene by the intrusion of railway companies, yet let our author proceed with his service to the muses, and he need not fear that his harvest of fame will be less abundant, though by dint of steam the whole world be made near neighbours.

The volume contains besides the 'Legends of the Isles,' which are eighteen in number, several minor poems and songs. The rhythm adopted for the Legends is varied, yet in the main happily chosen to suit the subject. We present our readers with one of these as a specimen; and that they may appreciate it the better, we annex to these remarks the following note which appears at the end of the volume:—

'A portion of this ballad bears a resemblance to the Danish ballad of the 'Wild Waterman'—a translation of which has been made into German by Goethe; and of which I published an English version in the Monthly Magazine when under the editorship of Mr J. A. Heraud. The story as now told is a common one in the Isles; and in fact among all the northern nations of Europe. In Tait's Magazine for December, 1843, it is thus related among the recollections of a Tour in the Hebrides, made about forty years previously by Mr John Morrison, an architect and land-surveyor, and a friend of Sir Walter Scott:—"It was now too late for gaining Iona, so we landed in Mull, and were received at the house of a clergyman—a most hospitable gentleman, with a numerous family of daughters. After tea, we were entertained by the young ladies with some excellent ghost stories; the scene of one of which was not fifty yards from where we were sitting. A young lady, the beauty of the country, was about to be married, and, with her betrothed and many friends, was making merry on the green, when a handsome youth on horseback made his appearance, and at once rode up and whispered in the bride's ear; on which she sprang up behind him, and they galloped off like the wind, and were never seen or heard of more except on the anniversary of their flight, when the horse with his riders is seen galloping round the green. The young lady is said to have been very proud and fickle, and her lover some air or water spirit; and she was thus punished, so that the tale is not without a moral. We sat up late after supper, and were entertained by other tales of the same kind: one of a mermaid who carried away a young man, and kept him for seven years in a palace studded with precious stones. She allowed him

to come to land and visit his friends, who could see no symptoms of approaching age; indeed, he himself thought that he had been absent a day only. He, however, declined to return, and removed more inland. The mermaid was often heard lamenting on the shore, and singing a mournful ditty, which, with its original tune, was sung by a young lady of the company.'

THE KELPIE OF CORRYVRECKAN.

He mounted his steed of the water clear,
And sat on his saddle of sea-weed sere;
He held his bridal of strings of pearl,
Dug out of the depths where the sea-snakes curl;

He put on his vest of the whirlpool froth,
Soft and dainty as velvet cloth,
And donn'd his mantle of sand so white,
And grasp'd his sword of the coral bright;

And away he gallop'd, a horseman free,
Spurring his steed through the stormy sea,
Clearing the billows with bound and leap—
Away, away, o'er the foaming deep.

By Scarbe's rock, by Lunga's shore,
By Garveloch isles where breakers roar,
With his horse's hoofs he dash'd the spray,
And on to Loch Buy—away away!

On to Loch Buy all day he rode,
And reach'd the shore as sunset glow'd,
And stopp'd to hear the sounds of joy,
That rose from the hills and glens of Moy.

The morrow was May, and on the green
They'd lit the fire of Beltan E'en,
And danced around, and piled it high
With peat and benthier, and pine logs dry.

A piper play'd a lightsome reel,
And timed the dance with toe and heel;
While wives look'd on, as lad and lass
Trod it merrily o'er the grass.

And Jessie (fickle and fair was she)
Sat with Evan beneath a tree,
And smiled with mingled love and pride,
And half agreed to be his bride.

The Kelpie gallop'd o'er the green—
He seem'd a knight of noble mien;
And old and young stood up to see,
And wonder'd who the knight could be.

His flowing locks were auburn bright,
His cheeks were ruddy, his eyes flash'd light;
And as he sprang from his good grey steed,
He look'd a gallant youth indeed.

And Jessie's fickle heart beat high,
As she caught the stranger's glancing eye;
And when he smiled, 'Ah, well,' thought ahe,
'I wish this knight came courting me!'

He took two steps towards her seat—
'Wilt thou be mine, O maiden sweet?'
He took her lily-white hand, and sigh'd,
'Maiden, maiden, be my bride!'

And Jessie blush'd, and whisper'd soft—
'Meet me to-night when the moon's aloft.
I've dream'd, fair knight, long time of thee—
I thought thou camest courting me.'

When the moon her yellow horn display'd,
Alone to the trysting went the maid;
When all the stars were shining bright,
Alone to the trysting went the knight.

'I have loved thee long, I have loved thee well,
Maiden, oh, more than words can tell!
Maiden, thine eyes like diamonds shine,
Maiden, maiden, be thou mine!'

'Fair sir, thy suit I'll ne'er deny—
Though poor my lot, my hopes are high;
I scorn a lover of low degree—
None but a knight shall marry me.'

He took her by the hand so white,
And gave her a ring of gold so bright:
'Maiden, whose eyes like diamonds shine,
Maiden, maiden, now thou'rt mine!'

He lifted her up on his steed of grey,
And they rode till morning away, away—
Over the mountain and over the moor,
And over the rocks to the dark sea-shore.

'We have ridden east, we have ridden west—
I'm weary, fair knight, and I fain would rest.
Say, is thy dwelling beyond the sea?
Hast thou a good ship waiting for me?'

'I have no dwelling beyond the sea,
I have no good ship waiting for thee:
Thou shalt sleep with me on a couch of foam,
And the depths of the ocean shall be thy home.'

* By CHARLES MACKAY, author of 'The Salamandrine,' 'The Hope of the World,' &c. William Blackwood & Sons, London and Edinburgh.

The grey steed plung'd in the billows clear,
And the maiden's shrieks were sad to hear;—
'Maiden, whose eyes like diamonds shine—
Maiden, maiden, now thou'rt mine!'

Loud the cold sea-blast did blow
As they sank 'mid the angry waves below—
Down to the rocks where the serpents creep,
Twice five hundred fathoms deep.

At morn a fisherman sailing by
Saw her pale corpse floating high.
He knew the maid by her yellow hair
And her lily skin so soft and fair.

Under a rock on Scarba's shore,
Where the wild winds sigh and the breakers roar,
They dug her a grave by the water clear,
Among the sea-weeds salt and sere.

And every year at Beltan E'en,
The Kelpie gallops across the green,
On a steed as fleet as the wintry wind,
With Jessie's mournful ghost behind.

I warn you, maids, whoever you be,
Beware of pride and vanity;
And ere on change of love you reckon,
Beware the Kelpie of Corryreckan!

Several of the minor poems have much merit. We like the sentiments expressed in that entitled 'A Candid Wooing,' and with this extract we close our notice of this very pleasing volume:—

I cannot give thee all my heart,
Lady, lady—
My faith and country claim a part,
My sweet lady,
But yet I'll pledge thee word of mine
That all the rest is truly thine;
The raving passion of a boy,
Warm though it be, will quickly cloy—
Confide thou rather in the man
Who vows to love thee all he can,
My sweet lady.

Affection, founded on respect,
Lady, lady,
Can never dwindle to neglect,
My sweet lady;
And while thy gentle virtues live
Such is the love that I will give.
The torrent leaves its channel dry,
The brook runs on incessantly—
The storm of passion lasts a day;
But deep true love endures always,
My sweet lady.

Accept then a divided heart,
Lady, lady,
Faith, Friendship, Honour, each have part,
My sweet lady.
While at one altar we adore,
Faith shall but make us love the more;
And Friendship, true to all beside,
Will ne'er be fickle to a bride;
And Honour, based on manly truth,
Shall love in age as well as youth,
My sweet lady.

Mr Mackay's volume, we need scarcely add, is got up in a style every way worthy of its eminent publishers.

EARL HOWE AND THE FIRST OF JUNE.

MANY admirals in the British service have been ennobled for their actions, but Lord Howe is one of the few amongst their distinguished members who have inherited a title from their birth; yet his career has been scarcely less illustrious than that of any who cut and carved their way to a coronet.

His lordship was the second son of Emanuel Scrope, the second Viscount Howe, and was born in September, 1726. The early part of his education he received at Eton, but a disposition for scenes of daring and adventure prevented him from remaining long at school, and he accordingly, in 1740, when in his fourteenth year, enrolled himself as a volunteer in the expedition with which the celebrated Anson then set out on his voyage round the world. Into the particulars of that event it is not our intention on the present occasion to enter; suffice it to state, that the young midshipman distinguished himself during the expedition as much as it was possible for one of his years to do, and that he returned from it with a

disposition for the sea so confirmed, that he afterwards made his way with almost unexampled rapidity—his birth, however, as may be supposed, assisting him. Of his conduct during the intermediate period little is now known; but in 1746, when only in his twentieth year, we find him in command of the Baltimore sloop, and displaying such a spirit that he hesitated not to enter into an engagement with two French vessels, each of them bearing thirty guns—a number scarcely inferior to his own—and though desperately wounded in the action, he not only maintained the honour of his flag but compelled the enemy to retreat.

His distinguished bravery on this occasion procured him the rank of post-captain and the command of the Triton frigate, from which he was shortly afterwards transferred to that of the Ripon of 60 guns and the Cornwall of 80; in the former of which he served on the coast of Guinea, in the latter under Admiral Knowles, but of his conduct in either station no record now remains.

It was not till two years afterwards, when he was in command of the Dunkirk, 60, that his career presents any subject for notice; but on this occasion he distinguished himself by capturing a French vessel of force superior to his own, a 64, on the coast of Newfoundland, and in the following year he bore a part equally conspicuous in Hawke's unsuccessful expedition against Rochfort. The British were beaten off on that occasion, but Howe in the Magnanime, 74, captured the island of Aix, after an hour's sharp cannonade; and had all displayed a similar spirit, the result of the attempt might have been different. In the following year he behaved with equal gallantry and success in an attack upon St Malo, during which he captured the town and destroyed great part of the magazines and shipping; but in his next engagement he experienced one of the casual reverses of war, and in the unfortunate affair of St Cas he with difficulty succeeded in bringing off the marines and soldiers engaged in the attempt. Shortly afterwards, however, he retrieved his laurels by the capture of the Hero, 74, in the action of the Marquis De Conflans; and though the prize was unfortunately lost by running it ashore, he had the satisfaction of being told by the king, when presented to his majesty by Lord Hawke, that 'his life had been one continued series of benefits to his country.'

In 1760 his lordship, who had a short time before succeeded to the title by the death of his elder brother, killed before Ticenderigo, received the colonelcy of the Chatham division of Marines; and in 1763 he took his seat as a Lord of the Admiralty, in which position he remained till 1765, when he exchanged it for the more lucrative post of Treasurer of the Navy, an office he held until 1770, when he obtained the rank of Rear-Admiral and the Mediterranean command. A pacific appointment such as this, however, but ill accorded with his disposition, and the unhappy struggle with the American colonies soon afforded a different field for his employment. But here his progress was not so distinguished as might have been anticipated; for the nature of the service threw the chief operations on the land forces, and with the exception of New York, and some places on the coast accessible to a fleet, little was done by the admiral. The relief of Gibraltar, however, in 1782, presented a better scope for distinction; but here again he was disappointed, for though he performed the task with great ability, in the face of a superior fleet, all his efforts failed to induce the enemy to risk an engagement, and he was thus constrained to return home without accomplishing any other service than provisioning the garrison. From this period till 1793 he was employed chiefly in the civil service at home, as First Lord of the Admiralty, with the exception of a short time passed in retirement, during which he was raised to the dignity of an earl. In 1793 he again embarked in active service by taking the command of the Channel fleet, and on the 1st of June in the following year he accomplished his celebrated victory.

Never was victory more opportune for the country, or defeat more injurious to France. The spirits of the in-

habitants of Britain had been depressed to the utmost by the uniform series of losses sustained by the Duke of York, and France had at this period equipped one of the finest fleets she had ever sent to sea, with a view of conveying a large flotilla of merchantmen anxiously expected with provisions from the West Indies. About the middle of May the French quitted Brest, under the command of Jean Bon St André, the naval proconsul of the republic; and Lord Howe, on the morning of the 21st, having received intelligence of their departure, immediately crowded all sail in pursuit. It was not, however, till the morning of the 28th that he came up with them, about a hundred and forty leagues to the westward of Ushant, and the sea was then running so high that it was impossible to bring them to a decisive action. A partial engagement only ensued, during which the *Bellerophon* and a seventy-four, which separately attacked a large three-decker of the enemy, were so roughly handled as to be obliged to fall to windward; and on the following day, though the British by their superior seamanship gained the weather-gage, they failed to make any greater impression. The whole of the 30th and 31st were passed in idleness, the mist being so dense that the fleets, though within a few miles of each other, remained invisible except at distant intervals. But early on the morning of the 1st of June the sun arose in unclouded splendour, and displayed, drawn up in battle array, two of the noblest armaments that ever rode upon the bosom of the deep. The British were burning to regain their lost advantages; the French were eager to sustain their former prowess, and at half-past seven of the morning, when Howe threw out the signal for each ship to bear down and assail her opponent in the enemy's line, an engagement ensued of the most furious order recorded in history. The enemy showed no disposition to shrink from the conflict, and the whole hostile lines, from van to rear, were consequently soon engaged in the most deadly struggle. For an hour the contest was maintained without any decisive result on either side; but the tremendous cannonade of the English at last produced an effect, and the enemy's line being cut in two, the republican proconsul ignominiously ordered nine of his ships with himself to bear away, leaving the others to their fate. These vessels, amounting to eight or ten in number, were quickly doubled upon by the English, and assailed with a fire so terrific that resistance was useless, escape impossible. Still resist they did, and with the most determined fury; one of their ships, *Le Vengeur*, maintaining the combat so long and so obstinately that three hundred and twenty of her crew went down at their guns. It is not true, however, as generally reported, that they refused to surrender, or continued to fire their upper guns after the lower were submerged—a supposition utterly impossible. They fought with the most resolute courage to the last, but when their ship began to sink, they evinced as much readiness to save themselves as gallant men in such circumstances could, though the combat was so protracted that only about two hundred and eighty were saved. In the presence, and amid the horror of both fleets, the others were, with their noble ship, in one mighty vortex, engulfed in the ocean, and one or two of the enemy's other vessels succeeded in making off, under sprit-sails, during the confusion that prevailed. Seven, however, of their number remained prizes with the English, though Lord Howe's own ships were so damaged that he found difficulty in securing them. By dint of great exertions he at last accomplished this object, and in a few days afterwards he carried them in safety into Spithead amidst the acclamations of his countrymen.

The British acquired this advantage by the loss of 281 killed and 788 wounded; and on board of the French 690 were killed and 510 disabled, exclusive of the number drowned in the *Vengeur*. But the republicans on their side also partially succeeded in their object, as the British fleet was too crippled to intercept the expected convoy; and when the merchantmen a few days afterwards arrived upon the spot, the commander discerned from the wrecks

with which the waters were strewn, that a great naval action had been fought, and wisely surmising, from the number of floating masts, &c., that neither party would be able to overtake him, he boldly steered for the French ports, which he gained in safety, and by his opportune arrival relieved a famine which prevailed.

The republicans, on their side, as already recorded, behaved with gallantry; but the following account of the action by Jean Bon St André, their commander, is characteristic and amusing. St André, it may be premised, was a civilian, though invested with the command of the fleet, and is reported to have pusillanimously remained below during the action.

'The most terrible engagement recorded in history,' he wrote to the Committee of Public Safety, 'has taken place between the two fleets. Our dispositions were well taken; everything promised the most glorious success; the captain of the *Jacobin* disconcerted all. We fought with all the courage of republicanism; we made dreadful havoc amongst the English. At least eight ships were dismantled in each of the two fleets; but being to leeward, we had the misfortune not to be able to rally all ours. We brought off five; the others fell into the hands of the enemy, not from any deficiency of courage, but from an inevitable fatality. On board *Le Montague* we preserved our masts, but we had three hundred killed or dangerously wounded. All the English ships were in the engagement, and we had six upon us at one time. The commander, in every respect, performed his duty. We lost the brave Captain Bazire; he expired praying for the republic. A number of brave men fell: I envy their fate; I saw them perish on each side, and I repine at the decree which doomed me to survive. The English fleet is still more damaged than ours. The combat was maintained on both sides, not merely with courage, but with the utmost fury; it was the contention of Rome and Carthage. We are endeavouring to bring our shattered ships into Brest. Embrace all our friends; tell them *we are worthy of them*.'

The conduct of Lord Howe on the occasion was of a different description, and while recording his success, he modestly ascribed the merit chiefly to the crews of the vessels he commanded. 'The merit,' he wrote in reply to the Lord Chancellor, on receiving the thanks of Parliament for his services, 'I would assume on this occasion consists in my good fortune, inasmuch as I held the chief command when so many resolute principal and subordinate officers, as well as brave men serving under their orders, were employed at that time in the fleet. And I must add, that if there be cause for triumph in the late defeat of the enemy at sea, it is truly the triumph of British sailors, whose animated and persevering courage has in no instance, I believe, been exceeded. I shall therefore have a great increase of happiness in obeying the commands of the House of Lords, by communicating to these several descriptions of persons the sense your lordships have deigned to express of their good conduct.'

On his return to England, George III. and his Queen paid the admiral the compliment of a visit on board his ship at Spithead, and presented him with a gold medal and diamond-hilted sword worth three thousand guineas. All the captains engaged received similar medals, and various honours or orders of knighthood. A subscription was raised in London for the relief of the widows of the men slain in action, and Edinburgh, Dublin, and several of the larger cities of the empire afterwards liberally contributed. Earl Howe himself received no higher honours, but in 1796, on the death of Admiral Forbes, he was appointed admiral of the fleet, and the honour of the garter was bestowed in the following year. In the mutiny which subsequently broke out, he was mainly instrumental in reducing the seamen to submission, by the influence which, through his uniform kindness, he had acquired over their affections; and he died in August, 1799, in the 73d year of his age, leaving behind him a lasting name as one of the ablest and most successful of British admirals.

SERPENTS.

In the Savannas of Izacubo, in Guiana, I saw the most wonderful, the most terrible spectacle that can be seen; and although it be not uncommon to the inhabitants, no traveller has ever mentioned it. We were ten men on horseback, two of whom took the lead, in order to sound the passages, whilst I preferred to skirt the great forests. One of the blacks who formed the vanguard returned full gallop, and called to me, 'Here, sir, come and see serpents in a pile!' He pointed out to me something elevated in the middle of the savannah, which appeared like a bundle of arms. One of my company then said, 'This is certainly one of those assemblages of serpents which heap themselves on each other after a violent tempest. I have heard of these, but have never seen any; let us proceed cautiously, and not go too near.' When we were within twenty paces of it, the terror of our horses prevented our nearer approach, to which, however, none of us were inclined. Suddenly the pyramidal mass became agitated: horrible hissings issued from it, thousands of serpents, rolled spirally on each other, shot forth out of the circle their hideous heads, presenting their envenomed darts and fiery eyes to us. I own I was one of the first to draw back; but when I saw this formidable phalanx remained at its post, and appeared to be more disposed to defend itself than to attack us, I rode round it, in order to view its order of battle, which faced the enemy on every side. I then sought what could be the design of this numerous assemblage; and I concluded that this species of serpents dreaded some colossal enemy, which might be the great serpent, or the cayman, and that they re-unite themselves after having seen this enemy, in order to attack or resist him in a mass.—*Humboldt*.

PHILOSOPHY OF TOYS.

Give a child a shut box and it will probably examine it all round, and in a very short time toss it away; the sight gratified for a little, but a change of image was desired, and this was the most obvious method of procuring a change. By this act the child brings up the consciousness of exertion; and the sight of a moving thing reproduces former images of motion and activity. Show it that the box opens, and it resumes the study of it—shuts it itself, opens it again; thus reverting from image to image, and delighting in the transformation as the work of its own hands. It will now be long ere it resort to the extreme step of throwing it away, and seeking it back to throw it away again. From this and all other observations on childhood, we can see that a toy, which has nothing moveable or changeable about it, is a very imperfect thing; it has little source of thought in it. With a finely-finished ornamental toy—an effigy of a man, a dog, or bird—a child will not lose much time ere it treat it as it would a stick, or a spoon, or an old canister, viz., beat the table with it to produce melody and the ideas of life and motion, and self-exertion—toss it away—or apply it to its mouth to restore part of the pleasure of sucking the breast. It is a very common error to confound toys with ornaments in amusing children. We hear a nurse, on holding up a pretty bauble to an infant, saying, 'See, such a pretty thing!' as if the child's capacity of enjoyment as yet contained nothing but a love of dazzle. It is common, too, to present to the eye what is not given into the hand—a very thankless indulgence. The sense of beauty and of nice imitation are of late growth. What childhood needs is copiousness of images, resembling, and fit for restoring those broad palpable ideas which it has been able to gain—to keep the faculty of identification and recovery of the past working all the day long. It is thus preparing itself for the highest operations of intellect in mature life. By indulging it in noises and rapid motions of all kinds, we are, besides breeding happiness, cultivating ideas of activity, bustle, and life, which are the foundation of the habits of the smart active workman or man of business, the animated, rapid, vehement orator, or the stake-all enthusiast.—*Westminster Review*.

LOVE OF CHILDREN.

Fondness for children denotes not only a kind heart, but a guileless one. A knave always detests children—their innocent looks and open brows speak daggers to him—he sees his own villany reflected from their countenances as from a mirror. Always mark the man or woman who avoids children.

A TRAVELLED BOTTLE.

There was lately cast ashore at Musselburgh, near Edinburgh, a common bottle, well corked so as to exclude water, and which bore evident marks of having been for some considerable time a voyager on the ocean. Attached to the lower end of this bottle was a colony of barnacles (smooth anatifæ) consisting of from fifty to sixty individuals. The greater proportion were full grown, some of the largest being six inches long, while there were young ones in all their stages of growth. These curious molluscs were firmly attached by their peduncles to the hollow end of the bottle, while their bodies, covered with their fine valved shells, from which proceeded their fringed arms, hung downwards so as freely to float in the water. This bottle must have been thrown overboard from some vessel. It is probable it may then have been stranded for some time among rocks, during which period a few barnacles had attached themselves to it. After this it must have again been launched, by the agency of the tides, into the wide ocean, where, floated along by the currents of the great deep, it may have traversed half or perhaps the whole circumference of the globe, while in the mean time its few barnacles flourished, increased, and multiplied till they occupied every inch of its concave bottom. How many 'wonders of the deep' may not this bottle have passed by? How many storms may it not have braved, and how many lonely shipwrecks may it not have unconsciously witnessed? Unlike others which have been frequently picked up, it bore within it no written record to tell from whence or under what circumstances it was set afloat. Perhaps it may have been the only relic of some noble vessel which had foundered far at sea, and all of her that was ever destined to reach the land.

CLASSES OF MEN.

Mankind may be divided into three classes. There are those who learn experience from others—they are happy men; those who learn from their own experience—they are wise men; and lastly, those who learn neither from their own nor from other people's experience—they are fools.

. We have received numerous applications, inquiring whether the Numbers of the INSTRUCTOR could be supplied from the commencement; and, as a general answer to these, we inserted, some weeks ago, a note at the bottom of the last column, stating that the work being stereotyped, back Numbers or Parts might always be had from any bookseller. This does not seem to have met the eye of many (probably from its having been placed after the book-sellers' names), as we are still receiving applications of the same nature. We will feel obliged by such parties giving their order to the bookseller with whom they are in the practice of dealing, when they will be supplied with any of the Numbers they wish.

The Title-page and a complete Index for the First Volume was issued with the last Number, price One Penny; also Stamped Cloth Boards for Volume I., neatly got up, lettered in gold, price One Shilling. Those who have taken the publication either in Weekly Numbers or Monthly Parts, will find this to be both the neatest and cheapest mode of binding it.

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WEEKLY HOGG'S INSTRUCTOR

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THE RELATION OF MAN TO THE EXTERNAL WORLD.

'The proper study of mankind is man,' said the poetic moralist, and all experience confirms the observation. Amidst the manifold objects, the rich and varied phenomena to which man has directed his intellectual eye, none can attract his notice and rivet his attention so powerfully as his own nature. In this all art, all science, every department of human knowledge and activity, have their common root; all of them, from the highest to the lowest, flow out of that nature which man possesses, receive from it their peculiar meaning, and can only be rightly judged and valued by reference to its wants and capacities. Hence the study of humanity is at once the most manifold and the most comprehensive that can be conceived, and also the most generally interesting, presenting an inexhaustible abundance of matter, which can be viewed from various sides, in a thousand shades of colour, in innumerable changes of light, so as to be adapted to the taste and comprehension of all.

Yet, singularly enough, no subject seems of late more neglected. Metaphysical speculation, for which this country was at one time so famous, is now almost unknown; and even the more popular branches of the science of mind are rarely touched. Hence crude and hurtful notions of the true nature of man, and his relation to the universe, generally prevail, and the most absurd and irreligious theories find currency among the people. Each of these may be refuted as it arises, but it is only expelled to be succeeded by another, perhaps more eloquently expressed, or skilfully disguised, but not less false and prejudicial than its predecessor. The only true remedy is to direct the attention of the public anew to these subjects—to bring the spiritual nature of man, and his distinction from the beasts that perish, more frequently and pointedly before them; and thus, by raising their taste and capacity of judging, to prevent them being deceived by mere pretenders to science. In this paper, we intend to point out some of those relations in which man stands to the world around him, whether inanimate or animate, and thus to show that he is not a chance production on the face of the earth, or a mere higher development of an oyster or an ape, but that he is wisely and intelligently formed, in reference to the physical structure of the universe.

Most animals, in their natural state, are limited to a small portion of the earth; and when transferred by accident to other regions, soon perish. Even where the climate is not widely different, as in Europe and North America, the native species of animals common to both are few and unimportant. This is more decidedly the

case, when countries far removed from each other in situation and physical circumstances are compared. But man is not thus limited to any one locality or climate. He subsists under the burning sun of the tropics, and amidst the snowy mountains of the polar zones; he has fixed his tent amidst the drifting sands of the Sahara, and built his hut below the ice-clad rocks of Greenland. Wherever a traveller has set his foot—wherever science or commerce have extended their researches, man is found to be already there, and to have already taken possession of the earth as his home and his inheritance. Nor does he appear in any part of it like a stranger or an alien. He may indeed thrive best in the more temperate regions, and in them acquire his highest moral and physical development; but in every part he not only continues to live, but even to increase, so far as the means of support will allow. He also becomes not only reconciled to, but even enamoured of the most diverse climates and countries, and views them as the most highly favoured on the globe. Hence, as the poet says:—

'The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone,
Boldly proclaims the happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease.
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine;
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.'

Even in the productions of various countries, we can perceive a certain adaptation to the wants and necessities of their inhabitants. Each region not only provides food for man, but also that food which is most beneficial for him in that locality. In the frigid zone, the cerealia, and other plants commonly used for human food, will not grow, and man is forced to subsist on the fish and aquatic birds and beasts of the surrounding seas. The strong oily nature of this food, and the vast quantities of it that the Esquimaux and other northern savages consume, have often excited the wonder of travellers. Yet modern chemistry has shown, that both the quantity and quality of this food are in accordance with the extreme severity of the climate, and furnish, as it were, the fuel by which the heat of the body is maintained and the fire of life supported. In the short warm summer, less animal food is needed or consumed; berries, and various antiscorbutic plants abound, and form the chief nourishment of the natives, and prevent or remove those diseases which an exclusively animal diet tends to produce.

In the temperate regions, a more happy mixture of various species of nourishment can be procured. The fields and forests yield a variety of grain and fruit; the flocks and herds give abundance of flesh and milk, whilst the sea, rivers, and lakes, contain a profusion of fish.

This variety of food corresponds to the mildness of the climate, and enables men to regulate their diet by the season of the year and their peculiar habits of life. Nearer the equator, again, vegetable nourishment begins to predominate; the warm climate, which favours a luxuriant growth of plants and fruit-trees, rendering animal food less useful, and, in large quantities, even hurtful to man. In such countries, domestic animals are not numerous, and are preserved only by great care and attention. Hence animal food is rarely tasted by large classes of the community, who subsist on what Europeans deem a poor and meagre diet. The abstemiousness of the Indian with his plate of rice, or the Arab with his handful of dates, is, however, equally the result of the climate, with the voraciousness of the Esquimaux over his feast of seal-flesh or whale-blubber. Nature has taught each the food he requires, and has brought that food to his door.

But all the articles of human nourishment are not found in equal abundance in every country, and some important articles are confined to one. It is the same with the materials for clothing, and with various articles of luxury which use has now rendered almost necessities of life to many. Wine can only be produced in a limited portion of the temperate zone, and not in the regions to the north or south of this. The olive succeeds best in a warmer clime; and the various species of pepper and other spices only beneath the tropics. Tea has mostly been brought from one country; and coffee and sugar are also limited in their growth. Cotton and tobacco are in like manner furnished to the whole world by a few countries. These examples may suffice for our purpose, though abundance of others might be produced. The result of this distribution of these necessities of life, is, that men are rendered mutually dependent on each other; and commerce, the great civilizer of the world, becomes indispensable for the supply of even their material wants. Every interruption of this communication is felt over the whole globe; and no nation can injure another, without injuring itself at the same time. Even the vicissitudes of the seasons in one region of the earth, affect the comfort and welfare of nations dwelling in another hemisphere. A hurricane crushing the canes in the West Indies, would deprive Great Britain of half its sugar; and a failure of the cotton crop in Hindostan or the United States, might produce idleness and starvation in the streets of Manchester and Glasgow. Providence has thus clearly marked out mankind as one great family united by indissoluble ties, so that one member cannot suffer, but all must suffer at the same time. Mutual intercourse and peace are thus shown to be the natural condition of mankind, from which no nation can depart with impunity. Nor can we fail to observe its tendency to diffuse the highest civilization and the true religion over the whole globe, finally bringing all men under the universal law of Christianity.

In many other respects, man is seen to have been wisely fashioned in reference to the physical nature of the earth, and its various productions of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms. Many species of the former seem to have been formed almost expressly for his use. When associated with him, and labouring for his advantage, they appear in their natural and appropriate position. In a wild state, their higher qualities are less fully developed, and they seem even to degenerate when deprived of the protecting care of man. Some species, as the camel, for example, have never been found wild, and look as if they existed only for the use of mankind. The very structure of this animal, whereby it is enabled to traverse the parched and sandy deserts of Asia and Africa, is apparently more adapted for the use of man, than for its own advantage. The horse and ass, which supply its place in other regions of the earth, equally possess qualities bearing reference rather to the wants of men than their own. Their patience, docility, and attachment to their master, are not more remarkable than the kind of interest which they acquire for the various employments in which they are engaged. The eagerness of the war-horse neighing for the battle, and rush-

ing fearlessly on the crowd of armed men, has been noticed even from the earliest times. Both these animals can bear considerable diversity of climate, and have spread with the human race into almost every region of the globe. This is no less true of the varieties of the ox and sheep, which not only accompany man in his various migrations, but adapt themselves in some measure to the physical nature of the countries into which they are introduced. Thus, in the north of Scotland and in Norway, the horses and cattle are small and hardy, but well fitted for the mountain roads and scanty pastures of these countries; whereas, in the fertile plains of England and the Netherlands, they greatly increase in size and strength, but require more food and care. Like the camel in the south, the reindeer is fitted to supply the wants of men in the far north; it thrives in regions where the horse and cow would speedily perish, and in some measure compensates for the absence of both, dragging the Laplander in his sledge over the frozen plains, feeding him with its milk and flesh, and clothing him with its skin. The dog is the last of the animals we shall notice, for its apparent special adaptation to the use of man. It is able to accompany him into every climate, and, like its master, can subsist on all varieties of food. It seems more subject to the influence of circumstances than any other species of animal, varying in the colour and quantity of hair, in the form of its head, body, and limbs, and in size, so that one may weigh more than one hundred times another. Its habits are no less pliable, and readily moulded to the wishes and convenience of man. As Cuvier has remarked, the dog is that animal of which our conquest has been most complete; and he is now so perfectly devoted to us, that he seems to have sacrificed to us his individual character, interest, and feelings. But it is not in what the dog thus loses or acquires, that his relation to the human species is most apparent. His original character and instincts manifest the same peculiarity. He is more strongly attached to man than to his own species, and not only prefers his society, but assists in defending him if attacked by other individuals. His intelligence, instincts, and powers, seem calculated to supply apparent wants in man, consequent on his higher and more intellectual nature. Thus much bodily exertion is spared to the shepherd; and the fine sense of smell in his companion compensates for its deficiency in the hunter, and, at the same time, leaves his mind free to attend to other objects.

Many similar adaptations of the animal kingdom to the uses of man might be produced; but these are sufficient for our purpose. Neither are these wanting among plants, where it will be found that the most useful species are frequently the easiest preserved and most widely distributed over the globe. Thus the potato has spread from its native seat in Central America to the Arctic circle in Europe, and the most remote islands of the southern hemisphere. The cerealia are no less widely dispersed, though in a variety of species, each adapted to a certain region of the earth. Thus oats and barley grow even within the polar circle; rye extends from the north of Europe to the mountain districts of India and Persia; and wheat is scarcely more limited in its range; whilst rice, delighting in a warm climate and moist soil, is the true grain of the torrid zone. In the mineral kingdom, the vast abundance and general diffusion over the whole earth, of iron, truly the most noble of the metals, is a similar instance. Many other metals and minerals appear also intended especially for human use, though in them, in consequence of their inorganic nature, marks of design are less remarkable and striking than in the two other kingdoms of nature.

These facts fully confirm the statement in the beginning of this paper, that man is not a mere chance production of nature, but a being whose existence on the earth has been foreseen and provided for. Geology tells us, that he is probably the last created of animated beings; yet we find many of the creatures which preceded him on the earth, fashioned, may we not say, with expres-

reference to his wants. We have seen modifications in their structure, habits, and instincts, which, though highly beneficial to man, could never have been brought into action so long as these animals continued in a wild state. It is only when domesticated that they acquire their highest development, and, so to speak, the full use of all their powers and capacities. In this respect, man differs remarkably from all the lower animals. In no other instance do we see one species formed as it were to supply the wants of another. The rapacious beasts and birds, indeed, prey on the weaker and more defenceless species; but we do not observe any such special adaptation of the one class to the other, as we have pointed out in the case of men. Even the carnivorous animals may be said to be dependent on the human species, and formed with a view to its appearance on the globe. As man extends his sway over the earth they gradually disappear—they seem designed merely to occupy till he comes; and when he has fully subdued the earth and possessed it, they will utterly perish. As the wolves and bears have vanished from our own land, so must the lion and tiger from Africa and Asia, when these vast continents have received their full complement of rational beings. Man is thus shown to be the head of creation, the most highly favoured of the works of God. Such proofs of design and adaptation of one part of nature to another, are also the best refutation of those systems of gradual development, recently revived in our land, whose evident tendency is to banish any trace of an intelligent spiritual Creator from the universe. Mere physical laws could never have caused so many independent beings to contribute to the use and advantage of man, any more than they could have given him his intellectual, moral, and religious nature.

FOREIGN AUTHORS.

CAMOENS.

LUIZ DE CAMOENS was born at Lisbon in the year 1525, his age and enlistment having been found in the Indian House of that city, marking the time when he first left his native country to seek his fortunes in India. It is known that, after his preliminary education, he went, at the age of twelve, to complete his studies in the university which D. João III. had a short time before transferred from Lisbon to Coimbra, inviting to the new chairs some of the natives and foreigners most celebrated in the literary and scientific world. Of his progress in that school we can judge by the erudition which we find in his works, and by the superiority he evinced then, and continued to sustain amongst his cotemporaries. When very young, he showed a taste for poetry; and in his first essay he displayed both his poetical talent and his accurate acquaintance with the best models in ancient literature. At the close of his studies he returned to court. Prepossessing in his appearance, gifted with fine powers, ardent and sensitive in disposition, he became a universal favourite in the literary circles in which he mingled.

About this time he first saw Dona Catharina de Ataíde, a lady of extraordinary beauty, for whom he conceived a strong attachment. The sonnet in which this first and, we believe, only love is portrayed, has been translated into English; and although, from the difficulty of adaptation, the expressions cannot convey all the beauties of the original, the translation is as tastefully and well executed as the difference in the phraseology of the two languages would allow:—

Her eye's soft movement radiant and benign,
Yet with no casual glance; her honest smile,
Cautious, though free; her gestures that combine
Light mirth with modesty, as if the while
She stood all trembling o'er some doubtful bliss;
Her blithe demeanour, her confiding ease,
Secure in grave and virgin bashfulness,
Midst ev'ry gentler virtue form'd to please;
Her purity of soul, her innate fear
Of error's stain; her temper mild, resign'd;
Her looks, obedience; her unclouded air,
The faithful index of a spotless mind;
These form the Circle, who, with magic art,
Can fix or change each purpose of my heart.

But this attachment, to which we owe the greatest part of his early poems, was also the cause of almost all Camoens' misfortunes. Although equal in birth to Dona Catharina, as he wanted the favours of fortune, the family of this lady used every exertion to prevent a union regarded by them as disadvantageous. They represented, therefore, in the most serious light, an indiscretion which might have been excused; and Dona Catharina being a Maid of Honour, they urged against it the force of those laws which were at that time very severe upon any one who encouraged amours in the palace. For this, the only motive of which there is any certain account, he was banished from the court to the Ribatejo, which comprehends all the country on the banks of the Tagus above Lisbon. In his exile Camoens strove to mitigate his misfortunes by study and composition. It was while in this quietude that he composed many of his minor poems, probably his comedies, and conceived, it is supposed, the plan of his great epic poem.

While at Santarem, where Camoens resided immediately after his departure from Lisbon, he wrote an elegy, in which he laments his misfortune, and compares it to that which had formerly befallen Ovid. In several pathetic passages, he likens his hapless fate to that of the Roman poet, and invokes the Tagus, which flowed past his residence towards Lisbon, where the tender cause of his banishment dwelt, to convey with its stream his tears to the object of his attachment. The following are the concluding stanzas of this impassioned effusion:—

'On golden Tagus' undulating stream
Skim the light barks by gentlest wishes sped;
Trace their still way 'midst many a rosy gleam
That steals in blushes o'er its trembling bed.
I see them gay, in passing beauty glide,
Some with fix'd sails to woo the tardy gale;
Whilst others with their oars that stream divide,
To which I weeping tell the exile's tale.
Stay, wand'ring waves—ye fugitives, ah, stay!
Or if without me ye un pitying go;
At least my tears, my sighs, my vows convey—
Those faithful emblems of my cherish'd woe.
Go, then, pursue in calm translucent grace,
Your unrestrain'd though not unenvied way,
Till I like you regain that hallow'd place,
And hail the dawn of joy's returning day.
But, ah! not soon shall that protracted hour,
To bless the exile in his anguish come;
Life may fulfil its transitory pow'r,
Ere happier destiny revoke my doom.'

It is not known how long this exile from court was protracted, or whether his subsequent departure for Ceuta as a soldier was in consequence of a second banishment. Dom Jozé de Souza, one of the poet's biographers, writes the following:—'Not any information has reached us as to the duration of his exile, as to the time he returned to Lisbon and embarked to serve in Africa, nor even as to the reason of his second departure from the court. Perhaps, either out of delicacy to Dona Catharina, or for the purpose of trying new vicissitudes, he took a resolution consonant to the bravery of his heart, and entering on the military profession, wished, as a true knight, to partake of the glory which the Portuguese at that time were acquiring in all parts of the world.'

It was about the time of his departure for Ceuta that Camoens formed an intimacy with Dom Antonio de Noronha, who was also going to join the Portuguese forces in Africa. Dom Antonio, who was the son of Dom Francisco de Noronha, second Count of Linhares, and nephew to the Captain-General of Ceuta, was a person of high attainments, and a great admirer of the genius of Camoens. In this meeting a strict and firm friendship was originated, which was only dissolved by the premature death of Noronha. Another circumstance besides their congeniality, rendered this friendship peculiarly interesting. The father of Dom Antonio having discovered an attachment of which he did not approve, between his son and Dona Margarita, a grand-daughter of the Count of Abrantes, a lady of great beauty, removed him to Ceuta. The sympathy which Camoens felt for the fate of his friend, the circumstances connected with which were so similar to

his own, is well depicted in the following lines of a poem he composed on the death of Noronha:—

'But whilst his tell-tale cheek the cause betrays,
To him who mark'd it with affection's eye;
And speaks in silence to a father's gaze,
The fatal strength of love's resistless sigh;
Parental art resolved, alas! to prove
The stronger power of absence over love.'

During his absence from Lisbon, Camoens conducted himself bravely in various actions with the Moors; and in one of them which took place in the Straits, he received a wound which deprived him of one eye. In this action he is said to have been wounded by the side of his father, who commanded the vessel in which he sailed. At Ceuta he passed the time, alternately joining the expeditions against the Moors and composing verses, which either refer to these engagements, or to the darling object of his heart—his loves with Dona Catharina. It is, however, worthy of remark, that in no one of these does he allude to his mistress, by making use of her name; and the word *Natercia*, by which he designated her in his poems, is an anagram, the component letters of which would make *Caterina*, the mode in which her name was generally written at that time.

Having now added the fame of a soldier to that of a man of letters, Camoens returned to Lisbon, expecting to be placed in that position at court to which his merits entitled him, and which the nature of his passion rendered so desirable. He put in his claim, exhibiting his honourable cicatrix, and enumerating services by which he had prominently distinguished himself. What must have been his disappointment when, either through neglect or envy, he could not obtain the least remuneration!

About this period of his life another misfortune of a more distressing nature is believed to have befallen our poet. If the death of Dona Catharina, the lady for whose sake he had suffered a protracted banishment, did really take place at this time, the shock which his mind must have sustained under such an accumulation of misfortunes, can only be imagined by those possessed of exquisite sensibility, who may have been placed under similar circumstances. The following beautiful sonnet, in which Camoens so pathetically portrays the feelings of an unfortunate lover, bewailing the hapless event which had thus wrecked all his hopes of happiness, has been translated into English by various poets of distinction. We shall give the preference to Southey's translation, who, when speaking of our poet, observes—'That to most imaginations he will never appear so interesting as when he is bewailing his first love. It is in these moments that he is most truly a poet.'

'Meek spirit who so early didst depart,
Thou art at rest in Heaven! I linger here,
And feed the lonely anguish of my heart,
Thinking of all that made existence dear.
All lost! If in this happy world above,
Remembrance of this mortal life endure,
Thou wilt not then forget the perfect love
Which still thou seest in me. O spirit pure!
And if the irremediable grief,
The woe, which never hopes on earth relief,
May merit aught of thee: prefer thy prayer
To God, who took thee early to his rest,
That it may please him soon amid the blest
To summon me, dear maid, to meet thee there.'

Having now lost all hopes of happiness at home, his heart bleeding under the infliction of such accumulated misfortunes, our poet took the noble resolution of repaying the ingratitude of his country, by rendering her other and more lasting services in a distant land. It was a remarkable feature in our hero's career, that in spite of all the persecutions which assailed him from every quarter, his patriotism never once abated.

Previous to his departure from Lisbon, Camoens composed the following sonnet, in which he takes leave of the Tagus, that native stream for which he felt the warmest attachment. The composition is remarkable for pathetic sweetness, and peculiarly interesting from the circumstances under which it was written. The version is that of Southey, from whose translations of several of the

best minor efforts of our poet, we have already had occasion to quote:—

'Waters of Tejo, gentle stream! that flow
Through these fair meads, refreshing as ye go,
Herbage and flowers, and flocks, and with delight
Soothing the nymphs and shepherds on your shore;
I know not, gentle river, when my sight
Shall linger on your pleasant waters more.
And now I turn me from you, sad at heart,
Hopeless that fate my future lot will bless:
That evil fate which bids me now depart,
Converts remember'd joys to wretchedness.
The thought of you, dear waters, oft will rise,
And mem'ry oft will see you in her dreams,
When I on other airs shall breathe my sighs,
And drop far off my tears in other streams.'

The biographers of Camoens do not relate any circumstance concerning the manner in which he was engaged during his voyage to India; but as the distance was great, and the time occupied in the voyage long, it is probable that his mind, naturally active, would be employed in the *Lusiad*, several cantos of which, there is reason to believe, he had composed some time before his departure from Lisbon. The supposition is rendered still more probable by the descriptions given in the poem, which, from their accuracy and detail, both of the coasts and places generally visited by the fleet in its passage outwards, and of the manners and customs of their inhabitants, would lead us to believe that they were written either on the spots they portray, or from notes correctly taken on the voyage.

It is a singular but well-authenticated fact that, of all the vessels composing the fleet, which at this time left the Tagus for India, the *St Bento*, the ship in which he sailed, was the only one which reached her destination, a violent storm having destroyed all the rest: 'Fate,' as Bouterwek observes, 'seeming to have watched over him for the purpose of conducting him safely through the most imminent dangers, to the completion of his poetical career.'

Arrived at Goa, our poet, thirsting after military glory, was not long in joining the armament which the Viceroy of India, Dom Alfonso de Noronha, was then preparing for the purpose of protecting the King of Cochin and other tributaries of the Portuguese crown, against the King of Chembé, whose oppressive conduct and incursions had obliged the former to apply to the Portuguese government for that assistance and protection which they were in the habit of obtaining. The victory gained by the Portuguese in this decisive encounter, in which their artillery showed itself so superior to the weapons of the enemy, was most complete; and the honours gained by Camoens in the quality of a volunteer, are said to have been inferior to those of none of his comrades. In such language as modest valour adopts on similar occasions, our military poet gives an account of the fortunate result of this expedition, in his first elegy. When speaking of his own good fortune he makes use of these simple words—'And our enterprise succeeded well.' In this poem, which closely resembles Ovid's third elegy of the first book of '*De Tristibus*,' we find a description of a storm, which is considered very grand and impressive.

It was about this time, and on his return to Goa, that Camoens received intelligence of the death of Noronha, the young nobleman whose disposition, pursuits, and disappointment had been so similar to his own, and to whom he had been united in the firmest bonds of friendship. Noronha had fallen, together with his uncle, the Captain-General of Ceuta, during a protracted engagement with the Moors of Tetuan. From an inscription on a monument erected by his sister, it is found that he was only seventeen years of age, and that, of four other brothers, two had perished in Africa with Dom Sebastian, and the other two found their grave in distant parts of India. This may give the reader an idea of the extent to which the Portuguese nobility of that time exposed their lives, and of the chivalrous spirit which such conduct must have diffused through the whole nation.

Endowed with a warm as well as a brave heart, Camoens felt to the quick the afflicting intelligence of the disastrous fate of Noronha, and in various of his minor poems

gives vent to his grief in the most pathetic lamentations for this, the earliest and best of all his friends. That he was not the only one Camoens had left on his departure from Lisbon, may be inferred from various letters addressed from India, which are generally appended to his works. In one of them sent to a friend in Portugal, now unknown, he expresses himself in the following manner:— 'I wished so much for your letter, that I feared my desire to have prevented its arrival; for this is the certain custom of fortune, to permit a strong wish for that which she is most ready to deny.'

In following out our plan of making the poet his own biographer, whenever this is practicable, we shall quote another part of this epistle, explanatory of his feelings on the occasion: it will also be interesting, as affording an idea of his peculiar style:— 'On departing, as one bound to the other world, I sent, as falsifiers of the coin, with a public proclamation, to be hanged, the many hopes on which I had until then been fed. I freed myself from the thoughts which had accompanied me, because they were totally unprofitable; and thus, seeing myself in a situation as one placed between hawk and buzzard, the last words which I spoke were those of Scipio Africanus, 'Ingrata Patria, non possidebis ossa mea.' He then dwells at some length upon his then unhappy state, and speaking of the country, emphatically describes it as 'the mother of great villains, and the stepmother of honest men.' In conclusion, he mentions the sonnet which he had composed on the death of Noronha, as well as an eclogue on the same subject, which he considers better than some others which he had written, and which has since been much admired.

Soon after this time, and on the accession of Dom Pedro Mascaranhas to the Viceroyship of India, it was necessary to equip an armament for the purpose of checking the great depredations committed by the Moorish vessels on the trade of the Straits of Mecca. The commander of this expedition, Manoel de Vasconcellos, received orders to sail to the coast of Arabia, and proceed to Mount Felix, near which he was to await the arrival of the pirates, and engage them. The armament set out from Goa, and after an ineffectual cruise, wintered at Ormus. Camoens offered himself as a volunteer, and accompanied Vasconcellos in this expedition, in which he suffered great privations. Finding no employment for his sword, he took up the pen, and in one of his poems is preserved a graphic account of the cruise, and a description of Mount Felix—that 'rugged, dry, and barren mountain, where neither a bird flies, nor a beast sleeps; where neither the clear river flows, the fountain boils, nor the cheerful rustling of the green branch is heard.' Of this time, so unprofitably spent, our poet complains in the following bitter strain:— 'Here my hapless fortune placed me; here, in this remote, rugged, and barren part of the world, did fortune will that a part of my short life should be spent, in order that it might be distributed in pieces throughout the world. Here the solitary and melancholy days were spent; nor had I, as my only adversaries, life, a burning sun, cold waters, thick and sultry atmosphere, but also my own thoughts. These I saw against me, bringing to my memory some short and passed joy which I experienced in the world when I lived in it; to double the severity of my misfortunes, by showing me that there may be hours of happiness in the world.'

But another and a greater calamity awaited our hero on his return to Goa. On his arrival there, after the ineffectual cruise off Mount Felix, Camoens found the Viceroy Dom Pedro Mascaranhas replaced by Francisco Barreto, who had arrived from Portugal to assume the reins of the government of India. Under this selfish man the affairs of India, which had been for some time previously on the decline, were every day assuming a more alarming aspect, through the corruption of customs which a government devoted to rapacity and oppression is always sure to induce. The chivalrous spirit with which Vasco da Gama, Albuquerque, and other illustrious heroes, had sailed to India; the thirst for enterprise, the boast of dangers surmounted and victories achieved, the hopes of

distinction, which originally tempted the Portuguese youth from Lisbon, had totally vanished; and in place of these, the most sordid avarice and self-interest were rapidly spreading from the highest in office to those in inferior stations. To Camoens, who had witnessed the decrease of his country's glory at home, this state of things abroad must have been peculiarly distressing; and it was with a view to the regeneration of such principles and feelings, as alone could save the country from immediate ruin, that he wrote a poem, on his return to Goa, wherein he reprobated the proceedings of those in command, and the bad example they were setting to their countrymen. This production, which is entitled 'Desparates na India' (*Follies in India*), is written in a vein of satire which it would be very difficult to translate, and is peculiarly characterized by conveying in a proverb, at the end of every stanza, the pith of what has gone before.

Although this satire was written in general terms, it was nevertheless too conspicuously true in its application to the characters of some persons of importance not to excite their hatred and aversion against the person of the poet. They therefore applied to Barreto, who, unwilling to give offence to those whose conduct was but a reflection of his own, and with whose interests he was intimately connected, listened to their complaints, and banished the poet to China.

That Camoens considered his banishment as an usurpation of power and an act of tyranny, may be inferred from several passages of his works; yet his generosity and greatness of mind were such, that he never mentioned the name of the individual who had treated him with such severity and injustice. It was not till about two years after this period, and after great privations and misery, that Camoens obtained, as an alleviation of his unjust sentence, a small government appointment in Macao, which enabled him to procure the common necessities of life. Here did our poet spend a few years, dedicating his leisure hours to the completion of his epic poem, the greatest part of which is believed to have been written in this remote part of the world. A grotto is still pointed out to the traveller, where tradition reports Camoens used to retire during the hours he dedicated to the muses. In this secluded spot Camoens passed his hours of meditation and poetical composition, and erected to his country a more lasting monument than those glorious and daring feats, the participation in which, through the persecution of his enemies, could never purchase for him that standing and independence to which, as a soldier alone, he was fully entitled. Well may we exclaim with his biographer, Dom Jose de Souza, 'What a strength of mind and firmness of character he must have possessed, not to have been disheartened by constant adversity, repeated persecutions, and a burning climate; but to find within himself sufficient energy to undertake a composition of such power and magnitude!'

During the government of Dom Constantino, who succeeded Barreto in the viceroyship of India, Camoens obtained permission to return to Goa, and having arranged his affairs at Macao, he set out with the little fortune which he had been able to save from the salary attached to his office. The ship in which he sailed was wrecked on the coast of Cambodia, near the mouth of the river Mecon. Here he was with difficulty able to save himself, having lost everything but the manuscript of his poem, which he held above the waters with one hand, whilst with the other he grasped a fragment of the shattered ship. The conduct of Camoens on this occasion, and the noble feelings which prompted him to attempt the salvation of his immortal work, in preference to any part of his treasure, are certainly characteristic of the exalted mind and noble heart of the hero. In canto 7 of the *Lusiad*, which seems to have been written after this disaster, he alludes to his hapless condition, while invoking the aid of his native nymphs to enable him to complete the task which he had undertaken.

Having brought the life of Camoens down to this interesting period, we will give the remainder in our next.

GENERAL LOUSTAUNAU.

In a former number we gave a brief sketch of the interesting Memoirs of Lady Hester Stanhope. That our readers may be enabled to form a more correct idea of the singularly constituted character of this remarkable lady, we now insert the following somewhat romantic history of Mr Loustaunau, who, by the superiority of his own abilities, raised himself to a position in India scarcely inferior to that at one time enjoyed by Lady Hester Stanhope in this country. By a sudden and unlooked for reverse, Mr Loustaunau became dependent on the charity of strangers; and the generosity of Lady Hester towards this individual forms a pleasing contrast to some other points recorded in the history of her ladyship.

From a village in the Pyrenees, near to Tarbes, one day a young man, about twenty-four years of age, sallied forth, he knew not whither, to seek his fortune. Sprung from a family of peasants, he had received little or no education, and had nothing to depend on but his well-knitted frame, an intelligent and handsome countenance, robust health, and his activity. He directed his steps towards one of the great seaports of France, resolved to work his passage to America. But when walking the quays and inquiring for a vessel bound across the Atlantic, he was told there was none; there was, however, a large merchant-ship freighted for the East Indies. Learning that the country she was chartered for was still more distant than the western colonies, he concluded, in his ardent and youthful mind, that it would open to him a still greater chance of meeting with adventures and of enriching himself. He accordingly got himself rated to work his passage as a seaman, and arrived in safety at the ship's destination.

It would be useless to occupy the reader's time with the struggles which every man, unknown and without recommendations, has to make on a foreign shore, before he gets a footing in some shape congenial to his talents or his inclination. Natural talents Loustaunau had; for in the space of a few months after his arrival on the Indian coast, he was spoken of as an intelligent young man to the French ambassador, Monsieur de Marigny, residing at Poonah, the Mahratta court, as far as I could understand: since it is to be borne in mind that Mr Loustaunau, when he related all this, was eighty years old, had almost lost his memory, and was relapsing into second childhood. He soon after became an inmate of the embassy, on terms of some familiarity with Monsieur de Marigny, who discovered in the young adventurer's conversation so much good sense and such elevation of mind, that he used to say to him, 'It strikes me that you are no common man.'

It so happened that the war between the English and the Rajah of Mahratta brought the hostile armies into the field at no great distance from Poonah; and Mr L. one day told the ambassador, that as he had never seen what war was, and had not far to go to do so, he should be much obliged if he would permit him to absent himself for a short time to be spectator of the action which, report said, must soon take place between the two armies. Monsieur de M. tried to dissuade him from it, asking him of what use it would be to risk his life for the satisfaction of an empty curiosity. Mr L.'s reply was, 'If I am killed, why then *bon jour*, and there will be an end of me.' M. de Marigny therefore complied with his wishes, and sent him with some of his own people, and an introductory letter to General Norolli, a Portuguese, who commanded the Rajah Scindeah's artillery.

He had not to wait long for the gratification of his curiosity. An action took place: the forces were warmly engaged, and Mr L. walked about within musket-shot distance to observe the manoeuvres of the two armies. The English had planted a battery on a rocky elevation, which made much havoc among the Mahratta forces.

Between this battery on its flank and an opposite cliff there was a deep ravine, which rendered all access from one height to the other impracticable; but a sloping ground, by making a circuit in the rear of the Mahratta forces, afforded a practicability of bringing field-pieces to the summit of the cliff to bear on the English battery from the Mahratta side.

Mr L. took an opportunity of addressing himself to General N., and pointed out to him the probability of silencing, or at least of annoying, the English battery from the cliff in question; but the general treated his remark in a slighting manner, and, riding to another part of the field, took no farther notice of him. Mr L. had seated himself on a hillock, still making his reflections, when an old Mahratta officer, who had heard the conversation between Mr L. and the general of the artillery, and had partly understood what Mr L. proposed should be done, approached him. 'Well, sir,' said he, 'what do you think of our artillery?'—'If I were a flatterer,' replied Mr L., 'I should say that it was well served; but as I am not, you will pardon me if I think it bad.' The officer went on—'You see the day is likely to go against us—what would you do if you had the command?'—'Oh! as for the command, I don't know,' rejoined Mr L., 'but this one thing I do know, that if I had but two pieces of cannon, I would turn the day in your master's favour.'—'How would you do that?' asked the officer: 'perhaps I could put two field-pieces at your disposal.'—'If you could,' said Mr L., 'I would plant them on yonder height' (pointing at the same time to it) 'and let my head answer for my presumption if I do not effect what I promise.'

The bearing of the Frenchman, and his energetic manner of speaking, together with his evident coolness and self-possession on a field of battle, made a great impression on the Mahratta officer. 'Come with me, young man,' said he, 'I will conduct you to the rajah.'—'With all my heart,' replied Mr L. When brought into his presence, Scindeah asked the officer what the stranger wanted, and the officer repeated the conversation that had just passed. 'Well,' says Scindeah, 'he does not ask for money, he only asks for guns: give them to him, and let them be served by some of my best gunners. The idea may be good: only be expeditious, or we may soon be where that infernal battery of the English can annoy us no longer.'

Accordingly, without a moment's delay, two field-pieces were dragged up by the back of the cliff to the spot pointed out, Mr L. entrusting the command of one of them to another Frenchman whose curiosity had brought him on the field also. The very second shot that was fired at the English battery blew up an artillery waggon (caisson) full of powder. The explosion dismounted some of the cannon, killed several men, and created so much confusion, that the English, in consequence of it, eventually lost the battle and were forced to retreat. Mr L. had two or three of his men killed. 'There! you may take your cannon back,' said he, as soon as the explosion took place; 'I have nothing farther to do;' and he and his brother Frenchman walked away to watch the result of the mischief they had done.

When the day was over, an officer of the rajah's conveyed to Mr Loustaunau his master's request that he would attend on him at his tent. Mr L. presented himself, and Scindeah received him with marks of great consideration. Addressing himself to Mr L., 'You have done me, sir,' said he, 'a most essential service to-day; and as a small recompense for your gallantry and the military talent you have shown, I beg your acceptance of a few presents, together with the assurance that, if you like to enter my service, you shall have the command of a company immediately.' Mr L. thanked him in proper language, and, declining the presents offered, said, 'Your highness will excuse me if I refuse your gifts: I will, however, with pleasure accept the sword which I see among them, but nothing else. The offer of a commission in your army I must equally decline, as I am bound to return

to our ambassador, to whom I owe too many obligations to take any step without his permission.' Scindeah could not but approve of this reply; and Mr L., making his bow, returned towards the place where he was lodged.

When night came, and General Norolli, having made his dispositions, had also returned to his quarters, whilst yet on horseback, and as if moved by jealousy to repress the exultation which he imagined Mr L. might have indulged in, he called out in a loud and angry tone, 'Where is Mr Loustannau, where is that gentleman?' Mr L., who was standing not far off, approached, and as the general dismounted said, 'Here I am, general, at your command.'—'I saw,' observed Mr L. (interrupting himself whilst relating this part of the story to me), 'that the general was in a rage, which appeared more plainly as he continued.'—'Who, sir, authorized you to present yourself to the rajah without my leave? Don't you know that all Europeans must be introduced by me?'—'General,' replied Mr L., 'I was summoned by his highness, and I went: if you are angry because I have done some little service to your master, I cannot help it. You are not ignorant that I pointed out to you first of all the commanding position which struck me as fitted for planting a battery: you refused to listen to my suggestion; and if it was afterwards adopted by others, that is your fault, not mine.'—'Sir,' cried the general, irritated more and more by this remark, 'you deserve to have this whip across your shoulders.'—'General,' retorted Mr L., 'you suffer your anger to get the better of your reason. If you have any whippings to bestow, you must keep them for your Portuguese—Frenchman are not accustomed to take them.' The general's fury now knew no bounds: he put his hand on one of the pistols in his girdle, intending to shoot Mr L. 'But I,' said Mr L., 'was ready; and with my eyes fixed on him, would have seized the other had he drawn it out, and I would have shot him; for you know, in self-defence, one will not stand still to have a bullet through one's body without preventing it if possible. However, some officers held the general's arm, and shortly after I retired, and, remaining a day or two more in the camp, returned to the place where I had left our ambassador.'

'When I told him what had happened—'Stay with me, Loustannau,' said he; 'it is my intention to raise a few troops here, and since you seem to like fighting, you shall be employed.' But in a few weeks the ambassador was recalled to France, and he offered to take me with him, promising to get me employment at home. However, I considered that I had better chances in remaining where I was than in going to my native country, where birth, patronage, and the usages of good society, are necessary for a man's advancement, all which I wanted.'

Mr Loustannau, left to his own exertions, recollected the rajah's offer; and on applying to him received a commission in the Mahratta army. Eminently qualified by nature for military command, his advancement was rapid; and after distinguishing himself in several actions, and showing likewise a very superior judgment in political affairs, he finally became general of Scindeah's troops, although I could not ascertain in how short a time. His reputation spread rapidly through the territory, and his noble conduct and intrepidity must have been very generally known, since on one occasion, after having been severely wounded in his left hand, two fingers of which he had lost, the commander of the English forces sent a flag of truce and his own surgeon with an offer of his professional assistance, fearing that Mr L. might not have a European surgeon to attend him. Scindeah, in his despatches to him, styled him a lion in battle and a lynx in council. He consulted him in difficult negotiations with the East India Company's servants; and in acknowledgment of his services, he gave him a village as an appanage to his rank. Mr L. married the daughter of a French officer, by whom he had four or five children, one of whom is now living at Givet, in the department of the Ardennes.

Mr L. was fearless at all times, and inimical to despotism even in the centre of its worshippers. Scindeah

had unjustly imprisoned an Armenian merchant, whose wealth he intended to confiscate for his own benefit. As the oppressive act was founded on no just grounds, and application had been made to General Loustannau for his interposition, when he found that entreaties were of no avail, 'one day,' said he, 'I took fifty of my men, fellows *de bonne volonté*, and marching straight to the rajah's palace at a time when I knew he was in his divan, I entered, walked up to him, and in a mild but pretty determined tone said, 'Highness, be not alarmed, I am come to ask a favour of you: you must release the Armenian merchant, as I have sworn to set him free.' Scindeah saw that I meant not to trifle, and assuming a friendly air, he complied with my request. The guards were astounded at my audacity, but they dared not stir, for I and my men would have sabred them instantly.'

After having covered himself with glory, as the French express it, he obtained his congé; and being resolved to return to France, he visited some of the English settlements on his way to the place of his embarkation, where he was most honourably and hospitably treated. He always spoke of this period as the happiest of his life, and mentioned the names of some English gentlemen with the highest encomiums and most pleasing reminiscences.

Having converted what property he could into money, he obtained bills on France, and set out for his native country. The revolution had broken out; and on his arrival his bills were all paid, but in assignats; so that in a few weeks he found himself almost penniless. Of this calamitous part of his history I could gather but few details. I have heard him say that some branch of the Orleans family assisted him. Certain it is that he had either money or friends yet left; for with the wreck of his property, or by some other means, he established an iron-foundry near the place of his nativity. He was so close, however, to the frontiers of Spain, that during the war with that country and France, in an incursion of the enemy, all his property was destroyed.

How he got to Mahon, or for what purpose, I am equally ignorant: but embarking from that port, he found his way to Syria, probably intending to make his way overland to India, there to reclaim his property. But his intellects must have been already somewhat disordered: for when we heard him first spoken of in Palestine, in 1812 or 1813, he was described as a man living almost on the alms of the Europeans, and generally to be seen with a bible under his arm, negligent of his person, housed in a hovel, and going even then by the sobriquet of the Prophet.

At the time I am now speaking of, the bare mention of politics or catastrophes was sure to set him wandering on the prophetic writings, and then common sense was at an end. But I had known him for twenty years, when his lucid intervals were only occasionally interrupted by these hallucinations; and I had seldom met with a man who had such an independent character, such naturally noble sentiments couched in such appropriate language, and such an intuitive discernment of what was suitable in unlooked-for emergencies. He was bold as a lion; and when in anger had the physiognomy and expression of that noble animal. He had never served in diplomatic situations before his elevation, had never studied political economy, moral philosophy, literature, or anything else, that I could find; and yet in all these the innate dictates of his mind responded at once to the call, and he could see the right and wrong, the *utile et decorum*, the expediency and evil, the loveliness and ugliness of every subject presented to him. He had a strong memory, and retained many of the passages of the best French authors by heart. He was handsome in his person, rather tall, and his demeanour was suitable to his station in life. In a word, he was born to 'achieve greatness.'

General L. had now lived five and twenty years on Lady Hester's bounty. His family, consisting of two or three sons and some daughters, were left with not very bright prospects in France. Lady Hester Stanhope had at different times employed persons to assist them, and to my

knowledge had sent 1000 francs through a merchant's hands at Marseilles, besides other sums of which I have heard her speak. She also paid for the education of one daughter some years. In 1825, one of the sons, who had by his military services obtained the rank of captain in Napoleon's Imperial Guard, being left by the fall of that Emperor in inactivity, resolved to visit Syria to see his father.

General L.'s intellects were so far weakened that nothing which happened to him personally seemed to affect him, only as it verified some of his favourite predictions, drawn from texts in the Bible. He therefore beheld his son's arrival with indifference, as far as paternal affection went, but discovered in it other bearings of immense importance in the political changes that were at hand. Not so Lady Hester Stanhope: she knew that the general held as an appanage the revenue of a whole village in the Mahratta country, which had been given to him by Scindeah; and she resolved to furnish Captain L. with money to enable him to go and recover his father's possessions.

The captain remained at Dar Joon for some months. He had his horse, was lodged in a pavilion in the garden, and treated with every mark of respect. Restless, hasty in his temper, overbearing, and accustomed to the blustering manners of a camp, he occasionally got into difficulties with the natives, both Mahometans and Christians. Not aware of the necessity of much precaution in shunning checks of perspiration in hot climates, he one day caught a fever, which almost brought him to his grave. He recovered, however, and was convalescent, when his imprudence caused a relapse, and he died. He was buried in Lady Hester's garden, where his tomb, ornamented with flowering shrubs, and entirely shaded by a beautiful arbour, still remains. The poor father would never believe in his death. 'He is not interred,' he used to say, 'but is still alive and on the earth: do not be grieved about him, in the year 1847 he will join me here. I and my lady shall then be made young again, and your little daughter is destined to be my future wife.' The poor old general, it was observed by us, seemed to have no greater pleasure than watching our daughter whilst she watered her flowers or fed her *bulbuls*.

The way in which Lady Hester herself sometimes sought to lighten the weight of the obligations she conferred on the general will serve to show the delicacy of her feelings. At different periods, several places had been chosen for his residence, according as he grew tired of one or the other; for he was a testy old man in some respects, and seemed to forget how much it was his duty not to put her ladyship to more trouble and expense than he could help. Once, when she had had a comfortable cottage fitted up for him in a village called Aynaaty (from taking in dudgeon something that happened to him), he suddenly quitted it, and went off to Beyrout. 'He went off,' said Lady Hester, 'with no less than five trunks full of clothes and other things, with two watches bought with the money I had given him, and with a good bag full of piasters: for he had little occasion to spend, as I sent him every two days fresh meat of my own killing, flour for his bread when it was wanting, sugar, tea, coffee—and every thing, I may say, except milk and vegetables. He went to Beyrout, and there lived and talked away largely and foolishly, and gave out that he would sooner live with the devil than with such a woman as I was. After a time, his resources failed him, his friends grew cool, and he returned to Sayda, where he fastened himself on Monsieur Reynaud, who soon grew tired of keeping him, and little by little I heard he was reduced to great straits.' The fact is, he found no friend, except for an occasional invitation to dinner, and Lady Hester knew he must be in want; but she knew also, in the state of mind he was in, he would refuse assistance from her. She therefore made use of an expedient to furnish him with money.

Sending for one of the Pasha's Tartars, and putting a bag of gold into his hand, she told him he was to ride into Sayda, and proceed straight to the gate of the French

khan (where Mr Lounstanaun was), dusty and sweating as if from a long journey. There he was to inquire if they knew anything of a Frenchman, once a general in India; and after apparently well ascertaining it was the man he was in search of, the Tartar was to desire to speak with him, and to say—'Sir, when on my road from Damascus, a Hindu mussulman on his pilgrimage to Mecca, who once served under you in India, but is now rich and advanced in years, learning that you were in these countries, and anxious to testify the respect which the natives of Scindeah's territories still retain for you, has commissioned me to put this into your hands.'—'Having done so,' added Lady Hester Stanhope, 'you are not to give him time to see what it is, but to ride away.' The vile fellow promised faithfully to execute his commission, received in advance a recompense for his trouble, and then—will it be believed—rode off with the money and kept it. But Lady Hester, who was careful to ascertain, by indirect means, whether a Tartar had made his appearance at the khan, on learning his perfidy, got it spread among the Pasha's and the government Tartars; and they were so indignant at his little trustworthiness—a quality on which, from the nature of their employ, they are obliged to value themselves—that they turned him out of their corps, and he never dared to show his face again.

To finish what remains to be said of this once shining character, but now the pensioner of an Englishwoman, he had resided for these last ten years at a distance from Lady Hester Stanhope's residence, and they had not even seen each other for five or six years. 'I have been obliged to keep him at a distance,' said her ladyship, 'for the last ten years, in order that people might not think I had taken care of him to make him trumpet my greatness: for you don't know what harm that man has done me. He used to go about preaching that all the queens in Christendom were a pack of women of the town, and that I was the only real queen. He told every body he would not change situations with the first prince in Europe; for the day would come when, through me, he should be greater than any of them.'

THE SKELETON'S CAVE.

AN AMERICAN STORY.

(Continued from page 11.)

Now that each was left to the companionship of his own thoughts, the idea of their situation intruded upon their minds with a sense of pain and anxiety which repulsed the blessing of sleep. The reflections of each on the events of the day and the prospects of the morrow were different; those of Emily were the most cheerful, as her hopes of deliverance were the most sanguine. Her imagination had formed a picture of the incidents of her rescue from the fate that threatened her, a little romance in anticipation, which she would not for the world have revealed to living ear, but which she dwelt upon fondly and perpetually in the secrecy of her own meditations. She thought what must be the effect of her mysterious absence from the village upon Henry Danville, whose very jealousy, causeless as it was, demonstrated the sincerity and depth of his affection. She represented him to herself as the leader in the search that would be set on foot for the lost ones, as the most adventurous of the band, the most persevering, the most inventive, and the most successful.

'He will pass by this precipice to-morrow,' thought she; 'like others, he has heard of this cave; he will see that the fall of the rock has closed the entrance, his quick apprehension will divine the place of imprisonment, he will call upon those who are engaged in the search, he will climb the precipice, he will deliver us, and I shall forgive him. But should it be my fate to perish; should none ever know the manner and place of my death; there will be one at least who will remember and regret me. He will bitterly repent the wrong he has done me, and the tears will start into his eyes at the mention of my name.' A tear gushed out from between the closed lids

of the fair girl as this thought passed through her mind, but it was such a tear as maidens love to shed, and it did not delay the slumber that already began to steal over her.

When it was certain that both were asleep, Father Ambrose raised himself from his place and regarded them sorrowfully and attentively. He had not slept, though, from his motionless posture and closed eyes, an observer might have thought him buried in deep slumber. His own apprehensions, notwithstanding that he had endeavoured to prevent his companions from yielding themselves up to despair, were more painful than he had permitted himself to utter. That there was a possibility of their deliverance was true; but it was hardly to be expected that those who sought for them would think of looking for them in the cavern, nor was it likely that any cry they could utter would be heard below. The old man's thoughts gradually formed themselves into a kind of soliloquy, uttered, as is often the case with men much given to solitary meditation and prayer, in a low but articulate voice. 'For myself,' said he, 'my life is near its close, and the day of decrepitude may be even yet nearer than the day of death. I repine not, if it be the will of God that my existence on earth, already mercifully protracted to the ordinary limits of usefulness, should end here. But my heart bleeds to think that this maiden, in the blossom of her beauty and in the spring-time of her hopes, and that he who slumbers near me, in the pride and strength of manhood, should be thus violently divorced from a life which nature perhaps intended for as long a date as mine. I little thought, when the mother of that fair young creature in dying committed her to my charge, that I should be her guide to a place where she should meet with a frightful and unnatural death. Accustomed as I am to protracted fastings, it is not impossible that I may outlive them both, and, after having closed their eyes who should have closed mine, I may be delivered and go forth in my uselessness from the sepulchre of those who should have been the delight and support of their friends. Let it not displease thee, oh, my Maker! if, like the patriarch of old, I venture to expostulate with thee.' And the old man placed himself in an attitude of supplication, clasping his hands and raising them towards heaven. Long did he remain in that posture motionless, and at length, lowering his hands, he cast a look upon the sleepers near him, and laying himself down upon his bed of leaves, was soon asleep also.

Of course the slumbers of none of the party were long protracted. They were early dispersed by the idea of their imprisonment in that mountain dungeon, which now and then showed itself painfully in the imagery of their dreams. When Emily awoke she found herself alone in the skeleton's chamber. Her eyes, accustomed to the darkness, could now distinguish most of the objects around her by the help of a gleam of light, which appeared to come in from the larger apartment. The fire, kindled the night previous, was now a mass of ashes and blackened brands; and the couches of her two companions yet showed the pressure of their forms. She rose, and not without casting a look at the grim inmate of the place, whose discoloured bones were just distinguishable in that dim twilight, passed into the outer chamber. Here she found the priest and Le Maire standing near the mouth of the cavern, where a strong light, at least so it seemed to her eyes, streamed in through the opening between the wall and the fallen rock, showing that the short night of summer was already past.

'We are watching the increasing light of the morning,' said the priest.

'And waiting for the friends whom it will bring to deliver us,' added Le Maire.

'You will admit me to share in the occupation, I hope,' answered Emily. 'I am fit for nothing else, as you know, but to watch and wait, and I will endeavour to do that patiently.'

The prisoners of the cavern, however, could only distinguish the beauty of the morning by slight tokens—now

and then a sweep of the winds over the forest tops—sometimes the note of the woodthrush, or of the cardinal bird as he flew by the face of the rocks—and occasionally a breath of the perfumed atmosphere flowing through the aperture. These intimations of liberty and enjoyment from the world without only heightened their impatience at the imprisonment to which they were doomed.

'Listen!' said Emily; 'I think I hear a human voice.' 'There is certainly a distant call in the woods,' said Le Maire, after a moment's silence. 'Let us all shout together for assistance.'

They shouted accordingly, Le Maire exerting his clear and powerful voice to the utmost, and the others aiding him as well as they were able with their feebler and less practised organs. A shrill discordant cry replied, apparently from the cliffs close to the cave.

'A parakeet,' exclaimed Le Maire. 'The noisy pest! I wish the painted rascal were within reach of my rifle. You see, Father Ambrose, we are forgotten by mankind; and the very birds of the wilderness mock our cries for assistance.'

'You have a quick fancy, my son,' answered the priest; 'but it is yet quite too soon to give over. It is now the very hour when we may expect our neighbours to be looking for us in these parts.'

They continued therefore to remain by the opening, and from time to time to raise that shout for assistance. Hour after hour passed, and no answer was returned to their cries, which indeed could have been but feebly heard, if heard at all, at the foot of the precipice; hour after hour passed, and no foot climbed the rocky stair that led to their prison. The pangs of hunger in the mean time began to assail them, and, more intolerable than these, a feverish and tormenting thirst.

'You have practised fasting,' said Le Maire to Father Ambrose; 'and so have I when I could get nothing to eat. In my hunting excursions I have sometimes gone without tasting food from morning till the night of the next day. I found relief from an expedient which I learned of the old hunters, but which I presume you churchmen are not acquainted with. Here it is.'

Saying this, he passed the sash he wore once more round his body, drawing it tightly, and securing it by a firm knot. Father Ambrose declined adopting, for the present, a similar expedient, alleging that as yet he had suffered little inconvenience from want of food, except a considerable degree of thirst; but Emily, already weak from fasting, allowed her slender waist to be wrapped tightly in the folds of a silk shawl which she had brought with her. The importunities of hunger were thus rendered less painful, and a new tension was given to the enervated frame; but the burning thirst was not at all allayed. The cave was then explored for water; every corner was examined, and holes were dug in the soil which in some places covered the rocky floor, but in vain. Le Maire again ventured into the long narrow passage which he had followed to its termination the day previous, in the hope of now discovering some concealed spring, or some place where the much desired element fell in drops from the roof, but he returned fatigued and unsuccessful. As he came forth into the larger apartment a light fluttering sound, as of the waving of a thin garment, attracted the attention of the party. On listening attentively, it appeared to be within the cavern; but what most excited their surprise was, that it passed suddenly and mysteriously from place to place, while the agent continued invisible, in spite of all their endeavours to discover it. Sometimes it was heard on the one side, sometimes on the other, now from the roof, and now from the floor, near, and at a distance. At length it passed directly over their heads.

'It is precisely the sound of a light robe agitated by the wind, or by a swift motion of the person wearing it,' said Emily.

'It is no sound of this earth, I will depone in a court of justice,' said Le Maire, who was naturally of a superstitious turn; 'or we should see the thing that makes it.'

'All we can say at present,' answered the priest, 'is, that we cannot discover the cause; but it does not therefore follow that it is anything supernatural. What is perceived by one of our senses only does not necessarily belong to the other world. I have no doubt, however, that we shall discover the cause before we leave the cavern.'

'Nor I either,' rejoined Le Maire, with a look and tone which showed the awe that had mastered him; 'I am satisfied of the cause already. It is a warning of approaching death. We must perish in this cavern.'

Emily, much as she was accustomed to rely on the opinions of the priest, felt in spite of herself the infection of that feeling of superstitious terror which had seized upon her uncle, and her heart had begun to beat thick, when a weak chirp was heard.

'The mystery is solved,' exclaimed Father Ambrose, 'and your ghost, my good friend, is only a harmless fellow-prisoner, a poor bird, which the storm doubtless drove into the cave, and which has been confined here ever since.' As he spoke, Emily, who had looked to the quarter whence the sound proceeded, pointed out the bird sitting on a projection of rock at no great distance.

'A godsend!' cried Le Maire; 'the bird is ours, though his little carcass will hardly furnish a mouthful for each of us.' Saying this, he took up his rifle, which stood leaning against the wall of the cavern, and raised the piece to his eye. Another instant and the bird would have fallen, but Emily laid her hand on his arm.

'Cannot we take him alive,' asked she, 'and make him the agent of our deliverance?'

'How will you do that?' said Le Maire, without lowering his rifle.

'Send him out at the opening yonder with a letter tied to his wing to inform our friends of our situation. It will at least increase the chances of our escape.'

'It is well thought of,' answered Le Maire; 'and now, Emily, you shall see how an experienced hunter takes a bird without harming a single feather of his wings.'

Saying this, he went to the mouth of the cave, and began to turn up, with a splinter of wood, the fresh earth. After considerable examination he drew forth a beetle, and producing from his hunting-bag a quantity of packthread, he tied the insect to one end of it, and having placed it on the point of a crag, retired to a little distance with the other end of the packthread in his hand. By frequently changing his place, he caused the bird to approach the spot where he had laid the insect. It was a tedious process; but when at length the bird perceived his prey, he flew to it and snapped it up in an instant, with the eagerness of famine. By a similar piece of management he contrived to get the thread wound several times around one of the legs of the little creature; and when this was effected, he suddenly drew it in, bringing him fluttering and struggling to his hand. It proved to be of the species commonly called the cedar bird.

'Ah, Father Ambrose,' cried Le Maire, whose vivacity returned with whatever revived his hopes, 'we have caught you a brother ecclesiastic, a *recollect*, as we call him from the grey hood he wears. No wonder we did not see him before, for his plumage is exactly of the colour of the rocks. But he is the very bird for a letter; look at the sealing-wax he carries on his wings.' As he spoke he displayed the glossy brown pinions, the larger feathers of which were ornamented at their tops with little appendages of a vermilion colour, like drops of delicate red sealing-wax.

'And now let us think,' continued he, 'of writing the letter which this dapper little monk is to carry for us.' A piece of charcoal was brought from the skeleton's chamber, and Le Maire having produced some paper from his hunting-bag, the priest wrote upon it a few lines, giving a brief account of their situation. The letter being folded and properly addressed was next perforated with holes, through which a string was inserted, and tied under the wing of the bird. Emily then carried him to the opening, through which he darted forth in apparent joy at

regaining his liberty. 'Would that we could pass out,' said she, with a sigh, 'as easily as the little creature which we have just set free. But the *recollect* is a lover of gardens, and he will soon be found seeking his food in those of the village.'

The hopes to which this little expedient gave birth in the bosoms of all contributed somewhat to cheer the gloom of their confinement. But night came at length to close that long and weary day—a night still more long and weary. They laid themselves down upon their beds of leaves, but the horrible thirst, which consumed them like an inward fire, grew fiercer with the endeavour to court repose; and the blood that crept slowly through their veins seemed to have become a current of liquid flame. Sleep came not to their eyes, or came attended with dreams of running waters which they were not permitted to taste; of tempests and earthquakes, and breathless confinement among the clouds of earth, and various shapes of strange peril, while their friends seemed to stand aloof and to look coldly and unconcernedly on, without showing even a desire to render them assistance.

On the third day the cavern presented a more gloomy spectacle than it had done at any time since the fall of the rock took place. It was now about eleven o'clock in the morning, and the shrill singing of the wind about the cliffs, and through the crevice, which now admitted a dimmer light than on the day previous, announced the approach of a storm from the south. The hope of relief from without was growing fainter and fainter as the time passed on, and the sufferings of the prisoners became more poignant. The approach of the storm, too, could only be regarded as an additional misfortune, since it would probably prevent or obstruct for that day the search which was making for them. They were all three in the outer and larger apartment of the cave. Emily was at a considerable distance from the entrance reclining on a kind of seat formed of large loose stones, and overspread with a covering of withered leaves. There was enough of light to show that she was exceedingly pale, that her eyes were closed, and that the breath came thick and pantingly through her parted lips, which alone of all her features retained the colour of life. Faint with watching, with want of sustenance, and with anxiety, she had laid herself down on this rude couch, which the care of her companions had provided for her, and had sunk into a temporary slumber. The priest stood close to the mouth of the cave leaning against the wall, with his arms folded, himself scarcely changed in appearance, except that his cheek seemed somewhat more emaciated, and his eyes were lighted up with a kind of solemn and preternatural brightness. Le Maire, with a spot of fiery red on each cheek, his hair standing wildly in every direction, and his eyes bloodshot, was pacing the cavern floor to and fro, carrying his rifle, occasionally stopping to examine the priming, or to peck the flint; and sometimes standing still for a moment as if lost in thought. At length he approached the priest, and said to him, in a solemn tone of voice,

'Have you never heard of seamen on a wreck, destitute of provisions, casting lots to see which of their number should die that the rest might live?'

'I have so.'

'Were they right in so doing?'

'I cannot say that they were not. It is a horrid alternative in which they were placed. It might be lawful—it might be expedient, that one should perish for the salvation of the rest.'

'Have you never seen an insect or an animal writhing with torture, and have you not shortened its sufferings by putting an end to its life?'

'I have—but what mean these questions?'

'I will tell you. Here is my rifle.' As he spoke, Le Maire placed the piece in the hands of Father Ambrose, who took it mechanically. 'I ask you to do for me what you would do for the meanest worm. You understand me?'

'Are you mad?' demanded the priest, regarding him

with a look in which the expression of unaffected astonishment was mingled with that of solemn reproof.

'Mad! indeed I am mad, if you will have it so—you will feel less scruple at putting an end to the existence of a madman. I cannot linger in this horrid place, neglected and forgotten by those who should have come to deliver me, suffering the slow approaches of death—the pain—the fire in the veins—and, worst of all, this fire in the brain,' said Le Maire, striking his forehead. 'They think, if they think of me at all, that I am dying by slow tortures; I will disappoint them. Listen, father,' continued he; 'would it not be better for you and Emily that I were dead? Is there no way? Look at my veins, they are full yet, and the muscles have not shrunk away from my limbs; would you not both live the longer, if I were to die?'

The priest recoiled at the horrid idea presented to his mind. 'We are not cannibals,' said he, 'thanks be to Divine Providence.' An instant's reflection, however, convinced Father Ambrose that the style of rebuke which he had adopted was not proper for the occasion. The unthought fierceness and wildness of Le Maire's manner, and the strange proposal he had made, denoted that alienation of mind which is no uncommon effect of long abstinence from food. He thought it better, therefore, to attempt by mild and soothing language to divert him from his horrid design.

'My good friend,' said he, 'you forget what grounds of hope yet remain to us; indeed, the probability of our escape is scarcely less to-day than it was yesterday. The letter sent out of the cave may be found, and if so, it will most certainly effect our deliverance; or the fall of the rock may be discovered by some one passing this way, and he may understand that it is possible we are confined here. While our existence is prolonged there is no occasion for despair. You should endeavour, my son, to compose yourself, and to rely on the goodness of that Power who has never forsaken you.'

'Compose myself!' answered Le Maire, who had listened impatiently to this exhortation; 'compose myself! Do you not know that there are those here who will not suffer me to be tranquil for a moment? Last night I was twice awakened, just as I had fallen asleep, by a voice pronouncing my name, as audibly as I heard your own just now; and the second time, I looked to where the skeleton lies, and the foul thing had half raised itself from the rock, and was beckoning me to come and place myself by its side. Can you wonder if I slept no more after that?'

'My son, these are but the dreams of a fever.'

'And then, whenever I go by myself, I hear low voices and titterings of laughter from the recesses of the rocks. They mock me, that I, a free hunter, a denizen of the woods and prairies, a man whose liberty was never restrained for a moment, should be entrapped in this manner, and made to die like a buffalo in a pit, or like a criminal in the dungeons of the old world; that I should consume with thirst in a land bright with innumerable rivers and springs; that I should wither away with famine while the woods are full of game and the prairies covered with buffaloes. I could face famine if I had my liberty; I could meet death without shrinking in the sight of the sun and the earth, and in the fresh open air. I should strive to reach some habitation of my fellow-creatures; I should be sustained by hope; I should travel on till I sank down with weakness and fatigue, and died on the spot. But famine made more frightful by imprisonment and inactivity, and these dreams, as you call them, that dog me asleep and awake, they are more than I can bear. Hark!' he exclaimed, after a short pause, and throwing quick and wild glances around him, 'do you hear them yonder—do you hear how they mock me?—You will not, then, do what I ask?—Give me the rifle.'

'No,' said the priest, who instantly comprehended his purpose. 'I must keep the piece till you are more composed.'

Le Maire seemed not to hear the answer, but laying his

grasp on the rifle, was about to pluck it from the old man's hands. Father Ambrose saw that the attempt to retain possession of it against his superior strength, would be vain; he therefore slipped down his right hand to the lock, and cocking it, touched the trigger, and discharged it in an instant. The report awoke Emily, who came trembling and breathless to the spot.

'What is the matter?' she asked.

'There is no harm done, my child,' answered the priest, assuming an aspect of the most perfect composure. 'I discharged the rifle, but it was not aimed at anything; and I beg pardon for interrupting your repose at a time when you so much need it. Suffer me to conduct you back to the place you have left. Le Maire will you assist?'

Supported by Le Maire on one side, and by the priest on the other, Emily, scarce able to walk from weakness, was led back to her place of repose. Returning with Le Maire, Father Ambrose entreated him to consider how much his niece stood in need of his assistance and protection. He bade him recollect that his mad haste to quit the world before called by his Maker would leave her, should she ever be released from the cavern, alone and defenceless, or at least with only an old man for her friend, who was himself hourly expecting the summons of death. He exhorted him to reflect how much, even now, in her present condition of weakness and peril, she stood in need of his aid, and conjured him not to be guilty of a pusillanimous and cowardly desertion of one so lovely, so innocent, and so dependent upon him.

Le Maire felt the force of this appeal. A look of human pity passed across the wild expression of his countenance. He put the rifle into the hands of Father Ambrose. 'You are right,' said he; 'I am a fool; and I have been, I suspect, very near becoming a madman. You will keep this until you are entirely willing to trust me with it. I will endeavour to combat these fancies a little longer.'

In the mean time the light from the aperture grew dimmer and dimmer, and the eyes of the prisoners, though accustomed to the twilight of the cavern, became at length unable to distinguish objects at a few paces from the entrance. The priest and Le Maire had placed themselves by the couch of Emily, but rather, as it seemed, from that instinct of our race which leads us to seek each other's presence, than for any purpose of conversation, for each of the party preserved a gloomy silence. The topics of speculation on their condition had been discussed to weariness, and no others had now any interest for their minds. It was no unwelcome interruption to that melancholy silence, when they heard the sound of a mighty rain pouring down upon the leafy summits of the woods, and beating against the naked walls and shelves of the precipice. The roar grew more and more distinct, and at length it seemed that they could distinguish a sort of shuddering of the earth above them, as if a mighty host was marching heavily over it. The sense of suffering was for a moment suspended in a feeling of awe and curiosity.

'That, likewise, is the rain,' said Father Ambrose, after listening for a moment. 'The clouds must pour down a perfect cataract, when the weight of its fall is thus felt in the heart of the rock.'

'Do you hear that noise of running water?' asked Emily, whose quick ear had distinguished the rush of the stream formed by the collected rains over the rocks without at the mouth of the cave.

'Would that its channel were through this cavern,' exclaimed Le Maire, starting up. 'Ah! here we have it—we have it! Listen to the dropping of water from the roof near the entrance—and here at the aperture!' He sprang thither in an instant. A little stream, detached from the main current which descended over rocks that closed the mouth of the cave, fell in a thread of silver amid the faint light that streamed through the opening; he knelt for a moment, received it between his burning lips, and then, hastily returning, bore Emily to the spot. She held out her hollowed palm, white, thin, and semi-transparent, like a pearly shell used for dipping up the waters from one of those sweet fountains that rise by the very

edge of the sea, and as fast as it filled with the cool, bright element, imbibed it with an eagerness and delight inexpressible. The priest followed her example. Le Maire also drank from the little stream as it fell, bathed in it his feverish brow, and suffered it to fall upon his sinewy neck.

'It has given me a new hold on life,' said Le Maire, his chest distending with several full and long breathings. 'It has not only quenched the horrid thirst, but it has made my head less light, and my heart lighter. I will never speak ill of this element again—the choicest grapes of France never distilled anything so delicious, so grateful, so life-giving.'

At this moment Emily cried out, 'The rock moves!—the rock moves! Come back—come further into the cavern!' Looking up to the vast mass that closed the entrance, Father Ambrose saw plainly that it was in motion, and he had just time to draw Le Maire from the spot where he had stooped down to take another draught of the stream, when a large block, which had been wedged in overhead, gave way, and fell in the very place where he left the prints of his feet. Had he remained there another instant it must have crushed him to atoms. The prisoners, retreating within the cavern far enough to avoid the danger, but not too far for observation, stood watching the event with mingled apprehension and hope. The floor of the cave just at the edge, on which rested the fallen rock, yawned at the fissures, where the earth with which they were filled had become saturated and swelled with water, and unable any longer to support the immense weight, settled away, at first slowly, under it, and finally, along with its incumbent load, fell suddenly and with a tremendous crash, to the base of the precipice, letting the light of day and the air of heaven into the cavern. The thunder of that disruption was succeeded by the fall of a few large fragments of rock on the right and left, after which the priest and his companions heard only the fall of the rain and the heavy sighing of the wind in the forest.

Father Ambrose and Emily knelt involuntarily in thanksgiving at their unexpected deliverance. Le Maire, although unused to the devotional mood, observing their attitude, had bent his knee to imitate it, when a glance at the outer world, now laid open to his sight, made him start again to his feet with an exclamation of delight. His two companions arose also, and turned to the broad opening which now looked out from the cave over the forest.

'That world is ours again,' said Le Maire, with a tone of exultation. 'We are released at last, and now let us see in what manner we can descend.'

As he spoke, he approached the verge of the rock from which the severed mass had lately fallen, and saw, to his dismay, that the terrace which had served as a path to the cavern was carried away for a considerable distance to the right and left of where they stood, leaving the face of the precipice smooth and sheer from top to bottom. No footing appeared, no projection by which the boldest and most agile could scale or descend it. Le Maire threw himself sullenly on the ground.

'We must pass another night in this dungeon,' said he, 'and perhaps starve to death after all. It is clear enough that we shall have to remain here until somebody comes to take us down.'

The priest and Emily came up at this moment:—'This is a sad disappointment,' said the former, 'but we have this advantage, that we can now make ourselves both seen and heard. Let us try the effect of our voices. It is not impossible that there may be some person within hearing.'

Accordingly they shouted together, and though nothing answered but the echo of the forest, yet there was even in that reply of the inanimate creation something cheering and hope-inspiring, to those who for nearly three days had perceived that all their cries for succour were smothered in the depths of the earth. Again they raised their voices, and listened for an answering shout—a third

time, and they were answered. The halloo of a full-toned manly voice arose from the woods below.'

'Thank Heaven, we are heard at last,' said Emily.

'Let us see if the cry was in answer to ours,' said the priest; and again they called, and again a shout was returned from the woods. 'We are heard, that is certain,' continued he, 'and the voice is nearer than at first; we shall be released.'

At length the sound of quick footsteps on the crackling boughs was heard in the forest, and a young man of graceful proportions, dressed, like Le Maire, in a hunting-cap and frock, emerged into the open space at the foot of the precipice. As he saw the party standing in the cavity of the rock, he clapped his hands with an exclamation of surprise and delight. 'Thank Heaven, they are discovered at last! Are you all safe—all well?'

'All safe,' answered Le Maire, 'but hungry as wolves, and in a confounded hurry to get out of this horrid den.'

The young man regarded the precipice attentively for a moment, and then called out, 'Have patience for a moment, and I will bring you the means of deliverance.' He then disappeared in the forest.

Emily's waking dream was, in fact, not wholly unfulfilled. That young man was Henry Danville; she knew him by his air and figure as soon as he emerged from the forest, and before she heard his voice. He had been engaged, with many others belonging to the settlement, in the pursuit of their lost curate and his companions, from the morning after their absence, and fortunately happened to be at no great distance when the disruption of the rock took place. Struck with astonishment at the tremendous concussion, he was hastening to discover the cause, when he heard the shout to which he answered.

It was not long before voices and steps were again heard in the wood, and a crowd of the good villagers soon appeared advancing through the trees, one bearing a basket of provisions, some dragging ladders, some carrying ropes and other appliances for getting down their friends from their perilous elevation. Several of the ladders being spliced together, and secured by strong cords, were made to reach from the broken rocks below to the mouth of the cavern, and Henry ascended.

The reader will have no difficulty in imagining the conclusion. The emotions of the lovers at meeting under such circumstances cannot be described. The joy expressed by the villagers at recovering their worthy pastor brought tears into the good man's eyes; and words are inadequate to do justice to the delight of Le Maire at seeing his old companions and their basket of provisions. The reader may also, if he please, imagine another little incident, without which some of them might think the narrative imperfect, namely, a certain marriage ceremony which took place before the next Christmas, and at which the venerable Father Ambrose officiated. Le Maire, when I saw him last, was living with one of Emily's children, a hale old man of eighty, with a few grey hairs scattered among his raven locks, full of stories of his youthful adventures, among which he reckoned that of his imprisonment in the cave as decidedly the best. He had, however, no disposition to become the hero of another tale of the kind, since he never ventured into another cave or under another rock as long as he lived; and was wont to accompany his narrative with a friendly admonition to his youthful and inexperienced hearers against thoughtlessly indulging in so dangerous a practice.

GEOLOGY.

RECENT FORMATIONS.

ABOVE the regular stratified rocks which we have already described, vast masses of imperfectly consolidated clay, sand, and gravel, generally occur. Some portions of these have evidently arisen in the decay of the inferior rocks, or have been deposited from the streams and rivers still flowing in the vicinity; but there are other portions of

more ancient date, whose origin cannot be ascribed to any causes now operating in the place where these deposits occur. It is thus evident that even here two formations exist, one referable to existing causes, the other to causes that no longer continue. The former or newer, have been named alluvium; the latter or more ancient, diluvium, for which the term drift is now very generally substituted. The name of diluvium was given to these formations at a time when they were supposed to have been produced by that deluge recorded by Moses; but as no remains of man or works of art have ever been found in these beds, whilst they contain bones of extinct animals, their connexion with that historical event is now at least uncertain, and ought not to be assumed in the name given to them. The occurrence of that awful catastrophe in the history of a rebellious world is too well confirmed by historical facts, and the traditions of the most widely scattered nations, to need support from geological phenomena.

These deposits vary so much in different situations, that no general description of them can be given. In Scotland, the lower portion, generally named *till*, consists of a mass of hard coarse clay, showing no signs of stratification, and mixed irregularly with large angular fragments or rounded blocks of stone. Near Edinburgh, it is often of a blue or black colour, but in other parts of the country more frequently red. It has the same colour in many parts of England, consisting of a tenacious clay, mixed with rolled flints or other boulder stones. The upper parts of the formation are less coherent, and often contain sand or gravel imperfectly stratified. In some places, both in England and Scotland, these masses are more than a hundred feet thick. On the continent of Europe their character is very similar to that in this country, and the United States of America appear to be covered by a corresponding formation of sand, clay, and gravel.

The most remarkable circumstances connected with these deposits is the frequent occurrence in them of erratic blocks, or travelled stones as they are called, that is, large rounded stones derived from rocks far distant from the place where they occur. These blocks are found not only enclosed in the masses of sand and clay, but often scattered in vast numbers over the surface. In some places the whole ground is thickly strewn with them, so as to render the soil wholly unproductive, or to place great impediments in the way of agriculture. Where hills or rocks, from which these stones may have been derived, occur in the vicinity, we are less struck with their appearance. Round London, chalk flints cover in vast abundance the tertiary formation, but the whole of that basin being surrounded by chalk hills, we feel no difficulty in explaining their presence. So also the masses of trap or sandstone, near Edinburgh, are at once referred to the inferior rocks and to the hills rising every where in the vicinity. But when at the latter masses of gneiss or granite occur, whose original locality must be sought for in the Grampians, sixty miles to the north, we are more puzzled with their presence. Nor is this a solitary instance. In the plains of Yorkshire, granite blocks are not uncommon, though no rock of that nature is seen nearer than Cumberland and the coast of Scotland. Some fragments found there are said to belong to rocks met with only in Labrador; and others, of Scandinavian origin, are common on many parts of Britain. In Holland, too, masses of granite and porphyry, corresponding to the rocks forming the mountains of Sweden, are abundant, and there is no nearer locality whence they can be derived.

Perhaps the most remarkable example of these erratic blocks is to be found in the low countries lying south of the Baltic Sea. From Westphalia and Denmark on the west, to Petersburg and Moscow on the east, the north of Europe forms an immense plain with no high mountains, and mostly thickly covered with clay, sand, or moss. Over all this tract such travelled stones occur, sometimes in great abundance, at other times very thinly scattered,

or even wholly wanting for miles. In general they are arranged in semicircular groups, as if spread out from a centre. In the west, the blocks resemble the rocks of Norway and Sweden; in Prussia, these are mingled with others from Finland; and in the east, in Russia, the latter chiefly prevail. The size of these blocks is very various, from a few feet to eighteen or twenty in diameter. The block dug out of the marshes near St Petersburg, on which the statue of Peter the Great is placed, weighs about 1500 tons; and at Berlin a bowl has been cut out of another measuring twenty-two feet in diameter and six feet deep. It is not, however, for ornamental purposes alone that these stones are employed. In Northern Germany, most of the roads and streets are paved with the harder kinds, and many old churches and castles have been built of them. In one place, a variety of transition limestone is so common, that it has supplied some limekilns for centuries. Where not in such numbers as to interfere with the cultivation of the ground, they are regarded as an advantage by the inhabitants.

Similar formations are abundant in many other countries, as in Canada and the United States of North America. It appears, however, that both there and in Europe they become rarer towards the south, and none are found in the countries south of the chain of the Alps. Various theories have been formed to explain the mode in which such immense stones could have been carried for hundreds of miles, not only across rivers and lakes, but even deep and wide seas. Before noticing these, however, there is another appearance which we must mention, as intimately connected with their origin. Some years ago, Sir James Hall observed that the surface of many of the rocks near Edinburgh was rubbed and polished as if by the passage of some hard body over them. Many grooves and furrows also occurred, generally with a direction corresponding to that in which, on other grounds, the drift was supposed to have been carried. Similar phenomena have since been observed in many places throughout Scotland and England, and also on the continent of Europe and in North America. These polished surfaces seem indeed to be as widely extended as the drift, and the direction of the grooves and scratches generally to correspond with that in which the erratic blocks have been conveyed. There is, therefore, but little doubt that both have been produced by the same causes, and are to be explained in the same manner.

The most ancient theory proposed by Hall referred the drift to a vast debacle or wave, produced by the elevation of a part of the bottom of the sea. This wave, rushing with immense fury over the land, was supposed to have borne along with it the mud, sand, and boulders composing the drift, whilst the larger blocks, in their passage over the projecting parts of the hills, rubbed these down, and impressed on them the grooves and furrows. To this theory it was objected, that none of the changes in nature, of which we have any experience, is at all capable of producing such a wave, and even were it otherwise, that it would not explain all the phenomena. On comparing the furrowed surface with the rocks near existing glaciers, it appeared that they exhibited a great resemblance, and hence a second theory ascribed the origin of the drift and boulders to such masses of ice. In Switzerland, the glaciers moving down from the Alps transport vast masses of stones, some of them of enormous dimensions, to great distances from the place where they exist as fixed rocks. This happens even at the present day, and glaciers are generally believed to have been formerly more extensive, filling the whole valley of Switzerland, and transporting from the central Alps the large boulders now found lying on the Jura Mountains. One of these, near Neuchatel, calculated to weigh more than 2500 tons, surpasses the largest of the northern blocks mentioned above. There can be therefore no doubt of the power of glaciers to convey large blocks of stone to great distances from the mountains where they originate; and in this way some of those in our own land may have been moved. But when it is proposed to explain the

whole drift in this manner, more difficulty arises. Such glaciers must have extended from the Scandinavian mountains to Germany and our own island, and from the north of Canada and Labrador to the centre of the United States. This implies such changes in the climate and condition of the earth, as can hardly be admitted, and hence another theory has been sought for. In this the powers of water and ice are combined, and the task which neither singly could accomplish is assigned to both. It is supposed that, at the period of the drift, our continents were still under the waters of the ocean. The currents in these flowed from the north, where land probably existed. On and around this arctic land icebergs formed, which were broken off by the waves and floated down into more southern latitudes, loaded with blocks of stone. As they melted these were deposited, and where they grounded on the shallows—the tops of our present mountains—they rubbed and scratched the rocks as we now see them. In confirmation of this theory, it is alleged that icebergs, loaded with fragments of stone from Greenland and Spitzbergen, are often seen in the Atlantic, near the banks of Newfoundland, or in the same latitude with France and the south of Germany, and that in the southern hemisphere they advance still nearer to the equator. It is also said that, with a few exceptions, boulders cease to be found south of the line, which may be supposed to have limited the ancient icebergs in their voyage towards the equator.

Not less remarkable are the animal remains found in these deposits. In our own country, no organic bodies have been observed in the drift or old boulder clay. If any such existed, they must all have been destroyed in the course of ages that have elapsed since its deposition. In the beds above they are not uncommon. Thus bones, composing nearly the entire skeleton of a whale, were dug out of the carse clay in the valley of the Forth above Stirling, and another near Airthrey, not far from that town, both above the present high-water mark. Beds of oyster and other shells occur in the same formation. Elephants' tusks have been found both in Scotland and England, and are very common in other European countries. These seem to have belonged to a species different from either of the two now living. The most remarkable collection of these bones is, however, that in Northern Siberia, where the tusks of the fossil elephant, or mammoth as it is named, form a considerable article of commerce, and enough to load a ship are collected every year. They even furnish an ivory preferable to that of the living elephant. It was once thought that the climate must have been much warmer when these animals inhabited the north of Asia, but one found entirely preserved in the ice, near the mouth of the Lena, was covered with thick reddish wool, mixed with long black hair, and was thus adapted to a cold climate.

In North America, bones of another species, the mastodon, are more common. This animal seems to have equalled or surpassed the elephant in bulk, and probably frequented the banks of rivers and marshy places. It was originally described as a carnivorous animal, but Cuvier showed that its teeth were similar to those of the sow or hippopotamus. The banks of the Ohio have furnished great numbers of their remains, and it has been estimated that bones belonging to more than one hundred skeletons have been dug up at the Big Bone Lick in Kentucky. The salt springs, still existing, seem to have attracted the mastodons and other animals to that place in vast herds, when the weaker were trodden down and buried among the mud. They were not, however, confined to the western continent, since their bones have been found in Germany, France, Italy, and Switzerland, along with those of the mammoth, and also of oxen, deer, and horses. In the same formations, in America, other extinct mammalia have been discovered. One of these is the megatherium, a kind of gigantic sloth, twelve or fourteen feet long and six or eight feet high. The megalonyx and mylodon are other genera of somewhat similar characters and dimensions. They all appear to have lived on the

leaves and small branches of trees, and as their immense weight incapacitated them from climbing, Professor Owen thinks that they were in the habit of undermining and pulling down the trees and then stripping them of their foliage.

The appearance of these, and many other species of mammalia, forms the great characteristic of this period in the geological history of the world. Though now all extinct, they have inhabited our present continents, and wandered amidst primeval forests on the very spots where the busy abodes of man now stand. When or how they perished no history records; whether by some sudden catastrophe, or by the gradual encroachment of man on their favourite haunts, is wholly unknown, though it seems more probable that they had disappeared before he was called into being. But though the most remarkable, they are not the only remnants of that epoch. Almost every class of animated beings has left its representatives entombed in the soil. These, however, our limits will not permit us to notice, and we shall only allude to the beds of recent marine shells, found at various heights above the sea, round almost the whole shores of our island. Similar strata, enclosing shells, are common in the fiords of Norway, and are known too on the sloping shores of the St Lawrence, in North America, and on other more southern parts of that continent. These beds bring the various creations of extinct beings, some faint outlines of whose wonderful history we have been endeavouring to sketch, into connexion with the world in which man now lives. There is indeed no development of one species from another, no progress from less to more perfect beings, for each is perfect in its kind and place, and the earliest tribes are no less complicated in structure than their congeners of the present day; yet it can scarcely be denied that there is a certain gradual adaptation of the world and its inhabitants to man, marking him out as the head of the creation, the summit of terrestrial being. So far as our knowledge of the past condition of the earth extends, there was no other period in which man could have appeared with so much propriety as in the present; at no other were the various tribes of animals so much adapted to promote his happiness and welfare. Even the most sceptical must allow, that the huge ungainly reptiles of the oolite were no fit companions for man, and it is no less evident that he and the large sloths and elephants we have been just now describing could not long have inhabited the same land.

The more recent deposits, referable to causes still in existence, are also very interesting. Where rivers enter the sea or lakes, they deposit the sand and mud with which their waters are loaded, forming what are named deltas. These consist of layers of alluvial matter, sloping out into deep water, and gradually extending their dimensions, except where interrupted by the tides and currents. In this way, the Rhine has in the course of ages produced a great part of Holland, the Po is gradually encroaching on the Adriatic, and Egypt has been regarded as a similar gulf filled by the debris of the Nile. The still larger rivers of other parts of the earth produce corresponding deltas, that of the Ganges commencing about two hundred miles from where the river enters the sea. This is rivalled by that of the Mississippi, which is rapidly increasing, having advanced several leagues even since New Orleans was built. Many springs are also forming considerable deposits of siliceous or calcareous matter, in which the remains of existing species of plants and animals are enclosed. Similar calcareous deposits are formed from sea water on the shores of the Bermudas and West India islands. In such a recent limestone rock, near Guadaloupe, the skeleton of a woman was found enveloped, and may now be seen in the British Museum. It wants the skull, which, however, is said to be preserved in one of the American collections. This is the first appearance of the remains of man in any formation, and the rock, though tolerably hard and compact, does not seem to be very old. Human remains have also been found in another recent formation of considerable extent

and importance. This is peat or moss, which covers, often to a great depth, large tracts of our own and other northern countries. In a moss in Lincolnshire, about a century ago, the body of a woman was found well preserved, and from the antique sandals on her feet she appeared to have been a Roman lady. To the geologist, however, these recent deposits are chiefly interesting as illustrations of the ancient history of the earth, and as showing by analogy the way in which its various beds might be produced. We shall not follow them further, but here close our sketches of the various stratified formations composing the crust of the globe. The igneous rocks associated with them in various countries, and the changes they have produced, still remain to be considered.

ANCIENT CEDARS IN THE FOREST OF LEBANON.

TRADITION asserts, and the people believe, that these aged trees are the remains of the forest that furnished timber for Solomon's temple, three thousand years ago: and every year, on Transfiguration-day, the Maronites, the Greeks, and the Armenians, celebrate a mass here, at the foot of a cedar, upon a homely altar of stone. It is certain that they were very ancient, even several hundred years ago. Two centuries since, they were twenty-five in number; Pecoce, a century ago, found fifteen standing, and the sixteenth was recently blown down: Burckhardt, in 1800, counted eleven or twelve: there are now but seven, and these are of so prodigious a size, of an appearance so massive and imperishable, that it is easy to believe they actually existed in biblical times. Those which have fallen during the last two centuries, have either perished through extreme age and decay, while the occasional violence of the winds probably contributed to their fall. 'The oldest trees,' observes Burckhardt, 'are distinguished by having the foliage and small branches at the top only, and by four, five, and even seven trunks springing from one base. The branches and foliage of the others were lower, but I saw none whose leaves touched the ground, like those in the Kew Gardens.' The trunks of the old trees are covered with the names of travellers, and other persons who have visited them. The trunks of the oldest trees seemed to be quite dead; the wood is of a grey tint. There is one very large tree which Mandrell says he measured, and found it twelve yards six inches in girth, and thirty-seven yards in the spread of its boughs: at above five or six yards from the ground, it was divided into five limbs, each of which was equal to a great tree. They are difficult of approach, and are surrounded with deep snow, which is not passable until the middle of summer, when it begins to melt away: the ground on which they stand is uneven, being covered with rock and stone, with a partial but luxuriant vegetation springing up in the interstices: their position, on the brow of the mountain, surrounded on every side by deep and solemn valleys, rocky and almost perpendicular descents, waterfalls and dreary dells, has something sacred and awful in it: they seem as if placed in their splendid and perilous site, like sentinels between time and eternity—the sad and deathless memorial of the days of the first temple, when God dwelt among his people, in the visible glory between the cherubim, and in the blessings of earth and heaven, the proofs of his love. All else has perished: the temple, the city, the generations of men, 'like the sands of the sea-shore for multitude;' thrones, religions, principalities, and powers, have passed like the winds that howl through these branches: and the cedars have stood on their mountain brow, immortal! No voice has yet gone forth to hew them down utterly. The voice of time is hushed on this cloud-like brow. How often have they heard the rushing of his wings, 'going forth utterly to destroy,' and have put forth their leaves and their glorious branches with each season, fresh and strong as in the days of their youth!

To the fancy of the spectator, seated on the grey rock

by their side, there is something mysterious yet beautiful in the murmur of the wind through their recesses, like the wild tones of a harp, said to be touched by the hand of the distant dead, whose spirit is passing by: the hearer knows that he shall never listen to that sound again, in which there seems to be the voice of eternity. The tree near Jerusalem, a venerable sycamore, beneath whose branches the prophet Isaiah was slain—the aged olives of the valley of Jehoshaphat do not come on the memory or fancy like these cedars of Lebanon, whose image is blended with the earliest pictures of our childhood—with the ceiling, the walls, the pure gold, and all the glory and history of the first temple of the true God. Shall they live till that temple be again rebuilt, and the restored race of Israel again worship there? Perhaps, before they die, Palestine shall resound with the praises of the Lord, and the name of the Redeemer shall be borne even to their mountain brow, from the lips of those who now despise him. Then, and not till then, had they a voice: they might say, as of old, 'Now, let us depart in peace;' we have seen the first dispensation, the second also has been fulfilled, and we have waited on earth till the third and last manifestation to our lost land: it is time to depart. Of their past as well as present appearance, the words of Ezekiel are beautifully descriptive: 'The fir-trees were not like his boughs, and the chestnut-trees were not like his branches, nor any tree in the garden of God was like unto him in his beauty; they all envied him: the cedar, with a shadowing shroud, and of a high stature, and his top was among the thick boughs—under his shadow dwelt the people.' The voice of prophecy has perhaps often been heard amidst the shades of these sacred trees: their name, and the images they suggested, often mingled in the strains of inspiration. Is there any object in nature more dear to the poet; whether in the tempest they swung their aged arms to the sky, or the Maronite hymn rose sweetly from multitudes kneeling around? The groves of all other lands, even the most ancient—the palm forests that were the pride of Egypt—the noble oak and fir trees of Ephraim and Carmel—the curse withered them, or with the changing seasons they passed away. When the cedars also die, all these, in the words of sacred writ—each famous forest in the old and new world—shall say, 'Art thou become like unto us, cut down to the ground: art thou also become weak as we?'

A small Arab tribe come to live here when the snows are melted, in the beginning of July, and continue during the hot months. It is, to a simple and primeval people, a favourite and lovely residence, enjoying an air that bears health on its wings, so pure and inspiring, from its very elevated site, and entire freedom from the heats that often prevail in the valleys and lower declivities. The Arabs pitch their tents in the forest, in a sort of half savage life, yet free from its perils and habits: the stranger finds a friendly welcome to their rude homes: they pass very many hours in the heat of day beneath the branches of the cedars, conversing, smoking, or seated indolently—some of the mothers swinging their children by a cord hung to one of the sacred branches, as if some virtue were thence derivable, or healing quality to some bodily disease. Perhaps the men, from a superstitious feeling, find a peculiar pleasure, unknown elsewhere, in smoking their long pipe, seated on a fallen branch or trunk. It must be confessed that their attitude and looks in this loved reverie and indulgence, however in keeping with Orientalism, are somewhat at variance with the more refined and enthusiastic reverie of the stranger, who would rather be alone in such a spot, than exposed to the fixed and curious gaze of some young Arab mother, or the voice of her child.—*Fisher's Syria, the Holy Land, &c.*

THE POTATO.

THERE is a great variety of roots and tubers fit for the use of man and domestic animals, several of which are extensively cultivated, such as turnips, onions, carrots, parsnips, and beets. The most remarkable, however, and

useful of them all, is the potato, to which I shall at present confine my attention. The same mystery which hangs over the native place of most of the other plants made use of by man as objects of cultivation, long attached also to the potato; but it appears now to be satisfactorily proved that it is indigenous in the west coast of South America. In Chili and Peru, it is found growing wild among the rocks, in remote places, where it is not probable that the seed could have been carried by the hand of man; and what seems to confirm the idea that it is there in its uncultivated state is, that the flowers are always pure white, without any of that purple tint which exists in the cultivated varieties.

The potato plant seems first to have been introduced into Britain by Sir Walter Raleigh, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; but, for more than a century, its cultivation was exceedingly confined, owing probably to erroneous modes of rearing it, and to an improper manner of preparing it for food. In the reign of James the First, this root was considered a great rarity, and sold so dear as two shillings per pound; and even so late as the beginning of last century, it seems not to have entered into the lists of agricultural produce. Bradley, who wrote about the year 1720, and who treated expressly of new improvements in horticulture, says of potatoes—'They are of less note than horse-radish, radish, scorzonera, beets, and skerrit; but as they are not without their admirers, I will not pass them by in silence.'

The district of England where the potato was first generally cultivated seems to have been Lancashire, and, about the same time, it was introduced to general use in Scotland. In 1728, a day-labourer of the name of Prentice, living near Kilsyth, in Stirlingshire, successfully raised a crop of potatoes on a little plot of ground attached to his cottage, and was fortunate enough to call the attention of his neighbours to the value of this hitherto neglected vegetable. By the annual sale of his produce, he soon realized what was to him a fortune, the sum of £200; and meanwhile, the public attention being called to the plant, it gradually made its way. It was not, however, till after the year 1743, which was remarkable as a season of scarcity, that it came to be generally cultivated as a regular branch of field husbandry. I very well remember a near relative of mine mentioning an anecdote which showed, that so late as the year 1755 or 1756, the potato was still a rarity in Wigtonshire. This incident was, that a lady had brought some potatoes in her pocket to church on Sunday, to present to a friend, as something quite new; but the string of her pocket breaking as she was in the act of going out on the dismissal of the congregation, she lost her burden in the passage, which created considerable speculation. In England, with the exception of Lancashire, the progress of this esculent into general cultivation was still slower. It was known in Yorkshire only as a garden plant down to 1760; and in Somersetshire we must date its introduction as an article of farm-produce, at least ten years later. After this period, however, the value of the potato came to be very generally appreciated; and, in the year 1796, in the county of Essex alone, no fewer than 1700 acres were planted with this root, for the supply of the London market. Potatoes seem to have found their way into the continent of Europe at a considerably later period than into England, but they came more rapidly into common use, and we may date their general cultivation there from about the middle of last century.—*Duncan's Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons.*

A DISAGREEABLE PILLOW COMPANION.

While our people were loading the beasts the following morning, I had laid down on cushions, upon a carpet, under the shade of an old tree, till my dromedary should be brought. When I rose I heard a hissing noise behind me, and turning round, perceived a large serpent, black as jet, still half-concealed in the hollow trunk of the tree, with its head and the fore part of its body coiled up, resting on my pillow, close to the place where my head

had left an impression. There is no doubt that the serpent, attracted by the warmth and softness of my cushion, must have remained a considerable time in this attitude quite near me, and that my sudden rising disturbed it and caused its angry hissing. It was about two or three inches thick, and, as the natives affirmed, of the most venomous species. Thus, we often escape danger without having the slightest notion of their existence.—*Puckler Muskaw's Egypt.*

A WIFE'S APPEAL.*

You took me, William, when a girl, unto your home and heart,
To bear in all your after-fate a fond and faithful part;
And tell me have I ever tried that duty to forego,
Or pinned there was not joy for me when you were sunk in woe?
No; I would rather share your tear than any other's glee,
For though you're nothing to the world, you're *all the world* to me.
You make a palace of my shed, this rough-hewn bench a throne,
There's sunlight for me in your smiles, and music in your tone;
I look upon you when you sleep—my eyes with tears grow dim,
I cry, 'Oh, Parent of the Poor, look down from heaven on him;
Behold him toil from day to day, exhausting strength and soul;
Oh, look with mercy on him, Lord, for thou canst make him whole
And when at last relieving sleep has on my eyelids smiled,
How oft are they forbade to close in slumber by our child?
I take the little murmurer that spoils my span of rest,
And feel it is a part of thee I lull upon my breast.
There's only one return I crave, I may not need it long,
And it may soothe thee when I'm where the wretched feel no wrong.
I ask not for a kinder tone, for thou wert ever kind;
I ask not for less frugal fare, my fare I do not mind;
I ask not for attire more gay—if such as I have got
Suffice to make me fair to thee, for more I murmur not.
But I would ask some share of hours that you on clubs bestow,
Of knowledge which you prize so much, might I not something know?

Subtract from meetings amongst men each eve an hour for me,
Make me companion of your soul, as I may safely be.
If you will read, I'll sit and work; then think when you're away,
Less tedious I shall find the time, dear William, of your stay.
A meet companion soon I'll be for e'en your studious hours,
And teacher of those little ones you call your cottage flowers;
And if we be not rich and great, we may be wise and kind,
And as my heart can warm your heart, so may my mind your mind.

* This place, which we copy from an old number of the *Sunday Times*, is an especial favourite with us. It has poetical merit of no mean kind, but we prize it chiefly on account of its fine moral tendency. It is from the pen of an American lady, and its circulation in the United States is said to have been attended by the happiest results. We hope its re-appearance in our pages will also be productive of good. It has been published by several of our contemporaries; but, containing as it does an eloquent and touching appeal in behalf of thousands of our fair countrywomen, it cannot be too widely circulated.

INFLUENCE OF THE DIVINE OMNIPRESENCE.

The idea of the divine omnipresence will sometimes obtrude itself even on the most giddy and thoughtless, and impress them with a momentary seriousness. It has checked the sinner hurrying impetuously along the career of iniquity, and compelled him to pause or draw back in dismay and terror. It has thrown a chilling damp—a freezing horror—on the spirit of the sensualist while revelling amid the delusive 'pleasures of sin,' and it has palsied the hand that was stretched forth to pluck the fruit of the forbidden tree. It has irradiated and cheered the abode of poverty and affliction, and nerved the arm of piety and virtue, and impelled to deeds of fortitude and valour, of faith and patience.—*Dr Balmer.*

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THE COMMON ORIGIN OF MANKIND.

It is indisputably the doctrine of the Bible, that the happy pair who dwelt in Eden were the sole progenitors of the human race. The sacredness of the source from which the doctrine is derived, begets in many a strong reluctance to inquire how far it is capable of being maintained on scientific grounds. Since the question has been decided by the authority of Heaven, is it not impious to subject it to any process of philosophical investigation? But an attempt to ascertain whether what is taught in the Bible can be supported by independent evidence does not necessarily presuppose suspicion of its truth. Every enlightened Christian must believe that, between nature accurately observed and revelation accurately interpreted, there is, there can be no contradiction; so that the more diligently the students of both prosecute their researches, the more they will discover latent points of harmony and coincidence between the two volumes which the Creator has prepared for the instruction of mankind. The Bible presents to our minds a momentous array of facts and doctrines: some of which transcend our reason, and must be received in the simplicity of faith; while others relate to matters of consciousness, or observation, or history, and may be confirmed or corroborated by proofs which are collected from every department of human knowledge. Instead of frowning on the votaries of science as their natural enemies, the disciples of Christianity should rather welcome them as fellow-labourers in the same great cause, and express gratitude for the important contributions which they have made, whether intentionally or unintentionally, to the evidence and the illustration of the Book of Books. Let the astronomer direct his glass to the starry heavens—let the geologist travel from land to land to swell his collection of fossils—let the phrenologist descend on the functions of the brain—and we shall always be glad to receive their reports, provided only they report nothing which they have not actually seen. We regard them as commentators on the sacred volume, although of a different class, as well as Matthew Henry, and Thomas Scott, and Adam Clarke.

The natural history of man scarcely engaged attention, as a separate subject of discussion, till the beginning of the present century. The father of the study was Blumenbach, who gave in his writings the first example of exact and extensive examination of the varieties of the human species. The English author who has distinguished himself most highly in this province is Dr Prichard. The results of his labours are embodied in two works which have won the admiration of all competent

judges—‘*Researches into the Physical History of Mankind*,’ and ‘*The Natural History of Man*.’ These works are the storehouse from which all future writers on the common origin of the human family must draw a large proportion of their materials, some more, some less directly. We have thought that it might not be uninteresting to lay before our readers an abstract of the argument by which it may be proved that mankind are descended from one pair.

I. The first branch of the argument is, that in those respects in which varieties of the same species are usually understood to agree, the members of the human family evince a resemblance to each other.

We may specify the duration of life, the progress of development, the forms of disease, and the nature of the faculties, instincts, and habits.

The average duration of life varies considerably among different tribes of men. Yet the variation is not greater than is satisfactorily explained by their geographical position, their climate, their mode of subsistence, their social state, and other circumstances. If the rate of mortality be so sensibly affected by the diversities that exist among the same people, why should we wonder at its increase or diminution among communities that are subject not only to dissimilar, but to opposite orders of influence? Were there any tribe in which the average duration of life is as low as thirty, or as high as a hundred years, there might be some pretext for doubt. There is none such. There is no spot on earth where it is felt necessary to object to the words of Moses, as erring either by excess or by defect: ‘The days of our years are threescore and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow, for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.’ With regard to the term of longevity or the extreme limit of human existence, there is almost entire uniformity. There have been persons everywhere, whose lot it was to survive the generation with which they have grown old, but none of them has survived it beyond a very brief period. It needs no more than a casual inspection of the records of longevity to convince us that it is not a privilege of which any race of men can boast a monopoly.

There is a progress of development by which the infant rises to the proportions of a full-grown man or woman. It is the same in every human being who arrives at maturity. Whether she was a black or a brown, or a white mother, that smiled on the natal hour of the little stranger, her offspring must pass through the same series of changes before she shall be relieved from the office of maternal superintendence. Where is it that children do not draw their first nourishment from a woman’s breast?

Where do they speak without a prompter, and walk without a guide? Where is their cradle exempt from the intrusion of disease? Where does their body not unfold its members and organs in the same order? Where are the signs of puberty not alike? The age at which the boy is entitled to assume 'the manly gown' or 'the long coat,' and the girl to listen to 'the popping of the question,' may change: these are matters for custom or fashion to prescribe; but when we look on the well built frame of the one and the full blown beauty of the other, we experience no difficulty in telling through what stages they have passed in reaching what they are.

Every species of animals has diseases peculiar to itself, and which, however virulent in their contagion, cannot be communicated to another. There are exceptions to this rule; for a morbid poison which has its origin in one species, is sometimes conveyed to individuals belonging to another, as when the bite of a rabid dog infects the human subject with hydrophobia. Yet it must be admitted, as a general rule, that diseases are not capable of transmission from one species to another. Under the shelter of this law, a flock of animals of one species may roam unhurt through an extensive tract, while multitudes of other kinds are swept away by the besom of destruction. If all men did not belong to the same family there would be epidemic diseases, which, although frequent, and fell in their ravages among some tribes, could effect no lodgment in the constitution of others. There are different degrees of liability to their attack, but complete immunity nowhere exists. The plague has found its victims in every clime: the historian tells of the plague of Athens, as well as the plague of London. Small-pox does not spare the natives of any particular region: it may fret with its unsightly scars the face either of the woolly son of Africa, or of the blue-eyed daughter of a European land. Cholera pursued its course of devastation and death from the Ganges to the Forth, testifying, by the absence of any constitutional check to its progress, that, from the sunburnt Hindoo to the hardy Caledonian, we are all 'made of one blood.'

The faculties, instincts, and habits of human nature, are its leading characteristics. A resemblance may be traced between man and some of the inferior animals, in his bodily structure and organization; although it has no doubt been greatly exaggerated by would-be sages, ambitious, from what motives we know not, to prove themselves nearest of kin to the ape or the baboon. In respect to whatever belongs to mind, man holds an unapproachable pre-eminence; so that, even in his fallen state, he retains the prerogative with which he was invested in the age of his innocence—of having 'dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth on the earth.' In these nobler attributes of humanity, all men share as their birthright. Were it possible to assemble in one place a few individuals from every country of the globe, it would not be easy to observe their various costumes, to mark their various complexions, and to listen to their various languages, without feeling as if we had before us specimens of the population of different worlds. But if we accompanied the members of this 'representative congress of the human family' in their return to their own homes, we would soon discover that under all this astonishing variety there lurks a substantial identity: the drapery is different, the nature is the same. If we go with them to the scenes of their ordinary employments, we see them exploring the same regions of nature, using the same properties of matter, and resorting to the same mechanical principles. If we go with them to the festive board, we see the same social excitement, and hear the same jocund laugh and cheerful song. If we go with them to their places of public concourse, we see the same competition of equals, the same oppression of superiors, the same jealousy of the weak. If we go with them to the sickbed, we see the same anguish on the part of the patient, and the same sympathy on the part of the spectator.

desire, the longing after immortality.' If we go with them to inspect their public buildings, we see the house of worship and the monuments of the dead. Do not these manifestations of kindred sentiments and sensibilities proclaim with a voice which is echoed from the inmost recesses of our nature, that we are all united by an indissoluble bond of brotherhood?

II. The second branch of the argument is, that in those respects by which one species is usually understood to be distinguished from another, the members of the human family evince no difference.

Let us refer here to the phenomena of breeding which are admitted to furnish the clearest distinction of species, in the zoological sense of the term. It is well known, that animals of different sorts (for we need not here allude to the kindred facts of the vegetable world) have a strong aversion to form the sexual union with each other. This arrangement is eminently subservient to order, which is said to be 'Heaven's first law:' for if promiscuous intercourse were common, the world would soon be overrun with mongrel and nondescript breeds, which would not only derange the classification of the naturalist, but would subvert the whole economy of nature. The aversion, however, is not invincible. Every schoolboy is familiar with the crossing of the horse and the ass; and of the canary, and bullfinch, or yellowhammer, or sparrow. But irregular union among animals is seldom productive of offspring: never when the species to which they belong are separated by a broad interval. And even in these cases in which offspring follows, it does not possess the power of perpetuating its kind. The laws of nature have put hybrids under the ban of all but universal sterility. They never propagate beyond at most a few generations, and then it is not by the union of mule with mule, but by reunion with a pure breed. What are the facts on this subject with regard to the human race? Such an antipathy as has been described does not exist among them. The flame of mutual love is kindled in the bosom of many a pair who trace their descent from a widely different line of ancestry, and who display the marks of a widely distant birthplace. Whatever aversion the European maid may feel to give her heart and hand to a man of colour, is conventional, not natural; and the children may be as eminent for every quality that should fix the affections of a parent, as if her husband had been of her own complexion. Nay, the intermarriage of different races, instead of producing a degenerate progeny, is generally followed by an improvement both of body and mind. Many of the countries that have carried civilisation to its highest pitch, have been inhabited by those who exemplified this mixture of blood.

III. The third branch of the argument is, that the respects in which the members of the human family display signs of dissimilarity, are not greater or more numerous than are found among animals confessedly of the same species.

The main points of dissimilarity among mankind, relate either to colour, or to form and structure.

There is generally a close correspondence between the colour of the skin, hair, and eyes. When the hair is white or red, the complexion is fair or ruddy; when the hair is dark, the complexion varies from a slight brown tint to jet-black. Persons who have a fair complexion, and flaxen or auburn hair, have light-blue or grey eyes: the eyes of those who have a swarthy colour of skin and hair, are dark. As it is difficult to describe in words the various hues and shades which are presented in the human skin, it is more convenient to adopt the colour of the hair as the mark of the difference of complexion which exists among our race; and there are three varieties which may be defined without the aid of scientific knowledge—the black-haired, the white-haired, and the red-haired. The black-haired variety includes the largest section of the human family. Except in the northern parts of Asia, and of our own continent, it has a decided preponderance among the inhabitants of almost all coun-

ralists have pronounced that the hair of the first man must have been black. The white-haired variety is not characteristic of any particular tribe or country, but is found almost everywhere. It comprehends what are called the Albinoes, a most singular class of human beings. Their general appearance is cadaverous; their body is covered with a soft milk-white down; their skin is rough and scurfy, and apt to crack as if affected with leprosy; their eyes are red, and being without the black mucus which absorbs the superfluous rays of light, are incapable of enduring the splendour of the meridian sun; their favourite hour is 'the noon of night,' when their organs of vision are more acute than at midday; and hence they have been termed by Linneus and others, 'nocturnal men.' The most astonishing instances of this variety, are perhaps the white negroes, who appear occasionally among the sable tribes of Africa. The red-haired variety prevails chiefly in those parts of Europe and Asia where the temperature is less sultry. Its principal haunt is in regions that are comparatively cold; so that the tribes which have chosen their home among the mountains often display a profusion of 'golden' ringlets (to borrow an epithet from Virgil), while their lowland neighbours are black-haired. It seems a just inference, that there is something in the climate of certain districts of the earth that is favourable to the production of this variety.

The varieties of form and structure, if less obvious than the varieties of colour, are not less real or prominent. It has been common to enumerate five classes of nations into which the human race may be divided, on account of the strongly marked lines by which they are distinguished from each other: the Caucasian, the Mongolian, the Ethiopian, the American, and the Malay. Recent writers have proposed a different classification: the Iranian, Turanean, American, Hottentot, Negro, Papua, and Alfour, including the Australian under the last of these classes. Whether we prefer the old or the new nomenclature, we must recognise the shape of the skull as the most conspicuous mark of the varieties that exist among mankind with respect to form and structure, and there are three which may be easily distinguished—the oval, the narrow and long-faced, and the broad and square-faced. The oval is that which characterizes all the natives of Europe, and consequently ourselves. It is needless to tell how symmetrical is the head, how ample the brow, and how regular the features; for whoever will look in the face the next person he meets, or notice the form which is reflected from his mirror, may see a specimen of the Caucasian variety. The narrow and long-faced is exemplified in the skull of the Negro. The degrading comparisons which have been made between this class of nations and some of the inferior animals, are owing to the inquirer having confined his observations to the young chimpanzee, in which, from the partial development of the bones of the face, the skull appears larger in proportion than it is in the mature monkey. The facial angle is scarcely less in the negro than it is in many a Briton, who scorns him for his inferiority; and if it be, it is not so much from the smaller size of his cranium, as from the projection of the lower part of his face. The broad and square-faced has its type in the Esquimaux, Finns, Kalmuks, Chinese, and other families of the Mongolian variety. The pictures of the mandarins of the Celestial Empire, which recent events have placed within every body's reach, must supersede the necessity of verbal description.

This sketch of the varieties of colour, form, and structure, that occur among the different tribes of men, may produce in some minds an impression unfavourable to the belief of their common origin. Before any one yields to the influence of this impression, let him inquire whether there are not corresponding varieties among inferior animals confessedly of the same species. There is an overwhelming amount of proof. With regard to colour, let us observe the diversity among the animals with which domestication has made us most familiar. Are there not black, white, and bay horses? Are there not black,

grey, and white cats? Are there not black, white, and red sheep? Are there not white rabbits and white mice—the very albinos of their respective species? With regard to form and structure, there is a similar diversity. The skulls of the different tribes of men are much more alike than those of different breeds of horses. The sow is acknowledged to be a legitimate descendant of the wild boar, yet the skull of the one differs as widely from that of the other, as a Hottentot's from a Scotchman's. As this animal has generally followed in the track of the discoveries of the lords of the creation, it exhibits a close parallel of the changes which they may be supposed to have undergone. It is a historical fact, that there were no swine in America at the time when it was discovered by Columbus. They were soon introduced from Europe, but during the short period which has intervened, there has been a wide departure from the parent stock. These are no more than a few examples: are they not, however, sufficient to prove, that if minor points of dissimilarity are to be held adequate grounds for doubting identity of species, the whole history of animated nature must be written anew?

IV. The fourth branch of the argument is, that instances can be mentioned in which the varieties that exist among mankind have been actually produced within the period to which authentic history extends.

The full illustration of this topic would impose on us an inquiry into the dispersion of the human race, and into the origin and affinities of the nations into which it has been divided. This inquiry, although too laborious to be prosecuted here, has been pushed as far as the present state of information admits. Dr Prichard devotes to it three volumes of his larger work. He first surveys the various tribes that inhabit the African continent; then the races that are scattered through the Austral countries and the islands of the Indian Ocean; then the several branches of the great family from which Europeans draw their descent; then the nations that are recognised as the children of Shem; then the population of the northern and eastern parts of Asia; then the native tribes of the new world. The result may be stated in his own words:—'It will, I apprehend, be allowed by those who have attentively followed this investigation of particulars, that the diversities in physical character belonging to different races present no material obstacle to the opinion that all nations sprang from one original—a result which plainly follows from the foregoing considerations.'

It is not pretended that under each branch of this argument there are not some facts of which, in the present state of our knowledge, we cannot give a satisfactory explanation. But it is maintained that it demonstrates on scientific grounds a vastly preponderating probability in favour of the doctrine which we believe on the authority of revelation—'That God made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth.'

This is a doctrine that is dear to the heart of every philanthropist, and especially every Christian philanthropist. There are many who entertain the most desponding views of the fate of large sections of the human race, and who predict, almost without a sigh, that it is their destiny to be driven into the ocean by the aggressions of the pioneers of civilisation, or to fall before the artillery of the white man, or to be consumed with the 'firewater' which constitutes the principal beverage of the race of mortals for whom the sovereignty of the earth is reserved. Their opinion is generally founded on a belief, conscious or latent, of the inherent and inevitable inferiority of the beings whom they so coolly resign to destruction. But if the aborigines of America, and Australia, and New Zealand, are 'bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh,' why should we be 'of that wicked one and slay our brother?' All the elements of our own humanity are lodged in their bosom; and if these were duly evolved, they might not only equal but outstrip us in the career of intellectual and moral improvement. It is not extermination but education which should be the watchword of the true philanthropist. Since savages belong to the human race, it is

absurd to rank a proposal to extend to them the blessings of education in the same category as a proposal to teach the starting to speak, or the dog to dance, or the sow to know, or the mouse to sing. The same fact should urge us to communicate to all the advantages not only of civilisation but of Christianity. All need the peculiar blessings of the religion of the New Testament; all are capable of receiving them. If there are any inhabitants of earth who have sunk below the reach of the sage or the statesman, there are none who have sunk below the reach of the minister and the missionary. As long as they wear the indelible traces of human nature—that nature which the Son of God condescended to assume and shall retain for ever—that nature for which the sacrifice of the cross was offered—that nature to which a spiritual influence is promised—that nature for whose admission the portals of heaven are set open—as long as they wear the indelible traces of human nature, we dare to affirm that it is possible to convert them to Christianity. What the Moravians have done in Greenland, what the London Missionary Society has done in the South Seas, what the Baptist Missionary Society has done in India, what the Glasgow Missionary Society has done in Africa, what missionary enterprise has achieved during the last fifty years in every part of the globe, is a proof and a pledge of what might be accomplished if the experiment were made on a comprehensive scale by a unanimous church.

FOREIGN AUTHORS.

CAMOENS.

In our last number we left Camoens shipwrecked on a foreign shore, with nothing left but the manuscript of that poem which was to give a lasting celebrity to his name.

At the coast of Cambodia Camoens found a friendly people, who supplied his immediate wants, and watched his recovery from the shipwreck, till the arrival of a vessel which might convey him to Goa. During this short residence he looked for consolation to the beautiful psalm—

'When we, our limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,' &c.

upon which he wrote a paraphrase which is very much admired. On his arrival at Goa, in 1561, Camoens was graciously received by the viceroy Dom Constantino, who was a brother of Dom Theodosio de Braganza, and a friend of the poet. This distinguished nobleman used all his endeavours to efface as much as possible the remembrance of his misfortunes. Grateful for these endeavours, and sensible of the superior character of the new viceroy compared with his former persecutor Barreto, he addressed to him an epistle in verse, in imitation of that of Horace to Augustus, in which he disclaims having been induced, by any prospect of reward, to compose the poem or to flatter his protector.

During the short administration of Dom Constantino, our poet enjoyed some of that tranquillity of mind to which he had been for so long a period a stranger. He was highly esteemed and noticed by the nobility of India. On one occasion he invited several of these noblemen to an entertainment, who were not a little surprised on uncovering their plates to find that, instead of the first course, a set of verses had been placed for each. The plot and playfulness of the verses caused considerable mirth and amusement, and added much zest to the subsequent and more substantial part of the banquet.

But this sort of interregnum in the misfortunes of Camoens was but of short duration. Towards the end of the same year in which he had escaped from shipwreck, saving nothing but his life and his poem, Dom Constantino, who had treated him so kindly, was replaced by Continho, Count of Redondo, and immediately left Goa for Portugal. This change of affairs gave the enemies of

our poet a fresh opportunity of showing their insatiable hatred; and although the new governor was an admirer and a friend of Camoens, he could not protect him against accusations brought forward respecting the administration of his office at Macao. He was charged with malversation, and immediately arrested and thrown into prison. As was to be expected, Camoens proved satisfactorily, from the place of his confinement, the falsity of this calumnious accusation, and removed all suspicion of his having in the least departed from those invariable principles of honour and justice for which he has been so deservedly praised. Nevertheless, as he had entered Goa in the greatest state of destitution, he was not free from some pecuniary engagements; and at the very moment when the gates of the prison were open to him, in consequence of his complete vindication of his character and conduct in office, he was detained in custody for a trifling debt. On this occasion he was liberated from prison by the viceroy himself, who was about to set sail with an expedition, and whom Camoens seems to have accompanied as a volunteer. For several years after this event Camoens remained in India, dedicating the winter season to his compositions, and joining in the spring the various naval and military expeditions which left Goa every year, for the purpose of protecting the different kings and chiefs tributary to the Portuguese crown. Having now completed his immortal poem, Camoens resolved to embark for Europe, for the purpose of laying it before Dom Sebastian, who had just ascended the throne of Portugal. Aware of its merits, and of the high honour it was calculated to confer upon his country, he felt confident of receiving that remuneration which was due to his talents, and to which he had an additional claim through his protracted and meritorious services. There was, however, one obstacle to surmount, which not unfrequently counteracts the efforts of superior minds, while it is easily overcome by the more numerous plodding herd, with whom there is but one interest, self; but one idol, gold. We have already stated, that while equally dividing his efforts to save his life and his poem, Camoens had lost, in a shipwreck, all the little fortune he possessed; and as disinterestedness and an independent spirit were qualities diametrically opposed to those by which money was then acquired in India, our readers will not be surprised to learn, that the greatest poet of his age did not possess the means of conveying himself to Portugal. While revolving in his mind how this purpose might be attained, he unfortunately listened to the solicitations of Pedro Barreto, who was on the eve of his departure to assume the government of Sofala, and who was desirous that Camoens should accompany him. This man, who it will be remembered bore the same name as our poet's former persecutor, had a deeper motive for his attentions to Camoens than the desire of assisting him in his projected return to the kingdom; his sole object being to retain the poet in his service, hoping to participate in the lustre which so great and respected a man must have conferred on him by being attached to his retinue. Camoens unsuspectingly accompanied Barreto to Sofala, whence he expected to find it easier to transport himself to Lisbon; but he was not long in finding that he had been utterly deceived by the promises held out to him, and his chagrin and disappointment concentrated themselves into an anxiety to quit a situation in which he found himself exposed to repeated cruelty and insult from men who were inferior to him in every thing but the favours of fortune.

The wished-for opportunity presented itself. The arrival of Diego de Conto, the historian, with several of the poet's friends whom he had known in India, now on their way to Lisbon, afforded Camoens the best means of freeing himself from the captivity which he had endured. The cruel governor, however, was no sooner made aware of his intentions than he determined to prevent his departure, by demanding the payment of two hundred cruzados, which he said he had spent with the poet on his passage from Goa to Mozambique; and as he well

knew his inability to raise the amount, fancied himself sure of his victim. Several noblemen, however, whose names we find recorded in history, subscribed with Conto to raise the sum demanded, and thus released the supposed debtor from the grasp of the sordid governor. 'For this paltry sum,' says a Portuguese writer, 'were sold at once the person of Camoens and the honour of Barreto.'

In his passage homewards, Camoens was very kindly treated by the noblemen who had so opportunely rescued him from captivity, and his condition as much improved as circumstances would admit of. Unfortunately, however, the period at which he reached Lisbon, 1569, was the most unpropitious to the publication of his poem. Amidst the general desolation of a terrible plague, the young king himself, under whose auspices and patronage Camoens intended the *Lusiad* to be published, had been obliged to leave the capital, and was constantly changing his residence. Under these unfavourable circumstances, added to the poverty to which our poet had formerly been reduced, it is no wonder that his poem did not appear before the public until nearly two years after his arrival at court. This period was spent by Camoens in preparing his *Lusiad* for the press, and in making unfruitful attempts to approach the person of the young king, whose ministers are represented as having misled him, not only with regard to the claims of our poet, but in reference to the affairs of the state. To these men, whom history represents as envious and deceitful, the noble and generous ideas of the poet, as well as the honourable and wholesome advice which he gave to his sovereign, were not calculated to be very palatable; and it is to them, and not to the young king, who only afterwards came to see the poem, that the greatest blame is imputed. That the ministers were principally concerned in this shameful neglect, is further corroborated by the fact that it was at the suggestion of one of these, Martin da Camara, that the pension bestowed by the king upon Camoens, when he came to know of his claims, was reduced to the most pitiful and narrow limits.

Had not Camoens composed the *Lusiad*, for which he has been almost worshipped after his death, he would have met during his life with that recompense for his military services which so many of inferior merit had never failed to obtain; but the superior lustre of his gigantic intellect dazzled rather than pleased the majority of those who had it in their power to confer upon him the honours he deserved; and it was not until after his death, when envy and jealousy could no longer exist, that our poet obtained that homage and veneration which men are generally unwilling to bestow upon living genius.

When Camoens had at last succeeded in obtaining that desired patronage, destined to be of such short duration, he published his *Lusiad*, which appeared in the year 1572. The appearance of this, the first modern epic poem, was hailed as a new era in poetry, and the literary world received this extraordinary production with the greatest applause and appreciation of its intrinsic merits. That this was the case may be inferred, not only from the fact that the *Lusiad* was reprinted in the first year of its publication, but also from the following anecdote. Two different Portuguese writers have recorded that Pedro da Costa, a secretary of the king, and a poet of some celebrity, had by this time composed a poem on the same subject as the work of Camoens, which he had entitled '*Descobrimento de Vasco da Gama*,' containing sixteen cantos, but that on seeing the *Lusiad* he relinquished the idea of publishing his own poem.

Arrived at this stage of our narrative, we would fain give our readers some idea of a poem which, while it rivals every composition of its kind in ancient and modern literature, is scarcely known by name to many who have read Homer and Virgil, and who would blush to say that they had not carefully studied Milton and Shakspeare. We regret, however, that space will not allow us to dwell for any length upon this part of our sketch, and will content ourselves with a few observations, as well as two or three extracts, which we have no doubt will lead our

readers to search for instruction as well as delight in the great work of our prince of poets. Many of those who would willingly read the *Lusiad* of Camoens, were they acquainted with the 'sweetly sonorous language' in which it was written, are generally deterred from perusing a translation, from the mistaken idea that all translations are necessarily deficient, and can only convey a mutilated shadow of the original. We do not pretend to combat this opinion, if duly restricted to many works of genius, translated by individuals who did not possess the poetical talent and qualifications required for such undertakings; but of this we are certain, that if those persons who are inclined to give it too great a scope would attentively study Pope's translation of the *Iliad*, or even Delille's version of the *Æneid*, they would willingly confess, that if many translations are incorrect and deficient, the same cannot be said of every performance of the kind. In the short notice of the *Lusiad* which we purpose to give our readers, we shall have occasion to submit to them two or three specimens of the manner in which Mr More Musgrave has performed the translation of this poem, and we do not doubt that they will be the means of its being more generally read.

To give an idea of the indisputable claims which the *Lusiad* possesses to public notice, we cannot do better than introduce a passage by Mickle, in the introduction to his version of our poet's masterpiece. 'If a concatenation of events centered in one great action, events which gave birth to the present commercial system of the world; if these be of the first importance in the civil history of mankind, the *Lusiad*, of all other poems, challenges the attention of the philosopher, the politician, and the gentleman. In contradistinction to the *Iliad* and *Æneid*, the *Paradise Lost* has been called the epic poem of religion; in the same manner may the *Lusiad* be named the epic poem of commerce. The happy completion of the most important designs of Henry Duke of Viseo, Prince of Portugal, to whom Europe owes both Gama and Columbus, both the eastern and the western worlds, constitutes the subject of that celebrated epic poem (known hitherto in England almost only by name) which is now offered to the English reader.'

Nor are these the only considerations which render the subject of our poem one of the greatest interest. Any one who is conversant with history must be aware that to the conquests of the Portuguese in the east, Europe is indebted, not only for its navigation and commerce with Asia, but also for the strength which it acquired through the decrease of the Mussulman power that was becoming so dangerous to its freedom and tranquillity. And if we, moreover, consider the state of nautical knowledge in Europe at the time, the dread of tempting distant seas which prevailed previous to the Portuguese expeditions, together with the smallness of the nation which made the discovery, it will not be denied that the subject of the *Lusiad* is one of the most heroic of human actions on record. But if the subject of the poem is one of such transcendent importance, the qualifications of the poet to undertake the celebration of that momentous event were in no way inferior to the task. Not only is the *Lusiad* the 'first regular and justly esteemed' epic poem of modern times, having thus earned the glorious title of priority, but although nearly three hundred years, have now elapsed since it was composed, it still rivals every other production of its kind, and is considered by a large proportion of mankind to be infinitely superior to them all. Another circumstance, which to one who is not acquainted with the *Lusiad* must appear extraordinary, is the fact, that although Camoens was one of the first who formed the Portuguese language, not one phrase or even a word used by him has become obsolete or obscure. A more convincing proof could scarcely be given of his intimate knowledge, not only of his own language, but of the classics from which it has been principally derived; and it is unnecessary to remark, that no small amount of talent and erudition would be required to fix the phraseology and words of a language, at a time too when no

other poet or historian of the kingdom had succeeded in the difficult task. That this reflects the highest credit on the talents of our author, is easily seen by comparing the present state of the English language with that of the times of the most talented writers of the sixteenth century.

And now that we have so far impressed our readers with the manifold merits of this celebrated poem, we cannot resist the inclination of inserting here the words of Mr Musgrave, a gentleman of taste and a poet, especially as we think the passage calculated to reflect the highest credit, as much on Camoens as on the enlightened and liberal ideas of him who penned it. The passage is as follows:—'The very circumstances under which the Lusiad was composed, are in themselves sufficiently interesting to advance a claim in favour of the poem. It was not amidst the smiles of fortune, the possession of lettered ease, the encouragement of discerning and wealthy patronage, that this arduous undertaking was commenced, prosecuted, and completed. This great work was accomplished amidst the distractions and unsettled habits of a military life—under the sterner frowns of oppressive poverty, the pains of exile, the sufferings of persecution, and the perils of an adventurous career in camps, in battles, and upon the waves. Where then can be found another instance of a similar effort of human genius which, under circumstances that bear any corresponding resemblance, has been conducted to so admirable an issue with similar success? A soldier, a patriot, a poet, Camoens nobly fought the battles of his native land; cherished, under every privation, the most disinterested and the most ardent love for his country; and cultivated the muses that he might raise a splendid and ever-during monument to her fame. Upon his tomb the sorrowful truth is recorded—that in misery he lived and in poverty he died. But his last breath was an exhalation of patriotism, and his bequest an inheritance that is now regarded as invaluable by the nation that, alas, only after his death gloried in his birth! There are some collateral and not unimportant circumstances that are calculated to preserve in this country an interest in favour of the Lusiad. In the late brilliant campaigns, the ancient military fame of the Portuguese, so enthusiastically illustrated and celebrated by the poet, was aroused from its long and inglorious slumber, and re-exhibited much of the splendour that formerly distinguished their deeds of arms. But it cannot be deemed vainglorious to declare, that it was under the guidance and example of British skill and valour, that their martial spirit was recalled into existence from that lethargic inaction which had so long paralyzed its energy. A country that has been the scene of such glorious triumphs—where victory was ever faithful to the banners of the most illustrious commander of the age—a country that sent forth her gallant sons to redeem, under the intrepid conqueror of Albuera, the heroism of former days—must always awaken a feeling of congenial sympathy in her glory and prosperity. The literature of a country is a constituent part of her glory, and to this part no one has contributed so largely as Camoens.'

Such are the words of a gentleman who, by the manner in which he achieved the difficult task of translating the Lusiad, has shown himself as eminently qualified for the undertaking as he was a warm admirer of the poet. In the following passages, which we are about to introduce, we shall make no attempt at supplying our readers with a comprehensive view of either the arrangement or the beauties of the Lusiad. Our sole object is to furnish a few specimens of Mr Musgrave's translation, and we would recommend, for further information on those points, the very complete works on the subject by Mickle and Adamson. With a view to our present purpose, we shall not hesitate in giving the preference to the celebrated vision of the Cape of Storms (now Cape of Good Hope), in which Camoens has figured a genius of the place, Adamastor, appearing to Vasco da Gama, the first bold navigator who had dared to plough those hitherto unknown regions. The passage is indisputably grand, and is generally al-

lowed, for originality and sublimity, to stand alone in epic poetry:—

'Five times the sun had run his daily course,
Since we our vent'rous voyage had resumed,
Ploughing unknown, un navigated seas,
And favour'd by the most propitious gales;
When from the poop, during the watch by night,
Surprised, we suddenly beheld a cloud,
Portentous darkness through the hemisphere
Over our heads extending, imminent.
Impregnated with horrors it appear'd,
And its approach with apprehension fill'd
The bravest hearts. Aloud the blacken'd deep
Tremendous roar'd, as if against a rock
Projecting dashed its furious waves. 'Oh God,
What wrath divine!' I cried; 'what mystery
Is indicated by these raging seas,
For this tempestuous violence all storms
Exceeds!' Scarce utter'd were these words when we
A phantom monstrous and terrific saw;
Frightful in form, and of gigantic height—
Scowling his front—aquid his grizzly beard—
Hollow his glaring eyes—his attitude
Horror inspired—dingy and pale his cast—
His clotted hair was intermixed with earth—
Black was his mouth, and armed with yellow teeth.
So preternaturally large were all
His sinewy limbs, that well he might be thought
A new Colossus of the Rhodian Isle—
Once deemed the seventh wonder of the world.
Us he address'd with a tremendous voice
That seem'd to issue from the deep profound;
Only to see and hear him, made with dread
Our hair to stand erect, and e'en the flesh
Itself to creep. 'Oh, bold presumptuous race,
More daring far than all who e'er aspired
To great achievements—who from labours rain,
And sanguinary wars, knowest no repose—
Darest thou all bounds legitimate transgress,
To navigate these vast and stormy seas,
Guarded by me from immemorial time,
And by no bark, not e'en my own, e'er plough'd?
Comest thou to penetrate the mysteries
Of nature, and this humid element,
Which to no mortal yet have been reveal'd,
Whate'er his merit or deathless fame?
But listen!'

This sublime passage is followed by a vivid description, in the form of a prophecy, of the storms and shipwrecks which the Portuguese fleets afterwards suffered, while doubling this tempestuous Cape; and which are poetically ascribed by Camoens to the vengeance of Adamastor. The giant then goes on to relate the history of his passion for Thetis, and the manner in which he had been converted into that remote promontory. The few lines alluding to this event, as well as to the manner in which he disappears, are peculiarly beautiful—

'My solid flesh into firm earth was changed,
And every bone converted into rock;
While all my limbs, with my whole frame transform'd,
Were stretch'd extending through these spacious seas.
At length the irritated gods decreed
From my gigantic stature should be form'd
This Cape remote; and to augment my pain,
Thetis upon the waves around me glides!
Thus having spoke, uttering a frightful groan,
He vanish'd instantaneously from view.
Then the black cloud dispersed, and wide around
Sonorous roar'd the unfathomable deep.'

In all the rational delineations of the Lusiad, as well as in the descriptions of the countries discovered by Gama, the extraordinary genius of Camoens is not only sensibly felt, but they are given with all the truth and spirit of one who had made long sea voyages, and had himself visited those remote countries. In the description of a storm, in canto 6, there is a beautiful imitation of the 'Fluctibus erigitur,' &c. of Ovid, of which the following are the first few lines:—

'Aloft they now were carried t'wards the clouds,
Borne on the surface of the angry waves;
And now by raging Neptune plunged again
Into the bowels of the deep profound:
Notus, and Boreas, and Auster join'd
With Aquilo the fabric of the world
To rend in twain, whilst horrid Stygian night
The lightning's fearful flash at intervals
Illumined.'

There are several passages in the Lusiad which, for their high tone of morality and nobleness of sentiment, have been thought worthy, not only of being committed to memory, but of being printed in golden letters, and conspicuously placed in the chamber of a prince. Of this

description are the few stanzas which Camoens introduces at the end of canto 6, when, after incessant labours and perils, he at last brings the discoverer of India to the desired end of his eventful voyage. But to give an idea of this and many other passages of equal merit, would require much more space, and lengthen this notice beyond the reasonable limits of a biographical sketch. We would therefore hope that from this imperfect glance into a garden of such luxuriant growth and surpassing beauty, our readers will turn to that immortal structure which, after the lapse of ages, is still unrivalled in the annals of modern literature.

The last few years of our poet's life were spent in Lisbon, 'in the knowledge of many and in the society of few.' One source of comfort, however, still remained to him in the acquaintance and conversation of some learned men who belonged to the Convent of St Domingo; the residence of Camoens being near to that establishment. But the misery to which he was brought was so great, that he was dependent for his sustenance upon the exertions of his faithful servant Antonio, a native of Java, whom he had brought with him from India, and who was accustomed to beg by night for the bread that was to support his noble master next day. During his last days of affliction, and when Camoens was laid on a sickbed, in a miserable apartment, a nobleman called upon him to complain of the non-fulfilment of a promise made to him by the poet of a translation of some penitential psalms. To this complaint of the unfeeling man, who saw him reduced to such misery, the suffering bard replied in the following memorable words:—'When I wrote verses, I was young, had sufficient food, was a lover, and was beloved by many friends and by the ladies; therefore I felt poetical ardour: now I have no spirits, no peace of mind: behold there my Javanese, who asks me for two pieces to purchase coals, and I have them not to give him.'

Through a life of vicissitudes, disappointments, and misery, Camoens preserved intact that love of his country which in him predominated over every other feeling. On hearing of the fatal disaster which had overthrown all the schemes of Dom Sebastian, with the loss of the army and the death of that prince, his words were, 'My beloved country, at least I shall die with thee!'

When at last a welcome death put an end to a life of misery and affliction, Camoens was even denied the solace of having his faithful Antonio to close his eyes. In 1579, having survived the publication of his poem for several years, he breathed his last in an hospital to which the poor were usually removed for cure. So little regard was paid either to the event or the memory of this great man, that the sheet in which he was shrouded was obtained from a neighbouring house, and the day and month in which he expired have to this time remained unknown. And this was the death of a man, who not only was the best poet of his time, but had bravely fought the battles of his country, having served as a soldier for more than sixteen years. After triumphing in Africa and in India, and sailing over a great part of the globe, he returned to die in Lisbon, and was miserably interred in the Church of Santa Anna. Uninfluenced by the ingratitude of his country, or the neglect of the powerful, subsequent generations have given immortality to his name; and his lyre, more durable than a monument of stone, is now heard throughout the habitable world.

The first tribute paid to the memory of Camoens was from a nobleman named Continho, who ordered the following inscription, on a marble slab, to be laid in the church, on the spot where the bard had been buried:—'Here lies Luiz de Camoens, the prince of the poets of his time. He lived poor and miserable, and so he died in the year 1579.'

This simple but expressive epitaph was soon after succeeded by another in Latin verse, which, with the consent of Continho, was inscribed upon the same stone. Many other tributes to the praise of Camoens have been written by subsequent poets both in Latin and Portuguese; but if the poets of Portugal have been loud in the praise

of their great master, those of other countries have equally acknowledged and proclaimed his fame. Torquato Tasso, who confessed that he dreaded Camoens as his rival, never did his generosity more honour, than when he addressed an elegant sonnet to the hero of the Lusiad, in which he places the poet on an equality with the discoverer of India. Nor has England been behind in her tribute to Camoens. Several poets of distinction have exerted their talents in doing honour to the Portuguese bard; and the following lines by Hayley, in his Essay on Epic Poetry, are sufficient to show his enthusiasm for the genius and compassion for the sufferings of our soldier-poet.

'Immortal bard! thy name with Gama vies,
Thou, like thy hero, with propitious skies
The sail of bold adventure hast unfurled,
And in the epic ocean found a world.
'Twas thine to blend the eagle and the dove,
At once the bard of glory and of love:
Thy thankless country heard thy varying lyre
To Petrarch's softness melt, and swell to Homer's fire!
Boast and lament, ungrateful land, a name
In life, in death, thy glory and thy shame.'

From this and other passages of English literature which we have introduced in this short sketch of the life of Camoens, it will be easily concluded that we do not suppose that his poems are unknown to the few in this country who have devoted their lives to the pleasant task of admiring genius wherever it is to be found. Our labour is intended for a totally different class of readers, namely, for those who, though they may admire poetry and venerate genius, may not be acquainted with the merits of Camoens, or with the pleasing intelligence that they possess, in their own language, a translation of his best poem, which, though it may not be free from a few faults unavoidable in such performances, is at once poetical and faithful. In thus speaking of Musgrave's translation, we must not omit that Mickle's performance has its peculiar merits. Indeed, many passages in his work are admirable for the great felicity and elegance with which they have been rendered; but it must be also confessed that they want the native simple attire of the original. In this respect Musgrave's work is vastly superior.

THE OCEAN.*

I know of nothing in the whole compass of Byron's varied productions which equals in sublimity of conception and vividness of colouring, his portraiture of the ocean. Though, for the most part, the bold and masterly touches of genius are displayed in every thing which came from his hand, yet when his imagination fixes upon the 'dark blue sea,' he appears to surpass all other poets. As you muse over his immortal sketches in the hush of midnight and by the waning lamp, the wild note of the sea-bird and the low murmur of whispering waters and their silvery light—or the death-shriek of the drowning mariner and the roar of billows, together with the lurid and appalling wave-flash of the reflected lightning, break in upon the silence and dimness of your chamber. Time and space are annihilated by the magic of his numbers, and you feel yourself snatched away to the far-off sea, and regaled by its fresh cool breezes as you go bounding over its glorious expanse. He was emphatically the poet of the ocean, for the proudest march of his genius was upon its 'mountain waves.' He appears to have possessed a delight in its wild scenes amounting almost to a passionate fondness. In his boyhood, seated on some retired crag, he hung over it hour after hour in the still summer evenings, and felt in the excitement of his glowing fancy a yearning towards it; and when in after years the ties which held him to his country were severed, he flew to its trackless solitudes as to a refuge and a home. Like a proud vessel which, after having been becalmed and ingloriously confined in some narrow bay, has gained the broad deep and the rushing gale, the indignant bard swept forth in the buoyancy of freedom, rejoicing as the breeze freshened, and exulting in the rudest commotion of the elements. At that stirring hour he could 'laugh to flee

* By WILLIAM P. PALMER, an American author.

away' even from the land of his fathers, for in the thrill of his emotions there was less of sadness than of joy. I can see him in imagination as he trod the deck, now soothing the sorrows of his little page, and now sweeping his deep-toned lyre as he poured his farewell to the receding shores, and a welcome to the waves that came dashing onward from the far stretch of the seaward horizon. The void in his heart, which no father's love and no mother's endearing tenderness had pre-occupied with images of parental affection, and which had been widening from his boyhood by the death or estrangement of early associates, was now filled with the beauty and stirring majesty of the great deep. The loneliness that brooded like a dark spirit over his melancholy bosom was dispelled for a season by the strange grandeur of the prospects around him; and in the romance of poetical enthusiasm, he regarded the ocean as a living and intelligent existence. As he bent over the prow in the gentle moonlight, he discoursed with it as with a friend, and in its billowy commotions he gazed upon it with mingled joy and reverence. And who has not experienced such sensations, even when far away from the ocean, while his thoughts were hovering over its azure domains? I remember what a novel and indescribable feeling used to steal upon me when a boy, whenever I fell in with Virgil's description of the sea. I had never been beyond the mountain boundaries of my native valley—never enjoyed even a remote prospect of the sublime object of his inspiration, and therefore my young fancy was introduced in those passages to a fairy world, and left free to expatiate amid the glorious imagery of the Mantuan bard. After reading of Palinurus or the sweet-voiced sirens, I have gazed at the little lake which lies embosomed in the green hills near my father's cottage till my eyes grew dim, and its rippling surface seemed to stretch away to a misty and limitless expanse, whilst the sweep of the winds among the rough crags and pine forests of the neighbouring mountains uttered to my imagination the voice of the sounding deep. But how far short of reality, both in grandeur and beauty, did I find the conceptions of fancy when I beheld the object itself some years after. My first view of it was on a clear but gusty afternoon of autumn. The winds had been abroad for many hours, and as I looked seaward from the high promontory and beheld the long rough surges rushing towards me, and listened to their wild roar as they were flung back from the caverned battlements at my feet, I felt as if the pillars of the universe were shaken around me, and stood awed and abased before the majesty of excited nature. Since then I have been on lofty precipices while the thunder-cloud was bursting below me—have leaned over the trembling brink of Niagara, and walked within its awful chambers, but the thrill of that moment has never returned. The feeling of awe, however, gradually gave place to an intense but pleasing emotion, and I longed to spring away from the tame and trodden earth to that wild mysterious world whose strange scenes broke so magnificently upon my vision. No wonder that our first roving impulses are towards the ocean. No wonder that the romantic and adventurous spirit of youth deems lightly of hardship or peril when aroused by its stirring presentations. There is something so winning in the multiplied superstitions of its hardy wanderers—something so fascinating in its calm beauty, and so animating in its stormy recklessness, that the ties of country and kindred sit looser at our hearts as curiosity whispers of its unseen wonders. In after years, when the bloom of existence has lost much of its brightness, when curiosity has become enervated, and the powers of the imagination palsied, where do we sooner turn to renew their former pleasing excitement than to our remembered haunts by the ocean? We leave behind us all the splendour and magnificence of art, all the voluptuous gratifications of society—we break from the banquet and the dance, and fly away to the solitary cliffs where the sea-bird hides her nest. There the cares, perplexities, and rude jostlings of opposing interests are for a while forgotten. There the turmoil of human intercourse disquiets no longer. There

the sweat and dust of the crowded city are dispelled, as the cool sea-breeze comes gently athwart our feverish brow. In the exhilaration of the scene the blood gathers purer at the heart, its pulse-beat is softer, and we feel once more a newness of life amounting almost to a transport. Delightful remembrances, that lie buried up under the dross of the past, are reanimated, and the charm, the peace, and the freshness of life's morning innocence again find in our bosoms welcome and a home. The elastic spring of boyhood is in our step as we chase the receding wave along the white beach, or leap wildly into its glassy depths. In the low billowy murmur that steals out upon the air, our ear catches the pleasant but long unheard music of other years, like the remembered voice of a departed companion; and while leaning over some beetling crag, glorious visions pass thronging before our eyes, as in fancy we rove through the coral groves where the mermaids have their emerald bowers, or gaze at the hidden beauties, the uncoveted gems, and the glittering argosies that repose amid the stilly waters. The soul goes forth, as it were, to the hallowed and undefiled temples of nature to be purified of its earthly contaminations. She takes to herself wings and flies away to the 'utmost parts of the sea,' and even there she hears the voice of the Divinity, witnesses the manifestations of his power, experiences the kind guardianship of his presence, and returns cheered and invigorated to renew her weary pilgrimage. The ocean is a world by itself, presenting few analogies either in form or scenery with the continents it embraces. It seems to stand aloof from the dusty and beaten paths of human ambition in the dignity of conscious independence. Man may bring desolation upon the green earth, or dwarf its gigantic pinnacles to the stature of his grovelling conceptions, but over the beauty and majesty of ocean he has no power. He may mine the solid mountains, dig up buried cities upon which the lava has mouldered for centuries, and fix his habitation in their silent courts; but he cannot fathom the abysses of the deep, or walk the lonely streets of St Ubes or Euphemia. He may visit the sepulchres of the first patriarchs, he may lift the cerements from the queens of the Ptolemies; but he cannot go down to the ocean grave of his yesterday's friend to close his eyes or cast the wild-flower upon his uncoffined bosom. I do not know whether we are capable of forming a true platonic attachment for an inanimate object, but I sometimes believe that we may. The shrine in which friendship has treasured up its cherished keepsakes, the ring that sparkled on the finger, and the ringlet that once shaded the brow of the departed—whatever, indeed, serves as a remembrancer of the absent, or a memento of the dead, speaks eloquently of the existence of such a passion. The home of our childhood has a spell of gladness for our hearts long after the beloved ones who formed its endearments have passed for ever from its portal. In the devotion of the idolater also there seems to be too much of reality to be the calculation of hypocrisy. The rivers, the hills, and the deep forests have their worshippers—the sun and moon listen to the hymn of the Gheber, who regards them with the expression of affection and reverence. With feelings akin to these, the astrologer gazes at the star whose benignant influence, like an invisible guardian, has, in his belief, wrought out whatever there has been of happiness or prosperity in the unfolding of his destiny. Nor has the ocean lacked its admiring votaries. I once heard a romantic story of a seaman, whose attachment for the ocean was peculiarly striking. He became acquainted with it when young, and after having spent many years amidst its scenes, he ceased from his wanderings and returned to his native village. The remaining companions of his early days kindly welcomed him back, while his old fond mother clung tenderly and with tears to her rough but warm-hearted son. For a while he forgot the delights of his wild roving in the pleasing associations which filled his mind, and in narrating to the listening villagers the wonders of the deep, and his own perilous yet congenial adventures. At length he grew silent and evidently dis-

contented, and the expression of delight passed from his bronzed and weather-beaten countenance. All perceived the change, and all strove to dispel his hidden despondency; yet still he continued melancholy and ill at ease. At last his mother, on entering his chamber one morning, found an affectionate farewell written on an old chart and directed to herself, with the collected earnings of his years of peril. But the endeared inmate had gone. He took his way back to the ocean and wandered from port to port, but, broken down by age and hardship, he could find no employ among its adventurers. With a heart aching from the dull monotony, the tame listless quietude of the land, he retired to a small hamlet on the coast, and with the assistance of some kind fishermen built a little bark. Once more he committed himself to the guidance of the rough elements, and once more the look of gladness settled on the hard features of the old sailor. Alone, but not solitary, he went forth upon the deep, and for many years after, the floating home of the ocean hermit was seen at all seasons in the Carribean Archipelago. No one, not even the ruthless pirate, molested him in his quiet wanderings, but all greeted him with a hearty salutation, and all received a warm God-speed in return. During the day he sailed gently along the luxuriant islands of the tropics, singing some wild old ballad of the sea as he cast his fishing lines into its sparkling depths; and at night, after having filled his can from the fresh spring and laid in a supply of fruits, he moored his little vessel in some calm bay, and slept soundly as under the roof-tree of his mother's cottage. Time passed on, and severer infirmities began to steal upon his once vigorous frame, so that it was with difficulty he could now provide the common necessities of life. At length some soldiers seeing his boat in the vicinity of their fort, went down to the beach to welcome their old acquaintance. Slowly and irregularly it drifted ashore, when they found its debilitated possessor stretched insensible in his narrow cabin. They conveyed the famished man to their quarters, and used the best means in their power for his recovery. He was restored to reason, seemed grateful for their kind attentions, and for a while appeared convalescent. One evening, however, after one of those tremendous hurricanes so common in those latitudes, the roar of the sea swelled up into his silent apartment, and fell upon his ear. In the absence of the attendant, he crept languidly from his couch and crawled to the terrace, which overlooked a wide extent of ocean. The winds had died away—not a cloud blotted the bright azure of the horizon, and the moon and stars were looking peacefully down upon the troubled deep. Far as the eye could reach, all was one wide awful commotion. The old mariner bent forward upon the parapet, as if to spring away towards the scenes he loved so well. Before him, on the strand, lay the wreck of his little shallop, and a groan escaped him as he recognised its shattered form; but he knew that his wanderings were ended, and he sent his swimming glance far out upon the waters. And here they found him, his grey head resting on his shoulder, his withered arms thrown forth upon the wall, and his eyes fixed intently upon the deep; but his spirit had passed away in the transport of that fond, lingering, farewell gaze.

THE WITCH OF THE GLEN.

BY JOHN SHEARER.

'She's hied her where twa hieways cross,
Low in a dreary dell,
Far, far beyond the haly sound,
O' the Abbey's kirkseid' bell.'

Forty years ago there lived, in a wild and secluded spot in the Highlands of Scotland, an old woman called Janet McIver, but who, from her supposed connexion with the Evil One and her skill in the unhallowed mysteries of the craft, was in that part of the country better known by the ominous appellation of the Witch of the Glen. Whether Janet was really a dealer in 'destiny's dark

counsel' or not, is a question which shall be left to the judgment of the reader; this much may, however, be stated, that tradition, 'if to tradition ought be due,' has put us in possession of some rather striking incidents connected with her history.

There is not, perhaps, to be found in the whole of the Highland landscape, a place more dreary and desolate than Glenallendhu. The very idea of this solitary wilderness is sufficient to strike terror into the heart of the most fearless man.

Glenallendhu is one of those mountain fastnesses, so frequently to be met with in the Highlands of Scotland, where the chiefs of former times—times happily gone by—used to assemble and marshal their warlike clansmen to battle, and which, when fortune had turned her back on the cause they so nobly and gallantly espoused, formed to them a safe though cheerless retreat. It is situated at the southern extremity of a desolate and barren moor, where the heather and scanty herbage appear blasted and withered, as if the simoom of the desert had lately swept over and blighted its rugged surface. On the right it is flanked by a chain of mountains of stupendous altitude; and on the left, by naked and cheerless rocks, projecting so as to form an irregular archway of terrific and imposing grandeur: add to this the damp and chilling effect of the air, which is never enlivened by the cheering rays of the sun—not even in the brightest days of summer—the reverberating echo of your own footfall; the discordant scream of the heron as he leaves the craggy cliff above; and still you will have but a faint idea of Glenallendhu.

I had occasion to be in that part of the Highlands at the period of our story, and was requested by two friends to accompany them on a shooting excursion, by which, said they, 'you will not only be sure of getting good sport, but have the opportunity afforded you of witnessing some of our mountain scenery.' Accordingly, on the following morning I arose with the dawn, and accompanied my friends to the mountains. The day was remarkably fine, and we enjoyed excellent sport, amid scenery which, for variety of feature, stern wildness, and romantic beauty, surpassed all of the kind that I had ever beheld or fancied to exist. It was about nightfall when we arrived at Glenallendhu, through which we had to pass, and our destination for the evening was still a great way off.

The only entrance to this wild region is by a narrow and rocky pass, which winds along the margin of a burn at the east end of the glen. This, I was told, formed at one time a part of the principal military road through the district, but which is now almost completely blocked up with fragments of rock, which have fallen from the mountainous precipices that overhang it. After passing the narrow archway already described, the valley gradually becomes wider and less dreary; and on turning an abrupt ridge on the right, the only human habitation to be found within the circumference of several miles suddenly presents itself; but so miserable in appearance, and in such a solitary and unfrequented spot, that no one would ever suppose it to be inhabited.

'Now,' said one of my friends, on seeing that I took notice of the cot in question, to his companion, who happened to be next me at the time and a little in advance of the other, 'I'm certain you didn't expect to find a house in such a place as this.'

'No,' I replied, 'I certainly did not; does any person live in it?'

'Let us see,' said the other, 'if Janet be in;' and at the same time making towards the door of this dwelling of the desert, which was opened to his signal by a decrepit old woman on a crutch, with a lighted torch of fir in her hand.

It is said that in warmer climates, when individuals arrive at a very advanced period of life, they become uglier and more disagreeable in appearance than those who live in more northern latitudes. Be this as it may, I am convinced that even the Hag of the Alps herself, so graphically described by Mr. Bulwer in the 'Last Days of

Pompeii,' could not have presented a more hideous or frightful spectacle of the deformity of our nature, or one more calculated to excite in the mind feelings of mingled horror and commiseration, than this dweller of the wild.

Her head, shrouded in a large blue flannel cowl, was of prodigious size; and

' Her tawny face was furrow'd o'wre
Like a beggar's haggart nose.'

Her eyebrows, shaggy and prominent, overhung a pair of small grey piercing eyes, that twinkled with a malicious fierceness in their far indented sockets; and her long acquiline nose appeared to be in mortal conflict with her chin; for ever and anon as she spoke, the tips of both held a perpetual knap-knapping together; her mouth was distorted into a most frightful and fantastic shape by two crooked stumps, which grew up at each side of the lower jaw, and protruded so as to come over the upper lip; and her hands were large and withered like her face;

' An' the nails upon her finger-ends
Were like a griffin's claws.'

But every body must be familiar with the description of a Highland witch.

The interior of the dwelling, miserable in appearance, as might be expected from the wildness of the place in which it was situated, and its distance from any human habitation, was in perfect keeping with the uncouth aspect and supposed habits of its lonely occupant.

We remained fully an hour in this almost 'roofless abode,' during which time the elder of my two friends and Janet carried on a conversation in Gaelic, while the other and myself took care to enliven it by every now and then presenting the latter with a glass of the 'spirit-stirring' contents of our *pocket-pistole*, of which we had 'enough and to spare;' a beverage easy to be had in those days in 'ilka glen and fairy nook' of the Highlands.

We took our departure just as the moon, throwing her silver beams across the sombre landscape, appeared above the tallest of the surrounding alps on the right, and ascended the precipitous and dangerous cliffs at the west end of the glen. Having safely gained the highest and most hazardous of these acclivities, our path lay along the desolate moor-already mentioned.

'Pray,' said I, 'how does yon miserable-looking creature contrive to live in such a wilderness?'

'She lives better than her wretched appearance denotes,' replied one of my friends.

'She's a reputed witch,' said the other.

'Her exterior is repulsive enough certainly,' said I; 'and if I were so credulous as to believe in witchcraft, I would, from all I have read and heard of witches, be almost inclined to take the one in question for what you say she is. But what makes you suppose that she possesses the gift of supernatural agency?'

'It is currently believed throughout the country that she does possess that power; and I think I can give you one or two instances which will go far to upset your scepticism—not to say that I believe in witchcraft more than you do yourself, for all that. Well,' continued he, 'you remember the farm-house we passed this morning? The father of its present occupant was a man of a very fiery disposition, but withal a good man. It so happened, one day, that Janet came to him while he and his two men were busy driving home the corn—for it was in the harvest time—and asked him to allow one of them to go and put some thatch upon her house, which the wind had removed on the previous night; but the laird, as he was called, instead of complying, only answered her request by a volley of abusive language. 'How dare ye,' said he, 'come to me with such a request at this busy time, ye auld hag? D'ye think my men have got nothing else to do than to attend to you? Begone, old crone, or I'll let loose the bloodhound upon you.' Janet received the severe retort apparently with the greatest coolness, and for a few

seconds stood gazing upon the laird as if invoking all the powers of darkness to her aid. At length, raising her crutch and fixing her fierce grey eyes, now flashing with rage, still more steadfastly upon the laird, she replied—'Whether Janet M'iver be an auld hag, or an auld crone, she can tell you that before the waning o' anither moon, baith you and yours will ha'e cause to rue the day that ye insulted Janet o' the Glen;' and with that she wheeled round upon her crutch, and left the laird and his men gazing at each other in mute astonishment and fearful dread. Well, that very day, one of the laird's best horses fell over a precipice with a load of corn, and was killed on the spot; and his cattle continued to die, one after another, sometimes two in a day, until he had not a single beast of any kind left, and no person could tell what was the matter with them; even Willor M'Gregor,* the celebrated warlock, who was frequently sent for, with all the magic powers of his 'mermaid's stone' and 'kelpie's bridle,' could do nothing. The laird was, of course, soon a ruined man; and, to carry misfortune to its height, he himself was shortly afterwards lost in the snow, having perished while on his way home from an Abernethy market.'

'And Janet was really the cause of all this?'

'Such at least is the idea entertained by the people of this part of the country; and I know, for certain, that no one, since that circumstance happened, has ventured to deny her anything she has asked for; nor would any one do so for the best milk-cow in Badenoch. But although Janet could, when she pleased, be thus malicious, yet she was never known, save in this instance, to carry her power to such an extent; she very seldom practised any of the many mischiefs which so remarkably characterized the sisterhood of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, her craft being chiefly confined to the more harmless occupation of spaeing fortunes, making up love matches, the recovery of stolen property, and the like. It is in this capacity that she travels the country in the spring and summer months, and gains her livelihood, and a good one she makes of it; for she is uncommonly greedy, even to a fault, and being a welcome guest wherever she goes, especially in the halls of the wealthy, she must have a part of every edible substance she sees, although she knows that her covetousness must frequently subject the parties to much inconvenience. Yet, what of that, they all know what would be the result of a refusal. To be sure, Janet used to be fond of occasionally personating the likeness of a hare, for the purpose, no doubt, of taking a nocturnal ramble through the country in the moonlight, to see what was going on among the sisterhood, and to enjoy the exhilarating luxury of a reel with them round some whin or thorn bush; she sometimes, on these nocturnal excursions, threw herself in the way of the huntsman while coming home from the hills, to whom she became an object of great annoyance, inasmuch as she would cause his dogs to chase her through the whole countryside, until they were rendered almost useless; but as for himself and his gun, she cared not a straw, not although all the guns in the Highlands had been pointed at her, as she had only to use the 'glamour' of her *e'e*, and not one of them would go off. I'll relate,' continued the narrator, 'a curious circumstance to you, which happened to a person of the name of John Green, whom you will perhaps see to-night when we get home. Johnny, for so he was always called, was gamekeeper to Lord—as was his father before him, and had somehow or other killed Janet's only companion, a favourite cat, for which she determined to be revenged. Johnny was constantly going about with his gun; and always at a certain place, called the Bracken Brae, which he had almost daily occasion to pass, he was sure to see a hare sitting before him, at which he had often attempted to fire but could never get his gun to go off. Johnny could not think enough of this, as

* This singular individual, who lived in the braes of Glenlivet, and died only a few years ago, will be remembered by many of our northern readers.

his gun was first-rate and never used to *map* at anything; and even immediately after leaving this bewitched spot, if a crow or any other bird had chanced to pass, he was sure to kill it. Well, Johnny was annoyed in this way nearly five years. During all that time he never so much as killed a hare; for when he did start *one*, no matter in what part of the country, if his gun went off at all, he not only did not kill her, but what was more surprising, the moment he put his gun to his eye the hare was sure always to disappear until she was far beyond the range of his shot. When he told this strange circumstance to any of his acquaintances, they would laugh at him, and say that he was incapable of holding his situation; but when he maintained that the hare which he always saw on the green spot in the Bracken Brae, was the identical one, and that he would know her among a thousand other hares, in consequence of her wanting a piece of the right ear, they began to think that he was really serious in his assertion. One evening, as Johnny was relating the circumstance to several of his friends who had assembled, as was the custom, particularly in the winter evenings, in his house, one of them said, with known sagacity, 'Odd, I'll wager anything ye like, that it's Janet o' the Glen that ye're aye seein'.' 'Janet o' the Glen!' said a second, with evident surprise. 'Ay, Janet o' the Glen,' replied the first speaker. 'Odd,' said a third, 'I'll wager that tee, for Janet wants nearly the half o' her right lug.' Johnny bethinks himself for a second or two—'Faith,' said he, 'I could amaise wager my life that ye're a' right now when I think on't, an' gin I had ta'en thought o' that sooner, guid faith I shouldna hae been tormented sae lang wi' an evil spirit;' and then, turning round to a press which stood in the corner immediately behind where he sat, he took from it a long rusty-looking piece, called a 'Queen Ann,' with a silver vizzy on the barrel. 'Noo,' said he, 'there's a gun that belonged to my great-grandfather's father, an' I'll wager the price o' her, that she'll no miss fire for a' the witches that e'er cam' out o' a place that sall be nameless.'

'And how do you know that?' said one of the company.

'Because,' replied Johnny, 'she has a silver vizzy that'll stint the charm o' the maist expert witch that e'er danced about a whin-bush, or rode through the lift on a broom-stick.'

Well, next morning, Johnny arose at his usual hour, and went away in pursuit of the hare, which he now was convinced could be no other than Janet o' the Glen; but, on coming to the spot where he expected to find her, there was no hare to be seen. This was, no doubt, teasing enough; but there was no help; and this being the first instance of the hare's absence during a period of five years, he attributed the cause of it to the magic virtues of his great-grandfather's father's gun with the silver vizzy. Johnny was not kept long in suspense, for on the following morning he found the hare at her post as usual. He immediately levelled his piece and fired. The poor creature gave a squeak, and ran into a bush, which, when Johnny approached, there, sure enough, he saw Janet in *propria persona*, pretending to be breaking sticks to light her fire with. 'Yonder,' said Janet, 'is the hare you shot at, away down through the bushes.' Johnny, however, was not to be deceived, but, on the contrary, was satisfied, from the large drops of blood which he saw falling from her face and hands, that *she* was the hare, and remarked that he thought she was bleeding. 'Ou ay,' said she, 'as I was coming through the wood there, a twig o' a bramble bush flew back and scratched my face and hands a wee.' Johnny returned home in triumph, and told his friends that the witch o' the glen would have no more power over him in future, for that he had drawn blood of her, and had given her work for two days to come, to pick his 'slugs' out of her worthless carcass. This singular circumstance happened about the year 18—, and for nearly five years subsequent, Janet was never known to molest any one. About this period, however, a distant relation of the gamekeeper came home on half-pay, and, having no

fixed employment, he, in company with another who had served in the same regiment, and had also lately come home on half-pay, used to occupy his time chiefly in shooting and fishing. Lieutenant Grant was the name of Johnny's relation: he was particularly fond of shooting, and was frequently out with his gun both early and late. One beautiful moonlight night in the end of December of the year 18—, a great quantity of snow having fallen during the former part of that and the whole of the preceding day, so that there was a general depth of snow over all the country, Grant set out for the purpose of getting some necessary repairs done to the lock of his gun, as he, on the following day, in company with his friend already mentioned, proposed going to Loch —, for the purpose of shooting wild-ducks—Loch — having long been noted as one of the best of the Highland lakes for wild-duck shooting. The distance which Grant had to travel to the gunsmith's might be about five miles: the fatigue of walking such a distance, even although the snow was more than knee-deep, was little in comparison to what the disappointment of the morrow would have been had he been kept at home in consequence of the disrepair of his fowling-piece. So away he set. It was just such another night as this, but clear, owing to the ground being covered with a deep snow; scarcely a black spot was anywhere to be seen. He had not gone far when he observed a hare sitting before him, which sat until he was quite close upon her—so close, indeed, that he attempted to strike her with the butt of his fowling-piece. Grant was nowise surprised at this, as he knew that after a heavy fall of snow, especially in moonlight, hares are much tamer than at any other time. He walked on, and still the hare continued sitting and hopping alternately before him till he was within a few hundred yards of the gunsmith's, yet he never even thought of Janet o' the Glen. Arriving at the gunsmith's he found several of his acquaintances there, some of whom had come on a similar errand as himself; and, being the last in, he had to wait several hours before his turn came about, for the smith was not the man that would favour one party more than another—'first come, first served,' was his motto—so that, in the course of the evening, Grant took occasion to mention the circumstance of the hare which he saw on his way thither.

The smith, who was full of the superstition of the country—I admit that we Highlanders are superstitious—after hearing Grant's recital and the remarks of several of the company thereabout, admitted at once that what Grant had seen could be no other 'than Janet o' the Glen.' 'But,' remarked one of the party, 'I thought Janet never appeared to any one now except in her natural form since Johnny Green's affair in the Bracken Brae.' 'She's been ower lang at peace,' replied the smith, 'and mayhap, noo that Maister Grant there's come hame, and being a relation o' auld Johnny's, she wants to satiate her revenge upon him, knowing that she has nae control ower Johnny himself: she's nae to trust till.' 'Aweel,' said Grant, 'she'll maybe find that I am as good a marksman as old John.'

It might be about ten o'clock when Grant left the gunsmith's: and, having previously loaded his piece, he pursued his way homewards along the same path by which he had come. The night was still clear and frosty, and the deep snow seemed sparkling, as if its surface had been gemmed with myriads of stars—not a black object could be discerned as far as the eye could range—even the copse and the branches of the tallest trees were completely covered with the 'fleecey element.' On arriving at that part of the road where the hare, a few hours before, had vanished from his view, Grant was singularly amazed at her sudden re-appearance; and he immediately raised his gun to his eye and took deliberate aim, but his piece missed fire, at which the hare ran only a few yards and again sat down. Grant, after having made several unsuccessful attempts to fire, at once concluded that Janet o' the Glen was before him; indeed, he had little difficulty in recognising her, when he saw and recollected that she

wanted a part of one of her ears, and he accordingly put his hand into his waistcoat-pocket to find if he had a silver coin small enough to go into his gun; but it so happened that he had nothing smaller than a shilling, which was by far too large for the caliber of his piece. He went forward to a dyke, and with difficulty procured two stones, with which he endeavoured to break the shilling; but in the attempt it slipped through his fingers and was lost among the snow. Grant was not, however, to be balked thus. The residence of his friend and fellow-soldier, as mentioned above, being only a short way off, he resolved on passing that way, in order to procure a sixpence-piece from him to prove the reality of this sporting maukin; it being generally believed that nothing but silver could effect this object. Grant accordingly struck away towards the right; a considerable part of his way lay through a dense forest of mountain pine, the thick foliage of which, being still covered with the lately fallen snow so as to intercept the moon-beams, threw a deep gloom over the scene. The sombre appearance and deep solitude of the scene every where around, recalled to his imagination, for the first time since his return to his native glen, the lofty forests of Germany, and his military achievements there. He continued thus lost in contemplation for some time, when, all of a sudden, his attention was awakened by a crackling noise, similar to that produced by a cat scraping with its claws against any piece of furniture, and on looking in the direction whence the sound proceeded, he saw the clear eye of the hare peering round the trunk of a tree. Although thus suddenly surprised, and still without the means of accomplishing his purpose, his courage and intent never failed him, even although the hare kept him company for some time, and he saw her flaring eye, like an *ignis fatuus*, peering from behind almost every tree. When he arrived, he found his friend in bed. He was soon roused from his slumbers; and on seeing that Grant was bent on some hazardous enterprise, he strongly urged the necessity of his remaining there all night.

'No,' said Grant, 'although it should cost me my life, I cannot stay to-night—give me two sixpences for a shilling.'

'What do you mean?' inquired his friend, considerably alarmed, and starting out of bed.

'Ask me not; I'll tell you all when we meet to-morrow.'

He got the two coins from his friend, sallied forth, and immediately put one of them into his gun. The distance he had yet to walk to his own house might be somewhat less than a mile. He was still courageous, and feared nothing from the mysterious hare—'Pshaw,' said he, 'I care not a snuff for all the witches and warlocks that ever infested the earth.'

Turning the corner of a small enclosure or planting, Grant again observed the mysterious hare sitting before him. He took aim and fired. She gave an eldritch squeak, and a leap upwards, and fell, but almost instantly regained her footing, and set off towards the hill, in the direction of Glenallendhu. Grant was near enough, after he had fired, to see that one of her hind legs was broken; and, to satisfy himself that such was the fact, he followed her track a short way in the snow, which was visibly marked with numerous drops of blood, and zigzagged in such a way as at once to indicate that the leg was actually broken.

Next day, when Grant and his friend met, he related the circumstance, and said he strongly suspected that he had seriously disabled Janet, if he had not actually killed her. In two days after, they both went to the Glen to see what had happened; and judge of their surprise, when they entered Janet's house, and found her lying in bed with a broken leg, and severely injured in other parts of the body. But Janet, notwithstanding she had been often shot at, and twice severely wounded, was alive in the year 1820; and was still able to prosecute her calling as a spawwife, although not without the assistance of

SABBATH EVENING.

THERE is no season of the day or year which gives me such pure and exquisite pleasure as that of a summer's Sabbath evening, when the heart has been soothed and the spirit elevated by recent acts of devotion; and when over every mountain and valley, forest and river, a holy tranquillity reposes, as if inanimate nature were conscious of the sanctity of the day of rest. To an observer of feeling and imagination, the contemplation of nature is a source of continual enjoyment: the budding spring inspires him with hope; the full blown summer fills him with joy; the decaying autumn speaks to him of his own decay, like the soothing voice of a parent that invites him to repose after the labours of the day; and the desolating winter gives intimation of his death, when, like the faded flowers, his body shall be withering in the dust, and his spirit, like the birds of passage that follow the genial seasons in their journey round the globe, shall have winged its way to a better and happier region. But a summer's Sabbath evening is the season of the most exalted enjoyment: it is then that there seems to be an intimate communion between earth and heaven, and we feel as if partakers of the pleasures of both worlds: it is then that their confines seem to meet, and we feel as if by one step we could pass from time into eternity.

On a beautiful Sabbath evening, about the middle of July, I pursued my walk along a narrow path that stretched through an extensive wood, to enjoy alone and undisturbed that soothing melancholy which is to me sweeter than the turbulence of social merriment. The sun had just set: the twilight star was twinkling, like the eye of a beautiful woman whose lashes are quivering with the effects of departing sorrow that bedewed them with tears; and the thrush was pouring forth his vesper hymn on the topmost twig of the tall larch tree, as if he thought that his song would sound the sweeter the nearer he could make his perch to heaven. It was to me a scene of peculiar interest: on the one side stood the home of my father and mother, brothers and sisters, the affectionate beings who appeared to me parts of my own existence, without whom—without one of whom I could not live; and on the other side lay the churchyard where my forefathers slept in 'the narrow house,' and where my kindred and myself were in all likelihood destined to sleep—one of us, perhaps, in a few days, for my mother was at that time sick—the being who gave me birth, who nourished me on her bosom in infancy, who condoled my sorrows in manhood—the thought of her death was dreadful.

But my mind was soon called from its agonizing anticipations by the tremulous tones of a plaintive voice; when, on looking around me, I saw a man kneeling beneath a branching fir, and praying loudly and fervently. It was not, however, the prayer of the Pharisee, in the corner of the street, where every eye might behold him: the person before me was unconscious that any eye beheld him but that of his Creator whom he was so earnestly supplicating. I never saw a more affecting picture of devotion. I have seen the innocent child lay its head upon its mother's knee, and lisp out its evening prayer; and the father of a family kneel in the midst of his domestic circle, and ask the blessing of God to be upon them and him: I have seen the beautiful maiden, whose lips, to the youthful imagination, seemed only tuned to the song of pleasure, whisper the responses in the public assembly of worship; and the dim-eyed matron stroke back her hoary tresses, and endeavour to mingle her quivering voice with the sublime symphony of the pealing organ: all these have I seen, and felt the beauty of each; but this solitary worshipper affected me more deeply than I had previously experienced. His knees were bent upon the deep-green earth, where his Bible lay on the one side of him, and his hat on the other; his hands were lifted up, his raven hair waved in the breeze, and his eyes were raised to heaven; yet I saw, or fancied I saw, that he was frequently obliged to close them, and press out the tears

I passed him unperceived, with respect for his devotional feelings, and sympathy with his accumulated afflictions. I knew him well: he was a labourer of the neighbouring hamlet, intelligent and respectable in his sphere of life. Often on the Sabbath evenings had I met with him in the same path, walking with his wife and his children—two little boys that plucked the wild flowers as they proceeded, and an infant girl that yet nestled in its mother's bosom. He was devotedly attached to his family, and I considered him one of the happiest men in existence; for his wife appeared altogether worthy of the respect he paid her, and his children were as beautiful and promising as a parent's heart could have wished. He and I often entered into conversation, and I was not only pleased, but frequently astonished by his remarks; for his lips were unrestrained by the reserve of polished life, and all his most eccentric conceptions and all his deepest feelings were in a moment laid open and naked before you in all their singularity and beauty. He had read a good deal, but he had thought more than he had read; and, in consequence, there was a poetical originality in his mind, and a poetical enthusiasm in his heart, which were peculiarly pleasing to a person who has felt his generous emotions repulsed and chilled by the cold and affected votaries of fashion. The anticipation of an early death did not even appal him; for in that case, as he observed, there was a God in heaven who would prove 'a father to the fatherless, and a husband to the widow, and the orphan's stay, and the stranger's shield.'

The dictates of philosophy are weak in comparison with the power of this religious trust: it is the rock under whose shadow the weary find repose—the rock whose summit is brightened by sunshine, while the valley from which it rises is covered with clouds and darkness. My friend, the poor labourer, clung to it with enthusiasm in his severe domestic trials. A malignant fever, like the storm that blasts the blossoms of spring, entered the hamlet, and, in the space of two months, swept off more than a third of the children. There was scarcely a cottage that had not numbered one of its little inmates with the dead. It has been said, with what degree of truth I know not, that the loss of children is the heaviest trial by which the human heart can be visited; because, as it is averred, the attachment of the parent to the child is stronger than that of the child to the parent. I have no doubt, that if a person have a family to divide the stream of affection, the death of a father or a mother will be felt with less poignancy than if the solitary mourner have no object, as near and as dear, on which he can fix the lacerated ties of love that have been forced to quit their hold of the bosom that withers in a parent's grave: but as each of these domestic calamities is, for a time, as severe as mortal creature can conceive; and as the man who feels the acuteness of the green wounds of affliction cannot properly estimate the pain of those that have been healed by the influence of time, there appears to me no use in making, and no certainty in the result of the comparison. I might, however, argue against the received opinion, by saying, that the place of a parent, when once empty, can never again be filled; whereas the bosom that has given its nursing to the grave may yet have the happiness to nourish another, and the parental heart may half forget its withered scion until it finds it blooming in heaven: but all I intend to say on the subject at present is, that my poor friend lost both his little boys, whose funerals were only divided by three melancholy days; and that on the Sabbath evening when I saw him praying in the lonely wood, his infant girl—his only remaining child—lay on the very brink of dissolution.

Having reached the end of the solitary foot-path I returned homewards, and still found the afflicted man in the attitude of prayer; perhaps unconscious, amid the strife of his spirit, of the time that had passed over him while employed in this act of heartfelt devotion. As soon as I descried him, a female came running along the path, and informed him that the child was dead. He arose with a trembling frame, and a face that bore the fearful

look of despair; or rather the look of that reckless frenzy which prompted him to dispute with his Maker the justice of the calamity that had befallen him. This was but for a moment; he soon became firm and calm, and exclaimed, with a subdued spirit, 'The Lord's will be done.' It was enough—it was a balm for his wounded soul, a cordial to his fainting heart. He then followed the steps of the female, who had disappeared, to the 'house of mourning,' to console with the childless mother, whose heart had mingled its feelings with his from the days of early youth—whose heart to his had been doubly bound by the tendrils that sprung from their mutual love—whose heart now demanded the support of his, the support which his would amply receive from her's in return. Happy souls! happy even under all your calamities! For if there be pleasure—if there be consolation—if there be happiness on earth—they are nowhere to be so certainly found as in the unbounded confidence and deeply-rooted attachment of two congenial and conjugal bosoms. Deeply affected by what I had seen and heard, I entered my father's cottage strong in good resolutions, and praying that I might have the power, in all the afflictions that might await me, to say with the poor peasant—'The Lord's will be done.'—*W. Knox.*

ST KILDA.

ST KILDA is a solitary island in the Atlantic Ocean, forming one of the range of the Hebrides, or Western Isles, under which name are included a great number of islands lying on the western coast of the Highlands. It is situated at a considerable distance from the other islands, the nearest land to it being Harris, which is distant sixty miles in a west-south-west direction; and it lies about one hundred and forty miles from the nearest point of the mainland of Scotland.

It is only within the last few years that attention may be said to have been directed to this island; and as of late numerous pleasure parties have been in the habit of visiting it during the summer months, we feel assured that a short description of the manners of its inhabitants will prove interesting, especially to our youthful readers. In order that we might gain any additional information to that already known, we wrote to an intelligent friend whom we knew had a short time ago visited the island, requesting him to furnish us with anything which had fallen under his observation. His answer was to the following effect:—'Nothing would afford me greater pleasure than to furnish you with a description of the people of St Kilda; but as my visit to the island was limited to only a few hours, you may judge that I had little time to make very minute inquiries; however, from the information which I did collect, I believe it is impossible to add almost any thing to what has already been written on the subject. The most faithful account that I have seen is that furnished by the Rev. John M'Donald, minister of the parish of Urquhart; which, although published a number of years ago, is as applicable in most respects to the present time as to the period when it was published. There remains to be added the gratifying fact, that the inhabitants have made considerable improvement in religious knowledge, which is in a great measure due to the exertions of Mr M'Donald, and to the fostering care of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge. The visits which have of late been made to the island, have had scarcely any effect on the manners of the people; and this is not to be wondered at, since these are mere passing calls, and it rarely happens that any of the inhabitants leave the island, and they are seldom joined by even those of the neighbouring ones. I was much struck with the improvement which had evidently taken place in the cleanliness both of their dwellings and persons; which although not all that could be wished, yet I believe the time is not far distant when they will bear favourable comparison with some of their neighbours.'

'St Kilda is the property of the Laird of Macleod, whose steward in former times made an annual visit for the

purpose of collecting the rent, which was paid in wild fowl, sheep, and butter. The whole sum paid as rent at this period was £40 yearly, a sum far below the value of the land. The island is now farmed out to a tacksman, and I am not aware what change may have taken place in the rent. The people, however, seem contented and happy, and apparently free from many of those vices in which what is called more civilised societies are too apt to indulge. Although the opinion formed of this island by Mr Macculloch is somewhat Utopian, still I believe it holds good in many points. He says, 'It is delightful to find one green place in this dreary world of islands where want is unknown. I trust that St Kilda may yet long continue the Eden of the western ocean. Where is the land which has neither arms, money, law, physic, politics, nor taxes? That land is St Kilda. Well may the pampered native refuse to change his situation. His slumbers are late, his labours are light, and his occupation is his amusement, since his sea-fowl constitute at once his food, his luxury, his game, his wealth, and his bed of down. Government he has not, law he feels not, physic he wants not, money he sees not, and war he hears not.'

The Rev. John M'Donald of Urquhart (above referred to), was in 1822 commissioned by the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge to visit the island, with the view of ascertaining the religious and moral condition of the inhabitants. Mr M'Donald was accompanied by Mr M'Lellan, the tacksman of the island, and remained amongst the natives nearly a fortnight. The following is the account given of their arrival:—'When descending the brow of the hill above the village, we observed some person standing without; and, on a sudden, in consequence, as we afterwards learned, of his sounding the alarm, all the souls in the village appeared at once, at first flying in different directions, until they discovered from what quarter the strangers were coming, when they made towards us in a body, shook hands with their tacksman, and welcomed him to the place. After these salutations were over, he introduced me to them as a minister who was come to visit them, and was sent by the Society. Upon this they immediately shook hands with me, as if we had been many years acquainted; and 'God bless the Society which sent him, and God bless him for coming,' was the general exclamation.'

We extract the following from the report submitted by Mr M'Donald to the Society:—

'The length of the island appears to be about three miles from the westernmost point to that on the north side of the eastern bay, and its breadth nearly two miles from north to south. It is surrounded with high and almost perpendicular rocks, except on the N.W. and S.E. sides, in each of which there is a small bay, or arm of the sea; of which the latter alone affords any harbouring place for vessels. The land is in general rather elevated; and there are three hills of considerable height. Of these, by far the highest is *Congar*, on the north side, supposed to be upwards of 1400 feet above the level of the sea: the next, *Orwall-hill*, on the east; and the third, *Rua-veil* (Gaelic, *Ruadh-mheall*), on the north-west side of the island.

'I could discover no old edifices on this island, except that called *Christ's Church*, near the village, and situated in the burying-ground; and St Brianan's, a little above the bay, on the south-west side—both of which are in ruins.

'There are two small islands besides the main one, which are serviceable to the people for pasture, as well as for the fowls which frequent them. The one is called *Soay*, situated on the west side of St Kilda, and separated from it by a narrow channel. It is about a quarter of a mile long, and scarcely half as broad. The other is *Bore-ray*, about four miles in a direct line to the north, and a little larger than *Soay*.

'The ground is used chiefly for pasture; and the islanders keep a stock of sheep and black cattle on it, from which they are supplied with articles of clothing, milk,

butter, cheese, &c. There is no moss on the island; and the only fuel consists of turf cut on the hills, and carried home as it is needed. The group of houses in which the people reside—for it scarcely deserves the name of a village—is situated a little above the eastern bay, and is composed of twenty small huts, built with stone, and thatched with turf and straw. Being surrounded with hills on all sides except the south and south-east, it is pretty well sheltered, unless when the wind blows from these quarters.

'All the cultivated lands lie around the village in scattered and irregular patches: of which each family in the island, about twenty in number, has nearly an equal quantity—what they call a *farthing-land*, or something about two acres. This sows about five firloths of barley and six of oats, which, with potatoes, are the only crops they raise. Though the soil is naturally rich, yet, owing to want of good management, it seldom yields above three returns. Hence they cannot conveniently dispose of much of their grain; and of late years, indeed, I believe they have done but very little in this way. Besides, every three years, these lands pass by lot from one hand to another; a practice which evidently militates greatly against real improvement. The grain also, as might be expected, is rather of an inferior quality. In making it into meal, they grind it in *querns*, or little hand-mills, there being neither windmills nor watermills in the island.

'Their houses, or huts, are all exactly of the same form and dimensions, and in internal appearance also completely alike. They consist of but one apartment, in which the family is accommodated at one end, and the cattle at the other. The walls contain their beds and places for their stores, for which purpose they are generally six or seven feet thick. No chairs or tables are to be seen: wooden stools and even stones being made to supply their place. The ashes are never carried out of the house, nor even removed to the part of the room appropriated to the cattle, but are spread every morning under the feet of the inmates, in order, as they call it, to help the manure. The floor, thus raised in the course of the season to a considerable height, is reduced to its proper level only once a year, when the whole matter so accumulated is conveyed to the fields. I reasoned with the people on the impropriety of this habit, chiefly on the ground of its being injurious to their health and comfort, but to little effect, long custom having reconciled them to it. As might be expected, also, their habits in other respects, and particularly in point of cleanliness and dress, are much of a piece with the interior of their houses, their persons being extremely dirty, and seeming to undergo no sort of purification, except once a week; while their clothes are in general coarse and ragged, though, on Sunday, both the young men and women dress a little more decently. I was somewhat surprised at not finding the kilt and hose among them, instead of which, the men commonly wear a jacket or short coat, with trousers or pantaloons. There is scarcely anything like division of labour among them, every man being his own tailor, shoemaker, and, in most cases, weaver, there being no thorough-bred workmen of any kind in the island.

'Notwithstanding these habits, it is not a little remarkable that they enjoy such a degree of health and longevity. During my residence among them, there was not a single individual in the island sick or ailing; and the oldest of them, a man of seventy-two, was pretty healthy and vigorous. A number of their children, however, perhaps two out of three, die in infancy. This is ascribed to a peculiar disease, with which they are seized a few days after their birth; but it may be as much owing to bad management as to anything else. Hence also many of the mothers die in childbed, from want of proper persons to attend them. The population of the island, which is at present 108, has been rather stationary for a considerable period—a circumstance sufficiently accounted for by the mortality of the children and mothers.

'The chief employment of the men consists in bird-catching; and the *fulmar* and *solan* geese, which frequent

their rocks in immense numbers, are peculiarly serviceable to them, both as to the payment of their rents, which they generally do with the oil and feathers, and as to affording them provision, for they salt the carcasses, and lay them up for winter store. Their mode of killing these birds is attended with considerable danger; but long practice has inured them to it, and they seem to be quite fearless in their enterprises. In some cases, they let down each other by ropes, along a steep rock, two or three hundred feet, while others at the top are holding the ropes fast, ready to haul up their comrade, loaded with his prey, whenever he gives them a signal. In most cases, however, they get at the solan geese without being obliged to have recourse to so dangerous an experiment. They are fondest of the young ones, as being the fattest, and generally lodging on the top of the rocks; in consequence of which, especially before their wings are fully grown, they are easily taken with the hands, or struck down with bludgeons. So great is the execution in this way done among them, that on one of the days I was on the island, the people, in the course of a few hours, brought home their boats deeply laden with 1200 of them, and left 400 more on the field of action, to be sent for afterwards. When the booty was brought on shore, it was immediately divided, by lot, into twenty equal parts, according to the number of the families—a method of dividing almost every kind of property to which they have frequent recourse.

'While their rents are paid chiefly in feathers,* they present to the tacksman of the island all other articles of produce which it affords, and with which they can conveniently dispense—such as beef, mutton, cheese, oil, &c.; and for any overplus that remains, after the amount of the rent is deducted, he gives them value in other articles which they need—such as printed cloths, handkerchiefs, hats, indigo, &c., of which he takes with him an annual assortment for their supply. Hence a native of St Kilda can never be rich; neither, while he can work, need he ever be poor, or in total want. Money is of little use to them, except when the tacksman comes round; yet they do not object to receiving a present of that kind from a friend, when it is put into their offer.

'The people of St Kilda have scarcely any tradition among them relative to their origin or history, further than that their forefathers came originally from the Western Isles, particularly Uist and Harris; that they were Roman Catholics till upwards of a century ago (I suppose about the Revolution 1688), when the Protestant religion was introduced among them, and has ever since been the religion of the island; that down from that period they had a succession of ministers or missionaries connected with the Church of Scotland, but of whom, with the exception of the two last, the late missionary and his father, they now know nothing but the name; that of old the population was much larger than it has been of late years; that the decrease has been occasioned chiefly by the ravages of the small-pox, which, many years ago, had been brought into the island by some foreign vessel, and had swept away at once the whole population, excepting four families; and that though some from the neighbouring isles, who had come to live among them, have made an accession to their number, yet this catastrophe had given a death-blow to the population which it has not yet fully recovered. This is at least a rational account of the matter.

'Their tradition also regarding their origin is extremely probable; for in language, customs, and manners, and

indeed in every other respect, they bear so complete a resemblance to their neighbours in the Western Isles, as to leave no room to doubt that they have originally sprung from them. Besides, the very names which are most prevalent in these isles—as M'Leod, M'Donald, M'Kinnon, Morrison, &c.—hold the same predominance in St Kilda, a circumstance which strongly confirms the supposition. The language they speak is pure Gaelic, and the dialect that of Uist and Harris. There is, however, a rapidity and an indistinctness, if not a degree of lisp in their utterance, which makes it rather difficult at first for a stranger to understand them; but, in the course of a short time, he gets over this difficulty. Their peculiar employments, as has been already stated, consist in attending to their little farms, their cattle and sheep, and preparing a certain quantity of feathers annually for the tacksman, which may be considered the most arduous and enterprising part of their work. But I fear they cannot be exempted from the charge of almost habitual *indolence*. They are seldom wholly idle; but when they are at any work, one would think that they are more anxious to *fill up* than to *occupy* the time. How desirable on this, as well as on many other accounts, that they might become savingly acquainted with that gospel which teaches its true subjects to be 'diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord!' In this, as in many other respects, they admit of much improvement; and I have no doubt that, without interfering with the prerogative of a landlord or tacksman, a prudent missionary, by his advice and example, might effect much in this way, as well as in more important respects. If he has a sensible, judicious wife, too, who would take an interest in the females, it would be of vast advantage to them; and such a companion in St Kilda, I need scarcely say, would in every respect be an acquisition to his own comfort.'

Mr M'Donald found the islanders without a place of worship, destitute of religious instruction, and many of them incapable of reading. On this being made known, a subscription was commenced to supply these wants; and while this was in progress, Mr M'Donald, with a zeal worthy of the cause, visited the island on three different occasions, viz. in the years 1825, 1827, and 1830. During one of these visits, his praiseworthy exertions were in so far rewarded by laying the foundation-stone for a place of worship, and by seeing laid off two acres of ground as a glebe for the missionary. In 1830, he was accompanied by the Rev. Neil Mackenzie and his family, the minister sent out by the Society, who met with a most cordial reception from the grateful St Kildans. At the close of Mr M'Donald's journal, this truly worthy man says, 'My mind is now relieved from a burden regarding St Kilda. The inhabitants are provided with a pastor who will dispense the word of life to them, and guide their feet in the paths of peace. And in this I have got my wish accomplished. I may never see them, but I shall never cease to pray for them. And may He who 'holds the seven stars in his right hand, and walks among the golden candlesticks,' preserve pastor and people, walk among them, and render them permanent blessings to each other!'

LITHOGRAPHY.

THE process depends on the facility with which some kinds of stone absorb either grease or water, and on the natural antipathy which grease and water have for each other. An even surface having been given to the stone, a drawing is made upon it with a greasy chalk. The stone is then wet, and the printer passes over it a roller, covered with printing ink, which adheres to those parts only which are drawn upon with the chalk; a damp paper is then pressed upon it, and receives an impression of the drawing. Lithography was accidentally discovered by Alois Senefelder, the son of a performer at the Theatre Royal of Munich. He was a student of law at the University of Ingolstadt, and after his father's death tried a

* Not less than 32,000 of these fowls must be sacrificed every year, to make up the quantity of feathers payable by the people. The calculation may be made as follows:—Of solan geese it takes about 160 to make a stone of feathers; of the fulmar, an equal number; and of the Greenland parrot, and other smaller birds, about 800. The whole average of feathers paid in any one year may be stated at 160 stones. Now, supposing 160 of these stones to be made up of the fulmar and solan geese feathers, and the remaining 15 of those of the small birds, it would take 24,000 of the former and 8000 of the latter to complete the quantity: making in

author, but being too poor to publish his work, tried various methods of writing on copper, in order that he might then print himself, and soon found that a composition of soap, wax, and lamp-black, formed an excellent material for writing, capable, when dry, of resisting aquafortis. To obtain facility in writing backwards, as copper was too expensive, he procured some pieces of calcareous stone, which, when polished, served him to practise upon. His mother having one day desired him to take an account of some linen she was sending to be washed, he wrote it out on a piece of this stone with his composition of soap and wax. It afterwards occurred to him, that by corroding the surface with acid, the letters would stand out in relief, and admit of impressions being taken from them. He tried the experiment and succeeded, and soon found that it was not absolutely necessary to lower the surface of the stone, but that simply wetting it was sufficient to prevent the printing ink from adhering to any parts except those marked with the composition. Such was the invention of lithography, and Senefelder continued to pay unremitting attention to the improvement of the art. In 1796, pieces of music were printed, and it was perhaps the first time that lithography became of real use. The difficulty of writing backwards brought about the invention of the transfer paper. In 1799, Senefelder took out a patent at Munich, and soon after entered into partnership with a Mr Andre of Offenbach, who proposed to establish presses and take out patents in London, Paris, and Vienna. He came to London in 1801, with a brother of Mr Offenbach, and communicated the new art then called poly-autography, to many of our best English artists, who tried it; but the continual failures through want of skill in the printing, and the difference between German and English materials, caused it to be abandoned. Having separated from Mr Andre, Senefelder went to Vienna, where he tried to apply lithography to the printing of cottons, but apparently without success, and he returned to Munich in 1806; in which year the professor of drawing at the public school of Munich, Mr Mitterer, succeeded in multiplying copies of his drawings for his pupils by lithography. He is also said to have invented the composition for chalk as now made. In 1809, we find Senefelder inspector of the royal lithographic establishment at Munich, and engaged in printing a map of Bavaria. He soon after invented the stone paper, which, however, did not succeed; it was exhibited in 1823 at London, by a partner of Senefelder, but its liability to crack by being wet, and the pressure of the press, rendered it useless. Little was done in England after 1806, till its revival in 1817, since which time it has been gradually improving, till lately it has acquired still greater powers by the means of employing a second stone, by which is obtained a perfect imitation of drawings made on tinted paper, having the lights laid on with white.—*Felding's Art of Engraving.*

NEW HORSE-SHOE.

A simple but most ingenious invention has laid before us (says the *United Service Gazette*), in the shape of an improvement in the horse-shoe. It is that of making that part of the shoe which is now solid, concave; by which the foot is enabled to take a grip, which, with the ordinary shoe, is impossible. The principle is, in fact, that of the fluted skate; and whilst the shoe is, of course, lighter than when manufactured on the usual principle, it is equivalent in slippery weather, or on wood pavement, to one that is roughed. The concavity runs entirely round the shoe, having a strong rim in front, equal in thickness to the hoof of the horse's foot, and another at the back of half that thickness. This mode of formation, whilst it involves the use of a smaller quantity of iron, and consequently less weight, gives a far greater purchase, and is much more in accordance with the nature, form, and texture of the horse's foot. By preventing the necessity of turning up the shoe behind, it places the foot in a more natural position, and thus assists in bringing into operation the frog, instead of placing it

out of action, and straining all the other parts of the foot. The invention appears to us to be one of the greatest importance, and, if the shoe lasts as long as the ordinary shoe, which we understand it will, will no doubt prove invaluable to equestrians of all classes. We look at all new inventions with no slight suspicion; but the one in question is so simple, and we have before us such powerful testimonies as to its utility, as to satisfy us of the correctness of our own view of its merits.

DEFECTIVE TASTE.

He wants the best taste and the best sense a man can have, who is cold to the beauty of holiness.

VALUE OF THE BIBLE.

We have only to think what a change would pass on the aspect of our race if the Bible were suddenly withdrawn, and all remembrance of it swept away, and we arrive at some faint notion of the worth of the volume. Take from Christendom the Bible, and you have taken from it the moral chart by which alone its population can be guided. Ignorant of the nature of God, and only guessing at their own immortality, the tens of thousands would be as mariners tossed on a wide ocean without a polestar and without a compass. It were to mantle the earth with a more than Egyptian darkness: it were to dry up the fountains of human happiness: it were to take the tides from our waters and leave them stagnant, and the stars from our heavens and leave them in sackcloth, and the verdure from our valleys and leave them in barrenness: it were to make the present all recklessness and the future all hopelessness—the maniac's revelry and then the fiend's imprisonment—if you could annihilate that precious volume which tells us of God and of Christ, and unveils immortality, and instructs in duty, and woos to glory.—*Rev. H. Melvill.*

FLATTERY.

Flattery is like the smoke of the incense—it defiles the object it pretends to adore.

MUSCULAR POWER.

Man has the power of imitating every motion but that of flight. To effect these, he has, in maturity and health, sixty bones in his head, sixty in his thighs and legs, sixty-two in his arms and hands, sixty-seven in his trunk. He has also 434 muscles. His heart makes sixty-four pulsations in a minute; and therefore 3640 in an hour—92,160 in a day. There are also three complete circulations of his blood in the short space of an hour. In respect to the comparative speed of animated beings and of impelled bodies, it may be remarked, that size and construction seem to have little influence: nor has comparative strength, although one body giving any quantity of motion to another is said to lose so much of its own. The sloth is by no means a small animal, and yet it can travel only fifty paces in a day; a worm crawls only five inches in fifty seconds; but a lady-bird can fly 20 million times its own length in less than an hour; an elk can run a mile and a half in seven minutes; an antelope a mile in a minute; the wild mule of Tartary has a speed even greater than that; an eagle can fly eighteen leagues in an hour; and a canary falcon can even reach 250 leagues in the short space of sixteen hours.—*Bucks.*

FREE THINKING.

Free thinking does not always mean thinking freely; it is more commonly being free from thinking.

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A N E C H O H U N T.

A SCENE ON THE ROAD.

SOME years ago, I happened to spend a few days in the town of Montrose. On the third day, having got all the business which led me to the town settled, I hastened home to the Star Hotel, where I had fixed my temporary domicile. Being anxious to get as soon as possible to Arbroath, I inquired of mine host of the Star if there was my conveyance by which I could get there that evening. He informed me there was not; the Arbroath coach having started two hours before. There was therefore no alternative but patiently to wait till four o'clock on the following day, that being the hour when the coach started for Arbroath. Having walked a good deal about the town, I felt considerably fatigued. In order, therefore, to recruit my wasted energies, I adopted the usual prescription in such cases, by ordering dinner. This was soon placed before me, ' piping hot,' as the phrase goes. Having discussed the good cheer, I next proceeded to compound a tumbler of rum-punch. While I was engaged in concocting my potation, a stout military-looking man, with bushy whiskers and a black silk patch over one of his eyes, entered the room, and seated himself at a table to my right. After he had glanced at a newspaper for five or six minutes, he threw it down, and began calling in a most stentorian voice for the waiter. That functionary having made his appearance, the ' stout gentleman' put a variety of questions to him as to what he could get to eat. The waiter enumerated a great many savoury dishes, but none of them seemed to suit the taste of the great man. After musing a little, he said, 'Have you no kidneys in the house? I should like to have a dish of kidneys.' The waiter said a dish of kidneys could be got ready in a very short time. This information seemed greatly to delight the gentleman, who stroked his chin in a very pleasant manner; while, at the same time, he gave the waiter directions concerning the kidneys. They were to be fried with butter, and plenty of pepper and onions. The onions he particularly insisted upon. They seemed to be uppermost in his mind; for the waiter had scarcely gone above a few steps from the table, when he called after him in a deep sonorous voice, 'Mind the onions.' In a short time the waiter re-appeared, and placed before the gentleman a capacious plate of kidneys well seasoned with onions, the strong odour of which filled the room. He looked apparently much satisfied with the prospect of his good cheer, and immediately began to help himself with great zest. I never saw a man eat so fast. He must have been either very hungry, or in a great hurry. The whole of the eatables disappear-

ed before you could have pronounced the name of that popular person commonly called 'Jack Robison.' Ere the worthy gentleman had got his last morsel well masticated, he began to exhibit symptoms of extreme uneasiness, and commenced pulling the bell with great violence. In a twinkling, the knight of the towel stood before the man with the patch on his eye. 'A glass of brandy and water, waiter,' cried the latter. 'Yes, sir,' replied the former. In a minute the brandy and water were on the table. In less time they disappeared. After a brief space, the stout gentleman again began to pull at the bell with great vehemence. The waiter appeared; the same demand was made, and as speedily supplied; and, I may add, the potation was as speedily quaffed. While I sat quietly sipping my rum-punch, gazing at this devourer of kidneys and swiller of brandy and water, and marvelling within myself what manner of man he was, and what might be his craft or calling, I was quickly aroused from my cogitations by the gentleman suddenly starting up, and asking if any gentleman present wished to go to Arbroath that night, as he required to go, and would be very happy if any one would take the half of a gig with him. This was just the very thing I wanted. I therefore immediately rose up and said that I should be happy to do so, as I was very anxious to get forward to Arbroath that night. The necessary orders were given, and in a short time the gig was standing at the door ready to receive us. The great man having offered to act as charioteer, he ascended whip in hand. I was soon seated by his side, and in a few minutes we were trundling along the Arbroath road at a good smart pace. 'I presume,' said my companion, turning round and giving me a keen look, 'that you belong to Glasgow?' Like a true Scotchman, instead of answering his question I asked him one: 'How do you come to think I belong to Glasgow? I don't think I smell particularly strong of cotton.' 'No,' replied my friend, looking at me with a very wagghish expression, 'but you smell a little of rum-punch though.' 'That may be,' said I, joining in the laugh in which he was indulging, 'but many besides the natives of St Mungo are partial to rum-punch. I know some of the inhabitants of Auld Reekie who take pretty stiff doses of rum-punch occasionally.' 'Oh, then you belong to the metropolis, or Modern Athens, as they call it?' said he, 'No,' cried I, 'you are wrong again, but I did live there for many years.' 'You did,' said my fellow-traveller, repeating my words; then added, 'you will, of course, know all about Edinburgh. It's a fine city, no doubt, but not at all comparable to Glasgow.' 'Not in point of size, certainly,' I said; 'but in point of society and situation, Edinburgh is certainly superior. As to scenery,

what can surpass Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags, and St Anthony's Chapel? And then there is the echoing rock, not perhaps in itself a scene of great beauty, but from which —. 'Pooh, pooh,' cried my friend, in a most contemptuous manner, 'Edinburgh's a mere city of quill-drivers; and as for the echo that you talk about, it's the most pitiful paltry echo I ever heard. Heard it, did I say? why, I never heard it—nor any body else, I suppose. It's all humbug, sir; it's no echo at all. But talking of echoes, there's an echo in this road somewhere, which beats the Edinburgh echo, and all the rest of the echoes in Scotland hollow.' 'I cannot say,' replied I, 'that I ever heard of an echo being in this part of the country.' 'Possibly not,' cried my companion somewhat testily; 'but I can assure you, nevertheless, that there is one; at least there was one six months ago, and I don't see why it should not be here still.' 'But,' said I, 'do you know whereabouts the echo is to be heard?' 'Why, I am somewhat at a loss on that point,' exclaimed my companion, drawing up the horse, and looking keenly about him; 'but if we keep calling out as we go along, we shall be sure to discover its locality.' So saying, he began to bawl out every two or three yards at the top of his voice, 'Ho! ho; 'Are you here?' 'Where are you?' 'Are you sleeping?' and such like interrogatories. Whether the echo was sleeping or not, it is difficult to say, but it certainly turned a deaf ear to all the questions that were addressed to it. 'Perhaps,' said I, 'we may have passed it.' 'Passed it!' roared my companion, 'not at all; we'll come to it in good time; only have patience; it's really worth your while to hear it. I have heard almost all the echoes of any consequence. The one at Milan I heard some years ago; as also the celebrated one at Paris. The echoes in the rocks in Derbyshire, and that at Rosenearth, near Glasgow, and many others, are familiar to me; but the one which I wish to let you hear, is out of all comparison superior to any of them. But,' continued my companion, 'this will never do. We must not keep talking thus about echoes. We must make a noise as we go along, and endeavour to find out the 'local habitation' of the echo. You know the echoes are somewhat like ghosts, they will not speak unless they are first spoken to.' Again he began to call out lustily as we trundled along, making all sorts of strange and unearthly noises for the purpose of arousing the echo. All this was amusing enough as long as we were by ourselves, but I began rather to feel awkward when we passed people on the road. This, however, did not seem to make the slightest difference to my companion, who continued vociferating at the very top of his voice. Several wayfaring travellers stared at us with astonishment as we passed; and one or two turned round and gazed after us, seemingly wrapt in great perplexity to account for our strange procedure. I have no doubt that many of these good people regarded us as either mad, or as somewhat more than 'three sheets in the wind.' My companion, who had kept constantly shouting for a considerable part of the way, began to get tired, and proposed that I should exert my lungs a little. This proposal I did not much relish. I, however, could not well refuse, so I immediately began to 'aggravate my voice,' and shouted most lustily. Though like Bottom I roared that it would have done any man's heart good to have heard me, it had no effect in rousing the echo. There was no answering voice. Our labour seemed to be altogether in vain. My fellow-traveller and I had bawled almost incessantly for upwards of an hour, all to no purpose. I therefore suggested to him, that it would be as well to ask some person respecting the locality of the echo. To this proposition he assented. In a short time we overtook a decent old man walking leisurely along the road with a staff in his hand, and a little curly-haired dog by his side. 'I say, honest man,' cried my companion, addressing the man with the dog, 'can you inform us whereabouts the echo is?' At this question, the man stood and stared at us with a vacant bewildered look, and drawled out, 'What's your wull?' 'I was wanting you to inform us

where the echo is.' 'I'm no that unco gleg at hearin', replied the man, 'ye maun speak louder.' 'We want you,' cried my companion, raising his voice, 'to tell us whereabouts the echo is. There is a loud echo somewhere on this road, and we wish you to tell us the direction to it.' 'Yer a' wrang,' cried the man, 'Lord Elcho doesna live in this part o' the country ava.' 'We're not asking you about Lord Elcho,' roared my friend, 'we're wanting to know where the echo is.' 'Where the eagle is?' cried the man, with a perplexed look, 'I never heard o' an eagle bein' hereabouts.' 'The man's an arrant ass,' exclaimed my companion, in a passion. 'A lass, did ye say?' cried he of the staff, assuming a most stern and orthodox expression of countenance, 'I ken naething about lasses;' and then soliloquizing to himself: 'Twa neer-doveels, to stop an honest man like me, an elder in the kirk, to haver about lasses.' As we found it was useless to hold farther conversation with this deaf man, we again started, my companion and I alternately shouting as we whirled along. Shortly after leaving the elder, we overtook a woman with a pig in a sack, which she carried slung over her shoulder. The noise which we made caused her to turn suddenly round to see what was the matter. The abrupt movement, no doubt, threw the poor pig into some painful position, for it immediately began to squeak most dolorously. 'My good woman,' said I, 'can you inform us whether we are near the echo?' 'I canna hear what you say for that beast,' replied the woman, giving the unfortunate pig, as she spoke, a hearty blow with her fist. This, of course, by no means improved the temper of the animal, which squeaked more violently than ever. 'I want you to tell us where the echo is,' cried I. 'I dinna think there's ony body o' that name lives hereabout,' replied the woman. 'It's not a person we're asking for,' cried my companion, seemingly in great wrath; 'we want you to tell us if the echo is in the neighbourhood.' 'The echo,' muttered the bearer of the pig, looking exceedingly puzzled, 'I never heard tell o't. What like is't? Is't a beast?' 'If the echo's not a beast, you're a goose, at any rate,' roared my companion, driving on. 'I don't think,' said I, 'that we shall succeed in finding this echo of yours, so we had better get along.' We had nearly got over three-fourths of the road, and though my companion at first opposed me in pushing forward, he tacitly consented, and applying the whip to the horse, we got along swimmingly. We still, however, kept hallooing as vehemently as ever. Twilight was beginning to throw its grey mantle over the surrounding landscape, when my fellow-traveller suddenly drew up the horse, and exclaimed with apparently great delight. 'It's all right—here it is!' 'What is it?' said I, 'what's all right?' 'Why, it's the echo to be sure,' cried he somewhat hurriedly; 'at least, I'm almost sure it is. That old dovecot there brings the whole scene to my recollection. I could bet a rump and dozes that the echo is quietly sleeping hereabouts. As it is impossible to drive up to the dovecot, would you be so good as to hold the reins for two or three minutes, and I will take a run over and try if I can find out its habitation.' To this proposal I of course made no objection. I took the reins, and in a twinkling my friend had vanished amongst the trees; I, however, heard him shooting with undiminished vigour. The sound became less and less loud, and gradually died away altogether. I sat very composedly for five or ten minutes, expecting every moment that he would return and report progress. Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes passed away, and the echo-hunter did not appear. I began to lose patience. What on earth can the man be about? thought I; he has certainly fallen asleep in the dovecot. I immediately began to shout vehemently, calling upon him at the top of my voice to return; but neither he nor the echo made any answer. While I was sitting perfectly at a loss what to do, wanting to get forward, yet averse to go away without allowing sufficient time for my companion to return, a countryman came along a cross road which passed near the dovecot. 'My good man,' said I, addressing him, 'did

you see a gentleman near the dovecot as you passed it?' 'What like a man is he?' 'He is a stout man with a black patch over one of his eyes,' said I. 'Ou ay, I saw the man; he's rinnin' like a lamp-lighter across the fields.' 'Running!' cried I, 'in what direction is he running?' 'He was rinnin' in the direction o' Arbroath, I jalouse,' replied my informant. 'Why, that's impossible,' said I, 'he and I are going to Arbroath together, and he merely left the gig in order to try to find out an echo that is said to be hereabouts.' 'Ye ken best,' replied the man drily; 'but he was rinnin' the Arbroath airt, as fast as his legs could carry him.' The countryman was about to proceed on his way—but seeing me looking, no doubt, uneasy and perplexed, turned round and said; 'He'll be an acquaintance o' yours, that man, nae doubt?' 'No, I never saw him before to-day.' 'Do you no ken his name, nor whare he bides?' said he. 'No,' replied I. 'The like o' that I ne'er heard,' cried the man in astonishment; 'to be ridin' in a gig wi' a man, and no ken ony thing about him. I wadna wonder but he's stown something frae ye.' 'Oh no,' cried I; 'I daresay the man's honest enough.' 'Ye've mair faith in him than I ha'e,' replied the countryman. 'I wadna trust over muckle to a man I kent naething about.' So saying, he walked quietly away. Having waited for my companion some time longer, I began to entertain some vague suspicions that all was not right. Surely my echo-hunting friend had not bolted. Appearances were certainly against him. There was, however, no use in me sitting there all night, so I drove quietly on, hawling occasionally as I went, in order to give my companion an opportunity of joining me. He, however, never made his appearance. On arriving at the inn in Arbroath, I made diligent inquiry for my fellow-traveller, but no person had seen him, or could give me any tidings or information concerning him. I was regularly done. I had paid the gig-hire, all the tolls on the road, and we were to settle on arriving at Arbroath. The man with the black patch over his eye had clearly 'done me brown.' This was the first and last time that ever I was engaged in hunting for an echo.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

THOMAS HENDERSON.

It is a trite remark that the lives of scientific men seldom furnish good materials for narration. They live too retired from the busy world, and too much occupied in study, to meet with many of those incidents which compose the staple of history and romance. Yet it is not the less necessary or useful to relate their simple annals, as the public, and particularly the young, are thus led to perceive that there are other paths to distinction than those of war and ambition, and other means of benefiting mankind than the mere amelioration of their physical condition. This is more necessary where the objects pursued are of an abstruse and recondite nature, like those that engage the attention of the practical astronomer. The public, seeing no immediate palpable result, and unable to comprehend the bearing of such researches on science and the arts, are too apt to condemn them unheard as useless or unimportant. Yet the brilliancy of a discovery, and the impression it makes on the public mind, are by no means tests of its true value; and the observation of a new planet, or the resolution of an almost invisible nebula into its component stars, may be practically insignificant when placed in competition with an improved method of finding a ship's place at sea. It is also the result of frequent experience, that no judgment of the practical value, even of the most abstruse speculation, can be formed before its whole bearings are wrought out. It is these considerations which have induced us to present our readers with a short notice of the individual whose name is prefixed to this paper.

Thomas Henderson was born at Dundee on the 28th December, 1798. Being destined for the legal profession,

he received the best education his native town could afford, and at the grammar-school was usually the dux of his class. At the academy he was equally distinguished. The rector, Mr Duncan, now Professor of Mathematics in the University of St Andrews, says, that he 'was remarkable for every thing that was good; the diligence and success with which he prepared his lessons, the exactness with which he performed the exercises, the propriety and modesty of his demeanour.' At the age of fifteen he was placed in the office of a writer (solicitor) in Dundee, where he remained six years. Even then he employed his leisure hours in the study of astronomy, often, it would appear, at the expense of his health. When his apprenticeship was completed he went to Edinburgh, and obtained a situation in the office of a writer to the signet, where his intelligence and abilities procured him the patronage of Sir James Gibson-Craig. By his recommendation, he was appointed advocate's clerk to the celebrated John Clerk, afterwards Lord Eldin. On his lordship's retirement from the bench, Henderson was for a time private secretary to the Earl of Lauderdale, and then clerk to the Lord Advocate, Jeffrey. In these occupations he passed the twelve years from 1819 to 1831, still, it would appear, prosecuting the astronomical studies begun at Dundee. Having also obtained an introduction to Professor Wallace, he had free access to the instruments in the Observatory on the Calton Hill. These, though not of first-rate excellence, were yet invaluable to a young astronomer, and no doubt materially aided his progress in the science to which he had devoted himself.

Mr Henderson's first contribution to astronomical science was a method of computing an occultation of a fixed star by the moon, communicated in 1824 to Dr Young, then secretary to the Board of Longitude, of which that philosopher thought so highly as to cause it to be published in the Nautical Almanac for 1827 and the four following years. About the same time he also contributed other papers on kindred subjects to the Quarterly Journal of Science. In 1827, he sent a paper to the Royal Society of London, 'On the Difference of Meridians of the Observatories of London and Paris,' in which he pointed out a small error that had crept into one of the observations, and which, without greatly affecting the result, yet exposed the whole to much doubt. In the following year he, along with Mr Maclear, furnished the Astronomical Society with an ephemeris of the occultations of Aldebaran by the moon, in 1829, calculated for ten different observatories in Europe. He subsequently furnished other lists of lunar occultations computed for the meridian of Greenwich, these phenomena being of much use in determining longitudes. In 1828, the chair of Practical Astronomy in the University of Edinburgh became vacant by the death of Dr Blair, and the government were strongly urged by Dr Thomas Young and other astronomers to appoint Mr Henderson to the office. Some delay, however, took place in filling it up, and Dr Young having died in 1829, left a memorandum to be communicated to the Admiralty, stating that he knew no person more competent to be his successor in the superintendence of the Nautical Almanac than Mr Henderson. This application was also unsuccessful, and he continued to follow his professional occupation till 1831, when he was appointed to superintend the observatory recently completed at the Cape of Good Hope. He arrived there in April, 1832, and began his labours with great energy, and during the thirteen months he remained there accumulated a large mass of valuable observations. In May, 1833, he resigned his situation and returned to England, considering the exertion too much for his state of health, and the disadvantages of the observatory as a place of residence so numerous, as to render it impossible for him to continue longer. After his return he took up his abode in Edinburgh, and having no official engagements, began the laborious task of reducing the observations he had made at the Cape. He first determined the sun's parallax from his observations on Mars, with corresponding ones made at Greenwich, Cambridge, and

Altona. The result gave this important element a little too large, but was of value as showing the probable accuracy of this method as compared with the more certain method of the transits of Venus.

In 1834, his leisure was interrupted by his appointment to the office of Professor of Astronomy in Edinburgh, which had remained vacant since 1828. His regular duty did not interrupt the reduction of his Cape observations, and in 1837 he gave to the Astronomical Society a catalogue of the declinations of 172 principal fixed stars, chiefly in the southern hemisphere. It was principally with a view to the determination of the places of the southern stars, for the aid of navigation, that the observatory had been instituted, and this was a most important contribution to that object. Another laborious paper, of a kind little likely to interest the public, contained an investigation of certain discrepancies in the instrument used in his observations. It appeared that these, though individually considerable, did not affect the accuracy of the mean result, and hence that his observations were fully to be depended upon. On a subsequent examination in London, they were discovered to arise from a defect in the construction of the instrument.

Perhaps the most interesting result of Professor Henderson's labours was the discovery of the annual parallax of one of the fixed stars, by which the distance of these bodies from our globe has been brought within the reach of calculation. It is well known that a person carried along in a coach or ship sees any fixed object near him as if in rapid motion; trees and houses seem to be moving in the opposite direction from that in which he is travelling, and the nearer they are to him the faster do they seem to move. The distant spire appears almost fixed, and it is some time before he can perceive that it too is changing its apparent position. But the earth, rotating on its axis every twenty-four hours, causes a change in our position relative to the heavenly bodies. In regard to those nearest the earth, as the sun, moon, and planets, this change is so great that it can be measured, and is named the daily or horizontal parallax, from a Greek word meaning to change place. But in regard to the fixed stars, they are so remote that this has no perceptible influence on their apparent position. The earth, however, revolves round the sun, the central luminary, once every year, at the mean distance of ninety-five million miles from him, and hence on any day is the whole breadth of this circle, or nearly two hundred million of miles, distant from the place where it was six months before. Astronomers had long imagined that this enormous change in the situation of the earth must produce some sensible alteration on the position of the stars, but the most careful observations with the best instruments had failed to detect it. So remote were these luminaries from us, that the earth's orbit seen from them dwindled into a mere point. The time had, however, arrived when even this difficulty was to yield to modern skill in constructing instruments, and modern perseverance in using them. In comparing his observations of a particular star, which, being near the south pole, is always above the horizon at the Cape, Mr Henderson found that they indicated that change of position or parallax which astronomers had been so long in search of. In 1839, after testing the accuracy of his result in various ways, he announced it in a paper read to the Astronomical Society. This important result attracted the attention of astronomers; and Mr Maclear, in order to try its accuracy, undertook a new series of observations at the Cape Observatory, but with a different instrument from that formerly employed. These extended over seventeen months, and when reduced by Mr Henderson, confirmed his former result. The mean of the whole gave a parallax of about one second, whence it follows that this star must be two hundred thousand times farther from the earth than the sun, and consequently so remote that the light from it must be above three years in reaching our system. This star is remarkable in other respects, being in reality double, or composed of two, each of considerable brightness. They

also betray their proximity to us by having considerably changed their place in the sky since they were observed by Lacaille, a French astronomer, about a century ago.

This was perhaps the most remarkable result of Mr Henderson's labours, bringing as it did the solar system into connexion with others more remote, and forming the first step in a new field of astronomical calculation. It removed that unsatisfactory feeling which the presence of a problem that cannot be solved always produces, and tended greatly to enlarge our conceptions of the boundless immensity of the universe. It was well for him too, that the discovery was made at that time, as other astronomers were entering on the same field, and his result already no longer stands alone. Bessel, a German astronomer, has determined the parallax of another star, about three times as remote, so that light from it takes more than nine years to reach the earth; and Struve has found that of two others, one of which, the well known Pole star, is so distant that the space between it and our globe can only be traversed by light in twenty years. It is somewhat remarkable that these stars are by no means the brightest in the heavens, and hence their apparent magnitude does not seem to correspond with their nearness to our system, as has often been supposed. Mr Henderson also examined his observations of Sirius, the brightest star in the heavens, and on this account often supposed to be the nearest to the earth, but the result was less satisfactory, and, if correct, would assign it a place about four times more remote than the star he had first examined. His investigations of twenty other stars, with the same object, produced even less satisfactory results, probably from his observations on them not being sufficiently numerous.

Besides this, Mr Henderson was busy reducing his other observations at the Cape, amounting to 5000 or 6000 in number, and had almost completed the task at the time of his death. He also published five volumes of observations at Edinburgh, comprising the years 1834-1839, which are much valued by astronomers, and have conferred on the observatory a high reputation among the similar institutions of Europe. A sixth volume was left nearly ready for publication. He also sent various communications to the Astronomical Society, and other notices were published in foreign astronomical periodicals. Having none of the accessory advantages of birth, fortune, or early introduction to learned societies, to recommend him, Mr Henderson was only beginning to enjoy that fame and reputation which his energy and talents had earned, when death put an end to his labours on the 23d November, 1844. The author of the memoir of his life in the Proceedings of the Astronomical Society, from which most of the above particulars are drawn, states that 'the character of Mr Henderson as an astronomer stands high, and his name will go down to posterity as an accurate observer, an industrious computer, a skilful manipulator, and an improver of the methods in that department to which he devoted himself.' His memory was unusually retentive, his judgment sound, and his whole habits distinguished by order, regularity, and attention. The object before him was pursued with undeviating steadiness, and he never diverted from his path for the sake of display, nor attempted any thing to which his powers were not fully equal, and hence whatever he did he did well.

In 1836, Mr Henderson married Miss Adie, daughter of the well known optician, who died in 1842, a few weeks after the birth of their only child. In private life he was modest, retiring, yet cheerful, social, and distinguished by great warmth of affection and amiability of disposition. On any point connected with his professional pursuits he was always ready to give a prompt answer, either containing the information required, or more rarely, a frank acknowledgment that he had none to give. In pecuniary matters he was disinterested and generous, and it must be stated to his honour, that though the reduction of his observations at the Cape was a matter of public concern and importance, he received for them no remuneration.

THE CATARACT.

Among the objects of curiosity to which the attention of the traveller through the west part of Perthshire is directed, is a fall, or rather series of falls, formed by the little river Devon—the clear-winding Devon of Burns—the loftiest of which is termed the ‘Caldron Linn,’ and a bridge that stretches its ‘wearisome but needful length’ over the same stream, and which, from the noise and turmoil of the waters, that tear and bellow like a chafed lion, some forty feet below it, is called the ‘Rumbling Bridge.’ The Rumbling Bridge no longer exists, or rather, I should say, it is no longer accessible; and the manner in which this has been brought about is not a little indicative of the calculating genius of the people of the ‘north country.’ Some fifteen or sixteen years ago, the road, a wild and rugged and neglected mountain path, after toiling up the precipitous bank, dived down again almost perpendicularly, until it reached the bridge; and, that once passed, a similar ascent and descent awaited the traveller before he could reach what was, comparatively speaking, level ground. The bridge itself was, or is (I shall explain this ambiguity by and by) one

‘Where two wheelbarrows tremble when they meet.’

The height of the time-worn and tottering parapet had never exceeded eighteen inches; and when a wayfarer, whether on horseback or in a carriage, halted on the crown of the sharply-turned arch, and beheld, within a foot on each side, the fence that mocked his fears with the semblance of protection, and looked to the wild and tangled banks and dark dripping masses of rock beetling over, and almost shutting out the light, and listened to the stream that roared beneath him in all but utter darkness, and this apparatus of terror accompanied, as it at all times was, by a strong blast of wind sweeping down the narrow and tortuous funnel through which the waters poured, he must have possessed an imagination of the dullest, and a head of the hardest materials, if he did not feel the grandeur and giddiness of the scene.

When the present secure and convenient fabric, which joins the highway from Crieff to Stirling with the hill-road to Cleish and Dunfermline, was erected, the thrifty engineer, instead of hunting about for a more suitable point of projection, wisely considered that it would save expense to build the new bridge above the old—the abutments of the latter serving as a foundation for those of the former; and the old arch was used as a *point d'appui* for the frame-work of its successor. The new bridge, in consequence, struts, in all the pride of upstart greatness, above the humble and hidden friend to whom it owes its support; and it is only by clambering down the bank for a considerable way, that a glimpse can be caught of the *real* Rumbling Bridge hanging in unapproached obscurity some twenty feet below the structure that now usurps its name. Down these falls a stray cow or sheep is now and then accidentally hurried; and in no case has it happened that the animal has not been found at the foot of the hill, broken, and bleeding, and lifeless, from dashing against the sides of the fearful rift, in its descent. Human beings have also stumbled into the stream, and with one very singular and providential exception their fate has been similar.

One fine summer day, Mr H. was wandering down the rugged banks below the Rumbling Bridge, along with an older and more staid companion. Mr H. was then a very young man, full of the vigour, activity, and joyousness of his years, and possessing all the fearlessness and dexterity of a mountaineer: in person somewhat about the middle size, and slightly but compactly formed. The stream had been swollen by a recent ‘spate,’ and the roaring of the cataract was like a continuous peal of thunder. Both parties were anxious to obtain a full view of the fall, but the nature of the ground rendered it a matter of considerable difficulty. They were creeping cautiously along the giddy and overhanging bank, when Mr H. perceived, at

some distance below the spot where he hung half suspended by the roots and branches of the brushwood, a flat projecting piece of rock, within a few yards of the verge of the Linn; and pointing it out to his companion, and beckoning him to follow, he began to move downward in that direction. His more considerate friend endeavoured, by his gestures, to make him desist—to communicate by any other means was impossible—rather from a general apprehension of danger, than from any anticipation of what was to follow. The admonition, however, as admonitions addressed to youth usually are, was received with a laugh of ridicule at the timidity in which it was supposed to originate, and only served to confirm the climber's purpose. In a few seconds he reached a spot immediately above the point he aimed at, and dropped lightly down; but no sooner had his foot pressed the stone, than, to the unspeakable horror of his companion, whose eye followed his progress with mingled terror and admiration, it trembled, loosened, and fell from beneath him! The unhappy young man grasped convulsively at the root of a bush immediately over his head, and, had it been sufficiently strong, he would still have escaped; but root, and bush, and turf, gave way together under his weight, and he fell into the water a very few feet above the fall. Once, and once only, his eye met that of his friend as he rose above the surface; the next instant he sped over the cataract, like an arrow shot by a vigorous arm, and disappeared amid the clouds of spray, and the roaring billows of the pool below. The companion of the unfortunate young gentleman, although convinced, as he afterwards declared, that he should never again behold him alive, did not for a moment delay to embrace what he conceived to be the only chance of saving him. He climbed, or rather ran, directly up the bank, a feat which nothing but the excitement of the moment would have emboldened him to attempt—indeed he never was able very clearly to state how he accomplished it—and shouted an alarm to the farmhouse close by. The cry was heard, and he was immediately joined by three or four of the inmates, who, seeing him alone, easily guessed what had happened; and the whole, without question asked or answered, rushed down the steep road that led to the point where the Devon enters the plain. Here, in a little bending, scooped out by the eddy of the stream, was usually landed whatever floating body happened from accident to pass over the falls. As they approached the cove, the first of the party, a strong and active shepherd, perceived a hat floating on the surface, and plunged into the water, from an idea that it was the body of the drowned youth. He was soon undeceived; and wading out with the hat in his hand, in a suppressed tone of voice, said to the rest who were now at his side, ‘He is in some of the Linn-pots—we must seek up the water.’—‘He had fallen with the bit whin in his hand, it is like,’ said another, pointing to the furze, which, with the sod still in part attached to it, had slowly circled round until it was arrested by the water-worn pebbles that strewed the bottom of the shallow pool.

I must now return to young Mr H. Before he recovered his recollection, after the plunge into the water, he was hurried, as I have described, over the fall, and found himself, after sinking in what seemed a bottomless abyss, whirling round with fearful and dizzy rapidity. Luckily he could swim a little, and from an instinctive desire to prolong life, he struck out with his hands and feet, and endeavoured to gain the edge of the whirlpool. To his astonishment, when his breath, and strength, and hope were just departing, he found he had succeeded in reaching a spot where the waters were comparatively still, and where the depth was not above a few feet. The bottom, on which he had found a resting-place, was, however, of the loosest and most yielding nature. It was, indeed, a mere ridge of sand and pebbles that had come down from the fall, and which in that spot, and in it alone, the diminished agitation of the water had allowed to subside. On the crown of the ridge Mr H. had by accident stopped; and his momentary feeling of joyful surprise was followed

by the bitterness of agony, when he found, after remaining for a second, the mound on which he stood gradually slipping away from beneath him. He looked upward as the blast swept aside the dense cloud of spray, and saw afar off the line of the clear blue sky, with the light fleecy clouds swiftly sweeping over it, and caught a glimpse of the edge of the bank, with the trees and bushes bending in the breeze and the birds flitting across the chasm, whose black and frowning and slippery sides rose to a height that seemed interminable. Behind, and touching him, was the whirlpool, from which he had with so much difficulty escaped; and beyond it rushed down, like a solid wall, the waters of the Linn, over which he had been tumbled; while in front roared other falls, whose height he knew not, and which nothing but a miracle could enable him to pass and live. He saw all this, and he felt at the same moment that but a few minutes could elapse ere he must see them no more; yet he determined to struggle with his fate to the last. At first he endeavoured, by altering his position, to stay his feet from slipping; but a very few trials convinced him that to shift at all only accelerated his sinking, and that his best chance lay in remaining as stationary as possible. Still, however, he sank to the breast—the shoulders—the neck. A thought now seized him that seemed even more bitter than the death that was trembling over him. Had he sped over the falls his body would at least have been recovered by his friends—it would have been composed by kindly hands—pious tears would have dropped over it—a mother's lips would have pressed his cold cheek—troops of kinsfolk and neighbours would have accompanied him to his last dwelling-place—the blessed sun would have looked down upon his grave, and the wind of his native hills would have swept over it; but now, the bottom of the whirlpool was to be his burial-place, and his bones were to bleach for ever in the torrent of the Caldron Linn! His mind began to give way under these dismal fancies. Amidst the roaring of the waters, he heard shrill and unnatural howlings. The superstitions of his childhood came across him, and he thought, while he listened to those terrible voices, that he heard the demons of the stream rejoicing over their anticipated victim; and in the fantastic forms of the frowning rocks, as the wreaths of spray passed over them, his imagination pictured the lurid aspect and goggling eyes of the water kelpie glaring upon him, and its rifted jaws open to devour him. His soul was wound up to agony beyond endurance. He struggled to free himself from the gravel in which he had sunk, but his struggles only sank him deeper; the water rose to his lips—he gasped for air and it came not; another second, and his sufferings would have ceased for ever. But the same Power which had guided him over the fall, and snatched him from the whirlpool, was still watching over him.

As the party that were searching, not for their companion, but for his body (for not one of them supposed it possible that he should ever be seen alive again), the same young man who had plunged into the stream, as he sprang from rock to rock along the dizzy brink of the chasm, with the sharpened eye which a shepherd's life never fails to bestow, his vision rendered doubly acute by the excited state of his feelings, perceived a dark stationary speck in the water, which a moment's inspection convinced him to be the head and shoulders of a human being. 'Ropes! ropes!' he shouted to his companions; 'he is alive; I see him standing at the foot of the Linn.' The binding ropes from a couple of hay-waggons were knotted and handed to him, and the upper extremity being firmly secured to the trunk of one of the twisted birches at the top of the bank, the adventurous shepherd slid down with the other in his hand, until the overhanging rock forbade farther descent; those at the top hallooing in the meantime, to attract the attention of their half-drowned friend, with what effect I have already stated.

No noise, indeed, that they could make would have been sufficient; but, luckily, the wet and dripping hat,

which the shepherd had fished up from the cove, was still grasped in his hand; he dropped it into the water, and the wind at that moment lulling, and the spray clearing away, it fell immediately before the object whose attention it was designed to attract. Roused by the sudden splash, he turned his despairing eyes upwards, and beholding the rope his friend was endeavouring to steady, he raised his arms, and by a vigorous spring contrived to catch hold of it. There was still, however, much between him and safety. From the surface of the water to where the shepherd had propped himself was fully twenty feet; the rock jutted over the stream, so that while drawn up, young H. had to hang suspended by the hands, the power of which was nearly lost, from the time he had been immersed in the river. He was swung backwards and forwards at a fearful rate by the wind, and not unfrequently struck with violence against the points of the rock. The rope also rubbed against the sharp edge of the precipice, and ran a momentary risk of being cut through. By great care, and greater good fortune, he at length approached the top of the rock; and his humble friend, whose encouraging voice had nerved him in his dangerous ascent, stooping down, caught the wrist of the exhausted youth firmly in his grasp, and placed him at his side. In another instant they were both in the midst of the group at the top.

Young H. sickened and fainted as soon as he was placed once more on the grassy bank. He was conveyed to the farmhouse, where he was put to bed; whence he arose, after a few hours of heavy sleep, without any other symptoms of suffering than extreme weakness, from which youth and a healthful constitution, in the course of a few days, completely relieved him. For many years after, however, his sleep was occasionally disturbed with dreams of rocks and rushing waters; and even in his waking moments a convulsive shudder would not unfrequently pass over him, when he thought of the Caldron Linn.—*R. K. Douglas.*

GEOLOGY.

IGNEOUS ROCKS.

In a former article we pointed out some of the principal characters distinguishing the igneous rocks from those of aqueous origin. It was explained that the former were massive, or unstratified and crystalline in structure, whereas the latter were divided into beds, layers, or strata, and evidently composed of fragments derived from previously existing formations. The stratified rocks have formed the subject of several papers, in which they have been described in chronological order, beginning with the oldest or deepest seated in the earth, and pointing out the changes in the organic inhabitants of the world which have accompanied the revolutions in the mineral kingdom. In the igneous rocks a different order must be pursued. The characters distinguishing them are principally mineralogical, the time of their formation can seldom be exactly determined, and from the mode of their origin they of course contain no organic remains. Their history is thus less interesting to the general reader, though of the utmost importance to a knowledge of the theory of the earth, and of the various features by which its surface is diversified.

Granite, one of the most important igneous rocks, was already noticed in connexion with those stratified formations along with which it is usually found. It is often supposed to be the oldest, not only of the igneous, but of all the rocks composing the crust of the earth, and to be that which has furnished the materials of which they consist. This idea, however, will not apply universally, since there are many masses of granite known to be more recent than the chalk or tertiary beds, and some may even now be forming in the interior of the earth. Next to it probably in age, and not unlike it in composition, is felspar porphyry. This consists of a base of felspar, often some shade

of red, with lighter coloured crystals of the same mineral imbedded in it. This rock is found forming veins in the primary and transition formations, and occasionally changes gradually into a true granite. Felspar porphyries also occur in connexion with the older secondary rocks, both in our own country and abroad. The Cheviot Hills, on the borders of England, and the Pentlands, a few miles south of Edinburgh, are beautiful examples of this formation. The hills are steep and conical, but with elegant curved outlines, seldom broken by projecting rocks or precipices. The scenery is more distinguished for pastoral beauty than for wildness or sublimity. In other cases, however, the latter character prevails, as in Ben Nevis and Glencoe in our own country, and in many parts of Norway, where porphyry forms the summit of high and rugged mountains.

Porphyry has been much employed for ornamental purposes. The name was given it by the ancients on account of its red colour, but in modern geological language has reference to the texture of the rock with its small imbedded crystals. Some varieties, named claystone porphyries, decay rapidly on exposure to the atmosphere, but others are very durable, and surpass even granite in strength and power of resisting compression. Though very difficult to work, these take a fine polish, and many celebrated remains of ancient art consist of porphyry. Both the Egyptians and Greeks used it for ornamental purposes, and it was much employed by the Roman emperors for baths and sarcophagi. At the present time it is principally manufactured at two places, Elfalid in Sweden, and at Kolywan in Asiatic Russia. One variety, at the former place, has a dark brown basis with lighter spots or crystals; another more beautiful kind has a chestnut-brown basis with lighter coloured parallel streaks and brick-red or greenish-white crystals. The stone is cut and polished, principally by machinery, with wonderful skill and beauty, and fashioned into various ornamental objects, of which the urns and vases rival the choicest specimens of classical antiquity. One of the finest vases, ten feet high and sixteen in diameter, cut out of a single stone, adorns the royal palace at Johansthal. At Kolywan, the stone is a dark brown with black stripes and snow-white or grey crystals, and is also cut into very large and beautiful objects. These are sent to St Petersburg, often at enormous expense, some single articles requiring ten or twelve horses to move them in sledges constructed expressly for their transport. Such gigantic articles can only be manufactured in countries where labour is of little value, otherwise materials of equal beauty might be found in our own land. It may also be noticed, that a manufactory of polished granite has been recently established at Aberdeen, though the stone is less adapted for purposes of art than many varieties of porphyry. Both furnish excellent materials for monuments, being almost imperishable, as is well seen on contrasting the granite and porphyry statues and sculptures brought from Egypt with those of marble from Greece and Rome; the former will be found fresh, and the inscriptions sharp as if cut yesterday, though three or four thousand years old; the latter corroded and weather-worn, though less than half that age.

Another important igneous formation, or rather class of formations, is the trap rocks. These have received this name from the tendency shown by many of them to form hills divided into terraces or stairs, the word having this meaning in the Swedish, from which other languages have adopted it. The most important varieties of the trap rocks are greenstone, composed of felspar and dark green hornblende or augite in distinct separate crystals. Where these minerals are so mixed as to produce a compact uniform mass, this is named basalt, a soft earthy variety of which is the wacké of some geologists. Felspar, combined with iron, forms a rock named clinkstone, from the fragments having sonorous properties, ringing when struck like pieces of cast-iron. All these rocks have a more or less dark colour, the basalt being almost black, the clinkstone a dark grey or brown, and the greenstone dark green, grey, or black speckled with white.

They occur in veins or large masses intruded among the strata, or often covering them like a bed; and thus, by breaking up the strata and protruding on the surface, give rise to a great variety of scenery, generally, however, distinguished by certain peculiarities easily recognised by an experienced geologist.

No question in theoretical geology was at one time more violently disputed than the origin of trap rocks. The Wernerians long asserted their aqueous character, and were slow in yielding to the proofs of the contrary produced by their opponents. Many trap rocks occur in beds interposed among the strata, which were affirmed to have been deposited like these from water. Of this kind is the celebrated toadstone bed in Derbyshire, consisting of trap containing round nodules shaped like almonds, whence this variety is named amygdaloid. Being found regularly in the different pits, this bed was supposed to form a stratum like the sandstone or limestone with which it is associated. But the rapid changes in its dimensions, in short distances, shows that this is not its true origin. The front of Salisbury Crag, near Edinburgh, exhibits a similar bed of trap interposed among true strata. Its igneous character is well seen at the north extremity of the hill, where it ends in the form of a wedge forced in among the strata, whereas the beds above and below it continue thin, regular, and parallel. Near the middle of the crag also, the veins by which it has issued from the interior may be observed; and in other places pieces of sandstone, which have been broken off and forced upward during its violent passage, appear involved in the igneous rock. All this shows that it cannot have been quietly deposited from water like the strata beside it. Where in contact with the trap, the sandstone and shale in this hill are changed in colour, hardness, and composition, and this in a way indicating the action of intense heat. It is in similar altered beds that the shells said to occur in the trap rocks have been found, as those from the vicinity of Portrush, in the north of Ireland, once so confidently appealed to as proofs of the aqueous origin of basalt.

The apparent stratification of the trap rocks is sometimes very remarkable. In Iceland, thin and regular beds of trap are seen spread over many hundred square miles of country. In Hindostan, similar tabular masses of rock occur on a still more gigantic scale, extending it is said over more than two hundred thousand square miles of country. Nor are they wanting in our own islands. In the north of Ireland, the chalk and other secondary rocks have been covered by an immense plateau of basalt. This is not improbably connected with the similar formations in the Western Isles of Scotland, where, as in Mull and Sky, the lias beds are covered by sheets of igneous rock. This alternation of the two formations is beautifully seen in the sections formed by the perpendicular cliffs composing the coast of these islands, their interior showing little else than a uniform mass of trap. Besides Salisbury Crag, already mentioned, many other hills in the central district of Scotland also consist of flat masses of trap superimposed on the stratified rocks. This tabular disposition of these formations was one of the proofs adduced for their aqueous origin. It seems, however, to have been occasioned, in some cases, by these igneous rocks forcing themselves between two strata, and thus appearing as if interstratified with them. At other times the molten lava has been poured out, probably at the bottom of the sea, and flowed in a thin sheet over the still unconsolidated strata. In some places it would seem that the latter process has been repeated several times at short intervals.

Among the peculiar forms of the trap rocks, none is more celebrated than the columnar, or the basaltic pillars as they are commonly called. They are found in every variety of the trap rocks, and are not limited to basalt, as is often supposed. In Arthur Seat, many examples of this structure may be seen, the rock in some cases being basalt, in others greenstone, as in the fine columns overhanging the pathway to Duddingstone, named Samson's Ribs. The most celebrated instances of this are, however,

the Giant's Causeway in the north of Ireland, and Fingal's Cave in Staffa. The former consists of thousands of pillars arranged in a regular manner, and sloping in numerous terraces out into the sea. At low water it has a length of six hundred feet, and in some parts is forty feet broad. The single pillars are generally five-sided, and from fifteen to twenty inches in diameter. They are often very perfectly formed, and fit so closely to each other that even the edge of a knife cannot be inserted between them. So regular, indeed, is the whole appearance of this wonderful structure, that the spectator is almost disposed to agree with the old tradition which considered it as artificial—the remains of the bridge by which the giant Finmacoul would pass from Ireland to Scotland.

One of the most beautiful displays of this structure is found in Staffa, also associated with the name of this Celtic hero. The wonders of this romantic island were first made known in 1772, by Sir Joseph Banks, who landed on it during a voyage to the north of Europe. The island consists of three beds of trap rocks, of which the middle one, a variety of clinkstone rather than basalt, is divided into columns. The highest part of the island is about 150 feet above the level of the sea, and the surface is covered with rich pasture. On almost every side it is surrounded by perpendicular walls of rock, leaving only one small spot where a boat may land in calm weather. In this inaccessible cliff, the waves of the Atlantic have scooped out several caves, of which that named after Fingal is the most remarkable. It is 66 feet high at the entrance, but declines to 44 feet at the extremity, and its length is 227 feet. The pillars, however, are only 36 feet high, and some of them even less. At the sides many of them have been broken off, forming an irregular pathway to the cave, into which also, in calm weather, a boat may sail. The view of the interior is remarkably sublime and picturesque; the lofty Gothic arch opening on the ocean, the singular groups of regular pillars forming the walls and floor, or depending from the roof, surpassing all that fancy could picture. The broken ends of pillars, seen both in the floor and roof, show that these in all probability once filled the whole vault, whilst the incessant motion of the waves presents a ready explanation of the cause of their removal.

Similar columns are now known in many other parts of the world, and in other igneous formations. They are not common in granite or the older porphyries, the circumstances in which these rocks have been produced having been unfavourable to their production. In trap rocks they are frequently seen, and also in many modern lavas. The columns are generally placed perpendicular to the sides of the bed, and seem to have originated in the manner in which it cooled from the exterior to the interior. In some respects they resemble the divisions in a layer of mud formed by the contraction of the mass when drying, but differ in the regular crystalline forms they assume.

Of other igneous rocks a few short notices must suffice. One of the most remarkable is trachyte, so named from a Greek word referring to its rough feeling when touched. It consists essentially of felspar, but less compact and hard than in the older rocks. Crystals of this mineral, and more rarely of quartz, hornblende, or mica, occur in it. Trachyte forms a good material for architecture, and the splendid Cathedral of Cologne is built of stones procured from quarries of this rock in the Seven Mountains, on the right bank of the Rhine, where it is connected with extinct volcanoes. In some cases trachyte is changed into pumice, so well known in the arts. This is merely felspar rendered light and porous by a profusion of small vesicular cavities, which seem to have been produced by gaseous matters in the fluid mass. Neither of these rocks occur in this country, and both indeed are principally connected with recent volcanoes. The lavas produced by the latter have great similarity to the trap, and the differences appear to arise principally from the circumstances in which they were formed, particularly the comparative rapidity with which they cooled.

The changes which the igneous rocks produce on the strata with which they are connected are very curious, and throw much light on the ancient history of the earth. One of the most common is to render the strata hard or crystalline, changing shale into jasper, sandstone into quartz rock, greywacke into gneiss, and limestone into marble. The colour and chemical composition are also much affected. Of more economical importance are the rich depots of mineral ores which often appear where they are present, but are wholly wanting at a distance from them. This connexion of ores with igneous rocks is confirmed by the tin and copper mines of Cornwall in Britain, by those of the Hartz and Saxony in Germany, and by the gold and silver mines of Russia and America. A certain connexion between particular rocks and minerals has also been observed, and geology in this respect forms a useful guide to the researches of the practical miner.

Not less remarkable and interesting is the influence of the igneous rocks on the physical character and scenery of a country. The various mountain chains and valleys of Europe appear to be connected with eruptions of igneous rocks which have taken place at different geological epochs, and whose succession can often be determined. The highest mountains are thus shown to be by no means the oldest, and the Alps, raised at least in part during the tertiary period, are more recent than the mountains in the south of Scotland, which must have been elevated even before the old red sandstone. Geologists have pointed out a dozen or more of such elevatory motions in the various mountain groups of Europe, and it is probable that many still remain to be discovered. Even at the present time, it is well known that the shores of the Baltic are changing their relative height, rising on the north and sinking to the south of a particular line, but in a slow and gradual manner. It is also probable that our own island is not exempt from such motions, though their small amount, and the variable height of the sea level, occasioned by the tides, prevent them from being observed.

The peculiar scenery of a country arises in a great measure from the igneous rocks found in it. Where they are wanting, uniform uninteresting plains prevail, with no interruption to their monotony except in a few river gorges. All the beautiful scenery of Britain, and indeed of Europe, will be found in the vicinity of igneous rocks, and the most romantic and sublime where they are most abundant and have produced the greatest changes on the inferior strata. In many other respects their presence has proved beneficial to mankind, and so far from being marks of disorder, or opposed to a scheme of perfect wisdom, the very reverse may be affirmed. By producing mountains, they give rise also to springs and rivers. Their connexion with mineral veins and ores was already noticed, and they have been not less useful in bringing many valuable minerals, distributed through the strata, to the surface. Had the beds of limestone, coal, and iron ore, found in the carboniferous system, been covered by the more recent secondary formations in regular order, they would have been wholly lost to man, and buried at a depth in the earth to which he would have never penetrated. Even where these superior deposits are wanting, the thickness of the coal strata themselves is so great that many of the beds would have been almost inaccessible had they not been brought to the surface by the disturbance produced through the intrusion of the igneous rocks. Even in regard to agriculture and the productiveness of the soil, they are rather beneficial than otherwise. The volcanic soil around *Ætna* and *Vesuvius* has always been celebrated for fertility and luxuriant vegetation. This is also true of the older igneous rocks, which by their decomposition furnish a soil well adapted, from the variety of its constituents, for the support of vegetation. Hence the most fertile parts of Scotland are those where trap rocks most abound; whilst the pure sandstone and gneiss districts are remarkable for naked sterility. By breaking up and dividing the strata, igneous rocks have also promoted the natural drainage of the ground, removing the water that

would have proved prejudicial to the surface, and allowing it to collect in subterranean reservoirs, where it issues in perennial springs. Did our limits permit, many other instances of the wisdom which distinguishes this part of the scheme of nature might be produced. These, however, may suffice to expose the folly of men who find fault with the order of nature without understanding it, and think to improve the system of the universe without comprehending its necessary results. The doctrine of final causes, the belief that every arrangement of parts—the disposal of all events—has a wise and benevolent purpose, however much it may have been abused, still forms a true guide through many obscure parts of nature, and will be found as useful to the geologist in comprehending the mineral structure of the earth, as to the comparative anatomist in his researches into the use of the various animal organs. In both cases, profound study will only increase the strength of their conviction, that a lofty and inscrutable wisdom has presided over the work of creation, and teach them to exclaim, in humble adoration, 'How manifold are thy works, O Lord! in wisdom hast thou formed them all;' and we trust a similar feeling will pervade the minds of all who have perused this series of articles which we have now drawn to a close.

THE DUTCH BOY.

MISFORTUNE, in a great majority of cases, produces bad habits and worse dispositions. It is pleasing to every lover of humanity to hear of those who have been the victims of misfortune escaping the temptations with which they were beset, and recovering from their reduced position, crowned with the applause of an approving conscience, and the approbation of all who knew them.

In the hope that it may be of benefit, especially to the more juvenile portion of our readers, we will here relate the unembellished history of a boy, true in all its details, and affording a lesson to the young rightly to improve the advantages they possess. A short outline of his chequered career appeared in one of the public prints, but as that was necessarily brief in its details, and not likely to come under the notice of the great majority of those for whom it was more immediately intended, we have thought it right to give a more enlarged account of the youth and his singular adventures.

Cornelius Metaal was the only son of a Dutch sailor, who, after a long and honourable service in his country's navy, obtained leave to retire from the public service. But the old man soon found the irksomeness of remaining idle, and soon afterwards purchased a vessel, in which he traded between his native country and Scotland. Shortly before this, his wife, to whom he seems to have been devotedly attached, gave birth to a son. Eleven months after this event, which had filled the hearts of both parents with joy, his wife died, leaving her infant son to the care of his father. From this time calamity followed upon calamity, until the veteran seaman was reduced to the lowest condition. Shortly after the death of his wife, the vessel, in which was embarked his whole fortune, and which conveyed his infant son, was wrecked on the western coast of Scotland. The ship was lost, but the crew were saved. The father, in the desperate struggle to save his child, lost all his property; but both were ultimately saved from a watery grave: the father to die a wretched inmate of the poorhouse, and the son to lead a life of privation and misery, until snatched from his desolate condition by the hand of royalty.

After the loss of his vessel, the father had no desire to return to his native land, where he might have been provided for, as his friends in Amsterdam were able to support him. He chose rather to lead a life of humble independence, enduring many hardships, than to become dependent on his friends. He sought employment about the wharfs of Glasgow, where, in the character of a porter, he endeavoured to earn a scanty subsistence for himself and son. Meanwhile, as is unfortunately the case with most children deprived of maternal superintendence

and care, Cornelius was left to shift for himself as best he could. Still he was not altogether neglected by his remaining parent, who sought to teach him, as well as a foreigner could, the English language. In this, as was seen by those who afterwards took the boy under their protection, he seems to have made considerable proficiency; nor was his attention directed merely to secular instruction, but to that spiritual teaching which had proved of so much service to his father in bearing up his mind under the many calamities which had befallen him.

While the boy's father was thus occupied, one of his brothers arrived in Glasgow from Amsterdam, where he carried on, and is still supposed to carry on, an extensive trade in tobacco. The brothers recognized each other, and the sad misfortune that had befallen Cornelius's father affected his brother deeply. He endeavoured to persuade him to return to Amsterdam, but in vain; his losses he never could retrieve, and he would not be a burden on his friends. His uncle then wished to take Cornelius with him to the Dutch capital; but his father refused to acquiesce in this arrangement, and Cornelius was left to his fate.

Disease soon after laid his rough hand on the unfortunate mariner. He had been removed to the poorhouse, to which his son was refused admission, where he died after an illness of three weeks, bequeathing to his orphan child nothing but the sufferings of a neglected and unprovided condition.

Cornelius was about ten years old when his father died, nor did he know of his sad bereavement until he learned the unwelcome tidings from one of his youthful companions, after the grave had been shut on his father's weather-beaten frame. From this period Cornelius became a houseless, homeless, orphan boy, reduced to the sad necessity of wandering the streets of Glasgow, seeking shelter and support wherever a kind Providence might direct. What a spectacle! How often is it presented to the philanthropist! An orphan without a home to shelter, without a friend to console, without any one to advise and direct! There must surely be something radically wrong in our social institutions where there is neither shelter nor support for the destitute foreigner.

The boys with whom Cornelius was wont to associate in the sports and gambols of childhood, now supplied his wants, dividing their scanty pittance with their unfortunate companion. His home was the open air, where he pillowed on the bosom of the mother that bore him, for her he had never known, but on the bosom of his mother earth, where the unfortunate are so often compelled to rest their weary limbs. In the field, and in the lane, he spent his days and nights when the weather permitted; when otherwise, he had recourse to the shelter of a stair or entrance. He did not, however, as is the case with too many in his circumstances, indulge in idleness, for, notwithstanding his youth, as soon as he became aware of his situation, he tried to obtain employment. His inclination was towards the sea; and, regardless of the dangers incident to a seafaring life, and forgetful of the calamity that had befallen himself in consequence of these, he might have been seen casting many a wistful glance towards the vessels that bedusted the river, and preferring many an anxious prayer to be taken on board. His endeavours to obtain employment were vain, and to gain the means of subsistence he betook himself to the streets. About this time he became acquainted with some of the children belonging to a regiment then stationed at Glasgow, among whom he found food and shelter. There still appeared to be no chance of success in Glasgow, and he determined to leave it. Fortunately the regiment, with which he had become a great favourite, was ordered to Newcastle, and Cornelius determined to take advantage of this circumstance. He was conveyed accordingly to that town along with the children of the regiment. At Newcastle he sought for employment, but met with no better success than he had experienced at Glasgow. While here he was supported by his friends the soldiers, who, knowing his destitute condition, pitied and

relieved him as far as they could. Tired of being idle, he retraced his steps to Glasgow, where misfortune still pursued him. Thence he removed to Edinburgh, and cast himself into a new sea of troubles. Without money it was no easy matter to reach the capital; and our hero found it so. Scarcely had he left the western capital a second time than hunger with all its pain overtook him; away from all who knew him, none pitied, and none assisted him.

From want of support his strength gave way, and from fatigue and bodily exhaustion he laid himself down to perish. For several days he tasted no food, and was picked up on the roadside more dead than alive. The person who found him—a poor man engaged in breaking stones—took the unfortunate boy home. By means of the kindness and good treatment he received from this man and his wife, he recovered his strength and youthful vigour once more, but alas! only to perceive that he was a burden on this poor family, and that it was unjust in him to remain there any longer, since he could do nothing to recompense them for the kindness he had received. He communicated his thoughts to the family as they sat around their frugal board. A tear started in every eye, for he had become so great a favourite that both old and young were unwilling to part with him. But his determination was a just one, and their resources being small enough to afford them even the scantiest subsistence, they offered no resistance. The good woman gave Cornelius a shilling, with which he began his journey; but this was soon spent, although he observed the utmost economy. Providence again provided for him. Scarcely was his last penny gone than a circumstance occurred, trifling it may be in itself, but affording a proof of the providential care with which our great Creator regards his creatures. As he passed along the roadside, brooding in melancholy over his misfortunes, he observed a whip lying on the road and picked it up. Expecting that the owner would make his appearance he moved slowly on; but no one appeared to claim the whip. As he approached a village on the road, he met a cavalcade of young gentlemen, who had rode out and were now returning: from one of these he received eightpence for the whip, and with this he reached Edinburgh. Here he was attacked with a violent fever, from which, however, he recovered. His days were now spent among the stables, and his nights wherever he could find shelter. He contrived to save a few shillings, the fruits of message running, and of making himself serviceable to the people about one of the principal horse bazaars.

There he fell into favour with one coachman in particular, who, on learning his condition, kindly took him home, where he soon secured the friendship of the coachman's wife. But his miseries were not yet at an end; for one evening, as he sat musing on his good fortune in being thus kindly sheltered and fed, his friend came home the worse of drink and out of purse. He first abused his wife because she would not give him money, and then, knowing his young charge had a few shillings, demanded them from him. Cornelius refused, and was turned out once more on the wide world.

He now fell in with some boys reduced to the same state of destitution, but not from the same cause; with these he was accustomed to roam through the villages in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. In one of their excursions they found the dead body of a child; they brought it to the police office, and were strictly interrogated by the authorities there. They were then dismissed, and a day was appointed for them again appearing. They did return, but being either too late or too soon, they did not gain admission. Cornelius began to think that he might be brought into trouble in consequence of this incident; he therefore left Edinburgh, and repaired once more to Glasgow. When the danger was past and the circumstance forgotten, he returned to this city again. Here he found himself in a worse condition than when he left it, and he would soon have perished had it not been for a poor family, who, though in reduced circumstances themselves, yet opened the door of mercy to their still more unfortunate fellow-creature. Mr B——r, a working man in this

city, on becoming aware of his condition, took him in and clothed and fed him. The circumstances attending this event were curious. One of the apprentices in this man's shop having found him in an outhouse about the suburbs of the town in a wretched condition, communicated the circumstances to B——r, who took no notice of it at the time. On the Sabbath evening following, this man's family were assembled together, and one read aloud the touching narrative of a neglected orphan. The father was struck with the story he had heard, and the boy whom the apprentice had spoken of recurred to his memory. He sent at once to the place where he had been last seen, and he was brought during the dark through the streets, being ashamed to appear in the light of day. This circumstance took place last October, and from that time he has never been in want, but friend after friend has been raised to relieve him. He soon sought out for employment; and now that he had become acquainted with respectable people, he was not long of obtaining it. One evening as he was passing along one of the principal streets of the town he saw in a fishmonger's window an advertisement for an errand-boy. He wished to go in immediately and offer himself, but was afraid of a repulse. He went home, and, although it was now late, earnestly implored Mr B——r to accompany and recommend him. His importunity succeeded, and the fishmonger, on learning his circumstances, immediately engaged him. Here he conducted himself with great propriety, and to the satisfaction of his employer. While in his service he attracted the notice of a lady residing in the south part of the town, who took him into her house, and clothed and educated him. By her he was recommended to a lady in the same part of the town, who wished to engage a boy. By this change he was no loser; for the family in which he now served became greatly interested in him, and he secured the favour of all by his obliging manner and affable disposition. The lady of the house taught him herself, and was glad to see the progress he had made not in mere reading, but in understanding what he read. She found him well versed in Scripture history, and in the nature of that religion which his father had so early impressed upon his mind, and which amid all his sufferings he still retained. His business was now to work in a garden, for which, however, he had little taste. His whole thoughts were bent on the sea; and he might have been seen perusing with breathless anxiety the interesting history of Robinson Crusoe. At all hours of the day—at work, and when his work was over—this was his constant companion. At night he has been known to read so long that he read himself asleep, and awoke in the morning with the belief that one day he should be a second Crusoe. It was in vain that the family in which he now served sought to divert his attention from the sea.

It happened about this time that His Royal Highness the Prince of the Netherlands visited Edinburgh, and the kind individuals who had the charge of him thought this a favourable opportunity for gratifying the boy's inclination, and of securing for him a safe retreat from those evils from which he had already suffered so much. They therefore made application to the Dutch Consul, to whom they related his whole history and wishes. The consul promised to do what he could, and immediately communicated with the Prince's aide-de-camp. The result was that the boy was ordered to wait on the Prince at his hotel. This he accordingly did; and so satisfied was the Prince with the truth of his story that he ordered him to go to Granton on the following day to embark with him. When the period of embarking arrived he was found on Granton Pier accompanied by the family who had procured this change for him. Young and old gave him some parting gift, and all expressed their desire for his future welfare. Among the happy group that surrounded him, stood the woman that had first sheltered him, who, with her eyes suffused with tears, bade him farewell. Cornelius ever expressed his high regard and respect for this person, and it now seems that she regarded him with a like affection. It is separation that proves the depth of

our love; and in this instance the truth was fully verified. She parted with him thus sorrowfully, as she regarded him more in the light of a guardian angel than a poor orphan dependent upon her: for since the time that he had been taken into her house, her own family had been relieved, and her husband had had employment, whereas previously he had been so little employed as scarcely to be able to provide for his children. This family, who were best acquainted with him, as well as those in which he served, bear the highest testimony to his character, and to his honesty and uprightness. He regularly brought home his wages to Mrs B—r, and any little present he received he shared with her family.

Such is the strange history of an individual who, amidst many temptations, was happily preserved from being contaminated by vice. The early instruction he had received from his parent had taken deep root in his mind, and we earnestly hope he now enjoys the benefit of it. What parent knows the casualties that are to befall his children? It is hoped this simple narrative may teach a lesson how they ought to store the minds of their offspring with that knowledge that maketh wise unto salvation.

SELF-EDUCATION.*

SELF-EDUCATION, in its common acceptance, refers to the elementary knowledge communicated in schools and colleges—the knowledge which acquaints us with the nature and uses of those instruments by which all other knowledge is acquired and used. Viewing the term in this relation, self-education will mean the acquisition of this elementary knowledge without the assistance of an instructor; and will describe the process through which they pass who are usually denominated self-taught men—the men who have been the architects of their own education—who have stood to themselves, if I may so speak, in the double relation of preceptor and pupil.

Of such men none have been self-educated in the strict and absolute sense of the term; for there is no instance on record in which any individual has educated himself entirely without assistance from others. Indeed such a thing is inconceivable; for in that case the individual must have been separated, from his birth, from all communion with his fellow-men—from all access to books. He must have invented his own language, constructed his own alphabet, and in short have done singly in a lifetime what men collectively have been occupied in doing for six thousand years. Still there have been many who, like Ferguson, the shepherd-boy of Keith, have possessed themselves of education from its lowest to its highest branches, with so little foreign aid that they may be looked upon as forming a class by themselves. These are the worthies of human science, whom the historian of literature delights to honour, and by whose example he stirs the emulation and sustains the energies of genius struggling amid difficulties. They have sprung up in the most unpropitious circumstances. Despite the backwardness of soil and climate, almost without sunshine and without shower, they have reached a glorious maturity, and have put forth first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear. These are the men who have found the means of improvement and self-elevation where others would have missed them, and who have created the means where they could not find them. Thirsting to reach the sources of knowledge, with an intensity which overcomes all difficulties, and which even turns

obstructions into the means of progress, they have hewn out their own passage to the fountain, where the soul drinks at the wells of truth, and where the satisfied and rejoicing spirit forgets the toils of its journey. Feeling within them the stirrings of a spirit which might not be repressed—struggling like the chained eagle for its native heavens—they have toiled upwards, in their own strength, to those heights where an honourable distinction is won, and where, encircled with a splendour of their own creating, they attract the gaze and admiration of their fellow-men.

Education, however, as we propose to view it, has a higher and more comprehensive meaning than the acquisition of mere learning. We regard it as involving the discipline of the mind, the formation of the character; as including morals as well as intellectuals, habits and tendencies, feelings and principles, as much as mental acquirements. Now, in this view of the subject, every human being throughout the whole term of his existence on earth may be said to be engaged in the work of self-education. All are to a certain extent self-trainers, and all are contributing in one way or another to form their own character by their own agency. The law of mind is ceaseless motion—everlasting progression in one direction or another; and character, which is just the result of these mental movements, is never stationary. Every rational individual is originating, controlling, directing the unseen movements of his soul—bringing himself into contact with objects and influences—engaging in pursuits and forming companionships—all of which are moulding and fashioning the man, and leaving him a different being from what they found him. Thus the process of self-training, for good or for evil, for happiness or misery, is ever going forward, like the silent processes of the material world, by which one body is transmuted into another, and ingredients the most opposite are brought into contact, assimilated, and combined. If you enter a seminary of the young, you will probably be told that this pupil or the other is making no progress—that he is learning nothing. But it is a great mistake. It may be quite true, indeed, that he is not learning that for which he was sent there; but he is receiving an education, in much of which he is his own instructor. He is daily and hourly drinking in lessons of his own prescribing, which are moulding his character, and deciding his future position in life. He is learning to dislike learning, learning to be idle, learning to be vicious, learning to be wretched.

Self-education is thus a process going on in combined and contemporaneous action with the machinery of every seminary. It is an element mixing itself up with the labours of every instructor, and that not merely in such cases as we have just been supposing, where it is counter-acting and thwarting the efforts of the teacher, but also where it is acting in harmony with these efforts and augmenting their success. The teacher may encourage and stimulate and direct his pupil, but he cannot think for him. He may simplify what is abstruse, and explain what is obscure, but he cannot relieve his scholar from the necessity of personal application, or perform in his stead the various mental operations which enrich the mind with knowledge, awaken and energise its faculties, and constitute in effect the very essence of education. These the learner must perform for himself. All disciplining and learning must be his own work. He can no more reap improvement by employing another to toil and sag for him, that he can see with another man's eyes or hear with another man's ears. We have no idea of your royal roads to learning, your science-made-easy methods of climbing the steepes of mental elevation. The grand art of all teaching, from its lowest to its highest departments, from the seminary for infants to the college and the university, is to get the learner to work for himself, to use his own powers, to become in a word his own instructor—a self-educator. Sir Walter Scott tells us that he began the composition of his 'Tales of a Grandfather' on the principle of sinking his style to the level of child-

* Self-education is one of those topics to which the attention of the community cannot be too often directed. There is really no education without it. We have met with nothing better on the subject than this lecture by the Rev. JOHN EDWARDS of Glasgow. It formed one of a very able course of lectures lately delivered in that city expressly for the benefit of young men, and afterwards published by Mr Collins. One or two short extracts from it appeared in former numbers of the INSTRUCTOR, among those fragmentary passages which usually fill our last page. In giving it

not easily understand, thinking this the most suitable way in which to instruct the youthful individual to whom his work is addressed. But his good sense soon discovered his mistake. He saw that he was giving no scope for personal exertion on the part of his juvenile reader—that he was excluding, in short, the self-educating process. And therefore he at once changes his style, strikes a higher key in the historic lyre, and writes what will now interest the man whose faculties it helped to awaken when a boy.

If *self* have thus so large a part to perform in the training of those who are still at school, its duties and responsibilities cannot surely be lessened after the learner has quitted the places of regular instruction, and become in some measure his own master. If self-application and self-discipline could not be dispensed with, when we had all the external aids of experienced and painstaking instructors, and all the encouragements and restraints of regular and well constructed systems of tuition, surely they must be still more essential when we are summoned to take our part on the stage of active life, and are thrown in a great measure on our own resources for any further progress we shall make in educating and improving our minds. Now such, my youthful friends, is the position which I must regard you as occupying—such the point of view in which self-education must be contemplated as it stands related to you. You have outlived the period of boyhood. The spring is past, and the summer of life is setting in. The stillness and repose of morning are gone, and you are now to brace yourselves for the heat and burden of the day. You are travellers whose road is now leaving the pleasant and familiar home-scenes which beguiled the tedium of the journey in the first stages of its progress, and you are entering the rugged defiles of a dangerous and unknown region, a land of drought and the shadow of death, where the cry of the wild beast reverberates amid the cliffs and precipices that darken on every side—where the traveller is often faint and weary, without food, without water, without a green spot where to lay his head, and where the memory of his home comes upon his spirit like the shadow of a pleasant dream which returns no more. You are mariners taking the parting view of the shores of your native land, and entering a rough and treacherous sea, on which you must embark to perform a long and hazardous voyage—a voyage in which your strength and your seamanship will be tasked to the uttermost to outlive the storms and escape the breakers where so many gallant vessels, laden with reason and high intelligence, are daily foundering, and consigning their precious cargoes to the deep. In plain terms, you have bid adieu, I may suppose, in the great majority of cases, to the training of the school and the class-room, and are standing on the threshold of the world, and are about to take your places and to bear your parts in its business and in its struggles.

What connexion then has self-education with you? What duties and responsibilities does it impose upon you? You will be ready to tell me, perhaps, that you have finished your education—that you have mastered all the branches of learning necessary to fit you for the positions you are to occupy, and the professions you are to follow in life. It may be so; but you have not on that account *finished* your education. *That*, as we formerly intimated, will never be finished so long as you are in this world. Understanding education in its highest and proper sense, as something different from mere instruction, as implying the culture of the mind and the forming of the character, it may be said in reference to you, to be as yet only in its initiatory stages. You have quitted the schools of boyhood only to enter the gymnasias of manhood. The lessons and instructions in which your earlier years were spent, when drilling your minds in the marvellous uses and the almost magic powers of the twenty-four letters and the nine digits, may be regarded as merely putting you in possession of the means of improvement, furnishing you with the implements by which you are now to cultivate the field of the soul—unlocking to you the trea-

sury of knowledge and happiness, that you may now go in and enrich yourselves with its spoils: in short, as merely constructing the scaffolding by which you may hereafter be enabled successfully to rear the moral and intellectual superstructure which, when once completed, is destined to stand for ever. The task of furnishing your minds, of fixing your principles, of forming your habits—in other words, the task of self-education, in the noblest sense of the term—is now transferred to your own hands: and my object in what follows is simply to suggest a few hints which may aid you in performing this duty, and impress you with the solemn responsibility which now devolves upon you; and, in doing this, I shall consider self-education in the threefold relation of *physical, intellectual, and religious culture*.

I. On self-education, viewed in relation to *physical culture*, we do not mean to enter largely; not that we think it unimportant, but that we may have space to do greater justice to the other divisions of our subject. By physical education, then, you will understand the various responsibilities which devolve upon a man in relation to his body. The body and the soul are so intimately united, that it is almost impossible to have a healthful condition of the one while you have a diseased condition of the other. The mind cannot act with vigour and vivacity, cannot encounter severe and protracted labour, when the body is suffering from sickness and debility. Your hopes and your happiness in life, your prospects of activity and distinction in time, depend almost as largely on the health of your corporeal system as on the soundness of your intellectual powers. If the body is neglected or misused so as to impair its functions, the doors of usefulness will be closed against you; and you will be disqualified alike for manual and for mental toil. And much as we value intellectual education, you will pay too high for it if it is purchased at the cost of a ruined constitution—of a suffering or a shortened life. These considerations render a paramount duty on every man wishful to fulfil the purposes for which his Creator has placed him in this world, to study the laws of his corporeal nature, and to employ the means which are fitted to unfold its energies, and preserve its functions in vigorous and animated condition.

The period of life at which you have now arrived, my young friends, is often marked by lamentable inconsideration and recklessness in this respect. The thoughtless youth, glorying in his strength, and foolishly presuming that he may treat the body just as he pleases—that he may violate the Creator's laws respecting it with impunity—often lays the foundation of maladies in the course of a few months, which shall cut short his days, or blast his prospects in life, and imbitter all his future years. He may even be drawing this dark cloud around his earthly destinies, without giving way to the follies and vices by which so many of the young and promising are blighted in the bud. He may be quenching his thirst for knowledge at the expense of the body. His devotion to mental improvement may be fed by unlawful fire, stolen from the altar of his existence. He feels for the present healthful and vigorous: he fancies that he will always continue so: he never sets his foot on the green earth or breathes the pure air of heaven: he steals the sleep of the body that he may expend it in the wearing action of the brain. He discovers his mistake when it is too late—when the powers of life are palsied and prostrate—when the objects for which he panted can no longer be pursued—and when the bitter reflection is forced upon his heart, that through his own inconsideration

‘He nursed the pinion which impell’d the steel.’

The employments in which many of you are engaged from day to day, may be such as to furnish sufficient exercise for preserving a healthful condition of the physical functions: but if not—if you are shut up through the long day in confined apartments and motionless postures, let it have all the sacredness of a religious obligation with you, to spend an hour in the morning or evening in

stretching the muscles and bracing the nerves. And for this purpose there is nothing better, nothing cheaper, than a vigorous walk, with a cheerful companion, in a genial atmosphere. The hour so spent is not lost though you should only have another left for the work of mental improvement; for all experience testifies that you will do more in that one hour with the exercise, than you would have done in the two without it.

The development of a sound state of bodily health is the chief object on which it is at present necessary to insist; but there are two or three subordinate points not unworthy to be noticed as objects embraced in physical self-culture. Among these, permit me to mention *cleanliness in your habits*. Cleanliness is a valuable auxiliary to health, preventing in many cases the attacks of disease, and always aiding its removal when it has been superinduced. It is essential to your own comfort, and the comfort of others. It has been said to live next door to religion and good morals; at all events, its opposite is generally found in fellowship with ignorance and vice. No mental accomplishments will make you welcome in good society without it: you will be disliked and shunned, and set down, not unjustly, as vulgar and offensive.

Again, cultivate *neatness in your apparel*. Much of a man's character may be read in his dress. Be sure that no prudent and discerning man will be likely, without very strong counterbalancing reasons, to place that youth in a situation of trust and confidence whose outward appearance bespeaks either the careless sloven or the conceited fop. Neatness of attire is the opposite of both these extremes—being alike opposed to the vulgarity of both. It is perfectly compatible with economy; nay more, is often one of its greatest auxiliaries. It may adorn even the coarse vestments of the labouring man, and please the eye amid the smoke and dust of the busy workshop. Whatever be a man's station or employment, he may cultivate it; and in doing so he will carry with him a letter of recommendation which every eye can read.

Finally, cultivate *temperance in eating and drinking*. It was by the practice of temperance in combination with athletic exercises that the gymnasium of the ancients gained its celebrity; imparting to its pupils a symmetry of form and a strength of frame which have never been surpassed in any age or country; and furnishing the living models which inspired the genius and guided the chisel of Phidias, enabling him to embody in the dead marble conceptions of human beauty,

'With less of earth in them than heaven.'

We are told of Cicero that he became, at one period of his life, the victim of the train of maladies which is usually known by the title of *dyspepsia*—maladies which pursue the indolent, the sedentary, and the gluttonous, as the shark is said to follow in the wake of the plague-ship. The orator hastened—not to the physicians—but to Greece; flung himself into the gymnasium, submitted to its rules of temperance and exercise for two whole years; and returned to the intellectual struggles of the Forum vigorous as the peasants who cultivated his farm. The Arab tribes who pitch their tents on the eastern shores of the Red Sea are distinguished above all other races of men for perfection of corporeal form—for strength of limb, combined with elegance and agility. The physical perfection of these tribes has led some men of the highest name in science to regard them as the *model race*—the *prototypes* of the human species. Yet their habits as to eating and drinking are temperate almost to abstemiousness; and their diseases are so few, that death seldom ensues, save from violence or old age. But I need not multiply examples; for all experience attests the fact, that without the practice of temperance, no man will long enjoy the '*sana mens in sano corpore*.'

II. We are next to consider self-education in relation to *intellectual culture*—in its connexion with what is usually termed mental improvement. The mind, though in itself simple and indivisible, possesses various capacities,

all of which are capable of culture, and admit of almost indefinite advancement. Every mind possesses precisely the same elementary powers; the difference existing between the loftiest and the lowest being merely a difference of degree, not of kind. The naked savage, roaming the woods and herding with the beasts of the field, has every faculty which gave might and mastery to the soul of a Bacon or a Newton: nay, for aught we know, there may be a point in our spiritual history, at which even this relative difference does not exist—at which the mental powers of all men are the same, not only in nature, but in degree—not only in number, but in capacity. But be this as it may, we wish you to carry away the conviction, that between the mightiest and the meanest, there is no difference so great as that which is produced by culture. It may be that there is not one now listening to me who shall ever rise to intellectual renown, or far surpass his fellows in the measure of his attainments; yet we may almost venture to say that there is not one who, by industry and perseverance—by the employment of right means rightly applied—may not earn for himself distinction in one department or another. You have thus every possible encouragement for entering vigorously on the work of intellectual culture. You have all the faculties which have belonged to men of the very highest order of mind. These faculties are as susceptible of improvement in your case as in theirs. The path to mental distinction lies as open to you as it did to them. No man was ever wise, or learned, or great, without labour and effort. No man ever possessed a highly cultivated mind without a diligent and persevering use of the means of improvement within his reach. And be assured, that application and perseverance will achieve for you what they have achieved for others. Strike boldly and earnestly for the prize, and fear not but some portion of it will be yours.

What then are the *objects* to which your efforts should be directed in carrying on the work of mental improvement? These objects are as various as the capacities of human nature; embracing every faculty and every susceptibility, every energy of thought, and feeling, and volition with which your minds are endowed. And I might take up each separately, until we had gone over the entire mental constitution of man. Such a plan, however, is incompatible with the space afforded by a single lecture; and I must content myself with simply indicating three general objects, noticing as we proceed some of the means by which each may be best secured. In intellectual self-culture, then, let your first aim be, to *strengthen* the mind; your second to *inform* it; and your third, to *acquire the habit of applying your mental strength and your mental stores to the practical purposes of life*.

1. Let your first object be, to *strengthen the mind*. Seek to possess a judgment clear, and sound, and penetrating—not liable to be imposed on by sophistry, or biased by prejudice, or misled by mere appearances; an intellect capable of estimating with precision the worth of an argument—of detecting the concealed relation of things—of tracing effects to their causes—of unravelling the intricacies of a perplexing subject—of grasping a mass of detached and dislocated particulars, reducing them to order and harmony, and marshalling them under the sway of some general principle—some universal law to which they must all henceforth do homage. Seek to acquire that mastery over your own spirit which will enable you to bring all its faculties to bear at once with energy and earnestness on any given point; and to keep it fastened on that point, until the task you have prescribed for it has been accomplished. We want you, in a word, to aim at that condition of the mind which is analogous to the condition of the body when all its organs are fulfilling their functions with energy and regularity. You may have felt the change which passes on the corporeal frame when, after being pent up for months in the sickly atmosphere of a crowded city, a man escapes for a season to the pure air and the invigorating exercises of the country. His nerves are strung with new vigour: he treads the earth

with firmness: a current of glad life is gushing through his veins: he is conscious of his strength and mocks at fatigue. Now we want the intellect disciplined into something like this hardy and healthful condition, so that it may go forth equipped for the duties and the struggles of life, and prepared manfully to grapple with difficulties, and exhibit a spirit of self-reliance amid the surprises and dangers which will beset its path. A mind in this state is an invaluable treasure. It is like the well-tuned instrument, ready at all times for discoursing the sweetest music. It has been likened to the burning-glass, prepared, at a moment's notice, to collect and concentrate the beams of light and heat which are darting in upon it from a thousand quarters. We would not exchange such a condition of soul for the greatest amount of mere knowledge. You may have a large store of information—of facts and opinions—of dates and references on this subject and on the other; but without this innate vigour, you are little better than the case which contains the books from which your knowledge has been drawn. Whereas, with a mind prepared for vigorous action—able to concentrate its powers—disciplined to think with clearness and closeness, you have gained the position in which all mental achievements are possible—you are armed with a weapon by which you may hew a passage for your soul through all obstructions, and accomplish any purpose on which you seriously resolve.

As to the *means* to be employed in thus strengthening the intellectual faculties, I must satisfy myself with a few brief hints. And we would say generally, that the exercise or study which tends most directly to this end is the best, no matter however disconnected it may seem with the particular avocations in which your future years are to be spent. The worth of any intellectual acquisition does not depend so much on the intrinsic value of the thing acquired, as on the personal labour it has cost us to gain it. The thing taught is not the *end* but the *means* of education. The grand point is to get the mind conscious of its own energies, to train it to the habit of rightly using them, to do for the soul what Cicero, in Greece, did for the body—gymnaze it in robust and bracing exercises. Whatever is fitted to do this most effectually; whatever will build up your soul in force of thought, in the power of fixing your attention and controlling your passions and propensities, is the very thing for you, although you may have little or no use for it after the drill is over. It is a great mistake to suppose that a man is losing his time unless he be learning something which is afterwards to be directly employed in the profession to which he is destined. Professor Malden gives a humorous illustration of the folly of this prevalent notion, in his lecture on the 'Introduction of the Natural Sciences into General Education.' Referring to the practice of parents requiring that their children should be taught such branches of education only as stand immediately connected with their future pursuits in life; insisting, for example, that a boy who is to spend his days among figures and calculations, in buying or in selling, in constructing engines or in navigating ships, would be wasting his time if he were obliged to master Greek or Latin, the professor remarks:—'If the education of the body were the matter in question, instead of the education of the mind, the absurdity of this conduct would be abundantly manifest. Put the case of a boy of a weakly constitution and effeminate habits; and suppose that family connexions and interest make it seem desirable that he should enter the army, and that he is committed to the care of some one—an old soldier, if you like—who professes to prepare him for his military career. At the end of four or five years, when he ought to obtain his commission, his father may think it right to inquire into his fitness for his profession. 'Have you studied tactics?' 'No, sir.' 'Have you studied gunnery?' 'No, sir.' 'Are you perfect in the last instructions issued from the Horse Guards for the manoeuvres of cavalry?' 'I have not seen them, sir.' 'Have you learned the broadsword exercise?' 'No.' 'Can you put a company of infantry through their drill?' 'No.' 'Have you practised

platoon firing?' 'No.' 'Can you even fix a bayonet in a musket?' 'I have never tried, sir.' After such an examination, we may suppose the father expostulating indignantly with the veteran under whose care his son had been placed. The latter might reply: 'Sir, when you intrusted your son to my training he was weak and sickly; he had little appetite, and was fastidious in his eating; he could bear no exposure to the weather; he could not walk two miles without fatigue; he was incapable of any severer exercise; he was unwilling, and indeed unable, to join in the athletic sports of boys of his age. Now he is in perfect health; and wants and wishes for no indulgence: he can make a hearty dinner on any wholesome food, or go without it, if need be; he will get wet through and care nothing about it; he can walk twelve or fifteen miles a day; he can ride; he can swim; he can skate; he can play a game at cricket, and enjoy it; though he has not learned the broadsword exercise, he fences well; though he has never handled a soldier's musket, he is an excellent shot with a fowling-piece: he has a firm foot, a quick eye, and a steady hand: he is a very pretty draughtsman: he is eager to enter his profession; and you may take my word for it, sir, he will make a brave and active officer.'

The principle on which the Professor's veteran rests his vindication, you will observe, was simply that the training followed had invigorated the physical constitution of his pupil, and consequently had fitted him for any profession in which habits of activity or endurance might be necessary. And this principle is equally sound when applied to the discipline of the mind. Whatever tends most directly to beget a love for intellectual exertion—to form and foster the habit of using the mental faculties with ease and energy—is imparting the best possible preparation a man can receive for any pursuit or profession—for any station or duty to which he may be called.

To be still more explicit as to the means of building up the soul in mental strength, let it be a rule with you to *master whatever you undertake*. Whatever the subject or study be to which you address yourselves, resolve that you shall understand it thoroughly—that your conceptions of it shall take a distinct and settled form: never rest satisfied with those crude, indefinite, half-formed notions, which are caught up after a hasty and superficial skimming of a subject; and with which multitudes leave off almost every study to which they turn their minds. Whatever you have in hand, bring all the powers of your mind to bear on it; dive into the very heart of it, and go round its entire circumference. If you meet with a difficulty which threatens to stop your progress, turn not aside because of it: face it boldly and resolutely; survey it on all sides; then close and grapple with it, until by your own prowess you have crushed it to powder. It may cost you some hard struggles to summon up this resolute endurance of purpose, and the work will doubtless be sufficiently irksome and trying at first, for most minds love ease and indolence; but the repetition of the process will make it pleasant. And then the struggle is just the thing for you—the very thing that will benefit you. Every fresh effort will gain for you a fresh accession of strength; and although the toil may leave you for the moment breathless and exhausted, yet will you come to the next onset with a firmer step and a surer hand. Acting in this spirit, the intellectual superstructure you are engaged in rearing will be no fragile fabric, liable to be shaken by every wind that blows: its foundations will be wide and deep, and its columns will grow up in massive magnificence. And surely the end is worth all the labour. Men oftentimes endure vast toil for objects but little worth. You will see one man spending years to bring decent music from a fiddle-string, or send a ball or an arrow through the bull's eye of a target; another tasking all his inventive powers to construct a conundrum; a third devoting half his life to acquire the art of balancing himself on a rope, or stand on his head on the top of a pole. Half the mental effort which is oftentimes expended to attain something useless—it may be sinful—if put forth to some purpose worthy of

our nature and our destinies, would suffice, in many cases, to lay the foundations of a mind which might hereafter vie in glory with 'the mighty dead.'

(To be concluded in next Number.)

'WHITE LYING' AND ITS VICTIMS.

'WALK in and take pot-luck with us,' said friend A—. In an unlucky moment I accepted the invitation, forgetting that a fine turkey awaited me at home. On entering the parlour we met Mrs A—, who received me very politely, but seemed rather disconcerted when her husband announced that I had dropped in to dine with them. I turned away to give her time to recover her equanimity, but in the opposite glass saw her dart a reproachful look at her spouse, accompanied with a gesture of vexation; and at the same time I saw him elevate his hand in an imploring attitude, and cast at her a beseeching look. All this was seen at a single glance—but it was sufficient. I was miserable from that moment. I thought of the turkey, and said to myself—'What a goose not to have thought of it before!' But what could I do? It was plain that the gudewife had only a poor dinner to offer me, and was greatly mortified thereat. I uttered an internal vow that I would never again accept an informal invitation to dine. I pretended to be looking at some engravings on the centre table, but was all the while trying to invent a scheme by which to extricate myself from my unpleasant position, and had nearly come to the conclusion that I would suddenly pretend to recollect a previous engagement, when a domestic announced that dinner was ready. It was too late: in another minute I was in the dining-room: and 'there I smelt 'em out!' I was about to partake of a salt-fish dinner. My heart sank within me at the thought that I had left a *real* gobbler at home, to come here and dine on a 'Cape-Ann turkey!' Of all articles tolerated on a dinner-table, I most abominate boiled salt-fish; and now it was to be seasoned with the sauce of misery and the pepper of domestic irritation. 'I must get rid of these two last ingredients at any rate,' thought I; 'and the only way to accomplish it is to swallow the former with a good grace.' 'Shall I help you to some fish?' said the lady. 'Certainly,' replied I; 'there is nothing of which I am so fond.' Here I observed her countenance to brighten. 'Some onions?' 'Thank you, yes; I always eat onions with fish.' (Face brighter still.) 'Beets? carrots? parsnips?' 'Yes, yes.' (Another shade vanished.) 'Eggs? butter? potatoes? &c. &c.' 'Yes, that's exactly right. You understand these things, I see; I could not be suited better. What a lucky fellow I was, A—, to fall in with you to-day!'

By this time his wife's face was as bright as a sunny day in May, and the perturbation so long visible on the countenance of my friend had given place to a smiling calm. I felicitated myself on the happy turn of affairs, and the thought of making my entertainers easy almost made me happy myself; *almost*, but not quite, for right before me lay an enormous plate of salt-fish and accompaniments, which I must devour as a proof of the truth of my declaration that 'there was nothing of which I was so fond as a salt-fish dinner.' I put on a smiling face, and addressed myself to the task. Mustard and vinegar alone saved me from loathing. Host and hostess were now on excellent terms with each other and with me; and we discussed at large the merits of dun-codfish, pickled fish, pollock, hake, cush, haddeck, and salmon; also lump-halibut, mackerel, lobster, shad, and trout; but we unanimously agreed that there was nothing so delicious as the dun-codfish, served up exactly like the one on which we were then dining! By and by my friend brought forth a bottle of excellent Madeiras and some fine Havannas. We were quite a happy party; and when I reflected that this was owing entirely to a little innocent falsehood of which I had been guilty, I took great credit for my benevolent artifice, and thought, 'Here is a case which would prove, even to Miss Edgeworth, that good

can come out of a white lie.' Just then the voice of that dear good woman seemed to whisper, 'Wait a little!'

Just a fortnight from that day, I received from A— a written invitation to dine with him; to which, owing to an unfortunate repugnance to say 'No,' which is my besetting sin, I returned an affirmative answer. To tell the truth, I had no objection; for I thought it likely that he was going to show me that he did dine *sometimes* on other things than salt-fish. I expected a sumptuous dinner, and was accordingly very punctual. There were no frowns now; no gestures of vexation, no perturbed visages; all seemed smiling, peaceful, happy. There was an air of ill-concealed triumph in the countenances of my friends which seemed to say, 'We will show you to-day what a good dinner is.' I expected venison at least. 'Dinner is ready, if you please ma'am,' said the servant; and we proceeded at once towards the dining-room. I was a little surprised that there were no guests except myself, for I had expected to meet a large company; but, on reflection, I felt it to be a higher compliment to be invited to dine *alone* with my friends—on venison. How kind they were! By this time we were in the hall. 'Is it possible,' thought I, 'that the odour of that salt-fish dinner can have hung about this place a whole fortnight? It's rather too strong for that. It cannot be that we are to dine on salt-fish again to-day!' My doubts increased at every step. We entered the dining-room, my friend a little before me, as if to prevent my seeing what was on the table, until I was close to it, when *he* stepped aside, and *she* withdrew her arm from mine; and both turned and looked, first at the table and then at me, with an air of mingled triumph and friendship, which was particularly vexatious, for on the table lay a dinner identical with the one of which I had reluctantly partaken a fortnight before! The blood rushed to my face, as if determined to find vent there, and then as suddenly retreated. A seat was most acceptable. I am sure I looked very pale, for I felt as if fainting; but recovering soon, I complained of being subject to vertigo, declared I had not felt well all day, and made this 'white lie' a plea for eating very sparingly. During the whole time I sat at table I could not get Miss Edgeworth out of my mind. 'She is avenged,' thought I; 'my white lie has brought its own punishment.' Not long after this I was *again* invited to dine with the A—s. Would you believe it, I was fool enough to consent; and *again* a salt-fish dinner was set before me, 'because I was so ill as not to have been able to enjoy my favourite repast the last time I was there!' Neither my friend's wine nor his flavorful cigars could elevate me. I was about to say, in reply to a commiserating remark, that my mind was preoccupied with very serious business matters, but I thought of Miss Edgeworth and was silent. I tried to smile, but I have no doubt the result was a grimace. I escaped as soon as possible, and hoped, as I left the house, that I had taken my farewell of salt-fish dinners for ever. But they were not yet ended. This was about two years ago; and since then I have been inveigled into the acceptance of no less than seventeen invitations to salt-fish dinners, which I have now the *general* reputation of being passionately fond of! I am sure, if such a thing were possible, I should have acquired a taste for them long ago; but, on the contrary, my dislike for them increases in a geometrical ratio. I have been several times on the point of feigning dyspepsia, as an excuse for declining *all* invitations, but the thought of Miss Edgeworth has prevented me. I have prayed that I might have a slight touch of it; just enough to swear by; but my chylifying function continues as strong as that of an ostrich or an anaconda. I begin to think that fate is against me. Without doubt I am 'doomed for a certain time to walk the earth,' during which I shall be compelled to accept invitations to codfish dinners! They will 'be the death of me' at length, however; I shall be 'found good for gone' some pleasant night; the 'crown's' quest will sit upon my corpus, and the verdict will be, 'Died of a white lie, and a suffusion of salt-fish dinners upon the brain!'—*Knickerbocker*.

THE VINE.

Every country is distinguished by some peculiar modes, a comparison of which with those of a corresponding nature in other countries, especially in matters apparently admitting of but little variety, often affords amusement and instruction. The cultivation of the vine affords an example. In our own country, it is suffered to expand itself to any size, and nailed in regular lines to the wall or frame of a greenhouse: thus a single tree will produce several hundred-weight of grapes. On the banks of the Rhine its growth is limited to four feet in height, and each tree is supported in an upright position; in France, it is formed into arches and ornamental alcoves; in Sardinia, it assumes the aspect of a parasitical plant, luxuriating among the branches of the largest forest trees, and clasping with its tendrils the extreme twigs; in Asia Minor, its wild festoons hang their green and purple pendants from rural bowers of trellis-work; on the heights of Lebanon it lies in a state of humiliation, covering the ground like the cucumber; and, subsequently, we saw it in the Valley of Eschol, in a position different from all that have been named. There, three vines planted close together are cut off at a height of five feet, and meet in the apex of a cone formed by their stems, where, being tied, each is supported by two others, and thus enabled to sustain the prodigious clusters for which that region has always been famous—clusters so large, that, to carry one, the spies of Moses (Numbers, viii. 23) were compelled to place it on a stick borne by two men. Each mode is, doubtless, the best that could be adopted in the quarter where it prevails, considering the nature of the soil and climate, the value of the land, and the object of the cultivator. —*Elliot*.

SOOT AS A MANURE.

The soot of ovens and chimneys, which may be procured in the vicinity of large towns, is among the most effective manures; there is not required more than 450 or 500 lbs. on the Magdeburg acre of land, in order to produce on all soils (especially the light ones) the most luxuriant vegetation. Soot is another example demonstrative of the great utility plants derive from certain mineral substances. The constituent parts of soot obviously depend on the component parts of the fuel; for which reason, in some of them much carbonate of ammonia, sulphate of ammonia, and sulphate of potash, is to be found, by which naturally their action as manures is much increased. The soot of coal is superior to that of wood, the former being richer in ammonia. If 500 lbs. of soot are put upon the Magdeburg acre of land, the soil will receive of really fertilizing matter, 20 lbs. of acetate of potash, 73 lbs. of carbonates of lime and magnesia, 28 lbs. of acetate of lime, 25 lbs. of gypsum, 8 lbs. of phosphate of lime, 2 lbs. chloride calcium, 1 lb. acetate of ammonia, and 150 lbs. of humic acid and humate of ammonia. We may well assume, that of the above substances the salts of ammonia and potash, gypsum, and the acetate of lime, will be the most effective, as there is too little of the other substances to possess any tangible influence. In Belgium they take for every measure of seed-corn 8 to 10 measures of soot. As soot acts by its easily soluble substances, it is always to be used as a top manure; and it is always strewed, therefore, in spring over the winter crops, or harrowed in with the seed of the summer crop. Sickly winter crops will be thereby very soon improved; their colour will change into dark green, which is owing to the ammoniacal salts. It destroys almost immediately the moss of the meadows, as these plants cannot bear ammonia at all, as we have seen when speaking of the manure with urine. A top manure of soot over clover will yield a most striking result, which is owing to the gypsum which it contains; but in order that it may act efficiently, wet weather is wanted—in dry weather it may even be hurtful, as the plants will then receive too concentrated food. Its effects last but one or two years. The decompositions which it effects in the soil are of no consequence. At some places, soot, previous to being used, is mixed with lime and earth. But before the lime

dust is added, the soot and earth must be well mixed together, and left lying in a heap for eight or ten days. After the lime has been added, the mixture is to be left in heaps for four or six weeks; then it is well worked up and used as top manure. The proportion in which these substances are mixed together is 1000 lbs. soot, 1000 lbs. lime, and 10,000 lbs. earth; the latter, however, must be very rich in humus, or the lime will expel the ammonia of the soot.—*Sprengel*.

THE FATE OF THE INSINCERE.

It is generally the fate of a double dealer to lose his friends and keep his enemies.

WHISPERINGS OF DEATH.

What say the leaves as they fall off the trees,
Born from their homes by the fresh-blowing breeze,
Whose fibres the hand of decay soon will seize?

They whisper of death—
They whisper of death.

What says the rose as she hangeth her head,
Mourning her perfume and beauty now fled,
Destined to fall on her own native bed?

She whispers of death—
She whispers of death.

What say the waves with the terrible roar,
Wafting the ship to the dark rocky shore,
Where sailors and vessel will soon be no more?

They whisper of death—
They whisper of death.

What says that bright orb of glory, the sun,
When his course to the realms of the west he hath run,
And his journey on one side the world is done?

He whispers of death—
He whispers of death.

What say the bells in the funeral toll,
Whose tones through the air so heavily roll,
Striking deep awe to the innermost soul?

They whisper of death—
They whisper of death.

What says the flush on the thin pallid cheek
Of the pining invalid, so feeble and weak?
Too plain is the language, alas! it doth speak—

It whispers of death—
It whispers of death.

What say the tombs that stud the green sod,
Around the old walls of yon temple of God,
Where hundreds have thoughtlessly, heedlessly trod.

They whisper of death—
They whisper of death.

What say the moments now passing away,
Hast'ning us on through 'life's little day,
Till those that were young once become old and grey?

All whisper of death—
All whisper of death.

TRUTH.

We must not always speak all that we know—that would be folly; but what a man says should be what he thinks—otherwise it is knavery. All a man can get by lying and dissembling is, that he shall not be believed when he speaks the truth.

TRIFLES NOT TO BE DESPISED.

The nerve of a tooth, not so large as the finest cambric needle, will sometimes drive a strong man to distraction. A musquito can make an elephant absolutely mad. The coral rock, which causes a navy to founder, is the work of worms. The warrior that withstood death in a thousand forms may be killed by an insect. The deepest wretchedness often results from a perpetual continuance of petty pains. A chance look from those we love often produces exquisite pain or unalloyed pleasure.

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MAGIC.

In this age, when the education of the masses is the avowed aim of almost all parties, it is not easy to conceive of a period when knowledge was the exclusive property of a class or caste. Nothing is more certain than that such a period has been. In the early history of most countries there is a time when there are few who have leisure or opportunity for the cultivation of their minds; and these, trusting to their intellectual superiority, generally seize the sceptre of political sovereignty. In all the ancient monarchies of Asia there was a strict alliance between the learned order and the governing power: the priest, the philosopher, and the statesman were the same; and the altar, representing the chief seat in the college as well as in the temple, was not unfrequently above the throne. When civilisation passed from Asia into Europe this alliance was dissolved; and to Greece is generally conceded the honour of having produced a new race of 'lovers of wisdom,' who pursued their studies beyond the precincts of the sacred grove or the holy ground.

Among the Medes, the members of the learned class were called Magi. They were virtually the sovereigns of their country; and when it was incorporated with Persia, their power underwent no diminution, the same supremacy being assigned to them in the united empire. To this Medo-Persian priesthood, who carried the powers of the sacerdotal order to a height that was never perhaps surpassed, the science of magic owes its name. Its inventor is supposed to have been Zoroaster; but notwithstanding all the research that has been expended on the history of this individual, it is impossible to relate the incidents of his life, or even to fix the date of his appearance. His system consisted of three parts. The first conveyed the knowledge of plants, animals, and metals; the second taught at what season of the year and in what condition of the atmosphere prodigies could be most successfully performed; the third explained the details of the phraseology and gesticulation that should accompany the exercise of the wonder-working art. The whole was a strange compound of truth and error—of science and sham. In its descent from age to age, and in its transmission from country to country, these heterogeneous elements were gradually separated—the better part being added by the philosopher to his list of discoveries, the worse being seized by the quack as his stock in trade to satisfy the demand for wonders by the gaping crowds that assembled around him in his migrations. Magicians sank at length to the level of the conjuror, who sought fortune and admiration by displaying before

the mob and 'the vulgar rich' his knowledge and his control over the hidden qualities and the more palpable agencies of heaven, earth, and hell. They could translate into every language 'the solemn silence' of the stars; they could forecast the destiny of the child from the hour of his birth; they could expound the mysterious depths of meaning that lay hid in a maniac's or a drunkard's dream; they could cure all diseases; and they could communicate their own enviable prerogatives to all who were willing to pay the exorbitant price for which they stipulated.

Modern science has put into our hands a key that unlocks all the secrets of ancient magic. Without determining what was the precise amount of scientific information in the schools of the magicians, we are able to demonstrate that many of the exploits to which they appealed as indications of supernatural agency were in strict accordance with the laws of nature. Let us enumerate a few of the illustrations that have been given of this subject. It is perhaps superfluous to state that as we do not profess to be adepts in the occult science ('the black art'), we must be indebted to the industry of others; and we cannot forbear to express our obligations to an able article in the second number of the North British Review. Mechanical contrivances contributed largely to the resources of the magical art. What a facility of deception would be given by the power of transferring the devotee or the dupe from scene to scene without his own instrumentality or observation! The possession of this power may be inferred from the apertures and grooves which are discovered in the remains of heathen temples, as if intended for the insertion and working of some sort of machinery. The entrance of the famous cave of Trophonius was too narrow to admit a person of ordinary stature; but as soon as those who wished to consult the oracle attempted to enter, they were drawn forward with great force, and the space was suddenly widened. When the Indian priests of the olden time marched into their temples in solemn procession, they struck the floor with their batons so that it rolled like the troubled sea, raised them aloft, and then restored them to their former level. It is well that they were strangers to the invention that has given immortality to the name of James Watt. The magician would have found a tremendous auxiliary in the steam-engine—a machine which transports us, in defiance of wind and tide, across river, lake, sea, and ocean—which propels us from place to place with the rapidity of thought—which does the work of the spinner, the weaver, the miner, the hewer, and the printer—which changes the whole face and alters the whole relations of society.

The phenomena of sound were frequently brought into requisition. The worshipper in the temple was alternately alarmed by peals of thunder and enraptured with strains of unearthly music. What was the thunder but reverberation occasioned by the construction of the building, as in the sounding aisle of the Abbey of Paisley? What was the music but the sound of metallic rods arranged behind the wainscot, or of an Æolian harp so situated as to be swept by the passing breeze? An ancient writer tells a marvellous story of a public edifice being guarded by a stone, which, like a faithful dog, put depredators to flight by its timely bark. It is not impossible. There are several stones which are capable of emitting sounds, and if one of them were so suspended as to be struck with metal as soon as the door was opened, it would perform most effectually the office of a sentinel. The red granite of Egypt possesses this sonorous property. The granite on the banks of the Orinoco has it to so great a degree that the natives ascribe it to witchcraft. There are large blocks of basalt in Brazil which exhibit the same quality. We had the opportunity of witnessing, a few years ago, a musical instrument made entirely of slabs of rock, and of listening to the agreeable music which it discoursed. The explanation of a large class of the magical wonders that depend on the phenomena of sound must be sought in the effects of ventriloquism. Was it not this which enabled the infant to speak as soon as it began to breathe, the statue to rival the eloquence of the living orator, and birds and beasts to hold long and not irrational conversation? There were some ancient temples in which the worshippers received the responses of their imaginary divinity from his own lips. The language was that of a human voice conveyed through a tube that terminated in the head of the image. The nature of the deception is learned from several statues which still bear the marks of the contrivance; and, in some instances, it has been described by the ancients themselves. This deception has been imitated in modern times. A speaking head of brass was constructed by one of the popes. A speaking head of wood was exhibited at the British court in the reign of Charles II. There is still 'the Invisible Girl' who receives and answers all sorts of questions on all sorts of subjects, and whose feats are accomplished by the simple expedient of placing a female in an adjoining apartment, who replies to the questioner through a cleverly concealed tube.

Optical illusions have always supplied to the magician a most fertile source of deception. There is none of our senses in which we repose so unlimited confidence as the eye. We do not believe all we hear: we allow that our palate, our nostrils, our hands, may mislead us; but it appears the height of absurdity to doubt what our eyes have seen. 'Seeing is believing.' Whoever, then, has the power of lessening or magnifying the size of objects, of inverting their figure, or altering their apparent position, may practise on the uninitiated whatever artifice he pleases. It is well known that the ancients were acquainted with the properties of mirrors of silver, steel, and speculum metal composed of copper and tin. With an adequate supply of these utensils the magician might effect the most extraordinary exhibitions which are recorded in the annals of imposture. Raising the dead is the greatest miracle which the true prophet can perform in attestation of his divine mission: and it is therefore the greatest which the impostor can pretend to perform in establishing his ascendancy over his disciples. This masterpiece of the necromancer's skill might easily be accomplished without any intercourse with the unseen world. He had a place consecrated by the forms of religion for recalling the shades of the departed, and the spectators entered it for the purpose of witnessing spectres and apparitions. If he formed a picture as large as life on any white ground they saw the spectral figure through gloom: with the aid of a ventriloquist he could even give them the privilege of hearing the ghost speak. If he formed it on the wreaths or clouds of smoke that ascended from the censer in which his incense was consumed, they saw shapes, not of men, but of beings of a higher order. Homer relates how

Ulysses was admitted to hold converse with his deceased friends, and how their interview was interrupted by terrific sights and sounds. We are informed by another writer that Hecate not only appeared among the smoke of the incense as it rose in many a curling volume to the sky, but was actually heard to laugh. While the magic lantern produced the appearance of resurrection, an invention similar to the diorama produced the appearance of creation. All who remember what were their own impressions on witnessing the diorama for the first time, will allow that, in an age of ignorance, it must have been capable of producing a perfect illusion. It is sufficient to explain all the enchanted gardens and gorgeous palaces which astounded the vision of the neophyte during his initiation into the ancient mysteries. What an addition would have been made to the resources of the magician if he had been master of the art of photography! There are certain rays of light which are too delicate to be appreciated by the retina of the human eye. Were these rays admitted into a darkened chamber, the most sharp-sighted observer would not discern the outline of the persons or objects on which they fell. But were a camera furnished with daguerrotype plate, or a sheet of paper prepared according to the calotype process, to be employed, it would, in a few seconds, display an exact representation of the whole scene. Whether it was the apartment of a pious family at the hour of prayer, or the den of the desperate banditti eager to conceal their last prize, or fierce in their quarrel about its distribution, the impartial tablet would disguise nothing. It is also discovered that invisible rays are thrown out, even in the dark, by all bodies; so that when they are placed at a small distance from a smooth surface they leave on it their own image, although it does not appear till it is brought out by the human breath. It is thus possible for every visible object to draw its own picture, and yet that the picture may never meet the glance of a single eye; nay, objects that are invisible may leave impressions of themselves which every eye can see. An exact likeness of a thing may be seen on a surface which it never touched. Of this the most familiar example is the fact, that a plastered ceiling sometimes exhibits upon its surface the form of the joists by which it is suspended.

The science of hydrostatics lent its share to the art of the magician. When he lighted up the temples of the gods with perpetual lamps; when he drew tears from the eyes of the sacred image; when he supplied the demand for wine at the public festival from urns that were self-replenished; when he caused a fountain of oil to gush forth in celebration of the conqueror's return; when he presented a cup which brought liquid to the lips only to mock the intensity of thirst—he merely showed his acquaintance with the laws of hydrostatic pressure. And if he made the ceiling of a house to shake as under the concussion of an earthquake, by leading steam into it from concealed caldrons, or enabled an idol to manifest its indignation by a clap of thunder and a murky cloud from the explosive force of the steam that had been generated in the cavity of its head, he only showed his further acquaintance with the same branch of science.

Some chemical processes were employed. Of chemistry as a science, indeed, the ancients knew but little: it is one of the peculiar boasts of modern, not to say of our own times. But the alchemists, however unsuccessful in the main object of their search, gained some practical insight into the economy of nature, and they eagerly applied it to the purposes of imposture. They professed to be able to make blood boil spontaneously—a feat which, when it was performed by the priest in his religious service, often spread consternation among the worshippers, and filled them with the dread of coming calamities. The blood was a chemical preparation which boiled at a temperature to which it could be raised by the heat of the human hand. The story of Nessus and Dejanira has been quoted as an instance in which ancient sorcery borrowed something from the art of the chemist. Hercules, when about to offer sacrifice at the altar of Jupiter, asked from his wife a robe that would be appropriate to so solemn a

occasion. Dejanira sent him an article of dress which she had received from Nessus; but as soon as he put it on he was smitten with a disease from which he never recovered. According to the version of the Greek tragedian, the tunic had been besmeared with a liquor which Venus had instructed the faithless spouse of the hero to apply. Venus may be acquitted from so foul a charge, for a phosphoret of sulphur might do this work of iniquity.

Electricity and magnetism did not afford much assistance to the ancient masters of the magical art. The only fact which indicates their acquaintance with electricity is, that they were accustomed to bring down lightning from the heavens, as if they had anticipated the use of Franklin's kite. With regard to their magnetic knowledge, it is certain that they were familiar with the attractive power of the loadstone, for they often suspended statues in the air near or within their temples. A brass statue of Cecrops was thus suspended in the vault of an Egyptian temple; an iron statue of Cupid, too, was suspended in his own temple. That these statues were really suspended at their aerial elevation by the mere force of magnetism is altogether out of the question. A loadstone may have been raised aloft to save appearances, but the statues were suspended by cords and wires which were so fixed as to be invisible at the only points to which spectators were admitted.

There is a multitude of miscellaneous wonders which cannot be properly ranged under any particular department of science. Magicians seem to have acquired, at an early period, the art of breathing fire and smoke from their mouth; of protecting their body from the heat of melted metal, and of making houses fire-proof. In the second century before our era, the leader of an insurrection established his title as general of the slaves by vomiting flames; and by the same expedient the famous Barchochabas persuaded his countrymen that he was the true Messiah. The priestesses of Diana in Cappadocia claimed it as one of their immunities to walk unhurt over burning coals. It was the boast of a Roman family that the fire could scathe none of its members, and they exercised this vested right once a-year in the temple of Apollo. It was not uncommon for persons who were suspected of atrocious crimes to submit with impunity to the arbitration of a fiery ordeal. We read of a tower of larch which defied all the skill of Cæsar to reduce to ashes. These wonders were all owing to the skillful application of substances and solutions which were not generally known. There were others which were owing to the power of man over the inferior animals. The ancient magician need not have shrunk from competition with the keepers of any menagerie of the present day, whether British or American. He knew the powerful effects which are produced on some of the lower creatures by certain substances, as on the cat by valerian. One person is said to have swum safely in the midst of crocodiles by rubbing his body with their grease. He knew the art of fascinating serpents, and of establishing friendly relations with that tribe which is generally so odious to the human race; he knew the potent influence of music over beasts of every name, so that he could charm with harmonious sounds, not only the spider and lizard, but the elephant and hippopotamus. Nor was he a stranger to those narcotic and poisonous draughts which do such fearful injury to the bodily and mental constitution of mankind. The waters of Lethe and the fatal beverage of Mnemosyne were intoxicating drinks. These instruments of derangement and degradation can be traced in all lands—in Greece, in Rome, in Ethiopia, in Kamschatka. They have stimulated the phrenzy of religious fanatics in the regions of heathenism; they have given buoyancy to the spirits of the youthful warriors when they met to decide whether the Holy Land should be the property of the Christian or the infidel; they have inspired fortitude into the breast of the Hindoo widow when she ascended the funeral pile of her husband; they have procured pleasant slumbers for the victims of the inquisition amid the agonies of the torture and the apprehension of coming dissolution.

It would not be proper to conclude without remarking that modern science more than compensates for the loss of ancient magic. While the philosopher unfolds the laws of nature, of which the impostor availed himself in working his pretended miracles, he exhibits a host of facts more wondrous than all the arts of imposture ever feigned. The wand of the enchanter has passed into his hand, and although he affects no superstitious mummeries, and utters no cabalistic sounds, he is a great wonder-worker. But the modern magician has no mysteries in his profession: whatever he discovers he hastens to publish abroad on the wings of the wind. Knowledge now 'unfolds her ample page, rich with the spoils of time,' to the eyes of all readers. Whatever advantages may be enjoyed by our ingenious youth who spend their winters in Edinburgh, Glasgow, St Andrews, and Aberdeen, or even in the more imposing universities of England, they have no monopoly of the blessings of knowledge. The weekly sheet or volume brings to every house lectures on every interesting and important subject, which may be far less profound than those which are delivered from the chairs of our universities, but are, for that very reason, better adapted to the capacity of those to whom they are addressed. Within the reach of every person who can read, there is a prize more precious than the philosopher's stone, more precious than the metal into which it was expected to transmute all others. If knowledge be power it is also gold, for, although its value cannot be computed in pounds, shillings, and pence, it secures to all its possessors what money cannot purchase. Yet it is not everything. The utmost refinement of the understanding may coexist with the utmost depravity of the heart. Every man of intelligence is not a man of worth. One might be an adept in all the magic of the ancient, and in all the science of the modern world, without being a good man. It is necessary to sit at the feet of Him 'who spake as never man spake,' in order to become acquainted with that better wisdom 'which cometh down from above.'

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

JOHN RAY.

Among the older naturalists of Britain, there are few whose names occupy a more honourable position than that of John Ray. This place it deservedly fills not only on account of his high attainments in science, but also for the unaffected piety which led him to employ these in setting forth the wisdom of the Creator as manifested in his works. John Ray, or Wray, as he for a time affected to spell his name, was born on the 29th November, 1628, at Black Notley, near Braintree, in Essex, where his father was a blacksmith. The humble rank of his parents did not prevent him receiving a liberal education at the village school, from which, at the age of sixteen, he passed to the University of Cambridge. One of his tutors here was Dr Dupont, a man of considerable learning, under whom young Ray acquired a good knowledge of the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages. Among his acquaintances at college were Isaac Barrow, the celebrated divine and mathematician; and Tension, afterwards archbishop of Canterbury. Ray's studies were directed to the church, and in due course of time he became a fellow of Trinity College, then lecturer on Greek and mathematics, and subsequently filled other offices in the university. He was also distinguished as an eloquent preacher, and his sermons were esteemed for their sound reasoning and enlightened views of theology. As yet, however, he had not taken holy orders, being prevented by the unsettled state of the country, and, it is probable, by his attachment to Episcopacy. After the Restoration, in December 1680, he was ordained a deacon and priest by Sanderson, bishop of Lincoln, but still continued to reside in the university.

The study of ancient literature and theology did not engage his whole attention. Ray was already known for his acquirements in natural history, and in 1680 had published a catalogue of the plants growing in the vicinity

of Cambridge. Though simply what its name implies, a list of plants with their localities, yet, in the low condition of botanical science at that time, this work was very favourably received, and he formed the intention of preparing a similar book, comprising the whole of Britain. For this purpose, he not only requested his friends in various parts of the country to send him lists of plants found in their neighbourhood, but also travelled through a great part of England and Wales; and in 1661, extended his journey into the south of Scotland. He kept a regular journal of his travels and observations, some of which are very curious. In Scotland, he notices the Bass Rock and its flocks of solan geese, of which his account is tolerably accurate. He found no plants with which he was not formerly familiar; and the unsettled state of the country, with the mean accommodation for travellers, seem to have excited his ill-humour against the whole nation. Some parts of his character of our countrymen two centuries ago are very interesting:—‘The Scots generally (that is the poorer sort), wear, the men blue bonnets on their heads, and some russet; the women only white linen, which hangs down their backs as if a napkin were pinned about them. When they go abroad, none of them wear hats, but a party-coloured blanket, which they call a plaid, over their heads and shoulders. The women generally, to us, seemed none of the handsomest. They are not very cleanly in their houses, and but sluttish in dressing their meat. Their way of washing linens is to tuck up their coats and tread them with their feet in a tub. They have a custom to make up the fronts of their houses, even in their principal towns, with fir boards nailed one over another, in which are often made many round holes or windows to put out their heads. In the best Scottish houses, even the king’s palaces, the windows are not glazed throughout, but the upper part only; the lower have two wooden shuts or folds to open at pleasure and admit the fresh air. The Scots cannot endure to hear their country or countrymen spoken against. They have neither good bread, cheese, nor drink; they cannot make them, nor will they learn. The ordinary country houses are pitiful cots, built of stone and covered with turves, having in them but one room, many of them no chimneys, the windows very small holes, and not glazed. In the most stately and fashionable houses in great towns, instead of ceiling, they cover the chambers with fir boards, nailed on the roof withinside.’ His account of the state of agriculture is also interesting, particularly when it is remembered that it is the Lothians he is describing:—‘The ground in the valleys and plains bears good corn, but especially beer-barley, or bigg, and oats; but rarely wheat and rye. We observed little or no fallow ground in Scotland; some layed ground we saw, which they manured with sea-wreck.’ The people seem to be very lazy, at least the men, and may be frequently observed to plow in their cloaks.’ When the civil wars and dissensions which then afflicted the country—he himself saw the heads of Argyle and Guthrie whitening on the gates of the tolbooth of Edinburgh—are remembered, this state of things will excite little surprise.

The famous Bartholomew Act of 1662 deprived Ray of his fellowship, although warmly attached to the doctrine and discipline of the established church. Had it only enforced uniformity, and required him to renounce the solemn league and covenant, which in the time of presbyterian dominion he had never subscribed, Ray could have been under no difficulty in complying. But it also required him to declare, that those who had sworn to this agreement were no longer under any obligation to observe their oath—a declaration which seemed to him so inconsistent with morality that he unhesitatingly rejected it, and was consequently deprived of his fellowship, along with thirteen other members of the university. His time was thus more at his own disposal; and in 1663, accompanied by his friend Mr Willughby, whose tastes were wholly congenial to his own, he visited the Continent, traversing the Low Countries, Germany, Italy, with Malta and Sicily, and returning by France. In Switzerland he

remained some time, and discovered many plants formerly undescribed. He returned home with a rich store of materials, afterwards employed in his scientific works; and in 1673, he also published a volume containing the more miscellaneous results of his travels. After his return he continued his study of English botany; and in the summer of 1667, visited Cornwall and other remote parts of the country, collecting plants, noticing the habits of the various animals, and making observations on the metals found in different places, and the modes of preparing them for use. His leisure time was spent in reading works on natural philosophy, published during his absence on the Continent; in assisting Mr Willughby to arrange his collection of birds, fishes, shells, stones, and other fossils; and in framing tables of natural objects for the use of Dr Wilkins, then busy with his project for a universal character—a mode of writing to be intelligible in all languages, and understood by every nation. Ray afterwards translated this celebrated work into Latin, but his version was never published, and still remains in the library of the Royal Society, where it was deposited.

Ray had now obtained a considerable reputation for his learning and knowledge of natural science, and had acquired the friendship of Dr Lister, Sir Hans Sloane, Dr Derham, and others engaged in similar pursuits. He was also chosen a member of the Royal Society, and published several papers in its Transactions. Some of the most interesting of these gave an account of his experiments on the flow of sap in trees. Another of his employments about this time was the preparation of his collection of English proverbs, published in 1672, a work which has not only made him known to many of his countrymen, who took no interest in his more scientific pursuits, but which exhibits in a remarkable manner the wide range of his knowledge and acquirements. His collection of unusual and local English words is also an important contribution to the history of our language.

With his friend Mr Willughby, who, though possessed of a large property, had devoted most of his time to the study and investigation of nature, Ray had formed a plan ‘to reduce the several tribes of things to a method, and to give accurate descriptions of the several species, from a strict view of them.’ The vegetable kingdom was allotted to Ray, whilst the animals were assigned to his companion. This project was, however, interrupted by the death of Willughby in 1672. He appointed Ray one of his executors, with an annuity of £60 for life, and intrusted him with the care and education of his two infant sons. This required him to reside at Middleton Hall, the seat of his friend, where he remained for several years. In 1673 he married, but this produced no change in his residence or pursuits. He was busily engaged in preparing for the press a book on birds, left in an incomplete state by Willughby. It appeared in 1675 in Latin, and three years afterwards in English, with large additions by the editor. In the same year (1678) his mother died at Black Notley, when he removed thither with his family, to settle, as he said, if such was the will of God, for the short pittance of time he had yet to live in this world. The young Willughbys had some time before been removed from his care, and he had full leisure to devote himself without interruption to his favourite studies. Nor were these opportunities and advantages misapplied, as the variety of his publications fully shows. Botany was still his favourite pursuit, and his first works regarded that science. One of them contained a method of arranging plants, then become a matter of much importance, on account of the great number of species known and described. That Ray failed in producing a perfectly natural system, will not surprise those who know the small extent of botanical knowledge at that time, and how much still remains to be done before this can be effected, even after two centuries of progress. Another work was a general history of plants, compiled from various authors, and containing much varied information. More original works were his catalogue and synopsis of British plants, published in 1690, which Sir J. E. Smith characterises as

one of the most perfect of all the systematical and practical florists of any country that ever came under his observation. He had examined every plant recorded in the book, and even collected most of them himself. Some time afterwards he published a similar work on the European plants not found in Britain, embodying amongst other materials the results of his observations during his travels on the Continent.

The other branches of natural science were not, however, neglected by him. Besides the work on birds, he also published a treatise on fishes, from the papers left by Mr Willughby, the expense of which was defrayed by the Royal Society. Both of these books were illustrated by numerous plates, some copies but others original. He then began a synoptical view of the whole animal kingdom, of which the first volume, containing the quadrupeds and serpents, appeared in 1693, and continued in general use till superseded by the system of Linneus. A similar work on the birds and fishes was next completed, but was not published till after his death. Another posthumous publication was a history of insects, undertaken at a time when he was labouring under the infirmities of age, aggravated by severe disease. In a letter to Dr Derham he says of it:—'The work which I have now entered upon is indeed too great a task for me; I am very crazy and infirm, and God knows whether I shall overlive this winter.' Yet, even amidst all these infirmities, the pleasure and satisfaction he felt in contemplating the works of God enabled him to persevere.

The treatises now mentioned show how much Ray had contributed to the progress of science, and many would have felt contented with the good thus accomplished. Not so their conscientious and pious author. Destined from his earliest years to the service of the church, he had always regretted the circumstances that prevented him from engaging in it. On the promotion of his friend Dr Wilkins to the see of Chester, church preferment would have been readily opened to him, but he always affirmed that he felt it impossible to subscribe the declaration required. 'Being not permitted,' to use his own words, 'to serve the church with my tongue in preaching, I know not but it may be my duty to serve it with my hand by writing.' With this feeling he composed his treatise entitled 'The Wisdom of God manifested in the Works of Creation;' having chosen the subject as thinking himself best qualified to treat of it. His intention in this work was to demonstrate the existence of a Deity, and to illustrate some of his principal attributes from the various phenomena of the natural world, and in this way 'to stir up and increase in us the affections and habits of admiration, humility, and gratitude.' Few persons in his own time were better fitted to compose such a work, or possessed in a higher degree that knowledge of nature in all its various departments, that familiarity with ancient and modern authors on connected subjects, that profound yet humble philosophy, and that warm unaffected piety which it requires. His work, consequently, had great success, and not only went through many editions at home, but was translated into several foreign languages. It is now almost superseded by more recent treatises, adapted to the improved state of science and the changes in the literary taste of the public, but these will be found to have adopted from it, not only their plan but even a large part of their most valuable materials. It success encouraged Ray to bring out another similar work, named 'Physico-Theological Discourses concerning the Primitive Chaos and Creation of the World: the General Deluge and Dissolution of the World.' As its title imports, this treatise contained his speculations regarding the formation of the earth, in which, according to the custom of the age, theology and geology were mixed together by no means to the advantage of either. Though it excited considerable attention at the time, it is now far less known than his former volume.

Thus happily and usefully employed in studying the works of the Almighty and making them known to his fellow-men, Ray lived for more than a quarter of a cen-

tury in his native village. His means of support seem to have been humble, but few particulars remain of his private circumstances or domestic relations. His family consisted of three daughters; and his wife, who was considerably younger than himself, is reported to have been constant and unremitting in her attentions to him when labouring under protracted disease. For some years before his death he had been afflicted with severe pains in his legs, which broke out into ulcers; and other complaints having greatly reduced his strength, he was confined almost wholly to the house. He died on the 17th January, 1705, at his residence in Black Notley, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. Of his character, his friend and biographer Dr Derham thus writes:—'He was a man of excellent natural parts, and had a singular vivacity in his style, whether he wrote in English or Latin. In a word, in his dealings, no man more strictly just; in his conversation, no man more humble, courteous, and affable. Towards God, no man more devout; and towards the poor and distressed, no man more compassionate and charitable according to his abilities.' His scientific merits have been acknowledged both by his countrymen and by foreigners. Sir James E. Smith says that Ray 'was the most accurate in observation—the most philosophical in contemplation—and the most faithful in description amongst all the botanists of his own or perhaps any other time.' In zoology, he occupies an equally distinguished place, having not only enlarged its boundaries by the discovery and accurate description of many new species, but also by pointing out the necessity of some improved method of arranging them. His most honourable character, in which, however, he stood not alone either in that nor we trust in any other age, was that of a Christian philosopher, who did not, whilst studying the works of creation, forget the acknowledgment and reverence due to their Almighty Author.

DROMEDARIES AND THEIR DRIVERS.

THE operation of mounting the beast, and his operation of rising, in three motions, from the sitting posture in which he receives you, are as odd and require as different a school from the ordinary one in the art of riding as can well be imagined. The first movement of his rising on his knees, generally performed a moment or two before you are established in the saddle, gives you an inclination, which must be resisted, of slipping back over his tail. Movement the second, of hoisting himself, from the double joints of his hocks, upon his hind feet, makes it necessary for you to beware of going over his ears. The third effort places you, with a jerk, upon a level seat of some nine feet from the earth. And this strange struggle is all the more difficult to you if, as you are always advised to do, you substitute for your accustomed mode of sitting astride, the Arab position of camel-riding, your legs crossed over a high projecting pommel, which you are fain to pinch with your calves (or, in the process of learning, more commonly with both hands) to preserve your balance. But all this is an art which, like that of swimming or moving on skates, becomes a knack, never forgotten and of no difficulty after the first successful achievement.

The gait of the beast is as tiresome to the rider as anything can be which is not physically fatiguing. It is a very proud and important-looking stride, of vastly slow progress, to every step of which, regular as the pendulum of a clock, the rider, perched aloft on a pack-saddle, which is perched aloft on a hump, is fain to bend as it were, in respectful acknowledgment. The effect of this is at first very ludicrous, even to the performer. But, after thus stalking and bowing for a certain time across the dead flat of a desert, without a chance, exert himself as he will, of mending his pace, it becomes exceedingly tiresome to him; particularly, oppressed as he is, beginning at sunrise, with the sense that his pace must continue, unimproved and unvaried, till the setting of the same.

To call the camel or the dromedary the 'ship of the desert' is a great injustice to the ship of the ocean, whose every movement carries with it a feeling of life and sense, tempered by obedience, while the gait and manners of the other leave a notion only of the involuntary and mechanical.

I spoke, a while ago, of the patient, long-suffering expression of the camel's face; but your opinion of the camel will, I think, change, as mine did, upon further and more intimate acquaintance. The truth is, he is but an ill-conditioned creature, after all. What you took for an expression of patience becomes one of obstinate, stupid, profound self-sufficiency. There is a vain wreathing of the neck, a self-willed raising of the chin on high, a drooping of the lack-lustre eye, and sulky hanging of the lower lip, which, to any who have faith in the indications of countenance and action, betoken his real temper. Then that very peculiar roar of his, discordant beyond the roar of any other beast, which continues during the process of his being loaded, from the moment that the first-package is girded on his back to when he clumsily staggers up upon his feet to begin his lazy journey, is a sound betraying more of moral degradation than any I ever heard from any other four-legged animal—a tone of exaggerated complaint and of deep hate, which the shape of his open mouth well assorts with. The dromedary is said to be to the camel what the thorough-bred horse is to the hack. But he who has ridden a dromedary will never again profane the qualities of the thorough-bred horse by using his name in any such company. The dromedary, it is true, is lighter than the camel, and capable of going much faster; but in temper and spirit he differs from him in nothing but in being even more obstinate. Though able to go at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour (and some are made to do it by dint of a rough education), the dromedary who has not been from his early youth in the hands of a Tartar, or of an Arab of one of those tribes whose trade is war and plunder, cleaves to his favourite pace of two miles and a half. You cannot, do what you will, make friends with him, or coax him out of what he seems to consider as his privilege of thwarting and annoying his rider. He always goes slow, and, whenever he can, goes wrong. If you strike him for any misconduct, he bellows, turns round, and lies down. If you, as the term is, 'make much of him,' he behaves like an animal who cannot take delight in anything. He is never young. The yearlings, of whom you see large troops pasturing by the sides of their dams wherever there is a patch of scanty verdure in the desert, never frisk. They have the same look, the same action, they aspire to the same roar with those of the caravan.

And now a few words about his driver. The Arab of the desert, or the Fellah working in the fields, is, in many respects, higher in the social scale than the Arab of the town. The Bedouin, while he is among the sandy wilds which are to him a home, is independent of all control, save of his wants, which are few, and his superstitions, which are many. Often with travellers, and with caravans of travellers, he is in a station of high trust, which raises him in his self-respect. This establishes for him a certain code and sense of honour, rarely violated while in trust, but never having reference to any engagement save what he has formed with those to whom his services and good faith are formally pledged. These special engagements, and the general duty of hospitality to strangers in the desert of which he is master (a duty, I believe, hardly ever betrayed or neglected), are his only moral obligations.

It is not to be wondered at that the spirits which rise in obedience to the influence of a boundless range of horizon, and of the driest, purest, lightest air in the world, should be excited on entering upon this waste of sand. No one can fail to feel it there. It is a salt air like that of the sea, unmixed with any effluvium of vegetation or decay; but it is also free from any charge of damp. Even under the heat of a burning sun, and with no breeze abroad, it is a still, a bracing, and exhilarating air. But

there are other impressions also under which the eye of the Bedouin kindles, and his step becomes more elastic, and his mien a prouder one, when he quits the city where he has sojourned in search of employ, and sees the far-stretched horizon of the desert around him. He has left subjection and restraint for freedom, adventure, and command; he has cast off all submission to the capricious discipline and hard exactions of Eastern police, to enjoy again the wide inheritance of Ishmael, and emancipation from all but the ceremonial law which is between the prophet and himself. This he observes with rigid punctuality: and he who, unless when his hospitality or his bond is appealed to, permits himself any violence or any treachery for gain, is strict in his prayers and prostrations, and would starve rather than eat or even touch the flesh of the unclean thing.

Every Arab, whether of the town, or the fields, or the river, or the desert, is an indefatigable talker. He is lazy about business; but his real relaxation from labour, and his comfort while labour is going on, is in loud and rapid talk, accompanied with the most painfully restless gesticulation. All day, if travelling, his joy is to double himself up upon the top of the other burdens his camel has to bear, and there, with his pipe in one hand and his beads in the other, to mutter and crone himself into a comatose state. While he is walking at his camel's tail, he pours forth an endless, dreary song, always composed by himself for the occasion, always to the same air, if air it can be called, and relating to the number of travellers and place of destination. For the first day or two, we thought it was some sacred canticle or prayer. It had a tone of psalmody. But all our respect for it was at an end, when our dromegon thus translated it:—'We are twelve, four are Hawadjis; go on camels to Gaza; why should we not go on to Gaza? We are twelve, four are Hawadjis.' This, set to never more than three bars of very bad music, the singer repeats, over and over again, to the self-same tune and words, in which his companions alternately relieve him throughout the day.

But, when the season of natural repose arrives, and everything invites to it—when the bread has been baked, and the rice boiled, and the evening repast concluded, and more fuel collected, and the fires made up for the night, and the groups of men and camels are well and snugly established round them, and the Hawadji, or travelling gentleman within the tent, is wrapped up in that chrysalis state in which every man who feels he has a hammock or a blanket hopes, after a long day's ride, that he may remain undisturbed, at least from midnight till sunrise—'tis then, sad man, that his Arabs who surround him have fairly entered upon active life! They shout, they sing, at the highest pitch their voices can attain. If there is a pause, it is that one of them may tell a long story about nothing at all, a dozen times over; beginning, continuing, and ending, each time, to the same effect, and in the same words, how certain travellers, or how a certain sheik, or pasha, or how a certain camel; but no matter what, the whole troop applauding as vociferously as if the story were a new one, which it never is, or had a point in it, which it never has. And thus they go on, sometimes breaking off for a firing of pistols and muskets, and a general howl, to inform the desert that they have arms. Then comes morning, and then the preparations to renew the journey. Then, after the violent debate, which every morning recurs, about how the camel loads are to be re-adjusted (an operation on which daily discussion and practice have been expended in vain), those who ride fall asleep, as the day before, and those who walk resume the former chaunt about the number of the party, and where they are going, and the question, why should they not go there?

Your Arabs never know what time of day it is, nor care, so that the journey be ended at sunset. Throughout the day their effort has been to defer as much as possible the act of doing anything necessary or profitable. They 'take no note of time but by its loss.'—*Lands Classical and Sacred, by Lord Nugent.*

INTEGRITY.

'By the by, James, have you advised Messrs Lawrence & Parkinson of the error in the weight of the last chest of indigo we had from them?' said Mr Watson, a much respected merchant in Glasgow, to his principal clerk.

'No, sir,' replied the young man, smiling, and looking very clever and knowing; 'the mistake being their own and in our favour, I thought it as well to let them find it out themselves. They wouldn't have put us right under similar circumstances.'

'But, James, if they never find it out, what then?' inquired Mr Watson.

'Why, then, sir,' said the former, again looking particularly knowing, 'we shall be gainers by the sum of £7, 10s.; the amount of difference between Lawrence & Parkinson's invoice, and the actual weight of the indigo.'

'What, James!' exclaimed Mr Watson, with a gravity approaching to sternness; 'and do you imagine that I would pocket £7, 10s. or any other sum so gained—that I would take advantage of an oversight on the part of those with whom I deal, to rob them?'

'They would not hesitate to do so to us, sir,' replied the young man, blushing, and a good deal disconcerted by a consciousness that he was advocating an unjust cause.

'I do not believe they would, James,' said Mr Watson. 'I have dealt with Messrs Lawrence & Parkinson for many years, and have ever found them honourable and upright in all their transactions. At any rate, what *they* would do under the circumstances can be no rule to me. I know what *I* ought to do, and that shall be done. Take a sheet of paper, James, and write as I shall dictate. But, pray, first tell me what is the amount of error in the weight of the indigo?'

'Twenty pounds, sir,' replied the young man. 'They have invoiced to us 108 pounds instead of 128.'

'So,' said Mr Watson, who was now engaged with his pencil calculating; 'twenty pounds at 7s. 6d. is £7, 10s. Now then, James, write. Date. Gentlemen—I have your favour of 24th instant, with invoice of chest indigo. Amount, £40, 10s. On re-weighing the chest, I find you have committed an error against yourselves of twenty pounds: the chest weighing 128 pounds, instead of 108 pounds, as invoiced. Say—twenty pounds at 7s. 6d., is £7, 10s.: which makes the whole amount £48, instead of £40, 10s., and the former sum I now remit you, which please acknowledge at convenience. I remain, &c.'

On the third day after this occurrence, Mr Watson entered his counting-house with an open letter in his hand, which he threw down before his clerk with an air of honest exultation, saying—'There, James, read that. There's a letter worth a thousand pounds of indigo; at least, I so value it;' and his honest countenance beamed with conscious rectitude.

James read—'Dear sir, we have to acknowledge with thanks receipt of your favour of 29th ult., with remittance of £48 for chest indigo, shipped for you per Isabella of Liverpool. We note your correction of error in weight of said chest, and beg to express a deep sense of obligation for your honourable conduct in that matter, although it is but what we should have expected from the scrupulous integrity which has marked all your dealings with us. We deem it but right to add, that the error would never have been known to us had you not pointed it out. We are, &c.'

While Mr Watson's clerk was reading the letter, a gentleman, a merchant in the city, with whom Mr Watson was slightly acquainted, entered the counting-house and requested a moment's private conversation with the latter. They retired into an adjoining room. 'Mr Watson,' said the visitor, whose name was Bremner, 'finding that I can do no good here, I intend shortly proceeding to South America, to which I have been invited by a friend who has gone out before me. With this view, I am now converting everything I have into money to carry out myself and family, together with some small matter in the shape of an adventure. To accomplish this object, I am obliged

to make large sacrifices in the disposal of my effects. Most ruinous! But I cannot help myself, as I am without any other resource—any other means of raising money. Now, sir, my purpose in calling on you is to say, that I have a quantity of rosin to dispose of, which, as I must sell at a loss, you may have a bargain if you should incline to become the purchaser, and I shall be greatly obliged to you besides.'

'I will call at your warehouse in an hour hence, and take a look of the article, Mr Bremner,' said Mr Watson, but without adding more.

Punctual to his appointment, Mr Watson called at the time specified, examined the rosin, and, being satisfied with the quality, inquired the price.

'I must, of course, make a sacrifice,' replied Mr Bremner to this inquiry. 'I cannot expect that you should, under the circumstances, give me anything like full value for the article. Let us say, then, 3s. 6d. per cwt.'

'Send the rosin over to my warehouse, Mr Bremner,' said Mr Watson, 'and call on me to-morrow forenoon, at eleven o'clock precisely, for settlement;' and without a word of further remark, he left the premises.

On the following forenoon, at the hour appointed, Bremner called for payment of his rosin, when, on counting over the sum handed him by Mr Watson, he found it to exceed by £9 odds the amount of his account.

'You have made a mistake, Mr Watson,' said Mr Bremner. 'Here is £9, 5s. more than I have a right to.'

'No mistake at all, sir,' replied Mr Watson. 'I have been looking the price-current, and find that the value of such rosin as that you have sold me is 5s. 6d. per cwt., and it is at that rate I purpose to pay you. I cannot take advantage of your circumstances, Mr Bremner, to take your property below its fair value. I could not do so to any man. I have ever reckoned it a species of dishonesty, exceeding almost all others in meanness and heartlessness, to take advantage of a man's necessities to rob him by giving him less for his goods than they are worth.'

'But, sir,' said Bremner, with honourable feeling, 'I offered you the rosin at 3s. 6d. It was a bargain.'

'I deny that, my good sir,' replied Mr Watson, smiling. 'There always go, you know, two to a bargain. Now, although you said 3s. 6d. I did not. I said nothing at all on the subject. So, put up your money, my friend, and say nothing more about it.'

Overcome by such an unusual instance of combined justice and generosity, Bremner's heart filled; a tear started in his eye; he seized Mr Watson's hand—pressed it. He could not speak for some seconds. At length he muttered a half audible 'God bless you,' shook the hand he held warmly, and rushed out of the counting-house.

It was about fifteen years after the period when the little incidents just recorded had taken place—incidents, we may add, of frequent occurrence in the life of the worthy person whose humble history forms the subject of this paper—that he entered his counting-house one day with an air of despondency in his look and manner that was quite unusual with him, for he was naturally of a remarkably cheerful temper, and which at once gave his confidential clerk—the same of whom we have formerly spoken, and who was still in his service—notice that Mr Watson had heard some unpleasant intelligence of some kind or other; and it was so. Throwing down a letter which he had got that morning at the post-office, 'There, Mr Wood,' he said—'there's the result of my unfortunate speculation in these unlucky consignments to Hobart Town. The market there is overstocked by large and unexpected arrivals of goods of the same description with those I sent out, and the consequence is, they are selling below prime cost. It is ruin—utter ruin.' And Mr Watson, leaning his elbows on the desk, covered his face with his hands, and in this attitude gave way to the painful thoughts to which the bad news of the morning were but too well calculated to give rise. In the mean time, Mr Wood proceeded to the perusal of the letter which had been laid before him, and found it to be from Mr Watson's agents at Hobart Town, intimating that they could

not dispose of his consignments but at a great loss, as the market had been suddenly and unexpectedly overstocked by shipments from Britain. They added, that had Mr Watson's consignments arrived but eight days sooner, he would have cleared several thousand pounds by the speculation.

'Very unfortunate,' said Mr Wood, throwing down the letter.

'Yes, very unfortunate,' repeated Mr Watson, raising himself up from the desk as he spoke. 'However, I shall still be able, thank God, to pay all my debts, although there will be little left behind. Nobody but myself will suffer by my unfortunate speculation. The satisfaction still remains with me of thinking that I have not, as many others have, been gambling with other people's property.'

In saying this, however, the worthy man had not reckoned on the possibility, or rather, perhaps, likelihood of any further misfortune of a serious nature. He had not dreamed of the possibility of the bank of — stopping payment; yet it did stop payment, and that within eight days after Mr Watson had received the letter above spoken of from his Hobart Town agents, and by this additional misfortune he was a loser to the extent of £5000. In these unhappy and most unexpected circumstances, Mr Watson found it necessary to call a meeting of his creditors. Letters were accordingly written to them all, and a day and place of meeting appointed.

The largest of Mr Watson's creditors was a South American house, Messrs Damson, Rippant, & Co., who were the onerous holders of his acceptances to the amount of £3500, the parties to whom these acceptances had been originally granted having become bankrupts and fled the country. Being wholly unknown to, and never having had any transactions with the firm above named, Mr Watson looked for no indulgence at their hands. On the contrary, seeing the largeness of the sum he owed them, and the character (as it had eventually turned out) of the original drawers, he thought he had reason to fear that they would be disposed to treat him harshly, and that they would be very difficult in the matter of settlement. By and by the day of meeting arrived, and Mr Watson resolved on attending personally in order to afford whatever explanation might be demanded. The creditors had all met when he entered the room, and the way in which he was received was very remarkable, and, it may be added, very unusual in the circumstances. Instead of the cold and stern looks, and constrained civility which, in the common case, await the bankrupt on such occasions, Mr Watson was received with smiling countenances. Hands were extended towards him from numerous points around the table at which the persons composing the meeting were seated, and many encouraging greetings and gracious invitations from individuals to seat himself beside them, marked the high opinion which was entertained of his character by those assembled on the present occasion. The hour of the worthy man's misfortune was, in short, the hour of his triumph. Most of those present at this meeting were known more or less intimately to each other, but there was one amongst them whom nobody seemed to know, and who had that sort of air about him that marks the entire stranger. This person was observed to look at Mr Watson with much earnestness and much apparent interest. But he said nothing, and did not seem disposed to interfere in any way with the proceedings.

Having exhibited a state of his affairs to the meeting, and made an offer of composition, Mr Watson said that those present would see from the state submitted, and which he trusted he need not say was a faithful one, that he could not possibly offer more than the sum proposed with any reasonable prospect of its being realized. They would observe, he said, that the payment of this composition included the necessity of his parting with the last remnant of his property. But he gave it up not only without hesitation, but with the utmost readiness. With one exception, all present at once acceded to Mr

Watson's proposal of composition—most of them without even looking at his states, so high was the opinion entertained of his integrity.

It was not without emotion that Mr Watson rose to thank the gentlemen around him for their ready acquiescence to the terms he had offered them. Having expressed his gratitude in such broken phrases as his agitated feelings would permit, Mr Watson proceeded to say that he deemed it but proper to state, that he had still to obtain the sanction of his largest creditors, the Messrs Damson, Rippant, & Co., and that if that firm refused their consent, which he thought by no means improbable, a sequestration would necessarily be taken out, 'and the result of this proceeding, gentlemen,' he said, 'will be utter ruin to me, and serious loss to you.'

At this moment the unknown gentleman rose from his seat, and looking towards Mr Watson, with a smiling countenance, said—'Sir, allow me to assure you, that you have nothing to fear from the house of Damson, Rippant, & Co. Of that house I am a partner, and I am here as its representative—a circumstance with which there is connected a little history, which I beg to relate. Mr Watson, gentlemen,' he said, now addressing the meeting generally, 'may have forgotten, but there are others who have not, that, about fifteen years ago, a gentleman, a merchant of this city, came to him, and under the pressure of peculiar and urgent circumstances, offered him a quantity of goods at a price considerably below their value. Mr Watson bought the goods, gentlemen; but mark the issue. Instead of taking these goods at the low rate at which the seller's necessities had compelled him to offer them, as many who call themselves respectable, and imagine themselves honourable, would readily have done, he handed him over their full market value. The person, Mr Watson,' now looking towards the latter, 'to whom you acted thus honourably, was, you know, a Mr Bremner. Well, sir, Mr Bremner is now the principal partner in our house. He usually resides at Valparaiso, but happened to be in London when your letter announcing your misfortunes reached us. Having a lively recollection of the incident I have just related, and entertaining the highest opinion generally of the integrity of your character, as expressed to me in the letter, Mr Bremner immediately wrote to me—I chancing to be here at the time—to attend this meeting, and to offer you not only any indulgence you may require regarding the bills now pending in our possession, but any further assistance which your circumstances may demand. As to accepting your offer of composition, that we do at once.'

Overpowered by this unexpected testimony to his integrity, and the personal kindness it included, it was some seconds before Mr Watson could make any reply. Nor, when he was able to do so, did he say much; for he was no speech-maker. He, however, did say enough to convince all who heard him, that if he could not speak elegantly, he could yet feel deeply, perhaps the better gift of the two.

Having obtained the consent of all his creditors to his offer of composition, and having paid the latter, Mr Watson, in a very short time found himself in possession of a full and free discharge from all his debts. Three weeks afterwards, he received the following letter from his agents at Hobart Town:—'Sir, we are happy to inform you that in consequence of the destruction by fire of a large store here in which was an immense quantity of goods of the same description with yours, and which are all consumed, we have sold your consignments at an advance on invoice price of nearly 200 per cent. We have but time (ship being about to sail) to advise you of this, but shall, within a week or ten days, remit you proceeds with account sales.' By this unexpected occurrence, namely the destruction of the store, Mr Watson was a gainer of £7000. On receiving his remittances, he called on his creditors individually, and having made known to each how strangely his fortunes had been bettered, paid him down the full amount of the debt for which he had ranked on his estate when insolvent.

SELF-EDUCATION.

(Continued from page 63.)

Again, for strengthening the mind, have always in *hand some single branch of important study to which you apply yourselves with systematic regularity*. Many dwarf the intellect, and dissipate the power of thought, by flitting from subject to subject. This week they are down in the bowels of the earth with the geologist; the next they are soaring through the stellar spaces with the astronomer. Now history is all the rage with them; and the next time you meet them they are arm in arm with Milton or Shakspeare. Now they are encircled with glasses, and jars, and blowpipes; again, the analysis of matter has been given up for the analysis of mind, and the chemical gases supplanted by the mists of metaphysics. To-day they are skipping through the Elysian fields of poetry and romance; to-morrow they are attempting to square the circle, or discover the perpetual motion. They begin Greek to-day, and exchange it for German to-morrow. This month is spent in Magazine and Review reading; the next they are mastering grammar and composition. To-night they are off to a popular lecture; the next they are spouting at a debating club. Thus the mind is never permitted to settle itself to continuous and concentrated action; its capacities are frittered away; it loses the tone of health and soundness; it becomes sickly and capricious, like the bodily appetites of the man who is continually passing from dish to dish, asking a slice of this and a spoonful of that—now something hot, and then something cold—now something sweet, and then something bitter—crowding and enfeebling his stomach with the strangest and most incongruous mixtures.

To avoid this evil, select some one interesting field of study in which your powers will have full scope and exercise. Go on with it; keep by it until you have fairly exhausted it. Have your fixed period of recurring to it, from which nothing but the urgent call of some higher duty shall divert you. I am well aware, indeed, that the large majority of my present auditors cannot afford to prosecute a course of study with the systematic regularity of the student who has all his time at his command. Many of you are the servants of others, and are engaged through the long day in business or in manual toil. But still, in the short season which you do snatch from the day for mental culture—during the hour or two in the morning or evening which you call your own—act upon the rule I am now enforcing. The very fact that you have but little time to devote to study of any kind, renders that rule just so much the more applicable to you: for if the space for improvement be brief, there is certainly the more necessity it should be wisely spent. Surely you, of all others, can least afford to roam from one field of knowledge to another. To step aside at every turn in the journey—to enter every shady avenue, and visit every flowery bank, and listen to every pleasant sound, and look and linger on every object of beauty and enticement that meets the eye—would mar any man's progress, but especially yours. In your circumstances, it is clear, you must do one thing at once, or you will do nothing. Make choice, then, of some important subject of investigation; fasten down upon it; and cleave unto it until you feel that you have thoroughly mastered it. Try this method for a single year, and we venture to predict, that before its close you shall have added a cubit to your intellectual stature.

We would just remark, in conclusion on this point, that you may do much to invigorate your powers of thought by cultivating the habit of *self-communion*. And this is an exercise in which you can engage with as much facility and frequency as the man who has nothing else to do but cultivate his powers. Making the mind the subject of the mind's study has this advantage, that you have the means of prosecuting the study at all times and in all places. Who need be at a loss for a theme of reflection who has the volume of his own nature ever within his reach? This volume, so rich in all that is fitted to interest and instruct, is the property of no privileged class

—of no favoured few. The poor man, as he plies the shuttle, or turns the wheel, or guides the plough, or sails the deep, has it always by his side; and while the eye is intent and the hands are busy, he can spread it before him, and draw forth its lessons, and turn its leaves, without a pause in his operations. You can carry it with you to the desk, to the warehouse, to the busy workshop, to the thronged street, and the silent chamber. You can lay it on the bench where the plane is driving; you can spread it on the anvil where the hammer is falling. You can hold it up without hands; you can read it when the eyes are shut, when the sun is down, when the candle has expired in the socket; for its pages are all lustrous with a glorious light. With too many, however, this precious volume lies utterly neglected—its leaves, scattered hither and thither by the winds, unread and unstudied. In plain terms, the mind is too often suffered during manual operations to follow its own bent—to be borne along by every chance current of thought that enters it—to think of any thing or nothing, just as may please its fancy. So that, instead of becoming strong in the habit of concentration and self-government, it is thus subjected to the constant action of a process which is silently undermining its strength—throwing it into a kind of intellectual coma—reducing it to a condition of feebleness and apathy from which nothing perhaps shall afterwards be able to arouse it. We grant you that there are few secular engagements which can dispense altogether with the attention of the mind during their performance; and that many of them task the head as closely and intensely as they do the hands; and that it is not desirable we should be absent in mind or languid in attention while the delicate or complex processes of business and manufacture are passing through our hands. But in many cases the operations are so much the same—so routine in their character, and have so frequently been repeated—that a very small measure of mental presence is adequate to conduct them: and in those demanding the largest measure of mental attention, there are many breaks and pauses in the course of a day, which might be usefully filled up with reflection. At these intervals the mind may draw itself off from what is going on without it, and, retiring into its secret chambers, open the volume of its own mysterious nature, and gather from its pages many a lesson of deepest wisdom and highest practical utility; and, instead of being fatigued by turning its energies in this new direction, it would be refreshed and relieved—for it is a fact, that change of employment is often the best kind of mental repose—and would return like a giant refreshed with wine to its former engagements.

We have taken the mind meditating on its own nature merely as an illustration of self-communion. But you may draw materials for this exercise from a thousand quarters—from the works or the word of God—from the fields of science or the processes of art—from the history of the past or the occurrences of the present—from the lecture you were hearing last night, or the book you were reading, or the study to which you dedicated your hour in the morning before you went forth to the business of the day. What we desiderate is, that you have *one* known and prescribed theme on which to turn your thoughts when occasion offers. We want you to single it out, and set it apart beforehand for its purpose, as you would do a book from the shelves of a library, with which to beguile a spare hour if you were going on a day's sailing. We want you to have it ready for use the moment you require it, so that the mind may have no excuse for going off in a reverie, or dissipating its strength, by indulging the pernicious habit of dreaming and castle-building. We want you to keep your thoughts fastened on it—to turn it over and over until you have extracted all out of it which can be of use to you. Surely it must be by some such process as this that those minds have been formed in the humbler walks of life, whose soundness of judgment, and compass of thought, and general intelligence, surprise and delight us, and impress us with the conviction that they have within them those germs of mental greatness which a future and more favoured condition shall expand into a

glorious maturity. Their lot has been cast in the 'unsunned nooks' of the world. They have few outward opportunities of mental improvement—few books, and fewer hours to spend in reading them. But they are men of self-communion. The mind has been busy on the materials within its reach: they have ample field for intellectual exercise in the spirit that lives and glows within them—in the blue heavens above them—in the green earth beneath them—in the busy world around them—in the shining pages of inspiration which lie ever open before them. Their books are few; but they have those volumes out of which all other books have been compiled—of which all the productions of men are but feeble and imperfect copies. They drink at the fountain-head of all thought; they quench their thirst and invigorate their souls with the pure waters of intellectual life, as they well up from the depths of eternal truth. Glorious men! There is sinew and muscle on your frame! We do homage to your greatness. We rank you among God's nobility—'covered all over with the stars and orders' of the spiritual realm whence ye have derived your dignities and powers: and humble though your place and name on earth may be, we see the hour drawing on when ye shall take your stations with the great and the gifted, and have a rank and a throne among the sovereignties of eternity!

2. I come to my next observation, namely, that in mental self culture your second object should be to *inform the mind*. And I fear I may have conveyed to you, by some of my foregoing remarks, the impression that I attach but little importance to this particular. If so, I wish to disabuse you of the feeling; for our intention, whatever may have been our unskillfulness in unfolding it, was the very opposite. What we have said on the importance of *strengthening* the mind, has been dictated in a great measure by the value we attach to the *informing* of the mind. Our sole aim has been to give you a few hints which might fit you for acquiring knowledge and using knowledge. We know that the intellect is the instrument for doing both; and we also know that the state and character of an instrument will always greatly affect the results which it is employed to produce. If the sword be blunt, or composed of inferior steel, it will do little execution: if the vessel want capacity, it is impossible to freight her with a valuable cargo; or if her engine want power, she will make small headway against the billows. We think knowledge so precious, that we would have you encounter all the labour we have been urging on you, that you may have minds prepared for receiving and preserving the treasure. We want your intellect strengthened, that you may be able to endure the toil of searching for it: we want your discernment sharpened, that you may not mistake the dross for the pure gold. We are solicitous to have your judgment disciplined into healthful soundness, that you may feast yourselves without restraint at the table which knowledge spreads. We have been counselling you to enlarge your soul to its utmost capacity, that you may bear away with you a noble cargo of the precious commodity to the shores of the land which is to be your everlasting home. We were anxious lest you might want the power to break the rock which contains the diamond. We feared lest you might be too feeble to burst the fetters, which ignorance, and prejudice, and indolence have fastened on the human spirit; and therefore we would have you trained into strength, so that you may shake away your bonds—

'Like dew drops from the lion's mane;

and stand erect in the liberty of the man whom the truth makes free.

It is not necessary I should say much respecting the *means* to be employed by you in acquiring information, as the observations already made on the preceding point are in some measure applicable to this; for every judicious method employed for strengthening the mind will in the end prove the means of enlarging its stock of information.

formation is *reading*. Books are the great storehouses of almost all the knowledge which the observation, and experience, and researches of successive generations have been accumulating. They offer to us, without money and without price, the intellectual wealth which myriads of labourers have been gathering together with painful toil for thousands of years. They contain the best thoughts of the best men, who have flourished before us on the earth. They annihilate time, and bring us into contact and communion with the great souls of bygone ages. They disregard the conventional distinctions which oftentimes shut a man out from personal intercourse with the great and the gifted, and will take up their abode as lovingly in the cottage as in the palace—with the peasant as with the prince. They assume no airs of superiority and superciliousness towards the simple and the ignorant, and will impart their stores as meekly to the child as to the philosopher. They offer me a companion suited to every mood of mind I can possibly experience—comforting me if I am sad—rejoicing with me if I am merry—counseling me if I am perplexed—and soothing me if I am fretful. They furnish me with facilities which I can find no where else for storing my mind with information—permitting me to sit beneath the shelter of my own roof and in the warm radiance of my own fireside, while they are wafting me round the earth and enabling me to accompany the venturesome explorer, as he journeys from land to land, without his perils and without his pains—or allowing me to take my passage, without charge and without danger, on board the gallant ship, whose path is a circle that girdles the globe.

To make our reading conducive to the enlargement of our knowledge, considerable skill and attention are requisite. Many read much, and acquire but little knowledge after all. They are like those individuals who have a keen appetite but a bad digestion—consuming far more food than the strong and healthy, but receiving far less nourishment from it—remaining weak and emaciated on much, while the man of sound constitution grows vigorous on little. To make your reading yield you a revenue of thought and knowledge, you must keep this object—the informing of your mind—steadily before you. There are various other objects, we admit, which are perfectly legitimate—such as analysing the style of an author for the purpose of improving our own—reading for mental excitement—reading as a temporary relief from severer engagements: but the acquisition of information ought ever to be the object we have chiefly in view, and should never be lost sight of while the book is in our hand. Again, beware of reading too many books. You are not to suppose, that whatever takes the form of a printed book is really fitted to instruct you. And even though you might learn something from every book you have an opportunity of perusing, yet, from the haste which extensive reading requires, and the confusion of mind it is apt to produce, you would in the end find that he who reads a few good books well has learned more than he who has hurried through a multitude. Select, then, a few substantial first-rate books on the subject on which you are desirous to be informed—books whose excellence has been ascertained and acknowledged by previous inquirers. In making a selection you will be able, in most cases, thus to take advantage of the judgment and experience of those who have been at the pains to sift the contents of a book before you. If they have reaped no reward for their toil, why should ye waste your time upon it? In cases where you cannot have the benefit of the experience of previous explorers the rule is, 'Taste your dish before you eat it'—take one apple from the tree and try its flavour before you resolve to be at the pains of plucking the rest. Having settled the point, either from personal trial or the testimony of others, that a book is really worth reading, your next care must be to go through it slowly and deliberately—not reading it by the page and by the hour—but making it a study—understanding every thought and seizing on every fact it contains—pausing again and

reflect on it, and to fasten it in your memory. To do this effectually, one reading is not enough. There are few books worth being read once, which will not yield more at a second or even a third perusal than they did at the first. It has been remarked of the most distinguished men, that they have generally had their favourite authors with whom they were in habits of almost daily communion—never tiring of perusing their pages and treasuring up their imperishable thoughts.

3. I hasten to notice, in a few sentences, the third object we proposed for your efforts in educating the mind, namely, *the power of applying the mind thus strengthened and informed to practical usefulness*. Usefulness, which will be found but another name for happiness, should be our aim in all our endeavours after self-improvement. Powerful motives for self-culture may indeed be drawn from the nature of the mind itself—from its inherent dignity and its immortal destinies. But still the highest and best mental endowments are all capable of taking a practical direction; and he who seeks them for their own sake will not value them the less intensely, that he at the same time cultivates the habit of turning them to the purposes of social usefulness. The consecration of our mental faculties and mental wealth to the benefit of the world where we dwell and the race to which we belong, is an honour which the seraphim, moving in power and burning in light,

‘May stoop from their thrones to take up.’

Yes, it would seem as if the doing of good were even the highest glory of the Deity himself, and as if all his perfections were struggling for the distinction of imparting to his creatures the treasures they possess.

I need not specify the various channels through which your intellectual wealth may flow out for the benefit of others. These will readily occur to your own minds, if they are under the dominion of right principles. There is one method, however, of turning our knowledge to practical account, which, from its being itself an important branch of self-culture, you will permit me to mention—I mean the faculty of speech—the power of communicating our knowledge by means of language. Speech is one of the noblest prerogatives of our rational nature; it is the most perfect exponent of the thoughts and emotions of the soul; and is undoubtedly the most important instrument we possess for applying our knowledge to practical purposes, and rendering it the means of improvement to others, or of enjoyment to ourselves. Men of large and well-furnished minds often lose much of the influence they might possess, and do not accomplish half the good they might achieve, from neglecting to cultivate the habit of expressing themselves with clearness and fluency. And it is often mortifying both to themselves and to those who know their worth, to witness them, on account of this single defect, consigned to the second place, when they should have occupied and might have adorned the first; while an individual, with perhaps not half their powers and attainments, takes the station of honour and influence. Is it not afflictive to witness a man who has spent years in educating his mind, either dumb as a heathen oracle, or his intellects smitten with indescribable confusion the moment he opens his lips, through the fear of finding a few correct sentences in which to embody his thoughts? The habit of expressing yourselves with ease and accuracy is one which you have daily opportunities of cultivating; and in doing so, it is not necessary to become members of debating clubs, or to be thrusting yourselves forward as spouters in all assemblies. Every time you open your lips to converse with your fellow-men, you have an opportunity of strengthening the habit of giving clear and forcible utterance to your ideas. In your common everyday speech, in taking your part in the ordinary topics of conversation, strive to be distinct and interesting; and thus the habit will become so familiar to you, so subject to your will, that the occasion will rarely occur in which you will feel yourselves at a loss for suitable terms to express your meaning.

III. The last relation in which we proposed viewing self-education was *religious culture*. And I advert to this point, not in virtue of any official character I may sustain, but from the solemn conviction, that without the principles of Bible piety you will neither be useful nor happy, and will achieve nothing either truly good or permanently great. I contemplate you, and I feel I would be insulting you were I to suppose you did not contemplate yourselves, as the possessors of an immortal nature—as now standing on the threshold of a career of moral and intellectual advancement which shall never close; and I am persuaded, and I wish you to share in the persuasion, that without religion you will be unprepared for the end of your being, and for the stretch of your destinies.

It is the more necessary to insist on this, as much of what is at present spoken and written in advocacy of popular education is calculated to leave the impression that religious culture is a thing of secondary importance. The studious avoidal of the subject—the tone of sentiment adopted when it is incidentally referred to, are fitted to awaken the suspicion that a disguised scepticism is traversing the land arrayed in the garb of zeal for education. So much stress is laid on the diffusion of mere secular education—such happy results are anticipated to society from the varied machinery of the school and the lecture-room—from the influence of mere scientific training—one might almost imagine that human depravity were no longer an obstruction to human happiness; that the necessity of planting and cherishing in the soul the principles of religion had become an antiquated dogma; and that we have merely to diffuse that knowledge among all classes which has too long been the privilege only of a few, to elevate men to virtue and happiness, and bring back the golden age of the world.

In making these remarks, you will much mistake me, if you suppose them to proceed from any unfriendliness to the cause of popular education. I know they have sometimes been made from bitter hatred and trembling dread of an educated and intelligent people. But our purpose at present is merely to lift a warning voice against one department of useful and valuable knowledge being regarded as superseding the necessity of another and a higher. We regard all truth as parts of one system; and if the intellectual is cultivated to the neglect of the moral and religious, the harmony of the system will be destroyed, and the most disastrous results will be produced. We stand up for principles which God has revealed, and which experience has verified, namely, that man is a fallen and corrupt creature—that you cannot make him good or happy till you produce a moral change upon his nature—and that no knowledge will do this but ‘the good knowledge of the Lord.’ We are far from underrating the importance of secular education, or from wishing it to be restricted in its diffusion. We say to every man, study if you can the page of history—master the science of civil polity—investigate the principles of trade and commerce—get a knowledge of the laws and processes of nature; for all are fitted to alleviate the sufferings of humanity—to minister to our improvement—or at the very lowest to subvert the innocent gratification of the inquiring spirit. But still we say, when all this has been done, you have not found that which will meet the whole case of man. You have not supplied that knowledge which, as an immortal being, and as a sinful being, man especially needs. You have attempted to provide for his existence in time; but you have made no provision for his existence in eternity. You have endeavoured to furnish him for the part he is to act in the life that now is; but you have left him unequipped for the loftier place he is to occupy in the life to come. You have taught him to till the soil for his food—to work up and combine the raw materials of nature into articles of dress or luxury. You have sent him to foreign markets to exchange one commodity for another. You have unfolded to him the principles by which society may be held together, and life and property secured to their rightful

owners. But there is a depth in his nature which you have not fathomed—there are longings in his heart which you have not satisfied—there are wants in his condition which you have not supplied. 'What shall I do to be saved?' Ah, there is the question, the most momentous of all, on which your oracle is dumb. You may open to me all the stores of this world's wisdom—you may school me in all the secrets of philosophy—you may bind on my brow the wreath of honour, and pour into my lap the treasures of earth, and encircle me with every form of sensual pleasure; but until you have taught me the solution of this question, you have done nothing to allay my fears or mitigate the malady of my heart.

At this point, then, my youthful hearers, your efforts after self-improvement must really commence; for although we have placed it last in order of illustration, it ought ever to be first in the order of time. Until you have learned to value your Bible as a revelation from heaven, and have taught your hearts to revere and love your God, all your other acquisitions will prove comparatively worthless. I may be permitted to suppose that something has been done towards this object, in the period of life through which you have already passed—that the guardians of your infancy have not neglected the culture of your religious affections and principles. But the seed which they have sown will decay and disappear, if it is not now watered and tended by your own hands. The great end of life is to bring the soul under the dominion of religious principle, and to mould the character by the influence of religious truth; and therefore the work must be actively and vigorously prosecuted through all the stages of our earthly journey. To use an old theological distinction, it is not an act but a *work* to train the heart. The process is slow by which human nature grows up to perfection of character, and must daily occupy our thoughts and engage our energies. Every hour devoted to self-examination—to the discipline of the heart—to communion with God—to the study of the Scriptures, will advance you a step in your education for eternity, and will enable you to go forward with greater facility and success in every other acquisition which can enlarge your minds, or extend your usefulness, or add to your respectability and enjoyment in time.

The idea has indeed been sometimes entertained that religious and intellectual culture cannot well go on together—that there is a natural contrariety between pious and studious habits. And hence some pious men have been weak enough to be the enemies of learning, while some learned men have been wicked enough to be the enemies of piety; thus producing two of the worst evils that can afflict humanity—religious ignorance on the one hand, and irreligious learning on the other. But there is no such antagonism between piety and learning; for Nature and Revelation, when fairly interpreted, will ever be found to speak one language, and the discoveries of the one to illustrate and confirm the discoveries of the other; and hence some of the most learned men have been the most pious; and Christianity numbers among its most devout disciples many to whom science has awarded its most distinguished honours.

The truth is, the cultivation of religious principle is calculated to facilitate your progress in every other department of self-culture. It will supply you with motives for diligence in the work of mental improvement, such as can be drawn from no other source. It will bring your responsibility to God, the destiny of your nature, and the demands of eternity, to bear upon the duty of self-education. It will make that duty an affair of conscience; so that you will tremble at the thought of mispending your time or misusing your opportunities. It will bridle your passions and restrain your sensual appetites—all of which, when unregulated by the influence of religion, directly tend to keep the mind in ignorance and debasement. It will induce, in short, that calm, clear, docile state of soul, which is most favourable for the acquisition of knowledge of every kind, and the steady application of our energies to all important ends. So

that though I had no higher aim in view than merely to furnish you with the most powerful incentive to self-culture—to arouse you to vigorous and sustained endeavour after self-improvement, I could name nothing which will prove more directly promotive of such objects, than bringing the soul under the dominion of religious principle—under the control of a conscience drawing its rules of judgment and its motives of action from the Bible, and making life one sanctified endeavour to glorify God.

MEMOIRS OF A WORKING MAN.*

DR JOHNSON'S remark, that there never passed a life but something valuable might be derived from its perusal, is one to which we most heartily subscribe; and it is on this account, and also because of its intrinsic merit, that we notice this volume. We are always disposed to eulogize the man who, amidst the sufferings and vicissitudes of life, bears himself up with magnanimity; and shall we not be ready to award the same meed of praise to one who 'has walked through life humbly and obscurely—who has laboured with his own hands to earn his daily bread—who has endured the bitterest poverty—who has been prostrated for years by chronic sickness—whose earliest lot was toil and indigence—and whose accumulations for the days when the small rewards of toil shall be no more, are of the very scantiest amount?' Such a one is the 'working man,' whose 'Memoirs' we now present to our readers, the peculiar interest attaching to which is in the view which they present of the mode in which the mind of the writer has been formed, under the most adverse circumstances. We would only further remark, that nothing astonished us more than to learn that the 'Memoirs' appear *verbatim* as they came from the author: and, as the editor remarks, 'the purity of the style is one of the most remarkable characteristics of this little work.'

We are not informed as to the precise locality of our author's birth. His parents were poor; his father followed the occupation of a husbandman for a considerable time, and then he became a 'man of all work' to a wine-merchant. His mother was a servant in the same family; and from this followed the acquaintance which led to their marriage. For several years they lived together comfortably; unfortunately, however, the father contracted a habit of drinking, which ultimately became the source of many troubles; and it was at this time, 1792, that the author of the 'Memoirs' was born. He was a very sickly child—no one having any hope that he would survive; and he has ever since continued in a very weak condition. When nearly two years of age, his father enlisted as a soldier, and was soon afterwards sent upon foreign service, from which he did not return for about four years, having been discharged in consequence of a fall which he had received. The son soon learned to read, but in what way he acquired it we are not informed. About this period his mother opened a school, which he attended, and he thereby derived some benefit, not only in reading, but in the perusal of a few small books, which were lent him by some of his schoolfellows. At this time, he gained the good-will of an old woman who sold sweetmeats, and who was likewise a dealer in small books. She kindly allowed him all her books to peruse, from which he derived much pleasure and enjoyment. Being of a quiet and reserved disposition, he seldom associated with any children, and chose rather to remain at home than play about the streets; and he attributes the strong desire which he ever afterwards cherished for reading, to the fact of his indifference to play. He would willingly leave off every other pastime for the sake of a book; so

* London: Charles Knight & Co., forming vol. xxxiv. of 'Knight's Weekly Volume.'

that he read all the little books which he could get; yet he never rested satisfied with them, his great desire being to get works from which he might derive benefit. His mother's stock was certainly very scanty, consisting of two Bibles, a Common Prayer-Book, a Universal Spelling-Book, Watt's Divine and Moral Songs, and a few tattered volumes of old sermons.

He read with much attention the historical and poetical parts of the Bible; but how much he needed the aid of a competent teacher will be manifest when we state, that for a long time he believed the books of the 'Kings' and of the 'Chronicles' to be unconnected narratives of two distinct series of events; and also that the four Gospels were consecutive portions of the history of Jesus Christ, 'so that I supposed there had been four crucifixions, four resurrections, and the like. I was indeed sometimes perplexed by the apparently repeated occurrence of events so nearly resembling each other, but I knew no one of whom I could ask for the needed information.' He continued to read whatever came in his way, until he was about nine years old, when he was sent to school. Our readers may judge of his ability to purchase books, when the high price of provisions at this time is taken into account. We prefer giving his own words:—His father's wages were ten shillings and sixpence per week; and his mother's little school brought from two to three shillings more. With this scanty income, they had to provide for the wants of themselves and four children, while bread was sold at the enormous price of one shilling and twopence for the quartern loaf.

The school at which he now became a pupil was supported by a congregation of Dissenters. It consisted of twenty-five boys, who were taught the elements of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and they were also partly clothed at the expense of the subscribers. One of the conditions of admission was, that the applicant must be able to read the New Testament, which to our hero was rather a formidable affair. His mother accompanied him to the scene of trial, where they found the 'awful personages' assembled in a large room. 'A novitiate monk, in the august presence of his holiness, and a full conclave of cardinals, or a presumed heretic at the tribunal of the Inquisition, could hardly feel more discomposed than I did when directed to read aloud in the hearing of my assembled judges. I obeyed the dreadful mandate with much trepidation, and was enabled to do it so as to escape censure. Thus ended my dreaded trial, to my no small satisfaction.' He was therefore admitted to the school, which was conducted by two schoolmasters, the elder of whom, possessing considerable talent, was often called away on business. Among his other acquirements, he had learned the art of land-surveying; and as he required some one to draw out the measuring line, our new pupil was selected for this purpose. His master continued to employ him while he remained at school, and also until a favourable opportunity presented itself to him for learning a trade.

After leaving school, he went with the consent of his parents in search of employment; and notwithstanding many fruitless endeavours, he at length succeeded. This was to look after some horses. After serving a short time in this capacity, and his master having no more use for him, he was discharged. At length a situation was found for him, to which he went on the 1st of July, 1805, being scarcely thirteen years old. His master was a woollen-draper, but he also carried on the trade of a tailor. His wages were three shillings and sixpence per week, and a few trifling perquisites, which might amount to fourpence more. His duties were neither few nor pleasant, for he had to be at the call of no less than twenty-one persons; and he was not unfrequently placed in the position of the old man in the fable—in his honest endeavours to please every one, he sometimes failed to please any, and therefore brought upon himself disgrace. As his chief occupation was in matters connected with the tailoring business, he was necessarily much in the workshop, where he witnessed a great deal of wickedness. He had been accustomed to revere the name of Jehovah; but here he

found that holy name blasphemed; and the oaths were so frequent, that he almost felt as if they were uttered by himself: this, however, he attributes to the force of habit. His hours here were very protracted: he went at five in the morning in summer and continued until sunset, and from daybreak in winter until nine or ten at night; but when busy, he was often earlier and later.

It will be evident from this that he had little leisure either for reading or amusement. However, he was determined to save time, and for this purpose rose earlier in the morning, read while walking or eating, and during any spare moments which might fall to his lot; and by such means he saved more time in the aggregate than he could have anticipated. At this period, also, his master's son gave him the use of his little library. Among the other volumes in the selection was 'Thomson's Seasons,' which he read with peculiar interest. Indeed, so passionately fond did he become of this work, that he purchased a miniature copy of it, and carried it in his pocket for about five years. With the exception of the Bible, he read it more than any other book.

When about fifteen years of age, he seems to have been specially directed to the contemplation of another state of existence. We refer with pleasure to his own words:—'By some secret process I was led to acquiesce in my appointed lot; to give up the hope of obtaining perfect happiness in this life, and to aspire after the nobler pleasures of another and a fairer state of being. I was increasingly charmed with every magnificent or beautiful scene or object, because it served to remind me of the far grander or lovelier realities of the invisible world; but for the habit of regarding the beauties of the visible world as the 'shadows or symbols of heavenly things,' they would long ere now have ceased to afford me any real pleasure, so entirely has a long course of personal suffering destroyed my power of enjoying even the fairest scenes, unless it be possible to connect them in my imagination with that world where there is 'no more pain.' Looking, however, as I do, upon the 'things that are seen' as the representatives or types of the 'things that are not seen,' I am sometimes, in spite of all my infirmities, enabled to contemplate a sublime or beautiful object with emotions of heartfelt pleasure.'

At this time, his health received a shock from which it was not expected he would recover. On a winter evening he had been sent to a village about four miles distant; the night was exceedingly cold—snow and ice being on the ground—and he but thinly clad. Being dark, he had taken the wrong path, and discovered that he required to cross a river; but a difficulty presented itself; he required to pay a ferryman, and he had no money; the ferryman was inexorable, and insisted on having payment either in money or goods. He left his penknife with him as a pledge, and borrowed a penny from the person to whom he had been sent with the clothes. He soon afterwards became seriously ill, and was confined to bed for five weeks. He had no medical assistance until the close of the above period; but in this he does not blame his parents; they did all they could to alleviate his sufferings, and to promote his restoration to health. Their inability to do more was in consequence of their straitened circumstances; and his indisposition rendered them still more straitened, for he received no wages during his sickness. This illness had the effect of still further moderating his desires after temporal happiness. For some time he considered his disease to be fatal; and he therefore prepared for death. He rested all his hope in a cordial belief of that volume which brings 'life and immortality to light.' 'What else is there that can irradiate the mind or animate the heart, when shrouded in the gloomy atmosphere of those 'days of darkness' which, sooner or later, come upon every human being? In how many seasons of acute suffering or of depressing languor have I been soothed and supported by such declarations as these: 'The inhabitants of that land shall never say I am sick.' 'And there shall be no more death; neither sorrow nor sighing: neither shall there be any more pain.'

Another pleasing trait in his character is the fact of him spending his Sabbaths well. He did not, as many do on that blessed day, indulge in inglorious slumber. It was to him indeed a 'day of rest.' And none required a temporary cessation from worldly labour more than he did. Yet he viewed this day of rest in a higher and nobler sense than it is regarded by thousands. He always rose early, and, if the mornings were fine, he would take a walk into the adjoining fields, or into the grave-yard attached to the church which he attended. In the latter place especially he found much to improve both the memory and the imagination; and he resumed his work at the earliest possible period; but was in a very unfit condition to bear the fatigue which he was forced to undergo. His breathing was considerably affected, and he was troubled with a distressing cough. His sufferings might have been much alleviated had he been considerably dealt with by his taskmasters; this, however, was far from being the case. He continued in bad health until the spring of the following year, when his breathing improved and the cough considerably abated.

About the beginning of the year 1810, considering himself a competent workman, and having read and thought a good deal about London, he resolved to go there in search of employment. His parents would fain have dissuaded him from this step, but he was resolved on seeing the 'Great Metropolis.' On his arrival, he made his way to his lodgings, and on the following morning, in prosecution of his object, inserted his name in the Tailors' 'House of Call' book. The same day he was called to work, but this was only for the afternoon. He went to the 'House of Call' on the following morning, and received orders to go and work to a gentleman. He required to finish a certain amount of work in a day; this he found to be very laborious, 'yet he did his best.' His first week's wages, which amounted to thirty-three shillings, pleased him exceedingly, as he never had as much money before which he could call his own. He continued in this situation for some months, when he was forced to leave it in consequence of want of work. After continuing some time in London, being still out of employment, he resolved on going home, and soon carried his resolution into effect. He got something to do, but was so poorly remunerated that he left, and went some miles from his native town in quest of a situation; in this, however, he was unsuccessful, and was forced to return home.

After remaining seven weeks with his parents, preparations were being made for balloting men to serve in the militia. He deprecated the life of a soldier, and was determined to fall upon some expedient which would exempt him from serving in such a capacity. Considering his ill health as a sufficient exemption, he applied to a medical man for a certificate to that effect, but was refused, so that he had no alternative left but to repair to London, where he would be sure to avoid detection; this he accordingly did, and found that he had not been disappointed. For a considerable time after his return to London he was in want of work, but a death occurring in the royal family gave an impetus to trade, and he consequently found employment, where he continued for some time, but was again discharged on account of the dulness of trade. During those periods when he was not employed he was almost incessant in his reading. Sometimes he would remain for hours together at a book-stand. Being destitute of work, he again contemplated leaving London, and as he believed for the last time. In a day or two he once more found himself in his father's cottage. He immediately got work, as he was now considered a 'London hand.' About this time, 1812, he became a Sabbath-school teacher, but we are not informed how long he continued in this laudable occupation. His health at this time also was much impaired, which he attributed to the long hours he was required to labour.

His thoughts being again turned towards London, thither he went, intending to make it his settled residence, and he soon after received employment. In 1817, his father died. On this occasion he did not return home,

but remitted five pounds sterling to his widowed mother. 'It was a very seasonable supply, and I felt glad that I had been able to send it.'

His marriage took place in May, 1819; at which time he was about twenty-seven years of age. He had been acquainted with the person to whom he was married for a considerable time; and shortly after their union they resolved to settle in his native town. They accordingly departed from London, and he commenced business on his own account; and though at first he met with many difficulties, yet he was enabled to gain a competency. In the summer of 1824 he was unanimously elected a member of a literary society, which was composed of many of the most respectable gentlemen in the town and neighbourhood. 'He was the only poor man among the whole number.' The duty of each member was to deliver a lecture in turn once a month, on some interesting subject; and our hero accordingly ventured on the composition and delivery of an essay, which was highly commended; some time after he delivered a second lecture, which met with equal approbation.

Being still indisposed, it occurred to him that he might probably realize something from the publication of his two lectures; he therefore consulted some of his friends, who approved of his idea, promising at the same time to do what they could in the sale of them. They were accordingly published, and soon produced a handsome sum. The lectures were favourably noticed in many of the journals, and he calculates that almost all the work which he has received for the last eight years (from 1831 to 1842) is owing to the publication of his lectures. His health not improving, he was advised to change his residence, and after deliberation he resolved again to return to London. His affairs were forthwith arranged, and, aided by the help of some generous friends, he found his way thither. On account of the fatigue consequent on the journey, he was much exhausted on his arrival, and was so much annoyed by his former enemy, asthma, that his life was almost despaired of. He, however, slowly recovered, and set out in search of employment, when he succeeded in getting some clothes to make, and also sold some of his small books. In the middle of 1837, he had another violent attack of his old complaint, brought on by over-exertion in conjunction with a slight cold; but this, however, proved to be the last of his attacks. The change of air now began to operate favourably, and he seconded its operations by leaving off the use of emetic or nauseating medicines, which tend so much to enervate the body. Thus the great object of his coming to London was gained, at least so far as he could reasonably expect. In the years 1838-39, he read the whole of Shakespeare's Works, Turner's Sacred History of the Creation, Stilling's Theory of Pneumatology, and a variety of other works. In fact, during his whole lifetime he never gave up reading. In 1840, he again earned a seasonable supply by the use of his pen, and in the middle of the same year he commenced the present volume. He is now much debilitated. 'All the physical infirmities of an advanced age have come upon me, before I have got much beyond my 52d year. Thus the pathway of my life is overshadowed by a cloud and strewn with thorns. The health and vigour of the body are gone for ever; yet I aim to be useful, and am occasionally encouraged to believe that I am not wholly unsuccessful. Not unfrequently a cheering ray breaks through the clouds that rest upon the future, and shows me some glimpses of a brighter world and a happier state of being. Thus I pursue my course with tolerable equanimity of feeling. There is much attainable good wherewith to compensate the inevitable evils of my lot. The work of writing these memoirs has many a time raised me above the depressing influence of great bodily disorders. I should grieve that my task is done, but that I have already resolved to begin another.'

Thus end the 'Memoirs of a Working Man.' We have perused these pages with much pleasure, and we hope with some profit. The benefits which may be derived from them will amply repay a careful perusal.

When we think of all the sufferings to which the author and hero has been subjected, and which he has so patiently endured, we are bound not only to admire the man, but to hold in reverence the grand principles by which he seems all along to have been actuated.

AN ANNEXATION STORY.

A short time since a young gentleman and lady of Madison, Virginia, concluded negotiations, which had been going on for some time previously, on the subject of annexation; and the articles of union were duly signed and sealed by the parties, and submitted to the mother, a very respectable widow lady, for ratification, who peremptorily refused her consent, and declared that the annexation should, under no contingency, take place.

The parties got together afterwards, and, after deliberating maturely on the subject, concluded that, as the mother would not acknowledge the independence of the young lady, and as she was neither *de jure* nor *de facto* sovereign and independent, the only way to accomplish their object and consummate their wishes was to revolutionize, and, if possible, achieve their independence in that way.

Accordingly they procured a suitable conveyance and set off with all speed to the city of Washington. Arriving at the village of Centreville, accompanied by a female friend, they stopped at an inn to refresh themselves, where they were overtaken by a brother of the young lady and a friend, who, after securing his sister in a room, commenced a furious attack on her lover, which soon put the whole village in an uproar, and brought many of the citizens to the scene of action. The brother was furious, and the lover was alarmed. The brother attempted to intimidate the sister; but she resolutely declared for annexation, and that nothing but death should sever the bonds of union which had been agreed upon between her and her lover. The brother, still more and more exasperated, repeated a threat to kill the lover, which more and more alarmed him; and he was almost on the point of relinquishing his prize and trusting to further negotiation to bring about the *ultimatum* of all his hopes and wishes, annexation. His whole soul had been set upon it; the whole heart of his lady love was set upon it. They had, as they thought, succeeded in achieving their independence, and to be thus frustrated in their expectations was too bad.

'What shall I do?' thought the lover. 'If I give her up, I am undone and miserable for ever; and if he kills me, why, then she will be undone and broken-hearted for ever. What shall I do? What can I do? Here are two to one against me. You surely won't kill me,' said he to the brother; 'I love your sister and she loves me; you surely will not kill me, and render her miserable for life.'

'I swear I will,' replied the incorrigible brother; and the young man turned pale as death, and despair sat upon his countenance.

Just at this moment a spectator, who had witnessed the greater part of the scene, took the young man aside and told him that he would set everything right in a twinkling, if he would follow his advice.

'My dear sir, I know you are a friend from the frankness with which you address me. Tell me how to act and I will obey you; and, if I succeed, you will make me your devoted friend for ever.'

'Very well. Now, mark me. He threatened to kill you; I heard him make the threat. All you have to do is to apply for a warrant and bind him over to keep the peace. He being a stranger in this peaceful little village of Centreville nobody will go his bail, and the consequence will be, he must go to jail; and then what will hinder you from securing your prize and proceeding to Washington, where you can be annexed. We are all for annexation here, and, when both parties are willing, I don't see what right anybody else has to interfere.'

Hope, joy, and gratitude, all rose in the young man's bosom, and off he sped to the magistrate, who, upon the

testimony of his friend, issued the warrant, which being placed in the hands of the town-constable, the first thing the brother knew was, that he was a prisoner. While the trial was going on, the friend, who had left word with the magistrate not to commit the brother, but keep him waiting some time for the accuser to appear, had the conveyance ready, and the rebellious subjects were again on their way to the city; and as it was not more than twenty-five or thirty miles, and as he was in favour of the measure, he concluded to come along with them, bringing also another young friend, who volunteered his services on the occasion.

The brother, after having been detained a considerable length of time by the magistrate, and no prosecutor appearing, was, of course, set at liberty. On his return to the inn and inquiring for the rebels, he was informed that they had been gone more than an hour, but which way no person knew. Filled with rage and overwhelmed with vexation, he gave up the pursuit.

The rebel party journeyed at a lively pace, and arrived in the city on Saturday evening, and stopped, of course, at the Virginia-house, in C— street. The lover and one of his Centreville friends went immediately to the clerk's office and procured a license, whilst the other went in search of a parson. Just as everything was ready and the beadle had announced that the parson was waiting at the church to perform his duty, up drives another brother, who had taken the route by Richmond in pursuit of the fugitives, and inquired, 'if this was the Virginia-house?' The Centreville friend, who judged from his hurried manner of speech that he was of the anti-annexation party, promptly answered in the negative, and pointed him to the Exchange as the Virginia-house. The brother, in great haste, drove up to the Exchange, and, finding he had been deceived, came back and demanded of the landlord if there was not a runaway couple in the house.

'Not now,' said the landlord; 'they have just left through the back door, and I will venture any sum they are gone to the church. They went away in a great hurry.'

'What church—what church?' exclaimed the brother. 'Why, to the one in E— street, I suppose; for it was the beadle of that church I saw here a while ago,' replied the landlord.

Away went the brother to the church, but when he got there the door was fastened. The young lady had told the beadle to lock it as they went. The brother leaped over the paling, but unfortunately got into the wrong yard. Meanwhile the parson, in a sweet, mellow tone, had gone through the ceremony. Annexation was consummated. Hymen approved and ratified the articles of union, and ordered his clerk to record it in the book of fate: the parties left with smiling faces, and hearts throbbing with the liveliest emotion, and returned to the Virginia-house. Just as the parties had turned the corner the brother found his way out of the yard, and came into the church much excited.

'Has there been a couple just married here?' he inquired.

'There has,' answered the young parson.

'By whom?' he again demanded.

'By me,' calmly replied the parson.

'Then, sir, I will hold you responsible.'

'I am responsible. I am responsible for what I do,' replied the parson, mildly, 'to a much higher power; and as for the legal authority, I have that in my pocket in the shape of a license; and 'what God hath joined together let no man put asunder.'

The brother now saw that he could make nothing of the matter, and after stating that he had travelled two hundred miles in twenty-four hours, forty of which had been on horseback, and was only five minutes too late, he said he thought he would now return home. On inquiring of the gentlemen from Centreville, we were informed that the ladies in that part of the old dominion are all for annexation—to a man. The young lady has a good fortune.

POETRY NOT PIETY.

An exquisite relish for music is no test of the influence of Christianity; neither are many of the exquisite sensibilities of our nature. When a kind mother closes the eyes of her expiring babe, she is thrown into a flood of sensibility; and soothing to her heart are the sympathy and the prayers of an attending minister. When a gathering neighbourhood assemble to the funeral of an acquaintance, one pervading sense of regret and tenderness sits on the faces of the company; and the deep silence, broken only by the solemn utterance of the man of God, carries a kind of pleasing religiousness along with it. The sacredness of the hallowed day, and all the decencies of its observation, may engage the affections of him who loves to walk in the footsteps of his father; and every recurring Sabbath may bring to his bosom the charm of its regularity and quietness. Religion has its accompaniments: and in these there may be a something to soothe and to fascinate, even in the absence of the appropriate influences of religion. The deep and tender impression of a family bereavement is not religion; the love of established decencies is not religion; the charm of all that sentimentalism that is associated with many of its solemn and affecting services is not religion. They may form the distinct folds of its accustomed drapery; but they do not, any or all of them together, make up the substance of the thing itself.—*Dr Chalmers.*

THE WILD HORSE OF TEXAS.

We rode through beds of sunflowers miles in extent, their dark seedy centres and radiating yellow leaves following the sun through the day from east to west, and drooping when the shadows fell over them. These were sometimes beautifully varied with a delicate flower, of an azure tint, yielding no perfume, but forming a pleasant contrast to the bright yellow of the sunflower. At half-past ten we discerned a creature in motion at an immense distance, and instantly started in pursuit. Fifteen minutes' riding brought us near enough to discover, by its fleetness, that it could not be a buffalo, yet it was too large for an antelope or a deer. On we went, and soon distinguished the erect head, the flowing mane, and the beautiful proportions of the wild horse of the prairie. He saw us, and sped away with an arrowy fleetness till he gained a distant eminence, when he turned to gaze at us, and suffered us to approach within four hundred yards, then bounded away in another direction with a graceful velocity delightful to behold. We paused; for to pursue him with a view to capture was clearly out of the question. When he discovered we were not following him he also paused, and now seemed to be inspired with curiosity equal to our own; for, after making a slight turn, he came nearer, until we could distinguish the inquiring expression of his clear, bright eye, and the quick curl of his inflated nostrils. We had no hopes of catching, and did not wish to kill him; but our curiosity led us to approach him slowly. We had not advanced far before he moved away, and, circling round, approached on the other side. It was a beautiful animal, a sorrel, with jet black mane and tail. As he moved, we could see the muscles quiver in his glossy limbs: and when, half playfully and half in fright, he tossed his flowing mane in the air, and flourished his long silky tail, our admiration knew no bounds, and we longed—hopelessly, vexatiously longed—to possess him. We might have shot him where we stood; but, had we been starving, we could scarcely have done it. He was free, and we loved him for the very possession of that liberty we longed to take from him; but we would not kill him. We fired a rifle over his head. He heard the shot and the whiz of the ball, and away he went, disappearing in the next hollow, showing himself again as he crossed the distant ridges, still seeming smaller, until he faded away to a speck on the fair horizon's verge.—*Kennedy's Texas.*

THE DAISY.

The word *daisy* is a thousand times pronounced without our adverting to the beauty of its etymology—'the eye of day.'—*T. Campbell.*

THE LOVE OF KINDNESS.

This emotion differs widely from the love we cherish towards one who has done us a favour, or whose character we admire. The object on which it may terminate, nay, be richly lavished, may be weak, if not worthless. It is this we see in so winning and melting a form, when the cares and anxieties of a whole household are concentrated on the drooping and dying child. It is this that swells the father's breast, and makes the tear of gladness rush to his eye when he falls on the neck of his prodigal son. It is this that sends the mother's thoughts away from the dear ones round her hearth after her soldier-boy, as she paints him amidst the horrors of the battle-field; or her sailor-boy, as in fancy she sees him buffeted by the ocean storm. It is this, though in a purer form, that kindles the flame of zeal in the bosom of the missionary when he goes to heathen lands to toil for souls, and in the teeth of fierce barbarians preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. It is this, more majestic still, that makes the seraph joyous with more than common joy when the tear of the penitent falls, and his first warm prayer is sent up to his Father in heaven. And, grandest of all, it was this that prompted and pleaded with God himself when he sent the Son of his love to seek and to save us.—*R. G. O. Campbell.*

SONNET.

THE POET.

By GEORGE R. TWINN, Author of 'Is it Peace?' &c. &c.

How joys the Poet in the woods to dwell,
Far from the city with its uproar rude!
He loves the charms of solitude right well;
For, having left the world, by him is view'd
And felt the influence of Nature. Then,
Rapt in his reverie, again he finds
How vain and futile are the ways of men:
The love of earth, to earth man firmly binds.
The poet in his golden dreams doth see
All things in beauty, while the world doth cry,
'Such fancies are not true.' Oh, tell not me
The poet's is an idle phantasy!
His world is bright—a type of that calm rest,
Holy and pure, reserved for all the blest.

THE FATE OF GENIUS.

Homer was a beggar; Plato turned a mill; Terence was a slave; Boethius died in jail; Paul Borghese had fourteen different trades, and yet starved with them all; Tasso was often distressed for five shillings; Benvoglio was refused admittance into an hospital he had himself erected; Cervantes died of hunger; Camoens, the writer of the *Lusiad*, ended his days in an almshouse; and Vaugelas left his body to the surgeons, to pay his debt as far as it would go. In our own country, Bacon's life was meanness and distress; Sir Walter Raleigh died on the scaffold; Spenser died forsaken and in want; the death of Collins came through neglect, first causing mental derangement; Milton sold his copyright of *Paradise Lost* for £15 at three payments, and finished his life in obscurity; Dryden lived in poverty and died in distress; Otway died prematurely and through hunger; Lee died in the streets; Steele lived a life of perfect warfare with bailiffs; Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield was sold for a trifle, to save him from the gripe of the law; Fielding lies in the burying-ground of the English factory at Lisbon, without a stone to mark the spot; Savage died in prison at Bristol, where he was confined for a debt of eight pounds; Butler lived in penury and died poor; Chatterton, the child of genius and misfortune, destroyed himself.

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VEGETABLES FORMING THE FOOD OF MAN.

THE CEREALIA.

WHEN we look abroad, on a beautiful autumnal day, on the fields of yellow corn waving in the sunny breeze—on the busy bands of reapers cutting down and storing up the rich and well filled ears of grain, prolonging their important labours all day, even till they are surprised by the full harvest-moon rising slowly and majestically in the east—such a scene cannot but inspire us with a grateful sense of the bounty and munificence of nature. The harvest-field is characteristic of a degree of civilization very different from that state where man roams a savage through the woods dependent on the chase for his sole sustenance. It tells of the introduction of arts, of social laws and government, and of domestic peace and enjoyment. It is a singular botanical fact, too, that man at a very early period seems to have appropriated the grain plants to his own peculiar use, so that no traces of the wild stocks from which they were derived are now discoverable. No doubt the art of culture has produced material changes in the character of the grain plants from what they may have been supposed originally to possess, yet it is a remarkable circumstance that not even a stray stalk of any plant in a truly natural state has ever yet been identified with our domestic grains. Wheat has been traced indeed, in Persia, springing up in spots very remote from human habitations, and out of the line of the traffic of the natives, but this circumstance is far from proving that it is a production natural and indigenous to Persia. In Sicily there is a wild grass called *Cgilops orata*, which is found in particular districts, and it has been supposed that the seeds of this plant may be changed into corn by cultivation; and that the ancient worship of Ceres, which considered the fields of Enna and of Trinacoria as the cradles of agriculture, had its origin in this transformation of the native grasses. But though experiments have been tried on this grass, and considerable changes effected on its seed, yet a true wheat has never been produced. The very earliest records and traditions, therefore, make it sufficiently evident that man was acquainted with the grains, and that bread, the staff of life, was made from these. In the sepulchres of the most ancient of the Egyptian kings which have been opened in the present day, wheat has been discovered so perfectly preserved that on being sown it has germinated, and in this present year crops of Egyptian wheat have been reaped in this country, the original seed of which was produced some three thousand years ago, under the reigns of the Pharaohs, on the

banks of the Nile. In Persia, in India, in China, on the banks of the Rhine and Danube, and to the remote isles of Britain, wheat and the other grains have accompanied the spreading civilization of mankind. When America was first discovered, none of the gifts of Ceres was known over that vast continent, with the exception of maize, till wheat and other grains were introduced by the European conquerors.

The GRAMINEÆ form a most important and distinctly marked family of plants, including all the grains, grasses, reeds, sugar-canes, &c. The *Cerealina*, a genus or race of this great family, comprehends wheat, barley, oats, rye, rice, maize. They are so called from Ceres, the goddess of corn, who, in the heathen mythology, is reputed to have first introduced them among men. The corn plants are all annual and herbaceous, the whole plant withering away after the seed has been produced and fully ripened. Sometimes this decay takes place in the stems and root before the complete maturation of the ear. The stem is called a culm or straw; it is a hollow tube with knots or joints at certain distances which impart strength and solidity. From these joints proceed long narrow sheathing leaves, which embrace the stem for some length. In order to give sufficient support to the hollow and porous stem, nature has bestowed a portion of silex or flinty earth, which enters largely into the composition of the outer layer of the culm. The last leaf of the stem forms a sheath to the embryo flower or ear, embracing it for a time so firmly that the sheath cannot be opened without tearing it asunder. At the period of the appearance of the ear the stem shoots up very rapidly, the protecting leaf or *spatha* is burst open and folded backwards, and the *spike* or *panicle*, the two kinds of ears as in wheat and oats, makes its appearance. Each seed or grain in the ear is protected by two pair of scales (the chaff); the two lower are called *lepicene*, the two upper the *glume*. The *stamens* are usually three in number; these are known commonly as the *bloom*, and are seen projecting as soft downy bodies from a green ear of wheat. The *pistil* is surrounded by two hairy projections or *stigmas*. The most important part of the plant is the seed or grain, a varying number of which make up the ear. It is a small oval body covered with a husk or skin. In general there is but one *cotyledon*, though in wheat the grain is nearly separated by a middle furrow into two halves. This *cotyledon* is the farinaceous or mealy part of the seed, and its first and primary use is to afford nourishment to the germ which is attached to it, but to man it is inestimable as that which furnishes bread. The meal of the *cotyledon* consists of *farina* or starch; *gluten*, a substance the same as the fibrin or muscle of animals; and mucilage

or gummy matter; and on these ingredients its highly nourishing power depends.

Wheat, barley, oats, and rye, are the grains of temperate climates. The first, for its proper cultivation, requires a mild and rather elevated temperature, with a good soil, while the other grains are more hardy, and are calculated to endure the inclemency of colder regions and more ungenial soils. Fortunately for man, all these grains grow readily in most of the climates and soils of the inhabited earth; but in every soil they call forth his utmost care and ingenuity in order that there may be an uninterrupted succession of crops. Hence has arisen the important art of agriculture. Under proper treatment the prolific qualities of the cerealia are truly astonishing. Sir Kenelm Digby assures us, that in 1680 there was, in the possession of the Fathers of the Christian Doctrine at Paris, a plant of barley which they at that time kept as a curiosity, and which consisted of two hundred and forty-nine stalks springing from one root of grain, on which they counted above eighteen thousand grains or seeds of barley. It is recorded in the Philosophical Transactions, that Mr Miller of Cambridge sowed, on the 2d of June, a few grains of common red wheat, one of the plants from which had tillered so much, that, on the 8th of August, he was enabled to divide it into eighteen plants, all of which were placed separately in the ground. In the course of September and October so many of these plants had again multiplied their stalks, that the number of plants which were separately set out to stand the winter was sixty-seven. With the first growth of the spring, the tillering again went forward, so that at the end of March and the beginning of April a further division was made, and the number of plants now amounted to five hundred. These five hundred plants proved extremely vigorous—much more so than wheat under ordinary culture—so that the number of ears submitted to the sickle was twenty-one thousand, or more than forty to each of the divided plants; in some instances there were one hundred ears upon one plant. The ears were remarkably fine, some being six or seven inches long, and containing from sixty to seventy grains. The wheat, when separated from the straw, weighed forty-seven pounds, the estimated number of grains being 576,840. Such an enormous increase is not of course attainable on any great scale, but the experiment is of use as showing the vast power of increase with which the most valuable of vegetables is endowed.

There are two sorts of wheat generally cultivated in this country: the winter wheat, which is sown in autumn; and the spring or summer wheat, sown in early spring. The former has a large plump ear, smooth, or destitute of awn, with a strong, vigorous, and erect stem. There are of this two varieties: the red wheat, which is of a dark colour, and has a tough thick skin, and the common white wheat, which affords the best flour. The spring wheat, which is supposed to have come from the north of Europe, is less hardy, and has a slenderer stem than the other, with bearded ear. As it comes more rapidly to maturity than the winter wheat, it is sometimes a surer crop in our variable climate, though the quality of the grain is reckoned inferior. The *Egyptian*, or many-spiked wheat, is cultivated in Egypt and some parts of Italy. It is supposed to be of African origin, and in its qualities and habits resembles the spring wheat, just mentioned. The stem of this species is branched at the top, and bears several ears or *spikelets*. The ear is bearded, and the grains are smaller and thinner than the common winter wheat. The *spelt* wheat is supposed to be the *zea* of the Greeks, and the kind of wheat used by the Romans. It is still cultivated in the south of Europe, and it grows on a coarser soil and requires less care and attention than the finer sorts of grain.

Barley, the next important grain to wheat, has a slender seed, a rougher covering or husk, and a long awn proceeding from it. It differs also from wheat, in containing less gluten, but more starch and sugar; hence it is less employed in making bread, and more used in the manufacture of ale and other fermented drinks. The *Egyptians*

have a tradition that barley was the first of the cerealia made use of by man, and trace its introduction to the goddess Isis. The native country of this grain is, however, as little known as that of wheat. In one respect, it is of more importance to mankind than wheat. It may be propagated over a wider range of climate, bearing heat and drought better, growing upon lighter soils, and coming so quickly to maturity, that the short northern summers that do not admit of the ripening of wheat, are yet of long enough duration for the perfection of barley. It is the latest sown and the earliest reaped of all the summer grains. In the warm climate of Spain, the farmers can gather two harvests of barley within the year—one in the spring, from winter sown grain, and the other in autumn, from that sown in summer. Barley, during its vegetating progress, requires less moisture than any of the other grains, and is thus suited for dry soils or climates, with short dry summers. There are several varieties of this plant. The common *long-eared* barley has a double row of seeds—the *spring* barley, a short ear and four rows of seeds—the *Scotch bear*, or *bigge*, has six rows. Besides the other uses of barley, upwards of thirty millions of bushels are yearly converted into malt in Great Britain, and more than eight million barrels of beer are produced from this malt, exclusive of that used for distilled spirits.

Rye is in appearance somewhat intermediate between wheat and barley. The ear is bearded, and the stem tall and slender. It grows in sandy dry soils, and requires less attention in its culture than wheat or even barley. It forms rather a coarse meal, but possesses considerable nutritious qualities, and was formerly much more used in England than at present. It is still extensively cultivated in the north of Europe, and forms the staple food of the peasantry in Sweden, Norway, Lapland, and other countries around the Baltic Sea.

Oats differ in appearance from the other grains, chiefly in the form of the ear. The flower stem or *rachis* divides at the top into numerous branches, from which the grain springs in the form of a *panicle*. While the ear is young the branches are erect, but, as the seeds advance to maturity and become full and heavy, they assume a hanging form. By this position, the air and light have more free access to the ripening grains, while the rain washes off the eggs or young of insects that would otherwise prey upon the seeds. The oat is a hardy grain, and thrives in cold and wet climates, which would be inimical to the other kinds of corn; and thus in northern regions it attains a luxuriance unknown in more genial climates. The oat affords a nutritious meal, and recent discoveries have shown that this meal contains double the quantity of gluten that is found in the best wheat flour. It has less starch or sugar, however, than either wheat or barley. The straw of oats, too, affords a nutritious food for cattle and sheep.

We shall now shortly describe the manner in which two very important articles of diet are procured from the cerealia—bread and beer. For the purpose of making bread, the grain is previously ground into flour or meal; and this flour is afterwards sifted out from the bran or skin of the grain, by means of appropriate machinery. In primitive times, the grinding of corn was a very simple process, being performed by two flat circular stones turned with the hand, and which in this country was called a *quern*.

The process of baking consists in mixing about three parts (by weight) of flour with two of water. If the dough thus formed be allowed to remain for some time at a moderately elevated temperature, a fermentation commences, and the sugar of the starch is gradually converted into carbonic acid and alcohol. The gluten of the dough meanwhile prevents the carbonic acid (the same kind of air which arises from brisk beer) from escaping; it therefore heaves up the dough in every part, and more than doubles its bulk. If the dough at this stage be formed into loaves and put into the oven, good bread is produced; but if the process be allowed to go farther on, fermentation will not stop when the sugar

is decomposed, if continues to act upon the alcohol, and gradually converts it into acetic acid, or vinegar, and lactic acid. Bread thus produced is very porous or full of eyes, but it has also a sour disagreeable taste. Dough that has been allowed fully to ferment in this way is called *leaven*, and was anciently used in small quantities to mix with common dough, in order to accelerate its fermentation; but *yeast* or *barm*, procured by the fermentation of beer, is now commonly substituted for this purpose. A kind of leaven, made by mixing potatoes, salt, and common flour with a small portion of yeast, is also very much used in the process of baking. But all these processes of fermentation, though they form a light and porous bread, yet consume one of the valuable ingredients of the flour, that is, the saccharine matter. A method has lately been adopted by which this sugar may be retained, and yet the bread be made sufficiently light and porous. It consists in adding the two ingredients of common salt in their separate forms to the flour and water of the dough, and by their chemical action carbonic acid is freely evolved, and thus the dough is rendered porous. The ingredients are common spirit of salt (hydrochloric acid), diluted with water, and common carbonate of soda. These, used in their proper quantities, unite, and form common salt, and in such proportion as to give the necessary saltiness to the bread.

For the purpose of malting, barley is generally used; but the other grains are also susceptible of the same process. A quantity of barley is taken and steeped in water for forty or fifty hours; the moist grain is then put up in a heap on a floor; after a certain time it begins to heat, and a germinating process commences; the heap is turned occasionally, so as to prevent the temperature getting too high; and in a few days the barley begins to germinate, which is made apparent by the springing of the small roots and bud of the leaf. When these appear the process of germination is suddenly stopped, by spreading the grain out on the floor, so that it may cool, and then drying it in a kiln. The barley is now found to have undergone a complete change—all its starchy matter having been converted into sugar—and it now forms malt. In order to make beer, this malt is infused in a certain proportion of hot water; after the infusion has cooled, a small quantity of yeast is added, and the whole is speedily fermented. In order to prevent the beer now formed from farther fermenting into vinegar, a quantity of hops is added, which checks that process, and imparts a pleasing bitter flavour to the liquor.

Bread has justly been called the staff of life. It contains all the ingredients necessary for the nourishment of the body, and in such an agreeable form that no palate, however fastidious, ever tires of it. Like the common air and water, it is in continual use, and like them it never cloy. For a long time it has been the prevalent opinion that wheaten bread was the most nutritious, and perhaps on this account as much as on any thing superior in its taste or flavour, it has nearly superseded all others. The oatmeal that nourished our hardy ancestors has long been in disrepute; the rye that gave an agreeable flavour and sweetness to our brown bread has been by fashion almost discarded; and pease-meal is too vulgar a regimen to be mentioned to 'ears polite.' The deductions of common experience are not generally very far from the truth: and the researches of modern chemical science bid fair to bring back men's minds and appetites to the truth again. We have already stated that *gluten* is the most nutritious part of grain meal, this vegetable substance being almost identical with the flesh of animals or the eggs of birds. Now wheat contains one-tenth part of gluten, oatmeal one-fifth, and beans about one-fourth; so that there is twice as much substantial nourishment in a pound of oatmeal as in a pound of wheaten flour.

What a blessing to mankind is the art of agriculture! No wonder that heathen nations deified the supposed inventors of it. A few acres of land, well cultivated, will support more human beings than as many square miles of country under a state of wild nature. Had Great

Britain remained till this day under its woods and dense forests, it would perhaps scarcely have been sufficient to subsist a couple of millions of wandering huntersmen, instead of now supporting twenty-six millions of industrious beings. How rapid has been the increase of the Anglo-Americans within two hundred years, compared to the few scattered tribes of Indians, who apparently had roamed over the forest tracts and vast savannahs of that wide continent, without much increase, for an unknown number of centuries!

We shall reserve an account of the other grains and some of the grasses to a future article.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

PRINCIPAL ROBERTSON.

WILLIAM ROBERTSON was born at Borthwick, in the county of Mid-Lothian, on the 19th September, 1721. His father was then minister of that parish, and is described as a learned, pious, and eloquent divine. Robertson received the first rudiments of his education at the school of Dalkeith, then much resorted to on account of the high reputation of Mr Leslie as a teacher. In 1733, his father being appointed minister of the Old Greyfriars' Church in Edinburgh, he returned home, and in the end of that year entered on his studies at the University. Even thus early he exhibited an enthusiastic love of learning, and some of his common-place books, when only fourteen to sixteen years of age, containing notes on the works he had read, bear marks of most persevering assiduity. All of them are inscribed with the motto, *Vita sine literis mors est*, 'Life without learning is death,' indicating, as has been remarked, the delight he took in literature for its own sake, and without regarding the uses to which it might be turned. Among his teachers in the University were Sir John Pringle, afterwards President of the Royal Society of London, and Maclaurin, who adorned the most abstract theories by his eloquence, and whose lectures were models of purity, by which even the future historian might profit. He, however, considered himself more deeply indebted to Dr Stevenson, the Professor of Logic, a learned and industrious man, but only known now by the influence he exercised in forming the minds of several of the celebrated men who succeeded him. At this time Mr Robertson had prepared for the press a version of Marcus Antonius's Meditations, thus showing his early partiality for the stoical philosophy, but was anticipated by an anonymous author. In 1741 he was licensed to preach, and two years afterwards was presented to the living of Gladsmuir, in East-Lothian. This preferment came very opportunely, for his father and mother soon after died, within a few hours of each other, of putrid fever, leaving his brother and six sisters entirely dependent on him. He took charge of the whole family, and on this account remained single till 1751, when he married his cousin Miss Nisbet.

In this retired country parish he continued for fifteen years, his mornings being usually devoted to study, whilst in the forenoon he visited the poor and sick among his flock. The rebellion of 1745 formed a kind of episode in this quiet life; for, conceiving the civil and religious liberties of his country at stake, he left his parish, joined the volunteers at Edinburgh, and, it would appear, even marched with them towards the Highlands. When it was resolved to surrender Edinburgh to the rebels, he then joined a small body of persons who repaired to Haddington and offered their services to the commander-in-chief.

In 1751, he seems first to have taken part in the debates of the General Assembly of the church. So much opposed were his opinions to those then prevailing, that on a division he was left in a minority of eleven to two hundred. He however persevered in his views, and with so much success, that next year he obtained a majority, and thus began that system of ecclesiastical government which continued to prevail for many years in the church.

In 1755, he first appeared as an author, in a sermon preached before the Society for propagating Christian Knowledge. This sermon, the only one he ever published, contains a view of the state of the world at the time of our Saviour's appearance, as connected with the success of his mission, and is thus so far related to that department of literature in which he was afterwards distinguished. It has been ranked among the best models of pulpit eloquence in our language, and has often been reprinted both in this country and in a translation in Germany. We may here transcribe the account of his usual sermons by his colleague Dr Erskine, who can hardly be suspected of partiality:—“His discourses from this place were so plain that the illiterate might easily understand them, and yet so correct and elegant that they could not incur their censure whose taste was more refined. For several years before his death, he seldom wrote his sermons fully, or exactly committed his older sermons to memory; though, had I not learned this from himself, I should not have suspected it, such was the variety and fitness of his illustrations, the accuracy of his method, and the propriety of his style.”

In 1757, he was again brought prominently before the public on the occasion of the publication of the Tragedy of Douglas by John Home, then minister of Athelstonford. All the merits of this piece could not save its author from the indignation of his clerical brethren, and Mr Home, as is well known, had to resign his church. Some of his friends among the clergy had been induced from curiosity or private feelings to attend the first representation of the piece on the Edinburgh stage, and were involved in the same storm, but with no inclination to take the same means of escape. Dr Robertson entered zealously on their defence, and contributed greatly by his eloquence to the mildness of the sentence, some of the offenders being rebuked, others suspended for a short time from their duties. His defence was the more successful that he had himself, in consequence of a promise made to his father, never entered a theatre.

For some time Dr Robertson had been labouring on a work which was to form the foundation of his fame. From 1752 to 1758 he had been busily engaged with his History of Scotland, and in 1759 he visited London to arrange about its publication. It appeared that year, and met with such immediate success that before the end of the month he was desired by the bookseller to prepare for a second edition. Men of all ranks and classes, of every shade of religious and political opinion, were unanimous in praise of its pure and beautiful composition, its interesting narrative, and conscientious accuracy. It at once placed him at the head of English historians—a branch of literature at that time but little cultivated. This was the more remarkable, as both the author's country and his subject were then by no means popular in the southern portion of the island. Yet he received letters from all quarters congratulating him on his success; and even Hume, who might have felt some jealousy at this rival sprung up to dispute his supremacy, was liberal in his praise. Not only so, but he even encouraged some of his friends in Paris to translate the new history which might have seemed destined to lessen so materially the scanty meed of fame obtained by his own work on a similar subject.

At the time this book was passing through the press Dr Robertson removed to Edinburgh, having been presented to one of the city churches. Preferments now multiplied rapidly on him. In 1759 he was appointed Chaplain of Stirling Castle; in 1761, one of the Royal Chaplains for Scotland; next year, Principal of the University; and two years afterwards, Historiographer for Scotland, with a salary of two hundred pounds a-year. These honours, accompanied with a revenue far exceeding that of any other Presbyterian clergyman in Scotland, did not seem sufficient to some of his friends, who wished him to seek higher honours in the English church. This proposal met with his decided disapprobation. Another, of a more honourable kind, was that he should devote his

whole time and attention to a History of England, the government offering to make a suitable provision for him, and to grant him free access to every source of information it could command. Some time previous a similar proposal had been made by the booksellers, but rejected as interfering with the work of Mr Hume. This objection did not now exist, as his friend's work would have been long finished before his could make its appearance, and Dr Robertson seems to have entered into the plan, when it was interrupted, probably by a change of ministry. He was, however, already engaged with his second work, the History of Charles V., though owing to various interruptions, especially the share he took in the ecclesiastical politics of the country, it did not appear till 1769, ten years after his first work. The expectations which the latter had excited were not disappointed in this second production. Although it has been objected that his hero is not very interesting in himself, yet the time at which he lived, the great and important events which then happened—the discovery of America, the Reformation, and the establishment of the present political system of Europe—would have fully compensated for even greater deficiencies in personal attractions. The introductory sketch of the state of Europe at that time presents a mass of facts, arranged in a luminous manner, and treated in a spirit of philosophy previously unknown in this country, and has been well said to form not only an introduction to the History of Charles V., but also to that of modern Europe.

The History of the Discovery and Conquest of America, which was originally intended to form only an episode in the former work, but was found to expand to such dimensions as to require to be treated separately, was the next of Dr Robertson's publications. It appeared in 1771, eight years after the History of Charles V., and the extent of research and speculation it exhibits shows that the interval was not idly spent. This work is to many readers the most interesting of all his productions, though perhaps inferior to the two former in some of their higher qualities. The strange picture of savage life it presents, the singular and varied fortunes of Columbus and his successors, their bold adventures and the heaps of barbaric wealth which they accumulated, all conspire to fascinate the imagination. The skill of the historian is, however, chiefly shown in the manner in which he has combined a mass of materials so shapeless and disjointed into a compact and symmetrical body. His good taste is also conspicuous in the simple language, avoiding all vague and inflated declamation, in which he has related these wonderful occurrences. It is this simplicity of style, never withdrawing the thoughts from the events to the person relating them, that enables him to seize so completely the attention of the reader and transport him into the midst of the events he records. Of this composition Lord Brougham has well said, that with the most scrupulous regard to truth, and even to the minute accuracy of history, it has all the beauties of a striking poem. Its great blemish is the disposition shown to palliate or to veil the cruelties and enormities perpetrated by the Spaniards in their American conquests. A similar fault may be observed in other historians, who, dazzled by the virtues or splendid vices of great bad men, have failed to speak of them in the terms they deserve, and have thus so far perverted the opinions and feelings of mankind; but his office as a minister of the gospel of peace renders this less excusable in him than in others. To use the words of the illustrious author just referred to, historians “still leave by far the most important part of their duty unperformed, unless they frame their narrative so as to excite our interest in the worthy of past times; to make us dwell with delight on the scenes of human improvement; to lessen the pleasure too naturally felt in contemplating successful courage or skill, whenever these are directed towards the injury of mankind; to call forth our scorn of perfidious actions, however successful; our detestation of cruel and bloodthirsty propensities, however powerful the talents by which their indulgence was secured. Instead of

holding up to our admiration the 'pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war,' it is the historian's duty to make us regard with delight the ease, worth, and happiness of blessed peace; he must remember that

'Peace hath her victories,
No less renown'd than war.'

and to celebrate these triumphs, the progress of science and of art, the extension and security of freedom, the improvement of national institutions, the diffusion of general prosperity—exhausting on such pure and wholesome themes all the resources of his philosophy, all the graces of his style, giving honour to whom honour is due, and withholding all incentives to misplaced interest and vicious admiration.'

The last of Dr Robertson's works was the Disquisition concerning India, suggested to him by the perusal of Major Rennel's Memoir. From its very nature, this work has been far less popular than the others, though exhibiting the same diligence of research, soundness of judgment, and perspicuity of method. Old age was now coming upon him, and he had almost reached the limit of threescore years and ten usually set to human life. He had already, while his faculties were yet vigorous, his constitution unbroken, his influence undiminished, chosen to withdraw from the active scenes in which he had so long borne a part. The Assembly of 1780 was the last in which he sat, having for more than twenty years been the undoubted leader of his party. The circumstances which chiefly distinguished his system of policy were a steady and uniform support of the law of patronage, and an impartial exercise of the judicial power of the church. Strict attention to legal forms of procedure, and a high opinion of the subordination and submission due by the inferior to the superior courts, also characterised his notions of church policy. To allow individual ministers or inferior courts to dispute or disobey the decisions of the Assembly with impunity was, according to him, entirely to overturn the Presbyterian constitution. In that case, he says, 'its government is at an end; and it is exposed to the contempt and scorn of the world as a church without union, order, or discipline; destitute of strength to support its own constitutions, and falling into ruins by the abuse of liberty.' It seems to have been this desire to support the honour and authority of the church which led to some of those decisions which have been most blamed. This, however, is no place to attack or defend a system of church policy, on whose merits the opinions of men most able to judge are yet divided. Dr Erskine, his colleague in the Greyfriars' Church, and long his political antagonist in the church courts, has, with 'liberal and affectionate zeal, embalmed his memory.' 'His speeches,' he says, 'in our church courts were admired by those whom they did not convince, and acquired and preserved him an influence over a majority in them which none before him enjoyed. To this influence many causes contributed: his firm adherence to the general principles of church policy which he early adopted; his steadiness in executing them; his quick discernment of whatever might hinder or promote his designs; his boldness in encountering difficulties; his presence of mind in improving every occasional advantage; the address with which, when he saw it necessary, he could make an honourable retreat; and his skill in stating a vote, and seizing the favourable moment for ending a debate and urging a decision.' Dr Erskine also states to his honour—'The power of others, who formerly had in some measure guided ecclesiastical affairs, was derived from ministers of state and expired with their fall. His remained unhurt amidst frequent changes of administration. Great men in office were always ready to countenance him, to co-operate with him, and to avail themselves of his aid. But he judged for himself, and scorned to be their slave, or to submit to receive their instructions.' According to Stewart, the characteristic of Dr Robertson's eloquence was *persuasion*—mild, rational, and conciliating, yet manly and dignified. His diction was rich and splendid, and abounded

with the same beauties that characterize his writings. But his pronunciation and accent were strongly marked by the peculiarities of his country; nor was this defect compensated by the graces of his delivery, his manner, though interesting and impressive, being deficient in ease.

These details are interesting regarding a man who so long swayed the councils of the church, and whose system continued to influence its decisions till a very recent period. In 1799, when it was proposed to extend the repeal of certain penal laws against the Roman Catholics to Scotland, Dr Robertson at first supported the measure, but on witnessing the violence with which it was opposed, at last advised its withdrawal. Such was the excitement of the people, that they rose in a mob, committing many acts of successful outrage, burning one chapel and pulling down another, and surrounding the Principal's house, which they were only prevented from attacking by the military, threatened to sacrifice his life to their vengeance. In a speech which he made in the Assembly in defence of his conduct on this occasion, he distinctly stated his intention to withdraw from public life. One reason of this resolution is said to have been the urgency with which many of his supporters pressed him to enter into their scheme for abolishing subscription to the Confession of Faith. This scheme he declared his resolution to resist in every form, and claimed the merit of having prevented this controversy being agitated in the assemblies. Whatever may have been his reason, he carried his resolution into effect in 1780, though then only about sixty years of age.

In 1791, his health began to fail, and symptoms of jaundice appeared, which terminated in a lingering and fatal illness. In 1793 he was removed to Grange House, near Edinburgh, for the benefit of freer air and the rural scenery, in which he took great delight. Among the interesting incidents which marked these last weeks of his memorable life, Stewart mentions his daily visits to the fruit-trees (which were then in blossom), and the smile with which he, more than once, contrasted the interest he took in their progress with the event which was to happen before their maturity. This event took place on the 11th June, 1793, when he died in the seventy-second year of his age. Of his private character little need be said. His habits were dignified, his affections warm and steady, his feelings strong yet under the most perfect control. 'He enjoyed,' says Dr Erskine, 'the bounties of Providence without running into riot; was temperate without austerity; condescending and affable without meanness; and in expense neither sordid nor prodigal. He could feel an injury and yet bridle his passion; was grave, not sullen; steady, not obstinate; friendly, not officious; prudent and cautious, not timid.' 'His voice,' says Lord Brougham, 'I well remember, nor was it easy to forget it. It was full and it was calm, but it had a tone of heartiness and sincerity which I hardly ever knew in any other. He was in person above the middle size—his features were strongly marked—his forehead was high and open—the expression of his mouth was that of repose, of meditation, and of sweetness at the same time.'

THE AMUSEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE.

BY W. LANDLESS.

FLETCHER of Saltoun, in his 'Conversations on Government,' said, 'If a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make all the laws of the nation.' There is contained in these few simple words a very profound truth, which, though it may be disputed by superficial observers, will be at once admitted to its fullest extent by those who look with an earnest and inquiring mind on the great social system, and mark the important effects often produced on society from (comparatively speaking) trifling causes. The words of the celebrated Scottish patriot which we have quoted contain the enunciation of a great principle, which is this—that the character, and consequently the conduct, of men is as

much influenced by the pastimes in which they engage as by the laws under which they live. This, we have no doubt, will to many appear as a paradox; but a little reflection will show them that it is, though apparently strange, yet substantially true. The laws under which men live cannot—and, though they could, should not—extend to all actions. From the very nature of the thing, they must be general in their application, relating to important acts occurring in the business of life, warning men what they are not to do, rather than telling them what they are to do. As a legal guide, the law follows and regulates the actions of a man as long as he is engaged in active business; but it leaves him whenever he enters the circle of amusement and recreation. It neither tells him what amusements he is to engage in, nor from what amusements he is to abstain. Within this circle every man must be a law to himself. It is while here, in the hours of recreation, that the philosopher of Saltoun, and those who think with him, would wish to meet with their fellow-men, not to cripple or curtail their amusements, but, by exerting over them such a salutary influence as would exclude from them everything calculated to vitiate the morals or brutalise the feelings, to give them a direction favourable to the health and consequently to the happiness of the people. Those who could successfully exercise such an influence over the amusements of the people would be to them greater benefactors than mere lawgivers; because, by giving a right direction to popular amusements, and the customs and usages observed at them, they would be doing a thing which no law can do—connecting propriety, and good taste, and health, with the recreations of the people; thereby turning into a positive good what, under bad taste and bad management, has been a too generally unmitigated evil.

That the people ought to have amusements will, we believe, be now admitted by almost all men. There are only two classes of individuals who seem to view popular amusements with horror. The first comprise a mixture of petty tyrants, money-lenders, and misanthropists. These men seem to regard the great masses of the people as mere beasts of burden, who should never be weary of working, and who intentionally confound idleness with amusement. The second comprises that class of—no doubt sincere, but we cannot help adding, bigoted—Christians, who seem to regard all amusements, of whatever description, as sinful. Having observed the debasing and brutalising tendency of some amusements, they, in the abundance of their zeal, argue from a part to a whole, and set their faces resolutely against all popular amusements, as tending to encourage vice and dissipation. We have no intention of entering into any controversy with these individuals respecting the peculiar opinions which they entertain on this subject; but as we conceive a good deal of misapprehension exists in the minds of many worthy persons with regard to popular amusements, we shall endeavour, so far as we are able, to disabuse their minds of the erroneous and mistaken views which we believe they entertain on this subject.

1. The physical constitution of man bears indubitable proof that a considerable degree of exercise is essentially necessary to preserve his bodily frame in a state of health. Owing to the extremely artificial state of society in which we exist, and the struggle for existence consequent on constant competition, there are thousands of our fellow-creatures constrained, from dire necessity, to adopt and pursue sedentary employments, by which their bodily functions are greatly cramped and confined. Under these distressing circumstances (for such they unquestionably are), it is the duty of every lover of his species, and especially of those possessing rank and authority, to facilitate and encourage all species of innocent amusements and recreations, in order as far as possible to neutralise the bad effects resulting from long confinement and sedentary employments.

2. There is an intimate yet mysterious connexion between the body and mind, in consequence of which the mental economy of our nature is to a considerable extent

under the influence of the body. Such being the case, it is incumbent on those who are anxious for the mental advancement of the people that they should encourage all proper amusements and pastimes; inasmuch as these, by their effects in bracing and strengthening the body, create a freshness and elasticity of spirit, which greatly facilitates mental improvement.

3. The common popular amusements of the people are not necessarily connected with dissipation. That they frequently terminate in scenes of dissipation is to be deeply regretted; but this dissipation is not produced by anything inherent in the amusements themselves. We must not confound things which are distinct, and endeavour to throw discredit and odium on pursuits in themselves laudable and praiseworthy, because the men who are engaged in them sometimes conclude them by scenes of dissipation.

4. Popular amusements have a strong tendency to create and foster kindly feelings amongst all classes of the community who participate in them. They answer also another and, if possible, more important end; they tend to throw a bridge over that wide aristocratic gulf which in this country separates the higher and under classes of society from each other, and by enabling them to meet and mingle together on common ground, and amidst scenes of hope, and joy, and pleasurable excitement, tend to do away with those prejudices and unkindly feelings which both classes are apt to entertain towards each other.

5. The Christian Scriptures afford no warrant for an indiscriminate denunciation of all amusements. When amusements are cruel, or of an immoral tendency, they are then certainly contrary to the spirit of Christianity, and ought, by all possible means, to be discountenanced and repressed; but where they are innocent and inoffensive, they may be encouraged and participated in without compromising in the slightest degree the Christian character. They greatly mistake the nature and object of the Christian institute who think that it is intended to throw a dark and dreary shadow over the innocent and health-giving amusements of life. False zeal has never done religion any service. The legislators of the Long Parliament, who voted down the May-poles of England, and laid a fine of five shillings per week on every parish that did not comply, acted, we dare say, from very sincere motives; but their sincerity did not render the act either less fanatical or less unwise. Like all such extreme measures, it did positive harm; it uprooted an innocent and ancient rural pastime, and, by a necessary consequence, forced the people to seek for recreation in amusements of a coarse and degrading character.

None can regret more than we do the small portion of time which the great body of the people have at their own disposal for the purpose of mental improvement and healthful recreation. We hope, however, that a better order of things may yet bless our beloved country. In the mean time, it is equally the duty and the interest of our fellow-countrymen to apply to rational and useful purposes the small portion of leisure which falls to their share. By employing it well, they will not only benefit themselves, but create a sort of moral claim on their employers, to grant them (when the thing is at all practicable) a temporary diminution of the hours of labour. Moreover, they will also close the mouths of certain gainsayers, who, from the way in which some portions of the people spend their leisure time, draw the inference that, if they cannot spend the little leisure which they have rationally, they are unworthy to have it increased. In all countries, men, after the hours of labour are terminated, have some portion of time which they can call their own. Even in the extremely artificial state of society in this country, and under all the disastrous influences amid which the great masses of the physical working classes contrive, by long hours and laborious toil, to obtain an honest livelihood, they still have a certain portion of time—small though it may be—which is peculiarly their own. This portion of time they very frequently devote to amusement and recreation. That they have an undoubted right to devote it to such a

use no one will venture to deny: the workman has as much right to his recreations as he has to his hire; he has earned, and is worthy of both. But while we admit the right, and feel deeply the necessity there exists for seasons of amusement and recreation, in order to recruit and renovate the wasted energies of humanity, we would at the same time earnestly entreat our countrymen to ponder deeply, and reflect on the nature and tendency of the amusements in which they engage. The amusements in which men engage, exercise a more important influence on the formation and final result of character than is generally imagined. It is in hours of relaxation, and while engaged in the excitement of pleasing amusements, and while the sterner and stronger powers of the mind are to a certain extent in abeyance, that men are liable to come under the influence of feelings, and sentiments, and opinions, which take their colourings from the nature of the amusements in which they are engaged; and which, when the nature of them is evil, exert a most dark and deadly influence over the human character. Besides, in order that amusements should be productive of salutary effects, it is not enough that they be in themselves innocent—they must be used in moderation. This is essentially necessary; for whenever it comes to pass that amusements, instead of being occasionally resorted to as a refreshing cordial to revive and renovate the body and mind, become as it were necessary for a man's daily sustenance, then there is great reason to fear that his character has received an evil bias. To such a person the important and ever-recurring duties and avocations of life become distasteful and repulsive, and existence has no pleasure unless passed in the excitement and turmoil of sports and amusements. The evil consequences which result from allowing the love of mere amusement to gain such an undue and hurtful ascendancy in the mind, are too obvious to require any illustration; still we must ever beware of confounding the use of a thing with its abuse.

To those who take an interest in the advancement of the great body of the people in civilization and refinement, it must be a source of no small gratification to observe the great improvement which has taken place within the last few years with respect to the amusements and pastimes of the people. There was a time, and that not very remote, when the majority of the people had very gross ideas with regard to what constituted amusement and recreation; the great majority of the people seemed to think that dissipation and debauchery were almost synonymous terms for amusement and recreation. Cock-fighting (especially in the northern counties of England) was a favourite amusement; and individuals of rank and fortune, and those constituting what is generally termed the respectable middle classes of society, patronised and encouraged this cruel pastime. Dog-fighting and bear-baiting were also popular pastimes, which drew together huge assemblages of seemingly gratified spectators. Prize-fights were also of weekly occurrence; full reports of the whole proceedings, and a minute detail of the barbarous and brutal combats, were given in newspapers that were regarded as respectable, and which were read, if not with pleasure, at least without exciting any emotions of disgust, by large numbers of individuals belonging to what is generally termed the respectable classes of society. No one can mingle much in the world without perceiving that a considerable change has taken place in these matters—that the public taste with respect to popular amusements has considerably improved. In consequence of the diffusion of knowledge, and the salutary influence of temperance societies, not only what in general phraseology is termed the 'working classes,' but the people at large, are beginning to see the mental, and moral, and physical evils resulting from intemperance, and do not, as formerly, regard drunkenness as a part, much less as the principal ingredient in creating the happiness of their hours of recreation and amusement. The principles of humanity, in their bearings on popular amusements, are now beginning to be practically recognised. Men now see and acknowledge in some measure

the cruelty and sinfulness of deriving their amusements from witnessing the combats of birds and beasts; and a very general feeling of disapprobation against pugilistic combats seems to prevail in all classes of respectable society. The improvement which has taken place in the public taste with regard to amusements, is evident from the altered tone and temper of the press. The columns of our newspapers are much less occupied than they formerly were with reports of cruel and brutalising amusements; and when any notice is given of such occurrences, it is in general only for the purpose of reprobating and condemning them. The whole of the really respectable portion of the press has for many years past taken every opportunity to express its decided disapprobation of all amusements of a cruel or immoral tendency. In a matter of such importance, it is pleasant to see such a healthful spirit animating one portion of the periodical press of our country; the only alloy to such a pleasure is the reflection that there is a certain portion of it animated by a far different spirit.

THE DRUNKARDS.

A TOO TRUE STORY.*

It must have struck every observer of human character that there are two classes of drunkards in this country. One class is composed of those persons who, at first being well enough disposed to be temperate in all things, are insensibly led on by the charm of good fellowship to create for themselves an artificial want, which in the end leaves them the helpless victims of a miserable disease: they begin with a little—they continue the draught under the self-deceiving sophism 'it's only a drop'—they fall into excess—they lose all sense of decorum and proper spirit—they become mean and unashful in their craving after spirituous liquor, which condition unfits them for an upright and honourable course of thought and action in any of the details of daily existence—a mental dissipation accompanies the bodily languor: while the hand trembles, the brain wanders, and the last scene of the tragedy is delirium tremens.

But there is another class of drunkards—God forbid that I should attribute anything to the decrees of Providence inconsistent with mercy and justice—but I am almost tempted to designate this class the drunkards by *necessity*. However worldly condition, education, or other causes, may modify the result in individual cases, it is not the less certain that there are persons—very many of them—who appear to have come into the world predisposed to an inordinate desire for intoxicating liquors. These wretched people do not begin with thimblefuls and end with gills—the stroke seizes them like a thief in the night—sometimes in the pride of manhood; sometimes in the flush of youth; sometimes (it is a fearful truth) in the thoughtlessness of boyhood. It is a passion with them—a madness. You may know one of these unhappy beings, especially if he be a very young man, by the sullen and dogged air with which, early in the morning, he enters the public-house, and sits down in solitude and silence to his double-shot measure of undiluted whisky—whisky is the only drink for one of this calibre—alas! the worst and fiercest stuff that can be made is the most acceptable to him—his palate is too long palled to distinguish between tastes and flavours—it is the *liquid fire* he wants: you may know him at other times by the pitiable imbecility which prompts him in his awful craving to reach the tumbler to his lips with both his hands, till he finishes the draught with all the apparent eagerness of intense thirst; you may know such a one by his frightful sleeps, begun, continued, and closed in terrific dreams! The wife and family of the progressive or occasional drunkard are wretched enough, as everybody knows; but,

* This story appeared some years ago in the *London Standard*. Although given by the writer as an instance of a practice common in Ireland, we insert it in the hope that it may be of use in showing the evil consequences of a vice only too prevalent in other portions of the empire.

oh ! who can possibly estimate the amount of misery which the wife and children of a madman like this are destined to endure.

I have not overdrawn the picture in the abstract—take an individual instance :—

In the spring of 18— I was living, on a visit with a friend, in the neighbourhood of a small country town in one of the most fertile and prosperous districts of the island. The population was almost entirely free from that abject and squalid poverty which is the lot of the Irish peasantry beyond that of all other descriptions of civilized people. I remarked particularly of this neighbourhood, that it had a larger proportion of respectable farmers, and of that species of country gentlemen called *sqwireens*, than any other part of the country I had ever lived in. To this latter class belonged the heads of two branches of the same family, both of whom resided in the immediate vicinity of my friend's house. Their names were Peter and James Kavanagh. Peter was by many years the elder of the two; his family consisted of three grown-up sons and one daughter. Peter had married in early life, and his wife died in giving birth to a fifth child, which did not long survive its mother. James had a large family of young children. Peter's only daughter, Alice, had been brought up in her uncle's house in order that she might receive the education and care which a girl of her tender age, without a mother, might expect from the kindness of her nearest female relative.

The family of Peter Kavanagh, then, consisted of himself, his three sons, and a single in-door servant as house-keeper, who was already an old woman and of indolent habits. The household of a widower in the middle and humbler ranks of life is rarely ordered with regularity and decorum, and Peter's was no exception to the general case. Every room had an aspect of untidiness and discomfort. Seldom were the boards of the floors or staircases washed or swept—seldom were the window panes cleansed or the hearth-flag whitened, or the tables rubbed, or the chairs dusted. Things soiled were never cleaned—things broken were never mended—things lost were never replaced. Each of the family felt in turn the inconvenience of this state of things, but one threw the blame upon the other, and nothing was done to remedy the evil. Every one thought it strange that such a good practical farmer and shrewd man of the world as Peter Kavanagh should care so little about the comforts and conveniences of everyday existence—but so it was.

Peter, however, had or thought he had one especial household virtue to be proud of. Very early in life he had narrowly escaped disgrace and ruin by severing himself from a parcel of dissipated associates, who had led him, step by step, into all the labyrinths of premature debauchery. He receded before it was quite too late, and the recollection of what he had suffered (for he *did* suffer) was sufficient to make him resolve that his sons should never be tempted in a similar manner. The eldest of these, Richard, was now one-and-twenty; the second, Matthew, nineteen; and the youngest, Gerald, fifteen years of age, at the time I lived near P—; and they had never yet partaken of any spirituous liquor at their father's table. That father, however, was by no means so abstemious as he had compelled his boys to be. Every day since they had first learned the taste of whisky toddy had they been tantalized with the sight of the 'materials' for their father's favourite beverage. Peter Kavanagh was indeed a temperate man, but he was not a generous man. He was not one of those kind parents who cannot bear to gratify their appetite with any delicacy, whether much or little, dear or cheap, while their children are looking on with wistful eyes and watering mouths in vain expectancy. He had his reward. One day the two eldest lads, Dick and Matt, were carried home from a neighbouring fair stupidly drunk. It was the first time they had ever been so, and the quantity they had taken was perhaps trifling; but the father was thenceforward more watchful than ever to prevent them from repeating the excess. In his usual manner to his sons Peter Kavanagh was not particularly

harsh, but the least evasion of his strict commands is a spect of drink was sure to be visited with great severity. How wretchedly inconsistent was this man's practice! Other misdemeanours of an infinitely greater degree, moral crime were winked at, nay, encouraged by him. The young men were not naturally vicious; but when they found that they could with impunity curse and swear in their father's hearing—when they found that some of the graver offences against society could be committed without their father's reprehension—was it a wonder that they should soon grow ripe in wickedness? Matt and Dick, in their personal appearance, showed every token of the accomplished village scamp—battered and jauntily carried on one side of the head; rusty shooting coats of bottle green, with an amazing plurality of pockets; knee-breeches of once-white corduroy, insufficiently toned over coarse worsted stockings, and heavy boots with nails like the rivets of a steam-boiler. These were the hardiest betters of the ball-alley, the keenest lads at the roulette-table, the deadeast shots at a mark over the countryside. Plenty of money had they, and were they dared to ask them how they came by it? Their father had lots of cash lying by, and selfish as he was, and knowing as he was, many a heavy handful of hard silver was he relieved of by his dutiful sons. Hence the dashing of blood' which carried Dick and Matt alternately over the stubbles—hence the couple of spaniels and the leashed greyhounds, which had the reputation of being the boldest noses or the fleetest feet in the county—hence the double-barrelled 'Rigby' belonging to Dick, which was the admiration and envy of his acquaintances. As they grew up and cared less for the anger of their father, vicious habits became more settled-looking and systematic with them. They drank to frightful excess whenever they had the slightest opportunity. No one ever saw them for twenty minutes at a time without having full proof that they were slaves to as odious and disgusting a tyranny as ever the depraved tastes of human creatures created for mankind.—I mean, no one ever saw them for so long a time without a tobacco-pipe between their teeth, and surrounded by every one of the usual nastinesses which accompany the practice when carried to a hateful extent; and yet, even as they were, the county could not boast of two more looking fellows than Richard and Matt Kavanagh, who dressed for Sunday mass, which they still attended with a punctuality which would be more praiseworthy if it sprang from anything but a motive of vanity and pride. Under different culture they might have become excellent members of society. They had still some faint pretensions to generosity and spirit, and many a pretty girl of the neighbourhood would have trusted to her sole power of persuasion for their reclamation.

Gerald Kavanagh, the youth of fifteen, was a lad of different stamp. He was open-featured and open-hearted both. He was never seen with a pipe in his mouth, or a tattered 'racing calendar' sticking out of his pocket; and while his brothers were out upon their sporting expeditions, or amusing themselves in a less innocent way, it was poor Gerald's pleasure to scamper across the fields to his uncle James's garden, and walk, or talk, or read, or play with his pretty little sister Alley, or romp with his pretty little cousins Bill, and Bess, and Peter, and Dick, after school hours—the time he knew he would find most company looking out for him. Alley and he were as fond as they could be of each other, and not the less so because they did not live entirely together. 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder,' is as true a line as ever was penned, whether we apply it to the lover and his mistress, or the brother and his distant sister. Many of us, with sighs and tears, can testify this. It was a lovely sight to see that affectionate boy and his fond sister sauntering along the borheens in the wild-strawberry season, with their arms round each other's necks in the intervals of their fruit-finding, until they bade each other good-bye for another day, and returned, 'with lingering steps and slow,' to homes, alas, how different!

Such were these three youths when Peter Kavanagh,

After a short illness, died, and left his property, such as was, to be equally divided among his children.

I may venture to say that Richard and Matt were not sorry for the loss of their father. On the night of the grand 'wake' they collected all the idle and profligate young men of their acquaintance together at the house, and the dreadful was the depth of drunkenness to which they sank, might be expected. Every more prudent person present saw how it was—saw that the previous restraint was about to be amply atoned for—and many a shake of the head was intended to be prophetic of coming calamity.

On that same night—early in the night too—little Alice perceived that all was not right with her brother Gerald. She had seen Richard plying him with liquor, which he at first refused, but afterwards accepted—healthily, however, and with an abashed and crimsoning face as he met the first reproachful glance of Alice. Gradually the temptation worked, and again and again the draught was repeated with less hesitation at the request of his brothers, who seemed happy in the idea of making their innocent companion as guilty as themselves. The evil surely has those in his clutches who find comfort and consolation in the visible abandonment of the fair and innocent to the miserable pleasures for which they have sold their own souls. At length she was frightened to perceive that Gerald had grown hardy and boastful of his feat—he had asked for more whisky, and had been given it by Dick, who, half drunk himself already, was determined to make Gerald drunk for once in his life. The boy was now in the condition wished for by his brother; he had slunk behind Matt's chair; Alice could see his head hanging upon one shoulder, while his eyes were closing in the liquor of intoxication—he was about to fall to the ground. Quietly she stole to his side, and leaning her head upon his shoulder she whispered, 'Gerald, darling, I didn't think you would drink so much—why did you do it?'

'Don't tell Uncle James, Alley, if he hasn't seen me this way, and I'll never drink so much again.'

'Hold up your head for another bucket, you dog,' said Matt, with sundry drunken hiccupings, as he heard the boy speaking behind his chair, and proffering at the same time a fresh bumper. 'Come, Gerald, my boy, it will do you no harm—sorrow's dry, they say, and you're blubbered enough all day for a little fellow.'

'Matt, dear Matt, don't ask him,' said Alice.

Matt, however, was not to be thwarted: with a brutal cuff he struck his little sister to the ground, and tried to force the liquor upon Gerald's acceptance. In the attempt the glass fell from his hand, and Alice rose and drew her brother softly from the room.

The funeral took place, and there was another carouse more disgraceful than the first, and another, and another, and another, until the week was out. When Gerald's uncle saw how completely besotted his nephews had become, he took Gerald to live with him, but not until it had become too painfully evident that the boy had acquired a liking for the liquor which had turned his two brothers into human beasts. Poor little Alice wept over the change. There was no more reading, or playing, or wandering through the country together. He sat sulky and silent in the house all day, more like a poor relation on charitable allowance than the joint-heir of the largest farm in the parish. But this was to have an end!

A month had passed away since the death of Peter Kavanagh, and the zeal of the eldest heirs had by this time drunk up his entire stock of 'mountain dew,' when in some out-of-the-way nook or other they discovered five gallons of malt whisky, which, perhaps, had lain there forgotten for twenty years. It was on a Saturday morning this was found, and one of the Kavanaghs was heard to swear that he would never quit it until the last drop was drained. It was to be the last bout before they set off for Australia, whither they intended to emigrate that very spring, having, with their uncle's consent on behalf of the two younger orphans, converted their land into money for the purpose. One or two choice spirits had been invited to join them, but these begged to be excused—even these

were appalled at the dreadful excesses of their boon companions. Towards evening Gerald had been missing from his uncle's house. James Kavanagh guessed how it was, and with little Alice in his hand repaired to his late brother's dwelling. The door was locked on the inside, and on asking for Gerald he was told that he was all safe there, with the sancy addition that 'there wasn't any admission for teetotalers.' Shocked and grieved, James Kavanagh went away with his dejected niece.

The next day was Easter Sunday. The festival had occurred that year unusually late in the spring, and there was already a foretaste of summer in the air. A lovely noon it was when James Kavanagh, his wife, Alice, and the children, walked out in Sunday trim to the parish chapel. The sky was fretted with light silver clouds; the fields were already green with the new growth of the grass; the hawthorn bushes were almost visibly bursting their buds; the whin braes were in a blaze of golden beauty; the birds, especially the redbreast, were chirping away with intense glee, being, in the glorious language of the poet Shelley,

'Many a voice of one delight'

They continued to walk on; and now the bells of the neighbouring church struck out their Easter jubilee with such exquisite sweetness as we might fancy arrested the sceptical purpose of the despairing Faust in Goethe's surpassing drama, when the heart-touched metaphysician exclaimed,

'Oh, those deep sounds—those voices, rich and heavenly!
Proud bells, and do your peals already ring
To greet the joyous dawn of Easter morn?
And ye, rejoicing choristers, already
Flows forth your solemn song of consolation—
That song, which once from angels' lips resounding
Around the midnight of the grave, was heard—
The pledge and proof of a new covenant.'

Yes! indeed, those bells almost distinctly said to the heart as they swung in the soft air of that delicious noon, 'Christ our passover is sacrificed for us; therefore let us keep the feast!' They passed the church—groups of joyous children were playing in the graveyard—five or six immense chestnuts towered, coeval and almost coequal with the ancient steeple, and in these there was a rookery, now in full din—the voices of the children and the cawing of the rooks, disturbed by the sudden peal of the bells, mingled with the chime without discord to the ear. Alice's eyes glistened for a moment when she recognised her youthful playmates; but she suddenly felt she could not laugh with them—her heart was heavy. At length they stood before the door of the brother's house. No signs of wakefulness had it yet exhibited.

'Let us go in, uncle, and tell them to get up,' said the little Alice.

'Let them sleep it out, the scoundrels!' was the indignant reply of James Kavanagh.

They passed on to the place of worship.

In about an hour and a half from this time the same group were on their way homewards, with hearts elevated by the imposing service which they had just been witnessing. A gloom was, notwithstanding, perceptible upon the face of James Kavanagh and of his little niece, as they walked along in company with their happy and smiling neighbours. None of the three sons of Peter Kavanagh had ever before been known to have absented himself from Sunday mass, and their absence on that most holy day was of course a subject of much wonder.

'I could not have thought it possible,' said James Kavanagh, gravely, 'that they could become so wicked all at once. God forgive them! God help them!'

'Oh, uncle!' cried Alice, as they came in view of the house of guilt once more, 'they are not up yet. See, the shutters are still closed!'

They were now in front of the house. 'Dear uncle,' said Alice, entreatingly, 'go in to them—do, dear uncle, bring out poor Gerald to eat his Easter dinner with us.'

A thought struck James—he knocked loudly at the door; there was no answer. Another loud knock, and a long pause; and still no sound within the house.

Alice's little heart echoed the last unsuccessful knock—it almost said, 'Wake, Gerald, with the knocking.'

She could endure the suspense no longer, and, running to the gripe at the road-side, she took up a heavy stone, with which she battered the panels of the hall-door as long as her strength permitted her. When she was obliged to desist, her screams might be heard afar off, and still there was no sound in the house.

James Kavanagh had dispatched one of his little boys to a neighbouring cottage for a crowbar. The boy quickly returned with one, and James, assisted by the crowd who gathered near, was not long in forcing the door.

'Good people,' said he to the anxious company outside, 'don't come in till I tell you—there's no use in further exposing the shame of my brother's house.'

He and Alice, with one or two particular friends, entered the hall with faltering steps, and they closed the door behind them. The first object which met their eyes was Peggy, the old housekeeper, lying on the mat at the foot of the staircase, in a trance of intoxication: she had evidently fallen down stairs in her attempt to reach the door, and had been for hours perhaps insensible. Alice jumped over her, and darted up stairs with the speed of lightning. James and his companions, after a vain attempt at arousing the housekeeper, slowly followed her.

They entered the room which fronted them on the landing. The thick stench of tobacco-smoke, mingled with the fumes of ale and whisky, almost overpowered them. The room would have been quite dark had it not been for the flickering remnants of two candles, which still glared in the heated sockets of a large old-fashioned branch candlestick. James went to the window, opened the shutters, and let down the sash. The glorious sunshine streamed into the reeking apartment, with the blessed air of the Sabbath. How strange—how painful was the paling glimmer of those expiring candles in that holy light! The three young men were lying on the floor at some distance from each other, around the legs of a crazy table in the centre of the room. On the table were huddled together the fragments of salt herrings, the parings of cheese, broken glasses, half-emptied decanters, and the other usual paraphernalia of a low debauch. The whole meaning of the scene was taken in at a glance by James Kavanagh, as soon as he had opened the window. He stooped over one of the prostrate forms—it was that of Richard. He turned up the face—it was the face of a livid corpse! A smothered groan burst from James: he rushed towards the next—Matt Kavanagh was dead also, quite dead and stiff! James and his friends looked at each other solemnly, and without speaking a word. They turned their glance simultaneously to the place where Gerald was lying. They moved or rather tottered to the spot. There he lay, with Alice in a swoon beside him, his eyes glazed, the skin of his face tightened over his nose and cheek-bones, his lips covered with viscid froth, and his beautiful brown hair tossed backwards from his damp forehead, glistening in a streak of sunshine which came full upon it from the window. 'He is alive still!' they all three exclaimed: 'he may yet be saved!'

One of them ran to the window and made a sign to the neighbours to come in. The room was soon full of horrified spectators. They parted Alice from her dying brother, and both were brought out into the open air as quickly as possible.

Amidst the cries and lamentations of the bystanders Alice recovered. She sat for a while on the grass trying to recall her scattered senses. The sight of Gerald lying near her, as the crowd opened to admit the air to his face with a freer freshness, brought the whole terrible truth to her mind. She rose with difficulty, but, gathering strength with recollection, she succeeded in breaking from the woman who had her in charge, and in a moment the head of Gerald was pillowed upon her bosom. The soft cooling breeze had restored the unfortunate boy to a momentary consciousness. He was barely able to turn his

head towards Alice in recognition of their presence. A faint pleasure was expressed in his glassy eyes as he did so. 'Wont you speak to me, Gerald? Wont you speak to your own Alley?'

The boy shook with a convulsive shudder, but could not utter a syllable.

'Don't die, dear Gerald; don't leave poor Alley all alone in the world! Och, och, och!' said the little girl, in the very agony of childish despair, 'he'll never be the same again—he'll never speak to me again!'

The boy made an effort to bring Alice's ear to his clammy lips; she strove to hear the almost inarticulate whisper which hovered upon them—'Is—Uncle James—here?' gasped the dying lad; 'tell him—I—couldn't—help it! Oh! Alley! oh!' Gradually the groan, extorted by the last pang of dissolution, died away, and with it the spirit of poor Gerald Kavanagh.

Alice perceived what had happened as soon as any of the bystanders, but high and shrill *her* scream mounted over the wailing which arose from the others, ere she once more sank down in the swoon which the excess of her anguish had so mercifully caused.

On the following day a coroner's inquest was held upon the bodies of the three sons of Peter Kavanagh, in a public-house not far distant from the scene of this fatal debauch. A surmise had been afloat that poison had somehow or other been the cause of their death, and an examination of one of the bodies was considered needful. The result was a verdict to the effect that the three Kavanaghs had died 'from the excessive use of ardent spirits.'

I commenced by saying I feared that this narrative might fail in pointing a moral. It has a moral—a moral to selfish and ill-judging parents, and equally ill-judging societies, who lay the flattering unction to their souls, that coercion will have a better effect than a fair and consistent example. Verily, the Spartan nobles, who exhibited the drunken slave before their children, and then placed the wine-cup within their reach, had a better knowledge of human nature than the father who would exorcise the demon of alcohol out of his children by pledges of abstinence, or threats of punishment, while, in the security of his own experience, he feels he can habitually enjoy the luxury of spirituous drink.

ETHNOGRAPHY.

FIRST PAPER.

THE true end of knowledge, as Lord Bacon finely observes, is 'the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate'; yet how few cultivate their minds, or lay up stores in their intellectual garner for this blessed purpose! The motives that actuate them are as various as their natural appetites, and sometimes not more ennobling. 'For there are some,' as another great man (St Bernard) remarks, 'who wish to know to the end, only that they may know: and an ignoble curiosity it is. And there are some who wish to know, that they may be known: and this is a shameful vanity. There are some also who wish to know, that they may sell their knowledge for money and honours: a shameful traffic. But there are others also who wish to know, that they may edify: this is charity; and others again that they may be edified, and this is prudence.' Noble ends, and within the reach of all—to edify and be edified. Few, indeed, have such an invincible strength of mind, and such an unquenchable thirst after knowledge, as for its sake 'to scorn delights, and live laborious days.' True, it is given to the few only to dive into the deep recesses of nature, to lay bare the mysterious workings of the human mind, or to penetrate into the sacred penetralia of the heart, and extract thence jewels of priceless value: but all may, in some ratio—in the degree of their industry and attainments—enjoy the treasures they have amassed. Unlike the hoards of the miser—which he meanly hugs

'Some drill and bore
The solid earth, and from the strata there
Extract a register, by which we learn,
That he who made it, and revealed its date
To Moses, was mistaken in its age.'

So all sciences in their fuller development, however much they may alarm in their crude and incipient form, will ultimately accord with the voice of revealed truth. The God of revelation is the God of nature, and his operations in the latter, when fairly investigated, cannot be irreconcilable with the truths of the former; nay, indeed, though for a time their mutual bearing may be very imperfectly discerned by the keenest vision, yet they will ultimately be found to harmonize with and strengthen each other. The Divinity for some good end may shroud the truth in clouds and darkness, like *Aeneas* in the Virgilian fable; but they will soon divide and dissipate, and the heaven-born issue therefrom with celestial radiance and godlike proportions.

'Scindit se nubes et in aethera purgat apertum,
 claraque in luce refulsit,
 Os humerosque deo similis.'

Perhaps no science has appeared at times to be more fatal to the accuracy of the Sacred Narrative than that of ethnography, or the classification of nations from the comparative study of languages; and none, certainly, in its latest development, has tended more strongly to demonstrate its truth. We are told in Genesis that 'the whole earth was of one language and one speech,' and that at the building of Babel, God 'confounded their language that they could not understand one another's speech.'

But how did all this tend to confirm the Mosaic narrative? The old tie, which was supposed to hold all languages in a connexion, was broken; numberless tongues, apparently indigenous (so to speak) to the lands where they were spoken, were discovered; we were receding farther and farther from any probability of reconciling the original oneness of human speech with the endless diversity that was daily brought within our knowledge.

Inextricable confusion seemed to be the herald of general scepticism, and every new discovery increased the perplexity. Rash speculations were rife. The number of dialects that were spoken in America almost exceeded belief. The reports of Humboldt were severely scanned by believers: they could not reconcile with the Scripture narrative the story of such distant tribes—so many thousands of miles from the cradle of the human race, and separated by mighty oceans—speaking tongues so innumerable and unintelligible to each other. Sceptics, on the other hand, eagerly adopted the facts, and as eagerly rushed into dangerous speculations. Klaproth talked of the 'story of Babel,' which, like many others in the history of Western Asia, he said, seemed to have been invented to suit the meaning of a local name.

But out of this chaotic confusion order was about to arise: the spirit of harmony was already brooding over the troubled waters, and light was visibly penetrating the gloom.

THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

In whatever light we may regard the motives which impelled the nations of Western Europe to engage in the desperate, and, in the end, fruitless crusades for the possession of Palestine, it is impossible not to admire the devoted heroism to which those enterprises gave rise, or to overlook the influence they have exercised on the character and civilisation of the modern world. For centuries the devout Christians of all countries had gratified their curiosity or excited their piety by laborious pilgrimages to those interesting localities which had been the theatre of the labours and sufferings of our blessed Lord. When at length the Holy Land fell under the dominion of the Saracens, and still later when it was overrun by the Turkish hordes, those visits became more dangerous, and probably on that very account more frequent. The humble and defenceless palmers then became the victims of every species of insult and oppression; and their piteous tale of suffering roused the sympathy and indignation of Christendom. That 'inflammable mass of enthusiasm' which pervaded Europe was at length kindled into a flame by the preaching of Peter the Hermit, who had himself been an eye-witness of the sufferings of the pilgrims and natives of Palestine; and when, in 1095, the council of Clermont decided on attempting its deliverance, the shout of the expecting thousands—'It is the will of God!'—was re-echoed from one end of Europe to the other. Four years after, the victorious banner of the cross floated over the heights of Jerusalem; a Latin kingdom, co-extensive with the ancient dominions of David, was established under Godfrey of Bouillon; and the total rout of the Egyptian sultan at Ascalon seemed to warrant its stability. The laws, language, and feudal jurisprudence of the Franks were introduced; and then also arose those two famous orders of military friars, the Knights of the Temple of Solomon, or the Knights Templars as they came to be called, and the Knights of the Hospital of St John—two of the most singular associations recorded in history, and who long continued the firmest bulwarks of the Christian power, both in the East and West. In the present sketch we propose submitting to our readers an account of the origin and history of the former of these rival brotherhoods, premising that we have been indebted for the main facts of our narrative to a work entitled 'The Knights Templars,' from the pen of C. G. Addison, Esq. of the Inner Temple, London.

After the capture of Jerusalem in 1099, as above alluded to, vast crowds of pilgrims, from all parts of Europe, hastened to the Holy City. The roads from the sea-coast to Jerusalem were infested by armed bands of Mussulmans, who issued from their strongholds among the mountains, and robbed and murdered the pilgrims. For the protection of the latter, nine noble knights, who had greatly distinguished themselves in the siege and capture of the city, formed a brotherhood in arms, and took the vows of perpetual chastity, obedience, and

poverty, after the manner of monks. Uniting in themselves the two most popular qualities of the age, devotion and valour, and exercising them in the most popular of all enterprises, they soon acquired a splendid reputation, and the most illustrious warriors of Christendom aspired to the honour of being enrolled members of the fraternity.

Such was the origin of the renowned order of the Templars. They derived their name from the edifice vulgarly called the Temple of Solomon, on the summit of Mount Moriah, which was assigned them for their habitation by the King of Jerusalem, nineteen years after the conquest of that city by the crusaders. The protection of the pilgrims was their first object; but they soon determined, in addition to this, to make the defence of the christian kingdom of Jerusalem, the eastern church, and all the holy places, a part of their particular profession. St Bernard, the famous abbot of Clairvaux, warmly espoused the cause of the fraternity; and their rules, revised and corrected by him, were sanctioned by the council of Troyes (A. D. 1128), and confirmed by a papal bull.

An astonishing enthusiasm was excited throughout Europe in behalf of this chivalrous association; princes and nobles, sovereigns and their subjects, vied with each other in heaping gifts upon them, and scarce a will of importance was made without an article in it in their favour. Many illustrious persons, on their deathbeds, took the vows, that they might be buried in the habit of the order; and sovereigns, quitting the government of their kingdoms, enrolled themselves amongst the fraternity, and bequeathed even their dominions to the master and brethren of the Temple. The order, in consequence, soon became enormously wealthy. Its annual income in Europe has been estimated at six millions sterling; and according to Matthew Paris, it possessed nine thousand manors or lordships in Christendom, besides a large revenue and immense riches, arising from constant charitable bequests and donations of sums of money by pious persons.

The order was governed by a grand-master, provincial grand-masters, preceptors, &c. The provincial grand-masters were controlled by visitors general, specially deputed by the grand-master and convent of Jerusalem to visit the different provinces, to reform abuses, make regulations, &c. The body was divided into three great classes—knights, priests, and serving brethren—all bound together by the vow of obedience to the grand-master. All those of the first class were men of noble birth, and were not admitted to the vows till after they had received the honour of knighthood according to the laws of chivalry. The serving brethren were what their name implied: they were armed with bows, bills, and swords; and it was their duty to attend the person of the knight, to supply him with fresh weapons or a fresh horse in case of need, and to render him every succour in the affray.

The Templars had always a large number of retainers, and of mercenary troops officered by the knights. These were clothed in black or brown garments, to distinguish them from the actual members of the order, who were habited in white. The white mantle was a regular monastic habit, having a red cross on the left breast, and was worn over armour of chain-mail. When they took the field, the grand-master commanded in chief; the marshal was second in command; and the balcanifer bore the famous Beauseant, or black and white war-banner of the order, and was supported by a certain number of knights and esquires, who were sworn to defend it, and never suffer it to fall into the hands of the enemy.

The Templars acted a very conspicuous part in the long and bloody wars between the Christians and Mahomedans for the possession of the Holy Land, and were the mainstay of the Latin kingdom during the whole period of its stormy existence, till it expired in blood amidst the ruins of Acre. In what follows we shall endeavour to present our readers with some of the more striking incidents connected with their military history.

The successes of the famous Nouredin, sultan of Damascus, which shook the Latin kingdom to its foundations, and excited the greatest alarm in Europe, gave occasion to the second crusade, which proved a miserable failure. In the year 1146, the Grand-master of the Temple convened a general chapter of the order at Paris, which was attended by the pope, the king of France, and many prelates, princes, and nobles, from all parts of Christendom. A second crusade was then arranged; and the Templars, with the sanction of the pope, assumed the blood-red cross, the symbol of martyrdom, whence they came to be known by the name of the *red friars*, and the *red cross knights*.

The preaching of St Bernard excited an astonishing enthusiasm in favour of this holy war. Conrad, emperor of Germany, set out for Palestine at the head of a powerful army, which was cut to pieces by the infidels, in the north of Asia. The emperor himself fled to Constantinople, embarked on board a merchant vessel, and arrived at Jerusalem with only a few attendants. Louis the Seventh, king of France, at the head of another army, also set out for the Holy Land, accompanied by the Grand-master of the Temple, and all the brethren collected from the western provinces. During the march through Asia Minor, the Templars brought up the rear, and signalized themselves so greatly, that, in a council of war, it was ordered that all should bind themselves in confraternity with them, and march under their orders. After the arrival of the king at Jerusalem, he and the emperor, supported by the order, who now, for the first time, unfolded the famous red-cross banner in the field of battle, laid siege to the city of Damascus, which was defended by the great Nouredin.

The siege, which was unsuccessful, proved highly disastrous to the crusaders; and after the departure of the King of France, accompanied by the grand-master, the knights were left, alone and unaided, to withstand the career of the victorious Mussulmans. They dispatched a letter to the grand-master, describing their miserable situation, and imploring him to return to them with succours. On receipt of their letter he abandoned his authority, and was succeeded by Bertrand de Tremelay, a nobleman of an illustrious Burgundian family. Shortly after his election, the infidels crossed the Jordan, and advanced within sight of Jerusalem. In a night attack, however, they were defeated with terrible slaughter, and pursued all the way to the Jordan; five thousand of their number being left dead on the plain.

In the year 1153, the grand-master and a number of knights attempted to take the city of Ascalon by storm; but having penetrated to the centre of the town, they were surrounded and overpowered by the infidels, who slew them to a man, and exhibited their dead bodies in triumph from the wall. In the summer of 1156, another body of knights, headed by the new grand-master, whilst marching with the King of Jerusalem, were drawn into an ambuscade near Tiberias; three hundred of them were slain, and eighty-seven, among whom was the chief himself, fell into the hands of the enemy. Shortly afterwards, thirty Templars routed two hundred Mussulmans; and in a night attack on the camp of Nouredin, they compelled that famous chieftain to flee from the field without arms and half naked. Having recovered his liberty, the grand-master went on an expedition to Egypt; and during his absence with the greater part of the knights, Palestine was invaded by Nouredin. The serving brethren and mercenaries who remained to defend the country were defeated with terrible slaughter, and sixty of the knights who commanded them were left dead on the field. About this time the Hospitallers, the other great order of military friars, began to take a leading part in the defence of the Latin kingdom. Their order, more fortunate than that of the Templars, survived till modern times, and they are well known in recent history as the Knights of Malta.

The Templars were now destined to meet with a more formidable opponent than any they had hitherto encountered. This was the famous Saladin, who, on the death

of Nouredin, in the year 1175, raised himself to the sovereignty of Egypt and Syria. Marching from Cairo at the head of an army forty thousand strong, he laid siege to the city of Gaza, which belonged to the order. In an unexpected sally, the defenders performed such prodigies of valour that the sultan abandoned the siege and retired into Egypt.

In the year 1177, he again invaded Palestine, and in a great battle fought near Ascalon, the master of the Temple, at the head of eighty knights, broke through the guard of mamlooks, and penetrated to the imperial tent, from which Saladin escaped almost naked. Next year, the sultan assembled a great army at Damascus; and the Templars, in order to cover the road to Jerusalem, began the erection of a strong fortress close to Jacob's Ford, on the river Jordan. Saladin advanced to oppose the progress of the work, while the King of Jerusalem assembled all his chivalry in the plain, to protect the knights and their workmen. The fortress was finished in the face of the enemy, and a strong garrison thrown into it. Redoubled efforts were then made by Saladin for the destruction of the place. At a given signal, his forces intentionally fled, and the Christians having become disordered in the pursuit, the Arab cavalry wheeled upon both wings, and defeated the entire army with immense slaughter. All the Templars engaged in the fight were killed or captured, and the master fell alive into the hands of the enemy. The fortress was then besieged, and after a gallant defence it was set on fire and taken by storm. The sultan, it is said, ordered all the knights found in the place to be sawn asunder, except the most distinguished, who were reserved for ransom, and sent in chains to Aleppo. The master refused to be exchanged for the sultan's nephew, and perished in prison. Saladin, after wasting the country, retreated to Damascus, and the Christians purchased a truce of four years by the payment of a large sum of money.

At the expiration of the truce, the war was renewed with greater fury than ever, and the order was now destined to meet with more terrible disasters than any which had yet befallen it. Raymond, count of Tripoli, refusing to acknowledge Guy de Lusignan as king of Jerusalem, retired to his strong citadel of Tiberias, and there remained, proudly defying the royal power. The king's friends, foreseeing the ruinous consequences of a civil war, advised him to offer terms of reconciliation to his powerful vassal; and it was agreed that the Grand-master of the Temple and other persons of distinction should proceed to Tiberias, and endeavour to bring back the count to his allegiance. On the second day of the journey, the grand-master, when at supper in a castle belonging to the order, was informed that a strong corps of mussulman cavalry had crossed the Jordan, and was marching through the territories of the Count of Tripoli. He immediately summoned from a neighbouring castle all the knights who could be spared; and as soon as it was light, he rode over to Nazareth at the head of ninety knights, and was there joined by the Master of the Hospitallers and fifty knights of the garrison of that town. The united military friars were accompanied by four hundred of their foot soldiers; and the whole force amounted to about six hundred men. With this small band they set out in quest of the infidels; and had proceeded about seven miles in the direction of the Jordan, when they came suddenly upon a strong column of mussulman cavalry, amounting to several thousand men. The Templars attacked them with the utmost fury; but the enemy, though thrown into confusion by the sudden onset, and discomfited with terrible slaughter, speedily rallied, closed in upon their assailants, and overpowered them by numbers. In this bloody skirmish the Grand-master of the Hospitallers fell, and all the Templars, except the grand-master and two knights, who broke through the ranks of the enemy, and escaped to Nazareth.

The fatal battle of Tiberias, which led to the capture of Jerusalem, soon followed. The Count of Tripoli having become reconciled to the King of Jerusalem, Saladin

marched against Tiberias, took the town by storm, and reduced it to ashes. The countess, retiring with the garrison into the citadel, sent messengers to her husband and the King of Jerusalem, imploring instant succour; and the christian army assembled at Sepphoris set forward, after long delay, for the relief of the place. Saladin then turned the siege into a blockade, called in his cavalry, and hastened to occupy all the mountain passes. His army amounted to 80,000 men.

The Christians attempted to force the defiles of the mountains, but in vain; after a bloody battle, they found that they had merely been able to keep their ground without advancing a single step. The king ordered the tents to be pitched in a place where not a drop of water could be procured. About sunrise next morning, the Templars and Hospitallers formed in battle array in the van of the christian army, and prepared to open a road to the lake of Tiberias through the dense masses of the enemy. Saladin, on his part, set fire to the dry grass and shrubs which covered the ground between the two armies; and the wind blowing the smoke and flames directly in the faces of the military friars and their horses, after almost superhuman exertions to cut their way through to the lake, they halted, and sent to the king for succour. At this critical moment the Count of Tripoli fled from the field, and the troops that were advancing to the support of the knights, seized with a sudden panic, were driven in one confused mass upon the main body. Alone and unaided, they maintained a short and bloody conflict with the enemy, which ended in the death or captivity of every one engaged, except the Master of the Hospital, who made his escape to Ascalon, where he died of his wounds the day after his arrival.

In this fatal battle the christian army was annihilated. The King of Jerusalem, the Grand-master of the Temple, and other leaders, were taken prisoners; and the so-called *true cross*, which had been carried in front of the army, fell into the hands of the infidels. The day after the battle, all the military friars, with the exception of the grand-master, for whom a heavy ransom was expected, were led to an eminence above Tiberias, and offered the alternative of the Koran or death. To a man they chose the latter, and were all beheaded in the presence of the sultan, striving who should be the first to receive the crown of martyrdom. In accordance with the superstition of the times, it was believed by the Christians that for three nights, during which they remained unburied, miraculous rays of light played around the bodies of the slaughtered knights.

City after city, and fortress after fortress, now fell into the hands of Saladin, and at length he appeared before the gates of Jerusalem, and summoned the city to surrender. Though ill prepared for standing a siege, it was gallantly defended for several weeks; and at length, when a large breach was effected in the wall, a suppliant deputation was sent to the sultan to implore his mercy. At first he refused to hear them, declaring that he would take Jerusalem sword in hand; but ultimately he was induced to listen to terms, and a treaty was entered into with the Christians to the following effect. The Mussulmans were immediately to be put in possession of all the gates; and the liberty and security of the inhabitants were to be purchased in the following manner:—Every man was to pay the victor ten golden bezants; every woman five; and every child under seven years of age one. When these terms were known in the city, the poor were filled with grief and indignation; but resistance on their part was now hopeless. The number of those who were reduced to a state of hopeless slavery, being unable to pay the ransom, is estimated at fourteen thousand men, women, and children. The few military friars who were in the city spent all the money they possessed in ransoming their poor christian brethren, whom they escorted in safety to Tripoli. Thus Jerusalem again fell into the hands of the Moslems, eighty-eight years after its conquest by the crusaders.

The Templars still maintained themselves in some of

the strongest castles of Palestine, and the city of Tyre, into which Conrad, marquis of Montferrat, had thrown himself with his followers, was valiantly defended until the winter, when the sultan, despairing of taking the place, burnt his military engines, and retired to Damascus.

As soon as the winter rains had subsided, Saladin again took the field, and laid siege to Saphet, the strongest fortress possessed by the Templars in Palestine. Here they made such a gallant defence that the siege was turned into a blockade, and the sultan drew off the greater part of his forces to attack the christian possessions in the principality of Antioch. Having appeared in arms before the gates of Tripoli, he found that place in such a posture of defence that he retired without attacking it, and directed his march upon Tortosa; while the Grand-master of the Temple threw himself into the strong castle belonging to the order, and prepared to defend the town. After a short struggle, the knights were compelled to abandon the city; but they defended the castle with such obstinate valour, that Saladin, despairing of taking it, drew off his forces, leaving the once flourishing city a heap of ruins. Gabala, Laodicea, and Berzyeh now fell into his hands; and before the walls of Antioch he concluded a treaty with Prince Bohemond, whereby a suspension of arms was agreed upon for the term of eight months.

The intelligence of the fall of Jerusalem threw all Europe into consternation. The pope is said to have died of grief, and the cardinals made a solemn resolution never to mount a horse so long as the Holy Land was trodden under foot by the infidels; they, moreover, declared that they would march on foot to the holy war at the head of armies of pilgrims, and would subsist by asking alms by the road. This was mere talk; but the chivalry of Europe at once responded when the new pope issued apostolical letters exhorting all Christians immediately to assume the cross and march to the deliverance of Jerusalem, promising a plenary indulgence to all who should comply. Crowds of armed pilgrims in consequence set out for the Holy Land; the Templars hurried from their preceptories to join their brethren in the east; and during the winter Tyre was crowded with the newly arrived warriors, and with fugitives who had fled thither for refuge.

At the commencement of the summer, the King of Jerusalem and the Grand-master of the Temple took the field at the head of an army 9000 strong, and marched along the coast to lay siege to the important city of Acre. The city was regularly invested before the arrival of Saladin, and he encamped in such a manner that the besiegers themselves were besieged. In a sudden attack upon the christian camp he broke through the lines, and threw into Acre a reinforcement of 5000 soldiers, laden with provisions and every thing necessary for the defence of the place. Having accomplished this daring feat, he made a masterly retreat to his camp.

In an attack upon the sultan's camp, on the 4th of October, 1189, the Templars, who led the assault, put the right wing of the mussulman army to flight. The undisciplined masses of the christian army then rushed heedlessly after the infidels, penetrated to the sultan's tent, and abandoned themselves to pillage. Saladin having rallied his fugitive troops, led them on in person; and the christian army would have been annihilated but for the gallantry of the knights, who presented an unbroken front to the advancing Mussulmans for the space of three hours, and gave time for the panic-stricken crusaders to recover from their terror and confusion; but ere they had returned to the charge the grand-master and more than half of his comrades were numbered with the dead.

The siege of Acre is very famous in history. Nine pitched battles were fought in the neighbourhood of Mount Carmel, and during the first year of the siege a hundred thousand Christians are computed to have perished. Their places were supplied by new comers from Europe, while succours were thrown into the town by the fleets of Saladin. During the winter, the Templars, in common with the rest of the christian army, suffered great hardships, and many died of famine and disease. Saladin, before the

unhealthy season set in, had retreated from the pestilential plain of Acre to his elevated camp on the mountains of Keruba; and early in the spring he again assembled his forces to raise the siege of Acre. The Templars and crusaders, during his absence, had not been idle. They had dug trenches and thrown up ramparts around their camp; they had filled up the ditch around the town, and constructed three enormous towers, which they rolled on wheels to the wall, and were about to descend from them upon the battlements of the city, when the towers and all the warriors upon them were consumed by some inextinguishable composition, discharged out of brass pots by a brasier from Damascus.

In the month of July the order suffered severe loss in another attack upon Saladin's camp. The licentious crusaders, deceived by the flight of the Mussulmans, were again lured to the pillage of their tents, and were again defeated by the main body of the sultan's army, which had been posted in reserve. The Templars, surrounded by an overpowering force, fought their way back to their camp, and left the plain strewn with the dead bodies of the enemy.

The garrison continued bravely to defend the town, and Saladin, by various ingenious stratagems, sent in succours from time to time. In the month of January, 1191, a tempest having compelled the fleet of the crusaders to take refuge in Tyre, Saladin, finding the sea open, threw a fresh body of troops into the town, and withdrew the exhausted garrison. Famine and disease were now making frightful ravages among the besiegers; from two to three hundred persons died daily, and the living were unable to bury the dead. After every thing in the shape of provisions was consumed, bones were ground down, and all the shoes, bridles, saddles, and old leather in the camp were softened by boiling, and greedily devoured. To add to the misfortunes of the crusaders, there was now serious discord in the camp, one party declaring for Conrad and another for Guy de Lusignan, who both laid claim to the throne of Jerusalem.

Such was the state of matters, when, in the month of May, in the second year of the siege, the royal fleets of France and England cast anchor in the bay of Acre. The siege was now pressed with great vigour; Saladin, after two attacks on the camp of the besiegers, agreed to surrender the city, and on the 13th of July the gates were thrown open. The Templars took possession of their ancient quarters, and the temple at Acre thenceforth became the chief house of the order. The King of England, the famous Richard Cœur de Lion, took up his abode with them, whilst the King of France resided in the citadel. Richard stained his laurels by a deed of cruelty. The ransom to be paid by the garrison and inhabitants of Acre for their lives and liberty was not forthcoming at the time specified, and some doubts were raised about the agreement. Richard, fired with indignation, led out his prisoners, 2000 in number, into the plain of Acre, and caused them all to be beheaded in sight of the sultan's camp. Having taken the island of Cyprus during his voyage to Acre, Richard sold it to the Templars for 300,000 livres d'or; and on the 21st of August, they joined the standard of the English monarch, and left Acre for the purpose of marching upon Jerusalem by way of the sea-coast. In this famous march they led the van, whilst the Hospitallers brought up the rear. Saladin, at the head of an immense force, exerted all his energies to oppose their progress, and the march to Jaffa formed one perpetual fight. On the 7th of September, a pitched battle, in which the Christians had the advantage, was fought near Armoof; and two days thereafter they marched to Jaffa, which they found abandoned and in ruins.

An attempt to negotiate a treaty of peace having failed, Richard and his army marched out of Jaffa, and proceeded through the plain towards Jerusalem. The sultan slowly retired before him, laying waste the country, and removing the inhabitants. In the mean time, the fortifications of Jerusalem were repaired, and the city was put into a posture of defence. But the siege did not take

place. The crusaders, afraid of penetrating into the defiles of the mountains, which were occupied by the moalem forces, retraced their steps to the sea-coast, in a state of disorganization, and with the loss of their horses.

(To be concluded in next number.)

PEASANTS OF THE PYRENEES.

THE peasants of the Pyrenees have all which their necessities demand within themselves. They grow their own flax, and one of their most busy occupations is to dress it. They do not steep it in water before beating it, as in England, but spread it on some sloping field or hill-side, where it undergoes no other process than what is effected by exposure to the weather. Not only is the flax prepared and woven for their own use, but the wool of the mountain sheep, undyed, is made into jackets, trousers, and petticoats, as well as into various other articles of clothing. Thus supplied with the most common and necessary kinds of dress, their wants are equally simple as regards their furniture and food. A few brass or copper vessels for their milk are always used by those who make cheeses, as many of the peasants do, not only of the milk of cows, but of that of sheep and goats. For a churn they have a very simple substitute, being no other than a dried sheepskin. For keeping wine the skins of kids are frequently used, with the hair inside; and the same article is also converted into a large pocket or knapsack, which the little girls carry at their backs. The skin, when used in this manner, is kept entire, either the head or the tail of the animal being folded over the opening of the knapsack. All implements of husbandry used amongst the Bearnais are equally simple in their character. The pole of their little carts is often nothing more than the stem of a tree, cut off where it has divided into two branches, so that the ends of the two forks connect with the axletree; and the forks with which their hay is made are branches, or stems, of the same description, on a smaller scale. Their ploughing, such as it is, is effected by a sort of double process, requiring four oxen—two to go before with the coulter, and two others with another implement to turn over the soil. Both these are generally conducted by women. For millet and buckwheat, which succeed immediately to the earliest crops, the soil is merely turned over with a shovel after the earth and stubble are burnt in heaps, and strewn upon the field. The process of preparing the ground for wheat and oats is simple in the extreme. Both the seed and the manure are strewn upon the land, ploughed in together, then harrowed, and all is finished. The labour of carrying and spreading manure is performed almost exclusively by women, who sometimes carry it on a sort of hurdle into the fields, but more frequently in sacks on their heads. In the Valley d'Aspe it is taken to the fields in large woollen sacks placed upon the backs of donkeys. I find it stated in my journal, that in the beginning of August the maize in the Valley of Campan was waving in all its glory, having attained the height of a man's shoulder, and being still green. At the same time the reapers had begun to cut the wheat and oats; and I expected to have seen the over-yellow corn-fields adorned, as they are in England, with those golden sheaves which have so many pleasant associations. To my disappointment, however, I found that the harvest in the Pyrenees was a very different affair from what it is with us; for no sooner was the wheat cut down than it was tied up in bundles, carried away upon the heads of the owners, and stowed into those innumerable little barns which adorn the splendid landscape; all this despatch being rendered necessary by the dishonesty of the people, which is such, that no one leaves his corn in the field after it is cut for a single night. I am sorry to make this confession in relation to the people whose simple lives I had previously thought so enviable; but I am also bound in common justice to state, that even their potatoes, when ready to be taken up, were always watched in the Valley of Campan.—*Mrs Ellis's Summer and Winter in the Pyrenees.*

INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLE.

Christianity makes no open war on the established usages and existing arrangements of the world; it is opposed to violent changes; it is hostile to anarchy; it regulates men as it finds them; it leaves it to the never failing tendency of its principles and its spirit to banish all oppression and slavery from the world. It teaches the magistrate to rule well; it teaches the subject to obey; it teaches the strong not to oppress the weak; it teaches the rich to have compassion on the poor; it teaches that every man born into the world has a right to live, and to enjoy without interruption freedom and happiness; it infuses the milk of human kindness into the hearts of men, and reminds them that, as God has made of one blood all the nations of the earth, so man ought to be the friend of man, and not his oppressor. The very genius of the Gospel is emancipation; its universal principle of love carries liberty with it wherever it goes. When that love touches a tyrant's heart, it melts it; it converts him into a man; it dashes the sceptre of oppression in pieces; it strikes the fetters from his slaves.—*Rev. J. French.*

DEATH AT SEA.

Death is at all times solemn, but never so much as at sea. A man dies on shore—his body remains with his friends, and the mourners go about the streets; but when a man falls overboard at sea and is lost, there is a suddenness in the event, and a difficulty in realizing it, which gives to it an air of awful mystery. A man dies on shore—you follow his body to the grave, and a stone marks the spot. You are often prepared for the event. There is always something which helps you to realize it when it happens, and to recal it when it has passed. A man is shot down by your side in battle, and the mangled body remains an object and a real evidence; but at sea the man is near you, at your side—you hear his voice, and in an instant he is gone, and nothing but a vacancy shows his loss. Then, too, at sea, to use a homely but expressive phrase, you miss a man so much. A dozen men are shut up together in a little bark, upon the wide, wide sea, and for months and months see no forms and hear no voices but their own; and one is taken suddenly from among them, and they miss him at every turn. It is like losing a limb. There are no new faces or new scenes to fill up the gap; there is always an empty berth in the fore-castle, and one man wanting when the small night watch is mustered; there is one less to take the wheel, and one less to lay out with you upon the yard. You miss his form and the sound of his voice, for habit had made them almost necessary to you, and each of your senses feels the loss. All these things make such a death peculiarly solemn, and the effect of it remains upon the crew for some time.—*Two Years before the Mast.*

IMMORTALITY.

When I think of myself as existing through all future ages—as surviving this earth and that sky—as exempted from every imperfection and error of my present being—as clothed with an angel's glory—as comprehending with my intellect, and embracing in my affections, an extent of creation, compared with which the earth is a point; when I think of myself as looking on the outward universe with an organ of vision that will reveal to me a beauty, and harmony, and order, not now imagined—and as having an access to the minds of the wise and good which will make them in a sense my own; when I think of myself as forming friendships with innumerable beings of rich and various intellect, and of the noblest virtue—as introduced to the society of heaven—as meeting there the great and excellent, of whom I have read in history—as joined with the 'just made perfect,' in an ever-enlarging ministry of benevolence—as conversing with Jesus Christ with the familiarity of friendship—and especially as having an immediate intercourse with God, such as the closest intimacies of earth dimly shadow forth; when this thought of my future being comes upon me—whilst I hope I also fear—the blessedness seems too great—the consciousness of present weakness and unworthiness

is almost too strong for hope. But when, in this frame of mind, I look round on the creation, and see there the marks of an Omnipotent Goodness, to which nothing is impossible, and from which every thing may be hoped—when I see around me the proofs of an Infinite Father, who must desire the perpetual progress of his intellectual offspring—when I look next at the human mind, and see what powers a few years have unfolded, and discern in it the capacity of everlasting improvement—and especially, when I look at Jesus, the conqueror of death, the heir of immortality, who has gone, as the forerunner of mankind, into the mansions of light and purity—I can and do admit the almost overpowering thought of the everlasting life—growth—felicity of the human soul.—*Channing.*

SONS OF CHIEFS RENOWN'D IN STORY.*

A LYRIC, WRITTEN BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, IN HONOUR OF THE SCOTTISH LEGION, WHICH RETURNED BLIND FROM EGYPT.

Sons of chiefs renown'd in story—
Ye whose fame is heard afar—
Ye who who rush'd to death or glory—
Welcome from the toils of war!
When from conquest into assembling,
Madly arm'd the frantic Gaul,
Europe, for her empire trembling,
Doubted where the storm might fall,
Britain, from her sea-girt station,
Guarded by her native oak,
Heard the threat with indignation,
Well prepared to meet the stroke.
But the foe, her thunder fearing,
Fled her naval arm before,
And far distant widely steering,
Seized the famed Egyptian shore.
There in vain his boasted legions
Vow'd to keep the wide domain;
Eager for the torrid regions,
Saw Britannia ploughs the main!
Ye whose sons of old, opposing,
Check'd the haughty Roman band—
In the shock of battle closing,
Freed the Caledonian land:
You, our guardian genius naming,
To the toils of combat bled,
Chase to hurl her vengeance flaming
On the foe's devoted head!
Methinks old Ossian, from his station
On the skirts of yonder cloud,
Eyes his race with exultation:
Hark! the hero speaks aloud—
'Sons of chiefs renown'd in story!
Ye whose fame is heard afar!
Ye who rush'd to death or glory!
Welcome from the toils of war!'

* These lines by the author of 'The Pleasures of Hope,' were found lately by Mr Walker, a gentleman who is lecturing in the United States on the poets and poetry of Scotland, among the papers of Blennerhassett, accompanied by the latter's own music. We copy them from the *New York Herald*, where they appeared for the first time.

VORACITY OF THE STARFISH.

The starfish, too, are common here, and I have a strange tale to tell of one. During the month of August the soldiers were in the habit of bathing in the sea every evening, and, from time to time, several of them disappeared, no one knew how. Bathing was, in consequence, strictly forbidden, in spite of which several men went into the water one evening. Suddenly one of them screamed for help, and when several others rushed to his assistance they found that a huge starfish had seized him by the leg with four of its legs, whilst it clung to the rock by the fifth. The soldiers brought the monster home with them, and out of revenge they broiled it alive and ate it. This adventure sufficiently accounted for the disappearance of the other soldiers.—*The French in Algiers.*

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INFLUENCE OF EXTERNAL AGENTS ON THE WELFARE OF THE PEOPLE.

PRELIMINARY.

MIND is unquestionably the great agent by which the machine of society is regulated in its movements. This is especially true in our day. Physical strength is not now so carefully cultivated, nor is it so essential to success in any enterprise as in past times. Mind and its ingenuity have been substituted for might and its power, and the change is greatly for the better. But it is to be feared, that in the present dependence of society upon the one, men are apt to overlook the claims of the other, and to forget the intimate connexion which subsists between the two. Philosophy has been too speculative and too spiritual; it has dealt too exclusively with mind, and has certainly erred in not inquiring with sufficient care into the influence of physical causes on the welfare of mankind. Here, in a much larger degree than is commonly believed, the moral and intellectual man lie concealed; it is by these causes, to a very great extent, that our nobler powers are either developed or destroyed.

The malignant influence of a variety of external agents on society is beginning now to attract some share of public attention. Even in high places the question is regarded as one of the first importance. Government commissions are appointed to make inquiry regarding it; and in one of its branches—the health of towns—it has been deemed worthy of notice in the royal speech at the last opening of Parliament. The result of these inquiries has been a conviction, deep and strong, that nearly two-thirds of the diseases and deaths which at present prevail among the masses of the people are attributable to external causes which ordinary care or scientific skill might easily arrest.* Something more, however, is still necessary to bring this subject before the public eye in all its vital importance. Government commissions, a few stray reports and pamphlets, and an occasional public meeting on some solitary branch of great question, are not sufficient. Not merely the government of the country and the local authorities, but the masses of human beings who are crowded together in our densely populated cities must be awakened and made aware of the dangers by which they are surrounded; and for this purpose we conceive it to be the duty of the press to set on foot a system of agitation on the question of *vital statistics* as active and extensive as possible.

To give our humble aid to this peaceful and philanthropic agitation is the object of a short series of papers with which we design to present our readers. While we may advert to some of those causes which affect the human constitution all over the world, our chief aim shall be to study practical utility by investigating more especially those external agents which affect society as it exists in the larger and more densely populated districts of our own land.

Climate in general—its influence, and the means by which it may be modified—first claims our attention. That it exerts a great influence on the conformation, stature, and general constitution of man, is beyond all doubt. It affects the corporeal system, and, through it, the mind. Combined with the general aspect of the country, it gives a decided tone to the national character. Hence we find something like a principle of resemblance existing between man and the atmosphere in which he moves. The robust frame and firm-strung muscle of the hardy Highlander, tell us that he breathes a clear and bracing atmosphere, and somewhat resembles the mountains among which he dwells. On the other hand, the dweller on the plain or under the eastern sky is more effeminate and luxurious in his habits. A low moist climate, combined with some degree of heat, is depressing in its influence, and seldom fails to generate disease; while a dry and temperate climate acts as a gentle stimulant, elevates the whole system, and renders the mind more active and buoyant.

Such being the influence of climate, it becomes an interesting question whether it is possible to modify or change any given climate, and by what means? We are persuaded that it is possible greatly to alter the temperature of a whole country such as ours, and that the means are quite within our reach. A hasty view of the subject would lead us to the conclusion that the hottest climate should be in that spot in the torrid zone on which the rays of the sun descend in a perpendicular line with all their burning intensity. This, however, is not the case. Travellers have assured us that the hottest climates they have discovered are under the temperate zone. The solution of this is found in the nature of the surface from which the rays of the sun are reflected. In tropical regions, where we would expect the greatest heat from the powerful action of a vertical sun, that action is modified by the rich and luxuriant vegetation commonly found in such countries; whereas, in the dry sandy desert, these are reflected from a bright surface which cannot absorb them, on account of which the heat becomes intense. From this fact we deduce the useful lesson, that it is possible to change or modify the climate of our

* On this subject see an excellent address to the middle and working classes on the causes and prevention of excessive mortality, by William Strangé, M.D.

country, by changing the surface from which the sun's rays are reflected.

There are certain natural agents which affect and regulate our climate, over which we can have no control. There are the surrounding seas, which prevent the summer's heat from being so oppressive, or the winter's cold from becoming so intense. There are the mountains of our country, which attract the watery vapours of the atmosphere and bring them down about us in violent rains. There are also the prevalent winds, which are regulated in their temperature by the quarter whence they come and the surface over which they pass on their way. The prevailing winds of Great Britain come over the Atlantic, and are greatly modified by their passage across the ocean; but if they came chiefly from the continent of Europe, which is nearer us, and with little breadth of sea intervening, they would be much colder, and Britain would lose the benefit of its insular position. The great advantage of Madeira is that no wind can blow on it which has not been tempered in its passage by the ocean; an advantage which we share in some degree with it, and which may be greatly enhanced by certain changes which might be made on the face of the country.

Although these agents are beyond our control, there are other means which we can use to modify the climate around us. Perhaps the most powerful of these is the cultivation and drainage of the soil. Much has been done in Britain already in this way, and the effect has been most marked and beneficial. The older inhabitants around us can testify that our winters are not now what they were sixty years ago. But much still remains to be done. There are many marshes to be drained, and very much of the soil to be tile-drained, and then we shall have a still warmer, drier, and more equable temperature.

The evil effects arising from the existence of much marshy and ill-cultivated soil on the face of a country must be obvious to all. Not only does such a surface prevent the heat of the sun from being absorbed during summer, and thus make the winter far more severe, but when the sun does shine on such low marshy lands, it causes them to exhale noxious vapours, which are the fertile sources of plague and pestilence in the localities where they rise, and are often wafted on the winds of heaven, carrying disease and death to the dwellers in another hemisphere. Some of the finest spots in Europe are rendered dangerous by this very cause. An intelligent traveller tells us that the beautiful villas in the Campagna di Roma are deserted during summer; that no one dares to sleep in them; and that even the shepherds drive their flocks to the rising grounds and come into Rome at night. The locality is low and moist, and a vegetable effluvia is seen to rise to a certain height, in the shape of a fog, which is extremely hurtful both to man and beast. Had the Italian the industry and the means to drain the soil of this lovely spot, the evil would speedily be removed and the atmosphere completely changed. So, in our own country, the insalubrity of its marshy districts, and the extreme severity of the climate in some of its upland quarters, are capable of being much modified by the cultivation and drainage of the soil. This is a matter which affects not only the fertility of the land, but the welfare of the inhabitants. Cold as our climate naturally is, were all its marshes drained and all its surface tile-drained, we would soon have a more genial and salubrious atmosphere. The results of experiments already made fully bear out these statements. Desolate wastes have been converted into pleasant pastures; men have been rewarded by bounteous harvests, and, in many well-authenticated cases, by a longer average lease of life. In the recent reports in the New Statistical Account of Scotland, the uniform reply to queries on this subject is—'Ague formerly prevailed, but not since the land was drained.' Professor Buckland mentions, among other instances, a parish in Leicester in which he made careful observations as to the result of draining on the atmosphere and the health of the inhabitants, and in that portion of the parish which was well drained he found the average of life to be 22½, while

in the other part not drained it was only 13½, or nine years less!

Such facts and principles as these have never yet received their due share of public attention. The beneficial changes which they are calculated to produce are great beyond conception, and deserve the notice and investigation alike of the politician, the philanthropist, and the man of science.

But the benefits arising from this source will be entirely lost if not followed out by man, in his social and domestic condition, by corresponding improvements. In vain will he breathe a pure atmosphere under the blue vault of heaven if he enters an infected one at the door of his own dwelling. It is here that a majority of the population pass the greater portion of their time by day and the whole of it by night. It is here that the days of infancy and youth are chiefly spent, and if the atmosphere is foul and deleterious, it becomes the fertile source of disease and death—of physical and moral deterioration.

In a subsequent article, we shall therefore make some investigation into the influence of habitations on the sanitary condition of the population, and the improvements which may and ought to be made in the dwellings of the poor and the labouring classes.

FOREIGN AUTHORS.

FENELON.

FRANCOIS DE SALIGNAC DE LA MOTHE FENELON, one of that rare order of minds who, emancipating themselves from the prejudices of education and their own times, stand forth as the common property of humanity and the universal church, was born on the 6th of August, 1651, at the castle of Fenelon, in Perigord (now the department of Dordogne), where his family had long been distinguished for rank and influence. He received the rudiments of his education from his father, whose virtues and classical attainments well fitted him for the task. Reared in a remote province of France, under the vigilant eye of this excellent parent, he escaped the contamination to which youths of his rank were exposed in the brilliant but dissolute capital of Louis the Fourteenth, and from his earliest years gave tokens of that amiable sensibility and brilliancy of intellect for which he was afterwards so remarkable. While wandering amid the solitudes of his paternal residence, he acquired an intimate knowledge of classical literature and manners, and laid the foundation of that exquisite taste and style which were the admiration and envy of his contemporaries.

He began his more systematic studies at the University of Cahors, and soon after went to continue them at Paris, under the guardianship of his uncle, Antoine, Marquis de Fenelon, lieutenant-general in the army. This nobleman, noted for his piety, sound judgment, and high-toned courage, watched the progress of the young student with parental solicitude, and under his care his growing talents and virtues rapidly expanded. At the age of nineteen, he preached a sermon before a select assembly at Paris, among whom his genius and eloquence excited the highest admiration, and he all at once found himself the object of general curiosity. The marquis, very properly dreading the effect which this worldly applause might have on the mind of a youth destined for the sacred office of the priesthood, advised him to 'imitate the silence of Jesus,' and apply to his studies for several years longer before commencing his public ministry. With that docility and gentleness which uniformly characterized him, he at once adopted the suggestion, and entered the seminary of St Sulpice, where he enjoyed the friendship of the pious and learned Tronson, the superior. Here his studies were prosecuted with untiring assiduity, and with an anxious regard to the great work to which his life was to be devoted. He took orders when twenty-four years of age, and at once threw himself into the laborious duties of his calling, with a zeal and energy that commanded the ad-

miration of his superiors, not scrupling to perform its least dignified and most irksome duties. Three years afterwards, Harlay, archbishop of Paris, appointed him superior to a society of female converts, named New Catholics, where his mildness and persuasive manner were very effectively employed. At this time, his glowing fancy and cultivated intellect, which in common conversation surprised and delighted all who enjoyed his intimacy, when employed in public declamation, burst forth in a strain of the most finished and impassioned eloquence. Though wanting the stern magnificence of his cotemporary Bossuet, the mingled gentleness and fervour of his character imparted to his orations a peculiar charm; his ideas were clothed as if spontaneously with gorgeous and appropriate illustrations; and his heartfelt, though it may be somewhat misdirected piety, sent them forth with irresistible effect.

The reputation of the youthful orator soon reached the ears of Louis XIV., whose sagacity in drawing around his court the most eminent men of his time, has not unjustly distinguished his reign as the Augustan age of France. But the infamous revocation of the edict of Nantes and its attendant cruelties, have marked it out as still more eminently a time of intolerance and persecution. Fenelon was a Roman Catholic priest, warmly attached to the interests of the church of which he was a member, and distinguished, at this time at least, for the learning, ingenuity, and eloquence with which he defended it. It is not therefore wonderful that one of his first employments should have been a mission to convert the Protestants of Saintonge and Aunis, when a troop of dragoons, the more usual instruments then employed for this purpose, were ordered to accompany him. To his honour, he indignantly refused the aid of such auxiliaries, and insisted that no other means should be employed than those of charity and persuasion. Amid the partially enlightened population of these provinces such means were not unsuccessful. The eloquence and virtues of the advocate doubtless led many to forget the errors of the system he defended, and his mild and gentle treatment of the Protestants offered a striking contrast to the savage cruelty of the government. This mission being completed, he returned to court, where he was complimented on his success by the king.

The commanding talents and genius of Fenelon, to say nothing of his family influence, placed within his reach the highest honours of his profession; but his upright character prevented him from insinuating himself into the good graces of those who had the benefices of the church at their disposal. The example of Bossuet, bishop of Meaux, whose intimacy he had gained when superior of the New Catholics, led him at this time to publish a treatise against 'heretics,' entitled '*Du Ministère des Pasteurs*,' in which their supposed errors are assailed, though with greater moderation than characterized his cotemporary. This work greatly enhanced his reputation; while its purity and elegance of style, together with its clear and copious exposition of his views of ecclesiastical duty, rendered it a standard authority among Catholic disputants. He now formed the acquaintance of many eminent persons connected with the court, and among others of the Duc de Beauvilliers, who remained sincerely attached to him during his whole life. At the request of the duchess he wrote his treatise '*De l'Éducation des Filles*,' a work on education, which has been translated into our language, and is alike remarkable for the simplicity of its style, as well as for the accurate knowledge it displays of the tendencies of the youthful mind. He still maintained his intimacy with Bossuet, to whose opinions he listened with a modesty and docility due to the age and reputation of that great man. But the characters of the two were composed of such opposite elements, that their friendship could hardly be of a lasting description. Bossuet was proud, ambitious, and impatient of contradiction—a courtier, and servile instrument in the hands of Louis; Fenelon, with equal if not greater attainments than his rival, was at once meek and

incorruptible, and scrupled not to state the plain truth in high places, however unpalatable it might be.

The Duke of Burgundy, grandson of Louis XIV., and heir-presumptive to the throne of France, was now of age to commence his studies, and the Duc de Beauvilliers had been appointed his governor. Through his influence, and the reputation of the treatise on education, Fenelon was named preceptor to the prince and his younger brothers. This appointment gave universal satisfaction, and his family were congratulated by Bossuet and other distinguished persons on the advancement of their relative. He entered on his new duties in September, 1689. Among the individuals chosen to assist in the important task were the Abbé de Langoun, reader to the prince, an intimate friend and pupil of Fenelon; and his confessor Father le Valois, a Jesuit, but a man of piety and virtue; both of whom coincided with the preceptor in his views of education. In addition to sound judgment and great integrity, the young duke possessed a penetrating intellect and lively wit; but these good qualities were united to an irregular and imperious temper, which it became a main object of his teachers to regulate and subdue. They never flattered his pride or connived at his caprices; when there was reason to be dissatisfied with his conduct, no one took his part, but he was left in solitude and silence to reflect on his faults, till he voluntarily acknowledged them and obtained forgiveness. In the prosecution of his studies, they sought rather to excite interest and curiosity, than to lead him through a routine of dry rules and tasks. Conversation, begun by design, gave occasion to introduce historical facts, and to reasoning and discourse, such as he could comprehend and profit by. Stories and dialogues, relating to remarkable events and characters, were read to him, calculated to inspire a love of knowledge and virtue. For this purpose Fenelon wrote his famous '*Adventures of Telemachus*,' and '*Dialogues of the Dead*,' works which breathe throughout the most pure and exalted sentiments. The former, in which the youthful son of Ulysses is led through various trying scenes under the guardianship of Minerva disguised as his preceptor, has been translated into every European language, and is read at almost every European school. Had it been written in this age, it is perhaps questionable whether its popularity would have been so universal; because the spirit of the Greeks is now much better understood, and the classic reader, while he may admire the language of '*Telemachus*,' as well as the general accuracy of the author's information on matters of ancient history and geography, will find the sentimental speeches, though excellent in themselves, somewhat misplaced in the mouths of the Homeric heroes, who were by no means given to moralizing in the modern sense of the term. But when we reflect upon the atmosphere in which the work was composed, as contrasted with the pure and sublime morality with which it is every where animated, no stronger evidence could be found of the power of real goodness to transform temptation to glory and strength, and 'make even crowned and prosperous vice a means of triumph and exaltation.' There can, in fact, be no question as to its fitness for the end it had in view; nor yet as to the very successful result of the system pursued by Fenelon and his colleagues in the education of their royal pupil. They had the happiness, as his character gradually unfolded, to find that their care had not been in vain, and rejoiced in the prospect of seeing him become a worthy successor of St Louis.

The important office and growing reputation of Fenelon now gave him considerable influence at court, and his society and friendship were universally courted. He seems, indeed, never to have been a great favourite with Louis, whose despotic views but ill accorded with his pure and upright character; but Madame de Maintenon became one of his most ardent admirers. At this time his only benefice was a small priory assigned him by his uncle, the Bishop of Sarlat; but his desires were extremely moderate, and his expenses regulated with scrupulous economy. At length, in 1695, the king presented him

with the Abbey of St Vallery; and a few months afterwards, the archbishopric of Cambrai becoming vacant, he was named for that important benefice. He at first hesitated to avail himself of this brilliant appointment, fearing that his office of preceptor would interfere with the duties of the diocese; but the education of the prince being now nearly completed, he accepted it, on condition of being allowed to spend nine months at Cambrai and three with his pupil. He, however, relinquished the priory he had obtained from his uncle, and likewise the abbacy of St Vallery, without even asking it for any of his friends. His majesty, surprised, pressed him to retain it; but he answered that the revenues of the bishopric were more than sufficient for his wants, and that the canons forbade a plurality of benefices. This rare disinterestedness was greatly admired at court; but it also awakened an envious and malignant spirit on the part of many, which afterwards occasioned him much annoyance, and led to what courtiers would call his disgrace. It was a silent but grave rebuke to his brethren in the church, most of whom exhibited a very different spirit in reference to their worldly interests.

But it is in the zeal with which he entered on the duties of his bishopric, and more especially in the manner in which he discharged them, that we must look for the real glory and greatness of Fenelon. In the course of his walks he would often join the peasants, sit down with them on the grass, talk with them, and console them. He visited them in their cottages, seated himself with them at table, and cheerfully partook of their humble meals. By such kindness and familiarity he won their affections, and gained access to their minds; and they in turn loved him as a father and friend, made him the confidant of their joys and sorrows, delighted to listen to his instructions and to submit themselves to his guidance. Long after his death, the old people who enjoyed the happiness of this paternal intercourse, spoke of him with the most tender reverence. 'There,' they would say, 'is the chair on which our good archbishop used to sit in the midst of us, and now we shall see him no more.' It was by this habitual and immediate communication with all classes of society, by associating with the unfortunate and the sorrowful, by assisting the weak, and by that union of mildness, energy, and benevolence, which adapts itself to every character and situation, that he acquired his intimate knowledge of the moral and physical evils to which our nature is subject. To the melancholy conviction of the miseries which afflict the greater part of mankind, and to the profound impression which it exercised on his mind, we must ascribe the tender commiseration for the sinful and unfortunate, which he displays more or less in all his writings, as well as his life-long efforts to mitigate or remove them. 'Fenelon,' says Channing, 'saw far into the human heart, and especially into the lurkings of self-love. But he knew sin, not as most men do, by bitter experience of its power, so much as by his knowledge and experience of virtue. Deformity was revealed to him by his refined perceptions and intense love of moral beauty. The light which he carried with him into the dark corners of the human heart, and by which he laid open its most hidden guilt, was that of celestial goodness. Hence, though the severest of censors, he is the most pitying. Not a tone of asperity escapes him. He looks on human error with an angel's tenderness, with tears which an angel might shed, and thus reconciles and binds us to our race at the very moment of revealing its corruptions.'

Amid these noble pursuits the Archbishop of Cambrai now also enjoyed the full sunshine of fortune; but his career as a court favourite was soon to terminate, and the true glory of his character to stand forth alone, and in opposition to the frowns of royalty. He had withstood the temptations of place, and power, and riches, and honours; he was now to be tried with adversity, and to show to the world how fully genuine piety can supply the fortitude to sustain, and the strength to triumph over contumely and wrong. About this time the celebrated

Madame Guyon, for whom he entertained a high esteem, had published a work entitled a 'Short and Easy Method of Prayer,' which, as it recommended a certain inward and contemplative devotion, was thought to embody those views which have been stigmatized under the name of *Quietism*. This lady had been introduced by Fenelon to his friend the Duc de Beauvilliers, and to the Duc de Chevreuse, both of whom, along with himself, admired and respected her character. She enjoyed also the esteem of several distinguished ladies of the court; and Madame de Maintenon herself received her frequently at St Cyr, where she at first encouraged the propagation of her views. By and by, however, rumours of an unfavourable nature began to be circulated at court, and finally the wife of Louis became persuaded that Madame Guyon's work contained gross and dangerous heresies. At the same time similar suspicions had been raised against Fenelon, to which she listened the more readily as she had reason to believe that he had been unfavourable to her marriage with Louis, and was moreover apprehensive of the influence which he might acquire over the royal mind. Of these sentiments the Bishop of Meaux, whose former friendship had been changed to envy and dislike, eagerly took advantage to compass the disgrace of his rival; a task in which he could reckon on the support of other prelates who entertained the same unworthy jealousy.

The outcry against Madame Guyon now becoming general, a commission was appointed to examine her writings, consisting of the Bishop of Meaux, the Bishop of Chalons, M. Tronson, and Fenelon himself. After a fruitless investigation of several months, the Bishop of Meaux, who was the prime mover of the whole controversy, insisting that the Catholic faith was in danger, drew up thirty articles, which he proposed the commission should subscribe as a defence against the new doctrines. These, after some additions and alterations, the commission adopted and signed. But neither Madame de Maintenon nor Bossuet was satisfied with this declaration; and the latter, resolved if possible to extort from Fenelon a distinct disavowal of the views in question, informed him that he had undertaken a work which would dispel the prevailing delusion, and authenticate a true spirituality. How far he was capable of redeeming such a promise was seen on the publication of the treatise, which gave the most distorted representations of the words and views of the unfortunate Madame Guyon, and the assertion that her work had been composed 'with a design to establish a brutish indifference for heaven and hell, a forgetfulness of Jesus Christ, and an impious *quietude*.' Shocked at these coarse representations, Fenelon not only refused to approve of Bossuet's treatise, but felt himself constrained to publish a work on the controversy, entitled 'Explication of the Maxims of the Saints,' wherein his admiration for the piety and excellence of Madame Guyon led him distinctly to avow his accordance with her views.

The most influential prelates of the court now raised a general outcry against the heresies of the Archbishop of Cambrai; and Bossuet himself hastened to the king, and asked pardon for not having sooner disclosed to him the errors of his brother prelate. To defend himself against these calumnies, Fenelon proposed that his work should be examined by four French bishops; but as Bossuet would be satisfied with nothing short of a recantation, the former addressed himself to the king, representing that he had no alternative but to lay the whole matter before the pope, and requesting permission to proceed to Rome for that purpose. His majesty, however, gave orders to transmit his cause to Rome without going there himself; and as the firmness of the archbishop had been represented in such a light as to appear criminal, this was immediately followed by an order to retire to his diocese. The examination of the 'Maxims of the Saints' occupied a commission of ten prelates for eighteen months, who were equally divided on the subject; and it was only after long hesitation and delay, and being constrained by the threats of the French ambassador, that his majesty, in 1699, published a brief, condemning, but it

gentlest terms, twenty-three propositions extracted from the book. The mildness of the condemnation gave great offence to the enemies of Fenelon; and they made a further application for a condemnation of his apologetic writings also, which was firmly refused. The following reproof sent to these persons by Innocent XI. is worthy of being recorded:—'He has sinned through an excess of divine love; but ye have also sinned through a want of christian affection for your brother.' To increase the troubles of Fenelon, his palace caught fire about this time, and all his manuscripts and papers were destroyed. In reference to this afflictive event, an anecdote is told of him in which his tenderness for the poor is strikingly displayed. A literary man who had experienced a similar misfortune, has been deservedly admired for saying, 'I should have profited but little by my books if they had not taught me how to bear the loss of them:' the remark of Fenelon is still more simple and touching—'I would much rather they were burned than the cottage of a poor peasant.'

We have already remarked that Fenelon was a sincere Catholic; and accordingly he received with great humility the decision of the church, and sent his submission to the pope, who replied by a letter in which his piety and zeal were greatly commended. His holiness soon after made three of the examiners who voted against censuring the Book of Maxims cardinals. The animosity displayed by Bossuet against Fenelon throughout this affair so affected even that pious and gentle spirit that he held no further fellowship with him during life. He might now perhaps have been restored to regal favour, had it not been for the appearance against his will of the romance of 'Telemaachus,' through the treachery of a servant, who transcribed and published it. Certain passages in that work were supposed by Louis to be directed against himself; and though the supposition is at variance with the uniform character of the author for candour and honesty of purpose, an endeavour was made to suppress it in France. That it should since have become the most popular of his works affords a proof how impotent are the efforts of tyranny against the everlasting vitality of genius and virtue.

Fenelon resisted all solicitations to resume the agitating discussions in which he had been engaged; and we now find him at his diocese of Cambrai, discharging its onerous duties with a faithfulness which commanded the admiration of Europe. The servile court of the 'Grand Monarque' was by no means a sphere congenial to his character; and his banishment from it is to be regarded as the means whereby he was enabled more entirely to devote himself to the cause of humanity, and exhibit to the world one of the noblest examples of virtue and usefulness. That he might become personally acquainted with those who were training for the priesthood, he recalled his seminary from Valenciennes to Cambrai, where he assisted at the examination of the students, and held weekly conferences with them on the subject of religion. He encouraged them to ask him questions, which he answered with great patience and affection. He regularly visited his diocese, and preached in every church. His labours were in fact incessant, the most minute details occupying definite portions of his time. He was rigid and severe to himself—sleeping little, using the utmost moderation at table, and indulging in no pleasures beyond those which he found in discharging the duties of his office. Of his affectionate interest on behalf of the poor and afflicted, mention has already been made; and it need hardly be added that the revenues of the bishopric were distributed liberally in acts of charity throughout the country.

The period between 1701 and 1711 was distinguished by the sanguinary war of the Spanish succession; and Cambrai, situated on what was then the frontier of France, was of course in the very centre of hostile operations. Marlborough's great victory of Oudenarde, in 1708, was next year followed by the still more decisive triumph of Malplaquet, which utterly annihilated the hopes of the

French king. After this battle, the archiepiscopal palace of Cambrai was filled with wounded officers and soldiers; and throughout this disastrous winter the archbishop fed the entire French army at his own expense. His fame had already become European. The invaders treated him all along with extraordinary respect—English, Germans, and Dutch rivalling even the people of Cambrai in their reverence for his character. He was visited at his palace by the generals of the allies, and at different times by Marshal Munich and the Chevalier de St George, who listened to his conversation with veneration and respect. The Duke of Marlborough, Prince Eugene, and the Duke of Ormond, treated him with marked attention; they sent detachments to guard his meadows and corn; they transported his grain to Cambrai, lest it should be seized by their own foraging parties; and, when journeying through his diocese, he was often escorted by hussars of the imperial army. He was thus frequently enabled to bring together into his palace the wretched inhabitants of the country whom the war had driven from their homes, where he took care of them, and fed them at his own table. Seing one day that one of these peasants ate nothing, he inquired the reason of his abstinence. 'Alas! my lord,' said the poor man, 'in making my escape from my cottage, I had not time to bring off my cow, which was the support of my family. The enemy will drive her away, and I shall never find another so good.' Fenelon, availing himself of his privilege of safe-conduct, immediately set out, accompanied by a single servant, and drove the cow back himself to the peasant. 'This,' said Cardinal Maury, 'is perhaps the finest act of Fenelon's life.' The respect evinced towards him by an invading force, whilst all around was devastation and bloodshed, is one of the sublimest instances on record of the homage which true virtue can inspire.

The death of the Dauphin, and the prospect of the immediate succession of the Duke of Burgundy, the pupil and friend of Fenelon, to the throne of France, now induced great numbers of the nobility from all parts of the kingdom to pay court at his palace. But the unprecedented honours lately paid him, and the European celebrity obtained by his patriotic conduct during the war, produced no apparent change in his character as a Christian prelate. He displayed the same anxiety to convert, comfort, and instruct his people as hitherto; and though his time was encroached upon by the streams of visitors that were daily arriving and departing from the palace, he regulated so carefully the performance of his duties, and the hours for receiving his guests, that neither were neglected. But the unexpected death of the Duke, in 1712, was a fatal blow to the prospects of Fenelon: the long cherished hopes of him as a worthy successor to the chair of St Louis were for ever dispelled, and one of the principal objects of his life was frustrated. The following letter throws light on the relations that subsisted between the preceptor and his august pupil, and of the noble and independent sentiments of the former:—'Offspring of St Louis, imitate your forefather. Be like him mild, humane, easy of access, affable, compassionate, and liberal. Let your grandeur never hinder you from condescending to the lowest of your subjects. Study them continually; learn to make use of them without making them your masters. Search for merit; it is commonly modest and retired. Suffer not yourself to be beset by flatterers. Love neither praise nor mean cringing addresses. Show no confidence but in those who have the courage to contradict you with respect, and who love your reputation better than your favour. Hasten to reform yourself, that you may labour with success in the reformation of others. There is nothing weak, melancholy, or constrained in true piety. It becomes all things to all men that it may gain all. The kingdom of God does not consist in a scrupulous observation of little punctilios. It consists in the exercise of the virtues proper to each man's state and station.' After his death the cabinet of the prince was found full of such letters.

Fenelon never recovered from the affliction which this

event caused him; and he was soon after exposed to another painful bereavement in the decease of his earliest and best friend the Duc de Beauvilliers. He loved his friends with all the strength and sensibility of his affectionate nature, and their loss caused him a degree of grief which he was unable to conceal or resist. He was now often bathed in tears, and appeared to consider himself as no longer of this world. These regrets, joined to the injury he received from the accidental overturning of his carriage, brought on a fever which terminated his life on the 7th January, 1715. During its progress he wrote to his friends on various matters of business connected with his diocese, made his last will and testament, and then calmly awaited the approach of death. His bed was surrounded by weeping friends and by his brethren of the church, with whom he cheerfully conversed and reasoned until the hour of his departure. The witnesses of the death of this great and good man considered themselves as having been blessed and edified by the scene.

The works of Fenelon are numerous. The principal, in addition to those already mentioned, are 'Dialogues on Eloquence;' 'Philosophical Letters, a Demonstration of the Existence of a God;' 'Letters on Different Religious and Spiritual Subjects;' 'Spiritual Works;' 'Sermons,' and controversial pieces. The whole are instinct with the pure and lofty soul of the author, who if not a profound was at least an original thinker, and though a Catholic, essentially free. Indeed, to Protestants, who are familiar with the Romish Church mainly as a system of error and unmeaning ceremony, and who contemplate her history only through the intolerance and persecution which she has sanctioned, the spectacle of the rare virtues of Fenelon, a Catholic prelate, may seem something like a phenomenon. None, we believe, will suspect us of undervaluing the important questions on which the professed followers of Christ are unhappily divided. But the truth must be acknowledged, that real goodness and piety are of no church, and that he who, by diligent study of the word of God, seeks to imbibe the spirit and obey the injunctions of the Saviour, can hardly fail to rise above the clouds of sectarianism into the heavenly atmosphere of universal Christianity. Such a man was the subject of this brief sketch, and such is the view of his character which has been thus touchingly given by one of his most recent biographers:—

'When we speak of the death of Fenelon, we realize the truth of what we all acknowledge, but few feel, that the good man never dies; that, to use the words of an eloquent divine, 'death was but a circumstance in his being.' We may say, as we read his writings, that we are conscious of his immortality; he is with us; his spirit is around us; it enters into and takes possession of our souls. He is at this time, as he was when living in his diocese, the familiar friend of the poor and the sorrowful, the bold reprove of vice, and the gentle guide of the wanderer; he still says to all, in the words of his Divine Master, 'Come to me, all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' In the houses of the unlearned, where the names of Louis the Fourteenth and Bossuet have never entered, except as connected with Fenelon's, where not a word of his native tongue would be understood, his spirit has entered as a minister of love and wisdom, and a well-worn translation of his Reflections, with a short Memoir of his life, is laid upon the precious word of God. What has thus immortalized Fenelon? For what is he thus cherished in our hearts? Is it his learning? His celebrity? His eloquence? No. It is the spirit of Christian love; the spirit of the Saviour of mankind, that is poured forth from all his writings; of that love that conquers self, that binds us to our neighbour, that raises us to God. This is Fenelon's power; it is this that touches our souls. We feel that he has entered into the full meaning of that sublime passage in St John, and made it the motto of his life: 'Beloved, let us love one another; for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love.'

ADVENTURE OF A BALLOON.

THE village of La Roche was, about sixty years since, the scene of an occurrence which sufficiently shows how isolated it was, and how completely ignorant its inhabitants were of what was then causing the liveliest sensation throughout the country. It was at the time when the discovery of aerostation had begun to excite attention, when Blanchard, the aeronaut—unworthy, however, as he appeared of the title of '*intrepid*,' which has always been the property, *de rigueur*, of those who sail the skies—arrived at Liège. He obtained from the authorities permission to construct his balloon in the citadel, and establish a laboratory to supply him with the gas necessary for inflation. Everybody in the city and its neighbourhood impatiently awaited the issue of an experiment fraught to them with so much novelty; and the 16th of December, 1783, was fixed upon for the ascent. On the day appointed, the crowd to obtain admission to the citadel was so great that a serious accident had nearly occurred, from the great pressure of the people anxious to secure the best places; it was, however, happily averted, and the numerous spectators, amongst whom were the Prince Bishop and all the municipal officers, were finally accommodated in safety. At a signal given by the discharge of artillery, the covering that concealed the balloon was all at once withdrawn, and the many-coloured orb appeared, held down to the earth, from which it seemed eager to escape, by a dozen men who grasped the cords. Blanchard was seated in the car. The immense machine was gently swayed over to where the prince was stationed, and Madame de Berlimont, who sat beside him, descended from the platform with a bouquet in her hand, which she presented to the aeronaut. Blanchard, affecting to stoop to receive it, desired the soldiers to cut the cords, and at the same time that the balloon flew up with the rapidity of lightning, quietly slid down to the ground, where he lay as if stunned by the fall. The prince rose in anger, and turning to those who sat near him, exclaimed, 'I was warned of the trick which this fellow intended to play us; but I could not believe that the impudent Frenchman would have audacity enough to sully his honour and reputation by an act offensive to a whole people.' Then turning towards Blanchard, who still pretended to be in a swoon, 'I am not the dupe of your miserable jugglery,' he added; 'you shall not be lost sight of till you have constructed another balloon; and if you do not go up in it, you shall be handed over to the arm of justice, and lose your head like a common robber.' Having uttered these words, he immediately got into his carriage, and returned to the palace. In the mean time the tenantless balloon soared majestically into the air, was for some time kept in view, and finally disappeared in the direction of the Ardennes. Now it happened, that at this very time a great discussion had arisen in the little village of La Roche, in which piety and poverty were at issue. The images of the patron saint and the Holy Virgin were both in a pitiable condition as regarded costume, and the inhabitants were too poor to supply the wants of each; a collection was made, but it did not realize more than enough to purchase a robe for one. Opinions were divided, some declaring for the patron saint, others for Our Lady; the partisans of the former were in the majority, and on the day of his fête he appeared, *cliquant-neux*, in a garment of great splendour. But scarcely had his image received the honour due, when a wondrous object greeted the astonished eyes of the villagers, by the appearance in the sky of an enormous globe of resplendent hue, which descended directly upon the tower of the church. It was found on examination to be composed of silk, and the inhabitants of La Roche were at once convinced that it was a present from the Virgin to deck her image! They acted immediately upon this impression—the balloon was at once cut into pieces, and a series of robes was made that have honourably sustained the credit of the Virgin's wardrobe from that day to this.—*Costello's Valley of the Moon*

MARY DOUGLAS: OR, THE PIRATE'S ATTACK.

THE 'Seabird' was under weigh. As I went on deck she was lying with her canvass spread to court the salutations of the rising breeze. At that moment our sails hung listlessly against the masts, and the exhalations that curled upon the waters rose perpendicularly to the upper regions of the air. Soon, however, they began to flutter and chafe with the rigging, as if impatient at the tardy movements of the wind, till, as it came murmuring from the Jersey shore, mist, and ripples, and ships were moving swiftly towards a point, which, in the dimness of the hour, seemed the opening into another world. We soon reached it, and the perilous scene of our future labours opened before us. I turned to look for the lighthouse. It had disappeared; and the vessels in whose company we had sailed were scattered, like a frightened flock, towards every corner of heaven. The breeze freshened; we were shaping our solitary course for Turk's Island. At length, the beams of the setting sun lighted on nothing but our own little vessel and the blue waters that rolled around us.

'And now,' thought I, 'I am in the world alone—upon 'the wide, wide sea.''

'We have every prospect of a favourable passage,' said a voice near me; and for the first time since I embarked I recollected that I was not the only passenger on board. The speaker was a venerable gentleman of some three-score years, with silver locks and a countenance expressive of amiable feelings, though careworn and melancholy. On his arm leaned a small and extremely graceful female figure, to whom his remark had been addressed, and both were gazing in the direction where the waters were still flashing with the living splendours of the sunset.

'Beautiful!' at length exclaimed the lady, without seeming to heed what the other had said. 'How lovely is this scene, my dear father! And see, what a beautiful cloud! It seems as if it were one of the enchanted isles of fairyland.'

Who has not felt the magic of a voice? I had not seen the speaker, and yet her tones came over me like pleasant music.

'You are the child of imagination, my dear Mary,' said her father, affectionately, passing his arm round her waist; 'would to Heaven you were less so!'

'But,' said she, in a mournful tone, 'I do not always indulge in gay fancies.'

'True, my dear; your feelings change their hues as often and as suddenly as the clouds of heaven. See, yonder! your enchanted island has already lost its golden mantle, and now lies brooding on the breast of the sea a dusky and threatening bank of fog. Thus suddenly do you pass from the brightest dreams of happiness to the darkest forebodings. I repeat, would to Heaven you were less the child of imagination! You had been happier.'

The father, in alluding to her constitutional weakness, had probably awakened distressing recollections; for she hung her head and withdrew from his arm, and when I approached to get a view of her face, her eyes were filled with tears. She turned away quickly on seeing a stranger. But that view was enough. I have spoken of the magic of a voice, but what is it to the human face?

'You seem interested with the singular deportment of my daughter,' said the old gentleman as she retired.

I started, I believe in some confusion.

'She has just risen from a bed of sickness,' he continued, with a melancholy accent; 'and I am fearful will never be herself again.'

'If I were to judge of her malady from her appearance,' said I, 'I should say that the mind has had more to do than bodily infirmities with the ruin which has been wrought in that lovely countenance.'

'You are right, sir,' replied he, with a sigh; 'her illness was occasioned by mental anguish, the cause of which is buried deep in both our hearts. Suffice it to say, that the victim of intemperance seldom falls alone; and that

when a youth of high promise immolates himself on the altar of the disgusting fiend, tears and broken hearts attend the sacrifice.'

The old man spoke with mournful energy, and I pitied him.

'Is there no hope of the reformation of such an one?' I inquired.

'In this case, none. It is more than six months since William Ashton fled from society, and went to sea as a common mariner. The presence, the devoted affection, the tears of my child could not reclaim him—what on earth then can?''

'What indeed!' repeated I. 'And this voyage is undertaken for the recovery of her health? You will excuse my inquisitiveness,' I immediately added, 'I have lived long enough in your country to acquire her characteristic mode of questioning.'

'I hold it every man's duty as well as interest,' said he, 'whose lot it is to travel on the great deep, far from his home and kindred, to relate so much of his own history as shall entitle him to the sympathy and confidence of the companions of his voyage. I am a Scotchman, and my name is Douglas.'

'My name,' said I, 'is Brac, and I am a freshman in—College; you have my whole history.'

The shadows of night had settled over the solitary waste before we parted for the night. Many leagues of sea had been ploughed in that short period, as the ship, yielding to the impulse of the powerful breeze, dashed on her way over the billows. Three days of this propitious wind brought us off the Hatteras; and though at the distance of three hundred miles from land, we received the usual greeting of the Cape, and were obliged to do homage to its strong spirit, under bare poles, for several hours. It will be supposed by those of my readers who will have the charity to consider me a man of taste, that during these three days I had not avoided the society of Mary Douglas and her father. If I may so speak without being misunderstood, or expressing my meaning too strongly, I had become quite a favourite. I found her mind all that her countenance had promised. Her sufferings had been cruel; sufficiently severe, indeed, to cause a temporary alienation of her reason, but its only remaining trace was an occasional wildness of the eye, and an imagination highly and sometimes painfully susceptible of excitement. In her moments of animation it was delightful to stand by her side, leaning on the taffrail, and behold the world of romance her playful fancy would call up above and around us. The ocean and everything visible on its surface, the finny herds that glided through its depths, were all made to assist in supporting, adorning, and peopling her ideal world.

Her father was happy to see her possess even the shadow of enjoyment. 'You will not have many days to revel in these watery realms of fairyland,' said he, 'if we go on at this rate.'

The propitious and powerful breeze that had brought us out of port, and which had temporarily been put to the rout by a counter and more violent gust from the Hatteras, had now revived, and came sweeping from the north-east in a steady gale. Swift flew the Seabird on her snowy wing, dashing recklessly through the exulting elements, as if anxious to redeem the time that had been lost in port.

Shortly after crossing the tropic, the breeze suddenly left us. There is nothing that a seaman loves less than a calm: the rushing of the wind in a small hurricane is far more welcome if it only blow the right way; and peculiarly aggravating is it to be calmed within sight of his destined haven. We could not as yet see Jamaica, but along the south-western quarter of the horizon lay a pile of dusky clouds which the captain assured us was the *loom* of that island. The reader will not wonder, then, if, in our circumstances, all the strange oaths and imprecations found in a seaman's vocabulary were called into service by our nettlesome captain and his crew, and hurled without mercy on the winds and weather.

'You may have more wind than you want before you reach Kingston moorings,' said I, a little nettled at their absurd conduct.

'Blow—blow—let it blow!' roared the captain; 'I would rather go to the bottom at once than lie here roasting in this sun that's enough to cook a Guineaman. Besides, Mr Brae,' added he, in a milder tone, and pointing to the north-west, 'yonder is Cape Maise, the eastern end of Cuba, not fifteen miles off. Two hours' rowing would bring us off a gang of the picarooning rascals to cut our throats if we shouldn't happen to hit their fancy; and though this good ship is called the Seabird, she is one of that kind which can't rise without a swell. I say then, let it blow.' So saying, he took his glass and went into the maintop, where he might be seen for an hour reconnoitering the Cuba shore.

It was the fourth afternoon of the calm. Impatience was visible in almost every face. But my feelings agreed perfectly with the weather. There reigned as complete a tranquillity in my bosom as in the elements. Mary Douglas was there; it was enough; I felt not the sun; I feared no pirates. Mistake me not, gentle reader. I do not say that I was in love, for on the doctrine of tender sentiments I entertain some sceptical, perhaps treasonable ideas. I only found myself strangely fascinated, was glad I was just there, and as I was. I pitied Mary Douglas, and would have done much to have made her happy. She seemed better than when we sailed; but well, or substantially happy, she certainly was not. Still that hectic glow would appear on her cheek, and flitter and depart like the tints of sunset, leaving it colourless as marble. She lived in a world of fancy, and beautifully would she deck the objects of her own creation; but then there would come a revulsion of her feelings—a deep dejection—when one who studied her speaking countenance might rightly conceive that fancy, aided by memory, was conjuring up a far different scene. Oh! how has my heart yearned, as I have gazed upon her in these sad moments, for power to extract the worm that had taken such deep hold upon her peace; to recall her to a world she was so eminently qualified to bless and adorn, and that should no longer fright her from its stern realities by dreadful images of the past. She had closed her book and I had been sitting by her side, I know not how long, perhaps an hour. Our conversation had been interesting, but of its subject I have only a confused recollection.

'Say no more, Mr Brae,' said she, rising; 'I should be weak to deny that I understand you; but,' looking up into my face with a melancholy smile, 'you know something of my past history; you know that I once loved; ' here her lip quivered and the colour left her cheeks; 'but he proved himself unworthy, and I tore him from my heart! But oh! in doing this, think you that I did not rend my heartstrings?' She left me in tears, and retired to her cabin, adding only as she passed, 'My heart is crushed, Mr Brae, I feel that I can never love again.'

The sun had settled far towards the Mexican Gulf before Captain Boltrop came down from his look-out. Standing on the quarterdeck, he again looked long and anxiously to the westward.

'There is that between us and that shore,' he at length said, 'that I dread more than I would that shore in a hurricane off St Domingo.'

'I thought that nothing could be more terrible to a seaman than a gale of wind upon a lee shore,' observed Mr Douglas.

'I had rather fall into the sea than into the hands of a bloodthirsty picaroon,' said the captain very decidedly, and with an air of great meaning.

Just then the setting sun dipped its flaming circle in the waters of the Caribbean Sea.

'There is a spot in the sun,' I exclaimed.

The captain looked at it a moment, and then smiling grimly—'Ay, a spot, and a dark one, too,' said he; 'watch it, Mr Brae, and see if it sets.'

The dark object, which appeared on the very disc of the sun, and which I had taken for one of those spots

that are occasionally seen on his surface, instead of sinking behind the bright and level waters with the part of the luminary on which it was first observed, seemed to mount upwards, and after lingering a moment on the last visible arch of the glorious orb, it sprang into that pure and glowing element which the sun had shed along the western horizon. It wavered for a moment between the heavens and the earth, as if uncertain to which to attach itself, till, as the flashings of the dying light became fainter, it appeared on the sea a black and motionless speck.

'The sun has found water to wash him clear of your spot, Mr Brae,' said the captain, with another of his mysterious smiles; 'I wish it had gone down with him.'

An air of deep care settled over his face. I knew not what to make of him or of his words.

'Why, what do you take that speck to be?' I at length inquired.

'Look for yourself, Mr Brae,' said he.

I took the glass from his hand, and examined the dim distant object.

'It is a boat, captain.'

'Ay, a boat!' echoed he, 'and coming for us as fast as twelve stout rowers can shove her through the water. Now you know why I wished for a wind, and a hard wind too.'

The beautiful twilight of the tropics had now settled in all its softness over the quiet bosom of the deep. The heights of Cuba rose majestically from its crystal depths, boldly lifting their pointed peaks to the spotless heavens, and I fancied that I could almost hear the soft murmur of the small wave as it broke upon its coral strand. The heavy loom in the south-west, as if it had only waited to grace the setting of the king of day, after glittering for a moment in a thousand gorgeous colours, settled behind the heaving breast of ocean, leaving only a dark mass like a church with its spire in bold relief against the sky. I no sooner caught our captain's eye than he shouted with as much rapture as a seaman ever allows himself to express, 'The Blue Mountain Peak of Jamaica!' The cry was echoed with enthusiasm by a dozen joyful voices. We were still one hundred miles from the island, and were not gaining an inch on our way towards it; still every eye was turned to it with affection as to a long sought home, and an emotion awoke even in my breast, distinct from those which of late had usurped its entire possession. The whole view to the westward was beauty, unbroken by a single blemish, and nothing of alarm was there save the dark spot on the sea to which so suspicious a character had been attached by our captain, but which had already disappeared in the increasing darkness of the hour. But the east, as if envious of the tranquillity that reigned in the opposite quarter, wore a savage scowl. Enormous piles of vapour, black as the smoke from a volcano's crater, shrouded the heights of St Domingo, and blotted out the very shores from our view. It looked indeed as if the island had sunk, and another of subterranean formation had risen from the depths of the sea to fill its place.

'I would give a month's wages,' said the captain, with an air of deep thought, 'if we could have that equal upon us within an hour.'

I stared at him with a feeling between contempt and astonishment.

'You doubtless do honour to a seaman's taste,' said I, dryly; 'for my part, I dislike my fellow-creatures so little, that I would rather see a piratical privateer within gun-shot than encounter the contents of yonder mass of solid darkness.'

'It may be proved before you leave the ship, Mr Brae,' replied he, with great coolness, 'that I fear the face of man as little as another.' Then turning to the whole ship's company, with very considerable dignity, 'Gentlemen and shipmates,' said he, 'I have reason to apprehend that danger is at hand. The boat that is putting off to us is doubtless a pirate. Of armed men she is certainly

full; for I have lived too long on the sea not to know the glitter of arms in the sun. It is more than probable that she has comrades; for would one open boat venture to attack a vessel of our size? Something has been hinted about fear, and, to say the truth, I had rather run than meet these gentry. But that is out of the question, and fight we must, as long as there is a man to stand at one of those brass guns, or to pull a trigger.'

Three cheers were the echo to this chivalric speech, and not a moment was lost in preparing to give the pirate a warm reception. A formidable show of miscellaneous articles of warfare was drawn from the secret places of the ship; and there were finally mustered on deck fifteen men, twenty stand of arms, and two brass cannon. These last, after being wheeled to the starboard side of the quarterdeck and charged nearly to the muzzle, were thrust through port-holes towards the quarter whence our foes were expected. Our small arms were loaded with three balls each—every man girded with a cutlass and a brace of pistols—and the captain even carried his precautions so far as to have the railings, bulwarks, and sides of the ship well *slushed*, in order to give a slippery foothold if they attempted boarding. After all this bustle of preparation, every man posted himself in a situation to command a view of the whole prospect to the westward, and a look-out was stationed in every top. By this time night had drawn her curtain close around the scene, and no trace of the sun's existence remained but in his pale-faced representative, now riding near her meridian. For an hour no sound broke the deep silence that reigned throughout the ship. Not a murmur to excite alarm, or even suspicion, arose from the slumbering ocean, and it seemed even criminal to believe that any being could be found daring enough to disturb a tranquillity so deep and holy.

'It is a lovely hour,' said Mary, in a whisper, as if afraid to trust her voice. 'Can there be danger?'

'It is just such an hour as man selects for the exercise of his evil genius,' replied I, in her own tone.

The gigantic piles of vapour remained motionless as rocks of adamant, resembling more the black smoke of some smouldering mine of coal than exhalations of the sun's raising. No lightning glanced from its bosom. The feeble and timorous moonbeams were unable to penetrate its dark depths, only faintly silencing their edges, and rendering visible and more gloomy the blackness below.

'There is a hurricane in a visible shape,' said I.

Still the dark mass moved not, but stood upon the waters, motionless, and black as a mountain of infernal elements. Hour after hour rolled on, and the scenes on either hand continued the same. Suspense had rendered the men fretful and impatient, and, after straining in vain to discover some dim trace of the foe or to detect the dip of their oars, many had closed their eyes in slumber. Mr Douglas and his daughter had retired for the night. The hour of midnight came, and the moon was fast sinking towards the sea. Like the rest I had become weary. 'Well, captain,' said I, 'what has become of our friends from Cuba?'

'Gone to the bottom, I hope,' replied he; 'but there is no knowing how to calculate for the rascals, so we had better keep a sharp look out yet.'

'For my part,' said I, 'I am tired with looking at nothing, and will just see how the squall comes on.' I turned accordingly, and a flashing on the water, rising and disappearing in quick and regular succession, met my eye.

'There they are!' exclaimed the captain, whose eye had taken the direction of mine; 'the rascals have rowed clear round us, and are coming on from the St Domingo side. Stand to your arms, boys! the rogues are upon us.' In an instant every man was at his post, and on the alert. 'Stand in the shadow of the spars and rigging to be out of sight,' continued the captain, 'and not a man of you fire till I give the word.'

'Ay, ay, sir,' responded the crew, with nautical precision.

'And now,' said the captain, who really went to work in a business-like style, 'let us get this gun on the other tack, Mr Brae, to be ready for the gentlemen.'

The muzzle of the piece was accordingly thrust through the opposite port, keeping a dead aim on the boat, which was now little more than a quarter of a mile distant from us.

'Strange,' said I, 'that the fellows should choose to row against the moon, when, by so doing, they must know we should see the glitter of their oars.'

'I suspect,' replied the captain, 'that they had no choice about it. You forget that we have had more or less wind off the land since sunset, and are at least six miles from where we were then. The probability is, that the rogues lost us after nightfall; but it seems they have found us at last.'

The boat was now very near us, still not a sound came from her. The closest and most painful attention could not hear the dip of her oars, which rose and fell like a piece of mechanism, glittering in the moonlight like blades of silver.

'Boat, ahoy!' cried the voice of Captain Boltrop, in its most startling tones. No answer was returned to this summons, and the oars were plied more lively. 'Keep off! you rascals,' again shouted our commander—'off! or I'll blow you out of the water!'

This threat and the firebrand which I flourished with great fierceness seemed to make the pirates hesitate. The motion of the boat was arrested. Captain Boltrop thought the victory already achieved, and he again raised his voice in tones of authority—'Throw your arms overboard, and come alongside.'

A volley of musketry was the reply to this summons—a dozen balls whistled by, and the captain's hat flew across the deck. A deep imprecation burst from his lips. The next instant a broad stream of flame issued from the quarterdeck, and the explosion of the piece broke upon the dead stillness of the elements with a noise like thunder. A distant crash, a heavy splashing in the water, above which a cry of mortal agony was terribly distinct, had arisen in the direction of the foe before the smoke dispersed sufficiently to enable us to see the effect of our shot. No boat was then to be seen, nor any trace of her crew; we had in all probability sent every soul into eternity.

'By George!' cried the captain, with something like compunction in his tone, and rubbing his head with his handkerchief, 'I would rather have taken the rascals and had them decently hanged, than sent them to the bottom in this off-hand manner. You couldn't have made a better shot, Mr Brae, if you —'

A horrid yell, rising apparently from the very depths beneath the ship, stopped him in the middle of his speech. A boat glided out of the smoke, and, shooting under our bows, a dozen dark forms were seen springing from it to the side of the ship. But our precautions had been wisely taken, and were completely successful. No sooner did they touch the slippery vessel than most of them, with the most horrid blasphemies, fell back into the sea, snapping their pistols at us even after they were filled with water. At the same moment their boat, which had been completely riddled by our shot, filled and sunk to the bottom. Three only got upon deck, and were immediately overpowered and secured. Five more were with difficulty dragged out of the water and disposed of in the same manner. One powerful fellow, however, was not so easily quelled. He had succeeded in getting one foot upon deck, when a young seaman, named Ralph, flew at him with the fierceness of a tiger. They closed, and after balancing a moment between the deck and the water, the pirate, who was much the heavier man, fell backwards overboard, dragging his antagonist with him. They both sunk, but soon rose again about four rods from the ship, clinging closely together. Then commenced a combat the most singular and appalling I had ever witnessed. No one on board seemed to think of devising means of assisting our champion. No order was given to the pirate.

for so closely were they coiled together, so rapid were their evolutions, and so dim the light shed by the moon, that it was impossible to hit one without endangering the life of the other. At the commencement of the struggle, their efforts seemed to be aimed solely at drowning each other. They whirled over on the top of the water, dashing it about like wounded sharks. Both then sunk and were for a while lost to our sight. Presently they rose again, and exchanged thick and heavy blows, and closing with redoubled fury sunk again. Neglecting to use their weapons, which would have put a speedy end to the fray, they fought more like savage beasts of prey, bent on throttling each other, than like human beings.

'Shall we stand and see our man murdered?' at length exclaimed a voice from among the crew. It operated like magic to break the spell that had fallen upon us all.

'Clear away the boat there!' shouted the captain, and six men sprang to execute the order. Just then, after an effort of unusual fierceness, both of the combatants sunk. They remained out of sight so long, that the men who were letting down the boat suspended their operations, and we all stood breathless with uncertainty and anxiety awaiting their re-appearance. At length, about thirty yards off, the waters parted; but only one man was seen to rise.

'Is it you, Ralph?' cried the captain, in a suppressed voice.

'Here is *some* of him, at least, on my knife-blade,' responded the freebooter, with the accent and laugh of a fiend; and springing nearly to his whole height out of the water, he threw the weapon with great force towards us. Another hollow laugh rung over the waters, and, on looking round, wide circles of ripples were seen moving on the face of the moonlit sea, as if some heavy body had just sunk into it. Vengeance was the tardy thought that now rushed on every heart. Some, in the blinded fury of the moment, actually discharged their pieces into the centre of those waving eddies, without staying to reflect upon its utter uselessness. Others with their guns in readiness, and eyes glaring upon the sea like panthers robbed of their prey, stood prepared to fire the moment he should show his head above the water. But he rose no more. The winged messengers of death that had been aimed at his life sped harmlessly over his head; and had it been possible to penetrate the secrets of the great deep, he might have been seen reposing peacefully on its sandy bottom by the side of his late antagonist. A sullen silence pervaded the ship. The men looked gloomily at each other, and with lowering brows on their helpless prisoners, as if a sufficient atonement had not been rendered for the life of their comrade. To one skilled in the language of the human countenance, it was evident that nothing but the restraint of discipline held them back from a summary act of vengeance and of crime that would have sunk them to a level with the pirates themselves. Judging of the feelings of his crew from their looks, or more probably from his own, and anxious to remove the temptation to evil, the captain ordered our eight prisoners to be stowed under the hatches, and they were accordingly tumbled in with very little ceremony. How many of this band of genuine desperadoes had been lost, we had no means of ascertaining; for our prisoners either did not or would not understand English or French. But when they relied upon us, from twelve to sixteen men were visible, and the yell that followed our discharge was such as is never extorted from mortal man but by the pangs of the last agony. Six or eight, then, of the freebooters had certainly perished. What chance of success they might fancy that an open boat could have against a vessel of the size of ours, it completely bewildered us to imagine. They must either have been intoxicated, or in the situation of a beast of prey, whom the goadings of hunger will impel to rush upon a foe from whose face he would otherwise have fled. Viewing it in either light, it was an act of the most daring hardihood. The struggle had been fierce and boisterous, but it had passed. The ship was restored to her usual tranquillity, and was moving before a gentle breeze from

the shore, yet so slowly as scarcely to ruffle the face of the ocean.

The noise of the conflict had called up the terrified inmates of the cabin; and all the ship's company were now assembled on deck, silent, but too deeply affected with the scene just passed to sleep more that night. Mary was there; her cheeks flushed with the excitement which the events of the night had occasioned. Still occasionally a cold shudder would rush through her frame, as she murmured, in a suppressed voice—'That fearful cry, I shall never forget it.' She was in a state of high nervous agitation. Her eye shone with uncommon lustre, and glanced over the sea unsteadily. 'The elements are to have their turn next,' said she.

A low creaking sound from the rigging and the warning voice of the captain, announced that the long-expected onset of the winds was at hand, and I had just time to hand Mary to the cabin when the ship was bending low upon her side by the pressure of a furious gust. No precaution which prudence and experience suggested, to put the ship in a condition to grapple safely with her powerful adversary, had been omitted by our wary commander. No canvass was spread aloft but the three close-reefed topsails. A large detachment of those brassy clouds before mentioned had passed the zenith when the first squall struck us. It lasted but a minute. That minute however was sufficient to tear our topsails into ribands, which were borne away like feathers on the wings of the blast. A dead calm and a 'horror of great darkness' succeeded. Hollow, whispering sounds were heard in the air, and numerous little balls of pale light gleamed and vanished on the dark canopy which had now completely invested the heavens.

'We shall have it soon,' observed the captain, in a calm, low voice.

Scarcely had he spoken, when a meteor of uncommon size and splendour shot from a point near the zenith, and glancing across the dark background of the east, sunk into the sea. Then the whisperings in the air were multiplied. A sound arose in the distance as of cavalry rushing to battle, and every sense was drowned in the roar of winds and the dash of waters. Like other landmen I had read of storms and tempests, of mountain waves lashed into fury; but what description can do justice to the terrific truth of such a scene, or who that is a stranger to the ways of God on the mighty deep, can form even a faint idea of all that is meant by a 'storm at sea!' The hurricanes of these seas are as shortlived as they are violent. The dawn of day showed no trace of the tempest that had raged during the night, but the tattered rigging and well-washed deck of our own vessel. Cuba and St Domingo had sunk beneath the horizon, and other heights on our right were lifting their misty heads almost to the zenith. Within a mile of us lay a sloping shore clothed with brilliant green to the water's edge. No naked sand hills marred the beauty of the landscape; all was green, save where, occasionally, a rising eminence or an opening vale presented its painted sugar works and breeze mills.

'If there be an Eden on earth,' said I, 'we have it before us.'

'The sun shines not,' observed Mr Douglas, 'on an island more beautiful than Jamaica; and but for man, who seems to have marked out the fairest portions of God's earth for the exercise of his worst passions, it might justly be styled a terrestrial paradise.'

The remark was just and striking. In taking a survey of the world, it is not upon the beauties of the landscape merely that the mind most delights to dwell. And although, like the features of a stranger's face, they are the first objects that meet and interest its attention, yet, recollecting that it is man who stamps a character on all things here below, it turns from them to contemplate the manners of society. In a community of virtuous and enlightened freemen, it discovers a moral grandeur and beauty surpassing everything in the natural world. The pride of the forest must stoop to time; the beauties of

vegetation must fade; the mighty hills are to sink in the general wreck of nature; but the virtues that exalt a nation are a garland which the breath of eternity will not wither. Such is its just estimation of the world. With what rapture, then, must it turn to view the country where the grandest scenes of nature dwindle into insignificance before the sublimity of man's virtue? But where on earth shall such a land be sought? Surely not within the tropics. By some strange fatality, this broad zone, emphatically the garden of the earth, is trodden by slaves and barbarians. Here, where the Deity is most visibly present by the works of his bounty and power, man sins with the highest hand. Here, where nature lifts her altars (the everlasting hills) highest heaven, his thoughts are most grovelling. The stranger who would leave Jamaica with most favourable impressions must view it at a distance as we did, or be spirited to its shores, and slight on a pinnacle of its sequestered mountains, where, without seeing a human being, he can view the island as it came from the hand of its Maker.

We passed up the beautiful bay of Kingston, and in the afternoon anchored about half a mile from the shore. Numerous boats were boarding us and departing on different errands. A hundred ships were discharging or receiving their cargoes, to the cheerful song of the sailors. The passengers soon collected in a group on the quarter-deck, gazing on the thousand novelties that met the eye from the island, town, and bay. Mary was there, in excellent spirits; every moment discovering and pointing out, with the most animated gestures and exclamations, some new object of admiration. At this moment a barge from the castle shot across the bay, containing an officer and a platoon of soldiers, with orders for the delivery of our prisoners into the hands of justice. Accordingly, amidst a profound silence, they were marched one by one from the hold, where they had been immured for fifteen hours, and passed over the side of the ship into the boat. There they were handcuffed and bound. Two other barges were in attendance with an equal number of men to act as guards. The sight of these wretches painfully affected Miss Douglas, and carried back her thoughts to the bloody scene of the preceding night. She shuddered at the recollection, and murmured, 'He that uttered that dreadful cry is not here.'

Although she had spoken in a low voice, her words fell upon the ear of the last prisoner, who was just in the act of leaving the ship. He was a youth of about two and twenty, with a slender but very elegant figure. His countenance might have been striking and expressive; but it was now disfigured with a scar, and bore the inflexible marks of long and habitual indulgence in intemperance. I said he heard the voice of Mary. He stopped, and looked as if he were nailed to the deck. He put his hand to his forehead like one bewildered, and his eye wandered over the ship as if searching for the sound he had heard, till at length it fell upon Mary, and he stood gazing upon her with a countenance varying strangely from the vacant stare of idiocy to an expression of inexplicable meaning and even agony. She was absorbed in her own reflections and heeded him not. I made an exclamation of surprise, and directed her attention to the miserable man who was so closely observing her. She looked, her eye met the ghastly stare of his, and if a bolt from heaven had struck her she could not have fallen more quickly.

'William Ashton!' cried the wretched father; 'are you not yet satisfied? Will you take her life too?'

The miserable man rushed past his guards, threw back the curls from her forehead, and, gasping for breath like one in the agonies of strangulation, gazed upon her. Then, springing to the vessel's side, before any arm could interpose, he buried himself in the sea, and never rose more. It was some time before Miss Douglas showed any signs of life. At last, after a strong convulsion, she opened her eyes.

'Where is he?' said she, starting up in the berth. She stared wildly around, and then, pointing with her

finger, a single shriek, as if sent from her very soul, burst from her, and again she sunk down insensible. The shock had been too much for reason, if not for nature. For the remainder of that day and all the succeeding night we hung over her, uncertain whether each fit might not be her last of mortal suffering. At length she fell into a deep sleep and reposed quietly. She awoke perfectly calm; and looking her father steadily in the face, she again said, 'Where is he?'

'My child, be calm,' said the old man.

'Am I not calm? Have I not suffered? and think you I cannot suffer more? Let me know the worst. Where is William Ashton?'

'In pity to your father, Miss Douglas,' said I, 'endeavour to compose yourself. You shall know all in time.'

'I do know it,' said she, in a hollow voice; 'I know it—I see it: they are leading him to a scaffold—to a death of shame.'

'Mr Douglas,' said I, 'let her know the truth; it is hardly more terrible than her present surmises.'

The old man assented; and taking her hand, he related in the gentlest manner the fate of her unworthy lover. With wonderful composure she listened to the narration. The fountain of her tears broke up, and she wept long and freely; then, closing her eyes, her lips were seen to move as if in prayer. Her tears and mental devotion relieved her. Again she slept, and awoke in quiet spirits. It almost seemed that the news of Ashton's suicide was to her less terrible than the idea of his suffering an ignominious death as a malefactor. She signified to her father that she felt able to travel. The hour had come when we were to separate: and now came my trial. I wished to speak to her of myself; but every principle of manhood repressed the selfish thought in her present situation. She seemed to comprehend my feelings, and, extending her hand to me with a smile, said, 'Farewell, Mr Brae; I have crossed your path like a dark vision; but, oh! forget me. Let it be as a dream since we first met.' She hesitated a moment. 'I may have caused you unhappiness: most gladly would I have avoided it, and gladly would I remove it now were it possible; but look upon my face, and be convinced that, were it even as you wish, you would soon have to mourn again. May God bless you!'

The boat that was to convey her to the shore was ready. I watched it till it disappeared.

'Are you ready to land, sir?'

Awaking as from a trance, I gave the speaker a bewildered stare, and, for the first time during many days, I recollected the objects of my voyage. With a feeling of solitude, which even the thoughts of my home could not subdue, I followed my baggage into the waiting wherry, and in a few minutes placed my foot upon my native land.

Twelve months after the events contained in the preceding narrative had transpired, I stood again upon my native soil. Various had been my fortunes in the interim, but they are of no consequence to the reader. The companions of my voyage, with but one exception, were nearly forgotten—its incidents that were not associated with that one individual remembered but faintly.

I was sitting in my study discussing a subtle point of ethics, when some one knocked. A servant entered and handed me the following note:—

'An old acquaintance requests the pleasure of Mr Brae's company for a few minutes at the hotel.'

I rose instantly, adjusted my dress, and followed the messenger.

Mr Douglas opened the door, and Mary, blooming and beautiful beyond even my gayest dream, stood beside him.

There was no romance in what followed to any but the parties concerned, and it were needless to dwell upon the story. In a single sentence, therefore, I will say that Mr Douglas had travelled with his daughter until her health was re-established; that he was, at the time of which I speak, on his way home; and that the Mary Douglas of my story is now the Mary Brae of my bosom.

THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

(Continued from page 96.)

THE military friars adhered faithfully to the standard of Richard, and marched with him from Jaffa to Ascalon, where they assisted him during the winter in repairing the fortifications. Whilst they were thus employed, Conrad, the pretender to the throne of Jerusalem, supported by the Duke of Burgundy and the French, was intriguing with Saladin for the advancement of his own schemes of private ambition. Richard, when informed of his traitorous correspondence with the infidels, summoned him to appear in the camp at Ascalon. The marquis refused to obey the summons, and throwing off the mask, attempted to gain possession of Tyre, but was repulsed. In an assembly of the barons, Richard denounced him as a traitor, and it was declared that he had forfeited his right to the share of the revenues of the Latin kingdom, which had been allotted to him by the council of Acre. Transported with indignation, he made fresh overtures to Saladin, and a treaty was concluded between them, according to which they were to make joint war against Richard; but before it could be carried into execution the marquis was assassinated. Six days after his death, Queen Isabella, his widow, married Richard's nephew, the Count of Champagne. Induced by the Templars, Guy de Lusignan agreed to abdicate in favour of Isabella and the Count, and as a recompense for the loss of his empty title, he was to receive from the knights the island of Cyprus, they reserving to themselves certain splendid possessions in the country, which they were to hold as private property.

The Count of Champagne and Isabella were crowned King and Queen of Jerusalem; but Jerusalem had yet to be conquered. The army at Ascalon once more resumed its march, with the avowed intention of laying siege to the Holy City. At Beitnabah the crusaders again halted for the space of a month, on pretence of waiting for the new king and the forces from Tyre and Acre; but the rugged mountains which lay between them and Jerusalem were the real cause of the delay. When the pilgrims murmured at this inactivity, Richard had recourse again to the advice of the military friars, and it was decided in a great council that the intention of besieging Jerusalem must be abandoned. Accordingly, on the 4th of July the christian host began a retrograde movement, and were infested in the rear by the cavalry of the enemy. Richard hastened to Jaffa, and from thence sailed to Acre, intending forthwith to return to England. He had collected his galleys, when intelligence reached Acre that Saladin, at the head of a powerful army, had advanced from Jerusalem and laid siege to Jaffa. The Templars marched by land to the relief of the place, and Richard hurried by sea. He leaped foremost upon the beach, drove the Saracens before him, and encamped under the walls of the town with a force of only seventeen knights and three hundred archers. Next morning the enemy returned to the attack, but the king maintained his position till the arrival of the Templars with the main body of the army.

Both monarchs being now weary of the war, a treaty of peace was concluded between them, which was to last during three years, three months, three weeks, and three days. It secured to the Christians the privilege of visiting Jerusalem without tribute or molestation, and to the Latins the possession of Tyre, Acre, and Jaffa, with all the sea-coast between them. The English fleet sailed homewards, and Richard, in the disguise of a Templar, secretly embarked in a galley placed at his disposal by the grand-master. After the departure of Richard, the Templars, to secure their dominion in Palestine, erected and garrisoned several strong fortresses. The most noted of these was the Pilgrim's Castle, which commanded the coast-road from Acre to Jerusalem. It was a place of great strength, and had a garrison of 4000 men.

The great Saladin died in March, 1193, and his vast empire fell to pieces. The pope, thinking that the dissensions of the infidels afforded a favourable opportunity for the recovery of Jerusalem, caused a new crusade to be

preached; and two expeditions were speedily organized in Germany, which set out by different routes for the Holy Land. In defiance of the truce, and in spite of the remonstrances of the military friars, the newly arrived warriors sallied out of Acre, and ravaged the moslem territories. At the first intelligence of the violation of the truce the Mussulmans flew to arms. The renowned Saifedden, brother of the deceased sultan, rapidly marched from Jerusalem at the head of a powerful army, and compelled the Germans to quit the open country and throw themselves into the fortified city of Jaffa. Having induced them to make a rash sortie, he fell suddenly upon the main body, defeated them with terrific slaughter, and entering the city pell mell with the fugitives, annihilated the entire German force. The small garrison of the Templars was massacred, and the fortifications were razed to the ground.

The military friars now made vigorous preparations for a war which they could no longer avoid; and while the troops were marching out of Acre the King of Jerusalem was accidentally killed. By the two orders a marriage was speedily negotiated between Isabella and Amauri, king of Cyprus, who were crowned King and Queen of Jerusalem and Cyprus; after which they repaired their castles, put their cities into a state of defence, and maintained their ground until the arrival of the second division of German crusaders, whose presence gave a favourable turn to the war. The muslim army was defeated in a bloody battle fought between Tyre and Sidon, and Saifedden, desperately wounded, fell back with his shattered forces upon Damascus. The crusades now took Beirut, and all the towns between Tripoli and Jaffa; but their triumphant career was arrested by dissension. The two military orders retired to Acre with the barons of Palestine, whilst the Germans threw themselves into Jaffa, and rebuilt the fortifications of that place. When Saifedden heard of the separation of the knights from the Germans, he played his old game over again. Having induced the latter to come forth into the plain, he attacked them with his whole force; and, though the crusaders gained the victory, it was purchased with the lives of their best men.

In the year 1205, the King and Queen of Jerusalem died at Acre, and Mary, the eldest daughter of Isabella by the famous Conrad, was acknowledged heiress to the crown of the Latin kingdom. She was fourteen years of age, and during her minority the military friars, her natural guardians, defended the kingdom against all the attacks of the infidels. In 1209, she was married to the Count de Brienne, who brought with him a large cortège of knights and foot soldiers from France. The Templars took the field with the new King of Jerusalem and his French knights, and gained some signal successes over the Mussulmans; but the French soon grew tired of the war and returned home, leaving the military friars the sole defenders of the Latin kingdom. Queen Mary died in the twentieth year of her age, leaving an infant daughter, named Violante, whilst the Count de Brienne continued to wear the crown.

In the year 1215 the pope summoned a general council at Rome, for the purpose of arranging a fresh crusade; and the King of Hungary and the Dukes of Austria and Bavaria having been induced to place themselves at the head of a numerous army, composed of many different nations, sailed from Venice, and landed at Acre in the beginning of the year 1217. The crusaders, accompanied by the Templars and Hospitalers, laid siege to the strong fortress of Mount Tabor; but their patience became exhausted, and, deaf to the remonstrances of their allies, they abandoned the siege and moved towards the coast. They were attacked in the rear by the Arab cavalry, and their retreat would have been most disastrous but for the gallant conduct of the military friars, who sustained the charges of the moslem cavalry, suffering immense loss in men and horses.

The King of Hungary and the greater part of the crusaders now returned home, but the Duke of Austria re-

mained in Palestine during the winter; and in the following spring a large body of fresh crusaders, with a valiant band of Templars and Hospitallers, reached the shores of the Holy Land. In the month of May, the galleys of the Templars, with the fleet of the crusaders, sailed from Acre to Egypt, and cast anchor in the mouth of the Nile. After a gallant defence, the city of Damietta was taken by assault on the 5th of November. During the siege the Templars performed prodigies of valour, and several times saved the intrenched camp of the Christians from being taken by a powerful mussulman army. Immediately after the capture of Damietta, the Grand-master of the Temple returned with the King of Jerusalem to Palestine, to provide for the defence of the Latin kingdom. The Duke of Austria had by this time returned home, and during the ensuing spring most of the crusaders followed his example, leaving the military friars to maintain a desperate struggle for the preservation of their possessions in Palestine. Conradin, sultan of Damascus, invaded the country at the head of a vast army, blockaded Acre, and laid siege to the Pilgrim's Castle. In their intrenched camp at this place the Templars maintained a force of 4000 men, who successfully resisted the assaults of the infidels.

During the summer of 1221, considerable succours arrived from Europe, the troops of Conradin were driven beyond the frontier of the Latin kingdom, and the Grand-master of the Temple returned to Damietta, to superintend the military operations in Egypt, where a most disastrous campaign was closed by the surrender of Damietta to the infidels.

Shortly after the disasters in Egypt, and the conclusion of an eight years' truce with the Mussulmans, John de Brienne, with his daughter Violante, queen of Jerusalem, landed in Italy, and had an interview with the pope. A council assembled at Ferentino, which was attended by the pope, the Emperor Frederick, &c. The pope urged the emperor to fulfil the vow which he had made eight years before to lead an army to the succour of the Holy Land; and the hand of Violante was offered him, with the crown of the Latin kingdom as the dowry of the young queen. The nuptials were shortly afterwards celebrated; and all men now expected the speedy conquest of Jerusalem, and the restoration of all the holy places to the arms of the Christians; but the glowing anticipations which had been formed from the union of the emperor with the young Queen of Jerusalem were doomed to a speedy disappointment.

In the middle of August, 1227, the emperor set sail from Brundisium with a powerful army, but returned to land after three days, on a plea of ill health, and was publicly excommunicated by the pope in the great church of Anagni. Without troubling himself to obtain a reconciliation with the Roman pontiff, the emperor again embarked with his forces at Brundisium, and arrived in the port of Acre in September, 1228. The pope sent letters to Palestine, denouncing him as publicly excommunicated, and commanding the military friars not to join his standard. As they paid implicit obedience to the pope, and treated the commands of the emperor with neglect and disdain, the latter instructed his lieutenant to seize all the property they possessed in his dominions in Europe, and to take possession of their preceptories. He also made some violent attempts against the two orders in Palestine, and sought to take from them their castles and strongholds; but the military friars flew to arms, and Frederick thought fit to decline a conflict with them.

During the winter he concluded a treaty with the infidels, whereby Jerusalem was nominally surrendered to him. He then made a peaceful march to the city with a few attendants, and performed the solemn farce of crowning himself in the Church of the Resurrection. The whole affair was a mere delusion; and after a stay of a few days in Jerusalem, Frederick hurried back to Acre to prepare for his return to Europe. After his departure, the Templars, in revenge for the wrongs the emperor had done them, drove all the Germans out of Acre and other

parts of Palestine, and compelled them to take refuge in Tyre.

We are now approaching the memorable period when Jerusalem was re-conquered from the infidels. The descendants of the great Saïfedden had gone to war with each other; a new crusade had been preached in Europe; and the Templars, desirous of taking advantage of the dissensions amongst the infidels, had recommenced hostilities, and anxiously awaited the arrival of the crusaders. The greater part of those who had assumed the cross were permitted to compromise their vow, and enrich the papal treasury, under the pretence of paying money towards the expenses of the expedition. The King of Navarre, however, the Duke of Burgundy, and the Counts of Britanny and Bar, proceeded to Palestine with a considerable force of armed pilgrims.

They marched with a party of Templars to attack the Sultan of Egypt, but were defeated in a bloody battle near Gaza. The survivors retreated to Jaffa, and sailed from that port to Acre, where they joined the Grand-master of the Temple, who was preparing to carry the war into the territories of the Sultan of Damascus. On their march towards Tiberias they were met by the sultan's messengers, who were proceeding to the grand-master with overtures of peace, and offers to surrender Jerusalem upon terms very advantageous to the Christians. The Grand-master of the Temple joyfully acceded to these terms, and induced the chiefs of the crusaders to assent to the compact; but the Grand-master of the Hospital absolutely refused to be a party to it. Immediately after the conclusion of this treaty the greater part of the pilgrims returned home, leaving the Templars to fulfil their engagement and recover Jerusalem.

In the year 1240, Richard Earl of Cornwall, the brother of Henry III., king of England, arrived in Palestine, and aided the Templars in rebuilding the castle of Ascalon. This was the only exploit performed by him in the Holy Land, and immediately after its accomplishment he set sail for England. Towards the close of autumn, the Templars, in conjunction with the Sultan of Damascus, marched against Gaza, and speedily obtained possession of the dismantled fortifications. They rebuilt the walls of the castle, established a strong garrison in it, and then marched joyfully upon Jerusalem. The fortifications of the Holy City having been dismantled during the siege of Damietta, the military friars entered it without difficulty or resistance, and took possession of their ancient quarters on Mount Moriah. The Sultan of Egypt, when informed that they were in possession of Jerusalem, sent an army across the desert to drive them out of the city before they had time to repair the fortifications; but the Templars advanced with all their forces to meet the Egyptians, and gained a great victory over them, having cut them to pieces or driven them into the desert.

The Christians, however, did not long retain possession of Jerusalem. The Sultan of Egypt, finding himself unable to resist the united arms of the Franks and the Sultan of Damascus, called in the Carizmians to his assistance. They were a fierce people, originally from the neighbourhood of the Caspian, and were encamped on the left bank of the Euphrates, pasturing their cavalry on the plains, when their chief received a deputation from the Sultan of Egypt, inviting their assistance in the reduction of Palestine, and offering them a settlement in the country as soon as it was recovered from the Franks. Thus invited, the Carizmians crossed the Euphrates, ravaged Syria, and directed their march towards Jerusalem. The military friars, regarding the city as untenable, resolved to abandon it, and many of the Christian inhabitants quitted it with them, and proceeded under their escort to Jaffa. More than six thousand, who had remained behind, afterwards attempted to make their escape, but only three hundred succeeded in reaching Jaffa; the rest were slain or dragged away into captivity. The barbarians entered Jerusalem sword in hand, massacred the few remaining Christians, and pillaged the city. They then marched upon Gaza, took it by storm, and put the garri-

son to the sword; after which they sent messengers to the Sultan of Egypt to announce their arrival, who thereupon dispatched his army, in all haste, to join them before Gaza.

The military friars, in conjunction with the troops of Damascus and Carac, marched upon Gaza, attacked the united armies of the Egyptians and Carizmians, and were exterminated in a bloody battle of two days' continuance. The Grand-master of the Temple was slain, and the Grand-master of the Hospital taken prisoner. Three hundred and twelve Knights Templars, and three hundred and twenty-four serving brethren, with several thousand soldiers in the pay of the order, were slain in the terrible fight. The enemy then laid siege to the Castle of Ascalon; but the Hospitaliers made such a gallant defence, that the infidels raised the siege in despair, and spread themselves throughout Palestine, destroying and pillaging all the country.

A new crusade was now preached in Europe, but with little effect; the ancient enthusiasm had died away, and the military friars, for several years, received only small assistance in men and money. The Emperor Frederick, who still bore the empty title of King of Jerusalem, bestowed no thought upon the Holy Land, except to abuse the Templars, by whom that land had been so gallantly defended. The military orders, unassisted, still maintained a brave struggle against the fearful odds opposed to them; Ascalon, however, was taken by storm, and the strong citadel of Tiberias shared the same fate.

A general chapter of the Templars was assembled in the Pilgrim's Castle, a new grand-master was chosen, and circular mandates, which were promptly attended to, were sent to the western preceptories, summoning all the brethren to Palestine, and directing the immediate transmission of all the money in the different treasuries to the head-quarters of the order at Acre. In the course of a few years the Carizmians were annihilated; but the Holy Land, though happily freed from the presence of these barbarians, had every thing to fear from the powerful Sultan of Egypt, with whom hostilities were still continued. He had dethroned the Sultan of Damascus, the ally of the Templars, and his sway now extended over many of the fairest provinces of Syria.

In the summer of 1249, Louis IX., king of France, landed in Egypt at the head of a powerful army, and took possession of Damietta, which was abandoned on his approach. In the month of June, the galleys of the Templars left Acre with a strong body of forces on board, and joined the French fleet in the mouth of the Nile. The campaign in Egypt proved exceedingly disastrous, but we have not space for the details. In the march towards Cairo the Templars led the van, and performed prodigies of valour: in two bloody battles which were fought with the infidels, the greater part of them fell, and in the last the grand-master was slain. The army attempted to retreat when retreat was almost impossible; the soldiers were dispersed and scattered; thousands died by the wayside, and thousands, with the king himself, fell alive into the hands of the enemy. All those of the prisoners who were unfit for service as slaves, or unable to redeem themselves by ransom, were inhumanly massacred, and a circle of heads decorated the walls of Cairo. The king, having obtained his liberty by the surrender of Damietta and the payment of a vast sum of money, returned with the Templars to Palestine, and remained four years at Acre. The year after his departure, the order concluded a truce with the Sultan of Damascus.

The Tartars, under Hologan, now invaded Syria and Palestine, entered Jerusalem in triumph, and ravaged and desolated the whole country. In the month of September, 1260, they were completely defeated by the Egyptian army in the neighbourhood of Tiberias, and driven back beyond the Euphrates. The commander of the Egyptian army was the famous Bendocdar, who slew his master upon his return, and was proclaimed sovereign of Egypt. He soon proved a most formidable enemy to the Templars. He took by storm the cities of Cesarea

and Arsoof, razed the fortifications, and put the garrison to the sword. After an obstinate defence, the strong fortress of Saphet capitulated; but the faithless sultan broke his agreement with the order, and offered the the alternative of the Koran or death. They all refused to renounce their faith, and were beheaded, to the number of fifteen hundred. Jaffa and Beaufort were taken by storm; the garrison of the former was massacred, that of the latter was permitted to march out with the honours of war. In the year 1268, the city of Antioch, containing a population of 100,000 souls, was taken by storm, and reduced to a heap of ruins, the inhabitants being either slain or carried into captivity.

Two years thereafter, Louis IX. again landed near Tunis, at the head of an army of crusaders, and speedily fell a victim to the climate. His troops, after suffering severely from sickness, returned home; and the hopes of the Latin Christians were cruelly disappointed. In the summer of 1271, Prince Edward of England arrived at Acre with fifteen hundred men, and was joined by the military friars; but nothing of importance was achieved. In the spring of the following year, the sultan concluded a truce with the inhabitants of Acre, but only the city and adjacent plain, and the road to Nazareth, were comprehended in the treaty. Edward returned to Europe in the autumn, and thus terminated the last expedition undertaken for the relief of Palestine.

The Sultan Kelaoun, who was raised to the sovereignty of Egypt and Syria shortly after the death of Bendocdar, renewed the war with terrible success. Laodicea, Tripoli, Gabala, and Beirut, fell into his hands; and he was preparing to attack Acre when death terminated his victorious career. He was succeeded by his eldest son Kaili, who, in the spring of 1291, marched against Acre at the head of sixty thousand horse and a hundred and forty thousand foot. The siege lasted six weeks, during the whole of which period the sallies and attacks were incessant. After more than forty days of hard fighting, the double wall was forced, and the King of Cyprus, with all his followers and more than three thousand of the garrison, fled by night to his ships, and sailed away for Cyprus. In the general assault which followed, the military friars resisted for a time all the efforts of the enemy; but they were overpowered by numbers, the Grand-master of the Temple was slain, and the infidels burst into the city. Thousands of Christians were killed in attempting to escape by sea; thousands fled to the churches, and perished in the flames; ten thousand, who fled to the moslem camp to beg for mercy, were beheaded by command of the sultan: three hundred Templars, the sole survivors of the order in Acre, fought their way to their convent, shut the gates, and bade defiance to the advancing foe; a number of them, with the treasure of the order, got on board a small vessel and escaped to Cyprus. The residue retired to a large tower, which, being undermined, fell with a tremendous crash, and buried the defenders in its ruins. The city was set on fire, the fortifications were demolished, and the last stronghold of the Christian power in Palestine was reduced to desolation.

We have now done with the military history of this famous order, and have only to notice their cruel persecution and downfall. Philip the Fair, king of France, having cast a greedy eye on their possessions, resolved to accomplish their ruin in order to enrich himself with their spoils. On the night of the 13th of October, 1307, by secret orders from the king, all the Templars in the French dominions were simultaneously arrested. The most absurd and incredible crimes were laid to their charge, such as denying Christ, spitting and trampling on the cross, worshipping the devil and pagan idols, cooking and roasting infants and anointing their idols with the fat, celebrating hidden rites and mysteries, &c. The Templars, it is very probable, were licentious enough in their morals; but these accusations were manifestly untrue, and invented for the nonce. During twelve days of severe imprisonment, they remained constant in the denial of the horrible crimes imputed to the fraternity;

the king's promise of pardon extorted from them no confession of guilt, and they were therefore handed over to the tender mercies of the Inquisition.

Some of them, under the torture, now confessed the crimes laid to their charge, but afterwards retracted the confession; the far greater part, however, remained firm, protesting their innocence to the last. In England, and other countries of Europe, they were imprisoned and tortured, but, with few exceptions, they persisted in maintaining the innocence of the order. None of the Templars were executed in England, but in France many of them were burned at the stake; and among these the grand-master, whom the pope, the creature of the king, had treacherously drawn into his power.

On the 3d of April, 1312, the papal decree, abolishing the order of the Temple, was published in the presence of the council assembled at Vienna. To save appearances, the pope issued a bull transferring the property of the order to the Hospitallers; this bull, however, remained for a considerable time nearly a dead letter, and the Hospitallers never obtained a twentieth part of the ancient possessions of the rival order.

MISCHIEFS OF A SARCASTIC TEMPER.

THE laws of social benevolence require that every man should endeavour to assist others by his experience. He that has at last escaped into port from the fluctuations of chance and the gusts of opposition, ought to make some improvements in the chart of life, by marking the rocks on which he has been dashed, and the shallows where he has been stranded.

The error into which I was betrayed, when custom first gave me up to my own direction, is very frequently incident to the quick, the sprightly, the fearless, the gay—to all whose ardour hurries them into precipitate execution of their designs, and imprudent declaration of their opinions; who seldom count the cost of pleasure, or examine the distant consequences of any practice that flatters them with immediate gratification.

I came forth into the crowded world with the usual juvenile ambition, and desired nothing beyond the title of a wit. Money I considered as below my care; for I saw such multitudes grow rich without understanding that I could not forbear to look on wealth as an acquisition easy to industry directed by genius, and therefore threw it aside as a secondary convenience, to be procured when my principal wish should be satisfied, and my claim to intellectual excellence universally acknowledged.

It was not long before I fitted myself with a set of companions who knew how to laugh, and to whom no other recommendation was necessary than the power of striking out a jest. Among these I fixed my residence, and for a time enjoyed the felicity of disturbing the neighbours every night with the obstreperous applause which my sallies forced from the audience. The reputation of our club every day increased, and, as my flights and remarks were circulated by my admirers, every day brought new solicitations for admission into our society.

I can scarcely believe, when I recollect my own practice, that I could have been so far deluded with petty praise, as to divulge the secrets of trust, and to expose the levities of frankness, to waylay the walks of the cautious, and surprise the security of the thoughtless. Yet it is certain that, for many years, I heard nothing but with design to tell it; and saw nothing with any other curiosity than after some failure that might furnish out a jest.

My heart, indeed, acquits me of deliberate malignity or interested insidiousness. I had no other purpose than to heighten the pleasure of laughter by communication, nor ever raised any pecuniary advantage from the calamities of others. I led weakness and negligence into difficulties, only that I might divert myself with their perplexities and distresses; and violated every law of friendship with no other hope than that of gaining the reputation of smartness and waggery.

I would not be understood to charge myself with any

crimes of the atrocious or destructive kind. My delight was only in petty mischief and momentary vexations; and acuteness was employed not upon fraud and oppression, which it had been meritorious to detect, but upon harmless ignorance or absurdity, prejudice or mistake.

This inquiry I pursued with so much diligence and sagacity that I was able to relate of every man whom I knew some blunder or miscarriage; to betray the most circum-spect of my friends into follies, by a judicious flattery of his predominant passion; or expose him to contempt, by placing him in circumstances which put his prejudices into action, brought to view his natural defects, or drew the attention of the company on his airs of affectation.

The power had been possessed in vain if it had never been exerted; and it was not my custom to let any arts of jocularly remain unemployed. My impatience of applause brought me always early to the place of entertainment; and I seldom failed to lay a scheme with the small knot that first gathered around me, by which some of those whom we expected might be made subservient to our sport. Every man has some favourite topic of conversation, on which, by a feigned seriousness of attention, he may be drawn to expatiate without end. Every man has some habitual contortion of body, or established mode of expression, which never fails to raise mirth if it be pointed out to notice. By premonitions of these particularities, I secured our pleasantry. Our companion entered with his usual gaiety, and began to partake of our noisy cheerfulness, when the conversation was imperceptibly diverted to a subject which pressed upon his tender part, and extorted the expected shrug, the customary exclamation, or the predicted remark. A general clamour of joy then burst from all that were admitted to the stratagem. Our mirth was often increased by the triumph of him that occasioned it: for as we do not hastily form conclusions against ourselves, seldom any one suspected that he had exhilarated us otherwise than by his wit.

You will hear, I believe with very little surprise, that by this conduct I had in a short time united mankind against me, and that every tongue was diligent in prevention or revenge. I soon perceived myself regarded with malevolence or distrust, but wondered what had been discovered in me either terrible or hateful. I had invaded no man's property; I had rivalled no man's claims; nor had ever engaged in any of those attempts which provoke the jealousy of ambition or the rage of faction. I had lived but to laugh and make others laugh; and believed that I was loved by all who caressed, and favoured by all who applauded me. I never imagined that he, who, in the mirth of a nocturnal revel, concurred in ridiculing his friend, would consider, in a cooler hour, that the same trick might be played against himself; or that, even where there is no sense of danger, the natural pride of human nature rises against him who, by general censures, lays claim to general superiority.

I was convinced, by a total desertion, of the impropriety of my conduct; every man avoided, and cautioned others to avoid me. Wherever I came, I found silence and dejection, coolness and terror. No one would venture to speak, lest he should lay himself open to unfavourable representations; the company, however numerous, dropped off at my entrance, upon various pretences; and if I retired, to avoid the shame of being left, I heard confidence and mirth revive at my departure.

If those whom I had thus offended could have contented themselves with repaying one insult for another, and kept up the war only by reciprocation of sarcasms, then they might have perhaps vexed, but would never much have hurt me; for no man heartily hates him at whom he can laugh. But these wounds, which they give me as they fly, are without cure; this alarm, which they spread by their solicitude to escape me, excludes me from all friendship and from all pleasure. I am condemned to pass a long interval of my life in solitude, as a man suspected of infection is refused admission into cities; and must linger in obscurity, till my conduct shall convince the world that I may be approached without hazard. —Dr Johnson.

OBJECTS OF PURSUIT.

These are, in some respects, different in different persons, according to their situations in life; but there are certain objects of attention which are peculiarly adapted to each individual, and there are some which are equally interesting to all. In regard to the latter, an appropriate degree of attention is the part of every wise man; in regard to the former, a proper selection is the foundation of excellence. One individual may waste his powers in that desultory application of them which leads to an imperfect acquaintance with a variety of subjects; while another allows his life to steal over him in listless inactivity, or application to trifling pursuits. It is equally melancholy to see high powers devoted to unworthy objects; such as the contests of party on matters involving no important principle, or the subtleties of sophistical controversy. For rising to eminence in any intellectual pursuit, there is not a rule of more essential importance than that of doing one thing at a time; avoiding distracting and desultory occupations; and keeping a leading object habitually before the mind, as one in which it can at all times find an interesting resource when necessary avocations allow the thoughts to recur to it. A subject which is cultivated in this manner, not by regular periods of study merely, but as an habitual object of thought, rises up and expands before the mind in a manner which is altogether astonishing. If along with this habit there be cultivated the practice of constantly writing such views as arise, we perhaps describe that state of mental discipline by which talents of a very moderate order may be applied in a conspicuous and useful manner to any subject to which they are devoted. Such writing need not be made at first with any great attention to method, but merely put aside for future consideration; and in this manner the different departments of a subject will develop and arrange themselves as they advance in a manner equally pleasing and wonderful.—*Young Lady's Book of Piety.*

THE ORIGIN OF ENGRAVING.

The origin of engraving on copper is ascribed by Vasari to Massa Finiguerra, a celebrated *niellatore* of the fifteenth century: but before telling you how he arrived at this invention, I will describe the art from which it arose. *Niello*, or the inlaying of metals, was employed in very early times, and seems to be the same as the *marqueterie* of the French, and the Eastern *lavoro da maschino*, which I have before mentioned. The process by which the beautiful works we have lately seen were executed was as follows:—The subject being cut out with a chisel in a plate of silver, the interstices were filled with a mixture of silver and lead, called from its dark colour *niellum*, whence the Italian word *niello* was derived. The contrast of this dark substance with the shining whiteness of the ground produced the effect of a beautiful relieve. It was chiefly used for tables, cabinets, the covers of missals, and sometimes for the hilts of swords. Massa Finiguerra was in the habit of taking an impression of his works to prove them, before he filled the cavities with niello: this he effected by pressing the frame thus prepared for its reception on soft earth; a reversed copy was of course given, as the parts before sunk now stood out in relief; he then covered it with liquid sulphur and lampblack, and another impression was taken. He also took proofs of his works by colouring them over with a similar preparation, and then placing moistened paper on this, passing a smooth round roller over it, which gave to the impressions, Vasari says, 'not only the appearance of being stamped, but made them look as if designed with the pen.' Only two or three of Finiguerra's proofs remain, but many still exist of that period. The transition from this to the next step in the art of engraving was an easy one. Copper was substituted for the more expensive material which led to the discovery, and the attention of artists was now turned to the new effect to be produced; and greater accuracy and delicacy were introduced into the execution of the frames intended solely for engravings.—*Miss Taylor's Letters from Italy.*

FRIENDS AND ENEMIES.

While we value the praise of our friends, we should not despise the censure of our enemies; as from the malice of the latter we frequently learn our faults, which the partiality of the former led them to overlook or conceal.

THE COURSE OF TIME.*

Oh! let the soul in slumber break,
Arouse its senses, and awake,
To see how soon
Life, with its glories, glides away,
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on;

How pleasure, like the passing wind,
Blows by, and leaves us nought behind
But grief at last;
How still our present happiness
Seems to the wayward fancy less
Than what is past.

And, while we eye the rolling tide,
Down which our flying minutes glide
Away so fast,
Let us the present hour employ,
And deem each future dream of joy
Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind—
No happier let us hope to find
To-morrow than to-day.
Our gilded dreams of yore were bright:
Like them the present shall delight,
Like them decay.

Our lives like lasting streams must be,
That into one engulfing sea
Aradom'd to fall—
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
The sea of death whose waves roll on,
And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble rivulets glide,
To that sad wave:
Death levels property and pride,
And rich and poor sleep side by side
Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting-place:
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal;
There all our steps at last are brought;
That path alone, of all unsought,
Is found of all.

Long ere the damps of death can blight,
The cheek's pure glow of red and white
Hath pass'd away:
Youth smiled, and all was heavenly fair;
Age came and laid his finger there—
And where are they?

Where is the strength that mock'd decay,
The step that rose so light and gay,
The heart's blithe tone?
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows weariness and woe,
When age comes on.

Say, then, how poor and little worth
Are all those glittering toys of earth
That lure us here:
Dreams of sleep that death must break,
Alas! before it bids us wake,
Ye disappear.

* Translated from a beautiful Spanish poem by Manrique, on the death of his father, quoted in the Edinburgh Review.

A POSER.

As a teacher of the 'young idea' was employed one day in his 'delightful task' of teaching a sharp urchin to cipher on a slate, the young philosopher put the following question to his instructor—'Whare dis a' the figures gang till when they're rubbit oot?'

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ETCHINGS FROM LIFE.

THE OLD CLOTHESMAN.

HURRYING from the University one cold rainy day, at the beginning of the winter session, my attention was drawn from my umbrella and my footsteps by a timid plaintive voice whispering in my ear 'Old clothes, sir?' A stranger in the city, and unacquainted with its habits, I instinctively glanced at my garments, which had grown pretty grey in my service. Raising my eyes, I beheld, crouching at my side, the figure of a man. He was attired in a faded suit of black clothes, much too large for his person, which was small and thin; and from the brim of a shabby hat the rain fell in heavy drops. The expression of his countenance I shall never forget. It told the tale of friendless misery in tokens not to be mistaken. 'Any old clothes, sir?' said he, in the whisper which the pride of their customers compels the dealers in old clothes to use. 'I'll give the best prices,' he added, perceiving my ignorance of the meaning of his question. 'None older than those I wear,' said I; 'and they are old enough,' I ejaculated, and turning from him hurried home. 'Poor soul,' thought I, 'what has been thy crime that thou art so miserable? What hast thou done to merit so hard a fate? Thine seems indeed to be a bitter lot.'

As I passed daily to the University, I observed him always on the same spot, and making the same inquiry at the passers by as he had made to me. To me, however, he never repeated it. I know not whether he had observed some signs of pity in my countenance while I spoke to him when he addressed me; but he seemed to look wistfully on me as I passed, as if anxious to discover some token of sympathy. Insensibly I became deeply interested in the poor dealer in cast-off apparel; and it was with anxiety that I observed his form daily present a more sickly appearance. I was confined to the house by illness, and upon again passing the spot where the old clothesman was in the habit of standing, he had disappeared. I made inquiry concerning him at the shops in the neighbourhood, but to no effect; and with a heavy heart I was about to desist from my attempts when I obtained the information I wanted from a member of the same profession as the object of my search. Standing at the door of the shop where I made my last inquiry, he had heard my question, and acquainted me with the abode of the old clothesman. Following his direction, I hastened to that part of the city where poverty and wretchedness have their peculiar abode, and into the lanes and alleys of which the cheering beams of the sun seldom penetrate. After considerable search I succeeded in finding the home

of the old clothesman in the garret of a wretched house in one of the filthiest lanes in that quarter of the city. I knocked at the door, and receiving no answer, opened it and entered. The apartment was almost entirely destitute of furniture, and filled with smoke arising from a newly-kindled fire, through which I discovered my poor old friend stretched upon a miserable pallet in the farthest corner of the room. I advanced to the side of his untented bed. 'Ah! this is kind, sir,' said he, recognising me as I came forward; 'this is indeed kind,' and he brushed away a tear, which my sympathy, reminding him of his dependence upon strangers for it, seemed to have called up. Poor wretch! he was a miserable object. The few days during which I had been confined to the house, and had not seen him, had made fearful changes in his countenance, which, though always of a sickly appearance, now presented the pallid hue of approaching death. I inquired of him, in as delicate terms as possible, the particulars of his history. His tale was soon told, and the burden of it was—misery. Yet had joy thrown a gleam—fitful and shortlived indeed—over some part of his life, for he once had gay hopes and high imaginings. There was a time when life seemed to him a bright stream, all sunshine; but, alas! it soon changed its aspect to darkness and storm. From his dreams of happiness, which were once so sweet, he awoke to the dread reality of waking misery—and now he was a poor heart-broken wretch.

He had once been a flourishing merchant, with an amiable wife and a family of smiling children, in whom he was too much bound up to be long happy in this world. At that time, while prosperity attended him, he had many friends, who courted his society and who reaped the benefit of his generosity, with many a warm protestation of friendship. Times changed, however; a series of losses, through the dishonesty of debtors, reduced him to beggary; and he, at whose table many were fed, was now in want of food. Then the world used him harshly; those who were warm in their professions of regard, while all was well with him, now greeted him with coldness, or treated him with absolute rudeness. In a miserable lodging, supported by the work of his hands or the uncertain charity of relatives, he beheld his wife and children sinking through want of the necessities of life. In a few short years, disease and want had rendered him, once so happy in his family, desolate, like a noble tree stripped of its branches by some untimely stroke. Overwhelmed with that sense of loneliness, that feeling of utter desolation, which sits so heavy on the human heart, he wandered from his now comfortless home; for amidst all his misery the music of his children's voices, and the smile of his loved one, had thrown a ray of joy over his heart; and

scarcely heeding how he lived, had found a subsistence by following that occupation in which I found him. Acute bodily suffering was now superadded to his mental woe, and he would have had little pretensions to sensibility of character who could have looked without emotion upon him as he lay on his couch, the wreck of a once noble being. It is one of the many blots upon the purity of our nature, that there exist individuals who delight to weep over the sorrows of a 'Werther,' or some imaginary being, and who shun the abodes of real misery as they would a pestilence. If half the pity and the tears which are expended upon the creations of the imaginations were bestowed upon man himself, and allowed to produce their natural effects, many a weeping eye would be dried, and many a wounded spirit would receive the balm of that consolation which sympathy alone can afford.

I found the old clothesman in danger of absolute starvation, for no one had visited him during his illness except an old woman, his neighbour, who lighted his fire, and who was herself unable to render him any pecuniary assistance. In her hands I placed a small sum, to be expended in his behalf on articles of food and such restoratives as his exhausted frame required, and took my leave, with the promise of a speedy return. I did return speedily and frequently, and at each succeeding visit I observed him approaching nearer to the brink of the grave. Notwithstanding the general expression of woe upon his countenance, there was a calmness and placidity in it which rendered him a picture calculated to excite in the breast of the spectator feelings of stronger sympathy than is generally given to more passionate sorrow.

The last time I saw him in life, I asked of him his name, which he had never communicated to me; for, seeing his end approaching, I wished to learn it in order to erect some mark to point out where his ashes lay. 'Ah! sir,' said he, 'I perceive your intention. But no matter. None now live who would weep over my grave, and it is as well that it be undistinguished and unknown.' I saw him no more in life. When next I returned I found some members of a charitable institution for the burial of the destitute, making preparations for his interment. I attended his humble funeral, and dropped the only tear which was shed upon his grave. 'Farewell,' said I, 'broken-hearted. Thy troubles are now over; thou hast now reached the last resting-place of the gay and the wretched; the small and great are there.'

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

PROFESSOR PLAYFAIR.

THERE is no period in her literary history of which Scotland has more reason to be proud, than the close of the last and the commencement of the present century. Even yet the fame of Hume and Robertson, as historians; of Smith, Reid, and Ferguson, in metaphysics and political science; of Stewart, Black, and Hutton, in physical inquiries, have few rivals; and these, as they left the scene, found worthy successors, among whom the subject of our present memoir was not the least distinguished. John Playfair was born on the 10th March, 1748, at Benvie, in Forfarshire, of which place his father was clergyman. His education was conducted at home till the age of fourteen, when he entered the University of St Andrews, in order to study for the church. Here he was so distinguished for his genius and application, especially to mathematical studies, that, during an illness of Professor Wilkie, he conducted the class of natural philosophy.

IN 1768, when only eighteen years old, he became a candidate for the professorship of mathematics in Marischal College, Aberdeen, and on a comparative trial was only surpassed by two competitors—Dr Trail, who was then successful, and Dr Hamilton, who afterwards filled the same place, and acquired great celebrity by his *Essay on the National Debt*. On the conclusion of his studies, he resided chiefly in Edinburgh, enjoying the friendship of many of the distinguished men named above. In 1772 he was again a candidate for the chair of natural philosophy in St Andrews, but unsuccessfully, owing to the powerful private claims of his opponent. In the same year, on the death of his father, he was presented to the vacant charge; but the right of the patron being disputed, he did not obtain possession till the autumn of the following year. He then took up his residence in the country, chiefly engaged in his pastoral duties and in superintending the education of his younger brothers, who had been left dependent on him. His own studies were not, however, neglected, and his correspondence shows that the works of the ancient and modern philosophers then engaged much of his attention, as did also mathematics. In 1774 he visited Dr Maskelyne on Schehallien, when engaged in his experiments on the attraction of mountains; and four years later, his first mathematical essay, on impossible qualities, was presented by that astronomer to the Royal Society of London, in whose Transactions it was published.

IN 1782 he resigned his church, to take charge of the education of the two Mr Fergusons of Raith; and in 1785, Dugald Stewart having exchanged the chair of mathematics in the University of Edinburgh for that of moral philosophy, with Dr Adam Ferguson, Playfair was appointed joint-professor with the latter. He now contributed several papers to the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; and in 1785, his treatise on the elements of geometry appeared. The foundation of this work was, of course, the system of Euclid, whose unrivalled merits, as he states in the preface, have been proved by the experience of two thousand years. He, however, not only modified many propositions of the Greek geometer, but entirely remodelled some branches, and added highly valuable notes. On such a subject clearness and perspicuity are the highest qualities, and the continued use of his treatise shows that he attained them. In the two following years his attention seems to have been chiefly directed to the subject of physical geography and climate, with an investigation of some theorems on the figure of the earth, subsequently published.

IN 1797, the death of his friend Dr James Hutton gave a new direction to his studies. He drew up a short memoir of his life for the Royal Society of Edinburgh: but his theory of the earth required a more extended vindication. A peculiarly obscure and complicated style had repelled the generality of readers from the writings of Hutton, and the bold announcement—that our present continents were not the first of the kind, that traces of at least three which had preceded them were to be observed in the earth, that they thus formed one in a series, whose beginning and end were alike concealed from us—startled many by its novelty, and revolted others by its apparent opposition to revelation. The patrons of rival theories had taken advantage of these circumstances to prejudice the public against him, and Playfair was impelled to explain this theory, both by a belief in its truth and by a desire to vindicate the memory of his friend from the aspersions unjustly cast on it. The result of this was his *Illustrations of the Huttonian Theory of the Earth*, which appeared in 1802. This work is not less remarkable for its simplicity of style and consequent clearness and precision, than the original work had been for the reverse qualities, and soon acquired great celebrity, and was translated into foreign languages. It forms a striking proof of the vast importance of mathematical and physical science to the student of geology. His training in the school of Greek geometry imparted an accuracy and distinctness to his reasoning seldom found in similar

works, whilst his knowledge of the physical laws of the universe enabled him to unfold many difficulties which had perplexed his predecessors. It also showed that the utmost exactness in reasoning may be conjoined with the highest and purest eloquence, and that the study of the profound sciences is not inconsistent with attention to the beauties of composition.

In 1805 Mr Playfair exchanged the chair of mathematics for that of natural philosophy, vacant by the death of Professor Robison. In this new situation he had more opportunity of displaying his peculiar powers—establishing the fundamental propositions of mechanical science with elegant simplicity, but rising to true eloquence when describing the wonders of the starry heavens. He soon after published some observations on the solids of greatest attraction, on the progress of heat in spherical bodies, and a lithological survey of Schehallien, undertaken with a view to correct the estimate of the earth's density, which had been deduced from Dr Maskelyne's observations. In 1814 he published *Outlines of Natural Philosophy*, for the use of his students, and some years afterwards a dissertation on the progress of mathematical and physical science in the supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. He also contributed many papers to the *Edinburgh Review*, principally on subjects connected with physical geography, geology, or mathematical science. These articles were distinguished not less for the beauty of expression, than for their philosophic views, and the skill with which the results of most abstruse researches were explained in a manner comprehensible to all. It is much to be regretted that he was not always careful to guard his views against misapprehension, and one paper on Laplace's Theory of Probabilities was regarded by many as hostile to the evidences of Christianity, and met with severe reprehension. The influence of these papers on the progress of science in Britain was highly important, since they first made known to English students the vast progress which mathematics had made on the Continent, and destroyed those national prejudices which had prevented them adopting many valuable improvements. They have also proved in the end advantageous to the cause of religion, since the very principles which were supposed to overturn its evidence are found, when carried out to their full extent, to support and confirm its truth.

Mr Playfair had long meditated publishing a new edition of his *Illustrations of the Huttonian Theory*, or rather a new work on the same subject. In this he meant to collect all the well-ascertained facts in geology, and having stated these without any mixture of hypothesis, to deduce from them such conclusions as they seemed to warrant, and finally, to apply these to an examination of existing theories, and the establishment of the one he considered true. This work he never performed; and though others have since adopted the same plan, it seems yet to remain unaccomplished. It however led him to undertake many journeys into different parts of Great Britain, and, after the peace in 1815, to extend his researches also to the Continent. Of this journey an interesting account is given by his nephew, principally from his notes made in pencil on the spot. He went first to Paris, where he remained for six weeks, visiting the museums, and conversing with Curvier, Humboldt, and the other distinguished men of that metropolis. From Paris he proceeded to Switzerland, where, in passing through the Jura Mountains, he observed the blocks of granite from the Alps, seventy miles distant, found on them, and pointed out the glaciers as the only natural agents capable of conveying such immense masses of rock free from attrition. He had already introduced this theory into his *Illustrations*, and is therefore its true author, but was far from carrying it to such an extravagant length as has been done by some who have recently brought it again before the public. He remained some time in Switzerland, with which he was already familiar from the works of Saussure, by whose guide he was accompanied in his excursions. He then crossed the Simplon into Italy, noticing the peculiarities

of the rocks, and the skill wherewith a road has been formed through wild defiles and perpendicular cliffs. At Milan, he found rich collections of the tertiary fossils and volcanic productions of Italy; and also met with many celebrated men of science. At Bologna, he especially admired the remarkable anatomical models in wax; and was introduced to the Abate Mezzofanti, librarian of the Institute, who was said to be master of more than thirty languages. The relics of the *Accademia del Cimento*, the first association of experimental philosophers in Europe, interested him more at Florence than even the galleries and works of art in which that city so abounds. The room in which these patriarchs of science met, the table at which they sat, the instruments they employed, are all carefully preserved; even the original telescope of Galileo, made of two semicylinders of wood, rudely hollowed out, bound together by threads and covered with paper, may still be seen. His next halting point was Rome, where he remained for the winter, enjoying the society of the numerous strangers then thronging to the city. He was also employed in examining the remains of antiquity, studying the geological features of the surrounding country, and searching, but in vain, for manuscripts of the ancient Greek geometers in the Vatican library. In the following summer he visited Naples, where Vesuvius, Somma, the Solfatara, and the numerous volcanic phenomena round that city, formed a rich field of highly instructive observation. He had now an opportunity of comparing a country of undoubted volcanic origin with the trap rocks so common in his native land. The result, it need hardly be stated, fully confirmed his belief in the igneous origin of both, though he did not fail to observe some points of diversity, arising in the different conditions under which they had been produced. From Naples, he returned by Rome and Florence to Genoa, and thence, visiting the marble quarries of Carrara on his way, proceeded through Turin and Milan to Venice. He had thus an opportunity of observing the vast plain of Lombardy, strewn with boulders from the Alps, and saw in the Po a remarkable example of the power of running water to effect changes on the surface of the earth. His route next led through the pass of the Brenner into Tyrol, and thence along the northern declivity of the Alps, to Lucerne and Geneva. Having finished his examination of Switzerland, he proceeded by Lyons to Clermont, in Auvergne, where he found himself again in a volcanic country, containing rocks in every respect like those round Naples. No historical memoir remained of any eruption from these mountains, and many were unwilling to allow that volcanoes long extinct could exist in the very centre of France. No theoretical prepossessions, however, stood in his way in arriving at the truth, and Playfair not only recognised their volcanic character, but traced some of the lava currents to their source in the mountains. From this he returned home by Paris, having travelled four thousand miles in seventeen months, though now bordering on seventy years of age.

The rich store of materials thus collected was destined never to be employed. In the summer of 1819, a severe disease, to occasional attacks of which he had long been liable, recurred with increased violence, and terminated his existence on the 19th of July. The true character of a literary man is to be sought in his writings and his labours in the cause of science, by which he stands in the closest relationship both to the men of his own times and to posterity. Yet the following traits extracted from a masterly portrait of him by Lord Jeffrey, may not be without interest. He was one of the most learned mathematicians of his age; and among the first, if not the very first, who introduced the beautiful discoveries of the later continental geometers to the knowledge of his countrymen. He possessed, in the highest degree, all the characteristics of a fine and a powerful understanding—at once penetrating and vigilant—but more distinguished, perhaps, for the caution and sureness of its march, than the brilliancy or rapidity of its movements. Without having made any great discoveries himself, he was a most

eloquent expounder of that magnificent system of knowledge which has been gradually evolved by the successive labours of so many gifted individuals. These qualities rendered him eminently useful as a teacher, enabling him to direct his pupils to the most simple and luminous methods of inquiry, and to imbue their minds, from the very commencement of the study, with that fine relish for the truths it disclosed, and that high sense of the majesty with which they were invested, that predominated in his own bosom.

The following account of his style of composition by the same distinguished critic deserves quotation, even for its own sake:—‘There is a certain mellowness and richness about his style, which adorns without disguising the weight and nervousness, which is its other great characteristic—a sedate gracefulness and manly simplicity in the more level passages—and a mild majesty and considerate enthusiasm where he rises above them, of which we scarce know where to find any other example. There is great equability too, and sustained force in every part of his writings. He never exhausts himself in flashes and epigrams, nor languishes into tameness or insipidity; at first sight, you would say that plainness and good sense were the predominating qualities; but, by and by, this simplicity is enriched with the delicate and vivid colours of a fine imagination—the free and forcible touches of a most powerful intellect—and the lights and shades of an unerring and harmonizing taste. In comparing it with the styles of his most celebrated contemporaries, we would say that it was more purely and peculiarly a *written* style—and, therefore, rejected those ornaments that more properly belong to oratory. It had no impetuosity, hurry, or vehemence—no bursts, or sudden turns or abruptness, like that of Burke; and though eminently smooth and melodious, it was not modulated to an uniform system of solemn declamation like that of Johnson, nor spread out in the richer and more voluminous elocution of Stewart; nor still less broken into that patch-work of scholastic pedantry and conversational smartness which has found its admirers in Gibbon. It is a style, in short, of great freedom, force, and beauty; but the deliberate style of a man of thought and of learning, and neither that of a wit throwing out his extempores with an affectation of careless grace—nor of a rhetorician thinking more of his manner than his matter, and determined to be admired for his expression, whatever may be the fate of his sentiments.’

Of his private character, an equally beautiful picture has been drawn. The most learned philosopher of his day, he had the manners and deportment of the most perfect gentleman, and the same admirable taste which is conspicuous in his writings, or rather the higher principles from which that taste was but an emanation, spread a similar charm over his whole life and conversation. With the greatest kindness and generosity of nature, he united the most manly firmness and the highest principles of honour, and the most cheerful and social dispositions with the gentlest and steadiest affections. Independent of his high attainments, Mr Playfair was one of the most amiable and estimable of men: delightful in his manners—inflexible in his principles, and generous in his affections—he had all that could charm in society or attach in private. Although in some parts of this character the partialities of friendship may be visible, there can be no doubt that Mr Playfair was one of the most remarkable men of his time and country. Though, from the rapid progress of science, his works may be superseded by others embodying the results of modern discoveries, yet he must always be respected as one who essentially contributed to that progress by the revival of mathematical studies in Britain. It must always be remembered to his honour, and that of the University of Edinburgh, that in it the discoveries of Laplace were first taught in this country, as, in a former age, Maclaurin had expounded from the same chair the philosophy of Newton, when the vortices of Descartes were still alone tolerated in the halls of Cambridge.

APPLICATIONS OF SCIENCE.

GEOLOGY AND AGRICULTURE.

In some recent numbers of this journal a short sketch of geology was given, explaining certain of the most important facts and best established principles of the science. These papers may have shown our readers what a rich field of instruction and amusement is opened up to them in this study. They may also have shown how much knowledge of the structure of the earth may contribute to their enjoyment of nature, and what a new interest it confers on travelling, or even on our walks in our own immediate neighbourhood. It may not be in every one's power to study geology in its full extent, but there are few who cannot attain such a knowledge of it as would enable them to understand the structure of the district in which they live, or even to a considerable degree of their native land. And such a knowledge is of great importance even for the enjoyment it confers. The hills and rocks are no longer dead and meaningless, but each has its history and its traditions, not less true and scarcely less romantic than those attached to the feudal tower or the ruined abbey. But to a large class of the community geology has a more direct and practical interest. Their daily occupations lead them to busy themselves with objects out of the mineral kingdom, and to acquire at least a certain knowledge of their properties and uses. But in geology they would find these more fully described, and would learn not only many important practical facts, but also the reasons of these facts and their connexion with each other.

Agriculture is probably that profession which, above all others, brings men most directly into contact with external nature. It is also one of those employments to which science has been recently applied with most beneficial results. Though practised from the earliest periods of human history, and honoured by the favour of kings and legislators, the cultivation of the ground has seldom been considered as a science, or studied with the attention its importance demands; and its progress has been such as might have been expected from this mode of treatment. Whilst all other departments of human industry were fast improving, agriculture remained in almost the same state from generation to generation. In many countries this is still the case, and neither the methods of cultivation, nor the instruments employed, are at all better than they were many centuries ago; but in our own country and in many other parts of Europe, the progress of population, compelling four persons to find their food on the same space where, a hundred years ago, only one lived, has given a great stimulus to agricultural improvement. Hence, in these countries it has made vast progress, and seems destined to proceed with still greater rapidity. Its principles are no longer regarded simply as matters of tradition, to be followed because such has been the custom from time immemorial. The nature of plants and their relation to the soil have been studied, and science called upon to render an account of practices whose utility experience has confirmed. For this purpose chemistry has been principally called into requisition, to analyze plants, soils, and manures, so as to show the relation subsisting between them, and how the one is able to supply what the other wants. Geology has also been made use of for the same purpose, and we shall now point out some of the information it is fitted to confer.

There are few more remarkable processes than the mode in which soil is produced and preserved. By soil, we mean those earthy matters which cover the surface of the ground, and in which trees and plants fix their roots and grow. Every one must have observed that the soil is seldom very thick—in many places only a few feet or inches, and rarely so much as several yards. Below this the earth consists of hard and solid rocks, which, had they formed the surface, would have been utterly barren. Why then, it may be asked, does this so seldom happen? Why is this sheet of fertile soil so thin and yet so uniformly spread over the surface of the earth? Many causes

seem employed in removing this soil and stripping the rocks of this covering. In dry weather the winds sweep it away in clouds of dust; in wet weather the rains wash it into the rivers, which float it down into the ocean. Slow though these processes may be, still, unless some means existed of repairing the waste, the soil would be gradually vanishing and the fertility of the earth decreasing as its population increased; but such we have no reason to believe is the case. What then are the means employed in nature to preserve the due amount of fertile soil on the earth?

Many facts show that the soil is generally derived from the rocks below, and owes its origin to their destruction; occasionally the whole process can be readily traced in some natural or artificial section. On the surface are a few inches of vegetable mould, or earth mixed with the decaying roots and stems of plants which have grown upon it. Below this is a layer of fine clay, containing at first none, then a few stones or pebbles; next is a bed in which stones, fragments of the rocks below, begin to prevail; then these increase in abundance and size, forming a considerable portion of the mass. Below this, and immediately above the rock, broken fragments of this almost alone appear, beginning indeed to waste and decay, but still retaining all the marks of their origin. Here we have the whole process of the formation of soil exhibited in all its various stages. First the solid rock; then this broken and beginning to moulder down; next the fragments mixed with earth, or the decayed rock; and, finally, the whole is decomposed, and nothing but the loose mass of clay remains. This decomposition and pulverization of the rock is evidently owing to the influence of the air. The oxygen and moisture it contains attack the iron and other substances in the rocks, destroy their cohesion, and reduce them to an earthy powder. The water, too, penetrating their pores and crevices and freezing there, tends, by its expansion, to force them asunder, as by a powerful lever. Hence no stone exposed to the influence of the weather long remains unaffected, and even the hardest sooner or later crumbles into powder—that is, into soil.

In this way the permanence of the soil is maintained. The rains that wash away the surface expose a new layer of half decomposed earth and rock to the atmospheric influence, and thus repair the loss they have occasioned. But certain elements are necessary to the fertility of soil, and when these are exhausted it becomes barren, and either yields no crops or those of an inferior quality. Scientific agriculture tries to repair this defect by introducing manures, which contain the elements wanted; but nature, too, has her method of remedying the evil. Whilst repeated cropping is exhausting the ground, decomposition of the mineral masses proceeds along with it, and sets free a new supply of the necessary elements; and the surface washed away by the rains is chiefly the worn-out soil, no longer able to supply the materials of vegetable existence. That layer has fulfilled its purpose in the economy of nature; it is no longer fitted to perform this; and another process comes in to remove it, and to allow its place to be occupied by a fresh and unexhausted layer. In this there is a singular analogy to many parts of the animal economy, where tissues, or even organs, are removed when their function is completed. Not less striking is its analogy to the succession of animals on the earth, each new generation of them having, as it were, a new earth to supply them with food and nourishment.

Certain chemical elements are essential to the fertility of soil, and unless it contain these, plants will not grow, or at least thrive upon it. Where these elements are greatly deficient, the crops fail in bulk, and still more in quality, as substances adapted to the nourishment of animals. The plant may be considered as an apparatus or machine preparing inorganic matter for the support of animal existence. Man and at least the higher races of animals seem incapable of compounding their own food either out of the simple elements, or of those in that state in which they occur in the mineral kingdom. The most skilful chemist might die of hunger in a laboratory filled with the pure elements of human food. Plants form

the necessary intermediate step in the process, combining these elements in the proportion and form that animals require for their subsistence. The higher tribes, like man, seem to require more highly prepared and fully organized food, living in part on the flesh of other animals. Now, it is evident that the soil must be capable of furnishing plants with the elements that comprise the animal frame—with the twelve or thirteen substances that are found in the human blood—otherwise these plants cannot form nourishment capable of maintaining men in health. Hence the necessity of a truly fertile soil being a highly complicated one, for though plants supplied with distilled water and air might grow in pure flint sand, or iron filings, they would not furnish food capable of permanently supporting man. Hence arises the question, is the mineral character of rocks, as made known to us in geology, such as to produce by their decomposition a soil of this nature?

Now, some of the most important elements of organic bodies are the common constituents of water and the atmosphere—oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon. But, besides these, both plants and animals contain many earths and metals. In the blood, for example, chlorine, phosphorus, sulphur, the bases of potassa, soda, lime, and magnesia, with iron, and traces of manganese, have been detected. In grass and corn, silica is an essential element, and both wheat and coffee are said to contain copper, whilst other plants contain other metals. Such elements must be derived mediately or immediately from the rocks, and the question is, are these fitted to furnish them? This could only be fully proved by an analysis of the various rocks, but may also be known so far from their mineral constituents. Thus granite consists of certain well-known minerals which have often been analyzed, and greenstone and basalt of others. From the composition of a rock, then, certain indications of the kind of soil it is fitted to produce may be obtained. It would lead us far too much into detail to examine each rock in this respect, but a few may be mentioned. Granite, which has been estimated to cover two thousand square miles in Britain, contains, according to the analysis of its common minerals, silica, alumina, soda, potassa, magnesia, lime, and iron; whilst minerals with phosphorus, and several of the metals, are not unfrequent in it. Trap rocks, which are still more widely distributed, are equally various in their composition, and contain the elements in still more favourable proportions. The stratified rocks, as some sandstones and limestones, have often a very simple composition—as the Craigleith sandstone, with less than two per cent. of other matters than silica. Such rocks form the most barren of all soils, and where a large district consists of them pure and unmixed, the poverty of the vegetation shows the deficiency in its natural variety of nourishment. But such tracts are of rare occurrence. Stratified rocks are generally intermixed with each other, and beds of sandstone, shale, and limestone, are united in various alternations. In many of the most fertile districts of Scotland, also, as the Lothians, Fife, and Berwickshire, as a glance at a correct geological map would show, trap rocks have frequently broken through the strata, and thus added to the variety of the soil.

But not only should all the elements occur, they must also exist in due proportion, to constitute a fertile soil. In this respect much latitude is allowed, provided the proportion is not such as to render the texture too tenacious on the one hand, or too open on the other. The former happens where it contains too much aluminous or clayey matter, the latter where it is too siliceous or sandy. Now the tendency of the soil in various districts to either of these extremes may be known from its geological character. Thus the sandstone districts, unless mixed with shale or trap, form too open and loose a soil, which, as a Pembrokeshire farmer said of it, 'eats all the manure and drinks all the water.' The greywacke and clay-slate produce an opposite soil, too stiff, tenacious, and retentive of moisture, but readily improvable by draining and a mixture of lime or sand. Most of the igneous rocks, on the other hand, produce good soils; and, indeed, where

properly cultivated, thoroughly bad soils are less common than many would imagine. Complaints of the soil and climate are in most cases only accusations of the neglect and ignorance of the cultivators. The Creator has done his part richly and abundantly; if man neglects his, he has himself alone to blame for the evil that may result.

The admixture of the soil has been promoted in another way. Geological facts seem to indicate that immediately before the present order of things commenced, our continents and islands were covered by the waters of the ocean. Currents then, as at present, flowed to and fro, and the various materials of the earth were mingled together. Fragments from the rocks of one country have been carried to another, and the sand derived from one class of rocks, tempers the clays from a second or the lime derived from a third. Even in the present day this process is continued, though, on the part of the earth exposed to our notice, on a smaller scale. It is in the ocean alone, beneath its wide-spread waters, that the dispersion of rock debris is most perfect. But the rivers not only aid in this operation, by conveying the waste of the land to the ocean, but, to a certain extent, complete it on the dry land. A river rising in mountains of primary or argillaceous rocks, flows through a low secondary region, and during inundations disperses its fertilizing mud far and wide over the surrounding country. In this way the Nile enriches the valley of Egypt, and the swollen Ganges scatters abundance over the plains of Hindostan. And in former ages, ere man had restrained the streams by artificial means, such inundations appear to have been more frequent and extensive, spreading their influence over a wider region. In the deltas at their mouths, or the low alluvial plains along their lower course, we see at once the work of the river mingling the mineral matter from many hills and valleys, and the rich luxuriant fertility thus produced. In many a barren country and rock-bound region, such spots look like gardens of vegetation amid the surrounding sterility—a very paradise reclaimed from the lonely wilderness. Many such may be seen in our own land, both on the seacoast and in the interior, where some ancient valley or lake, now filled up, has arrested the waste of the mountains in its transit to the ocean.

Such are a few of the interesting questions to which geology enables the agriculturist to return an intelligent answer. It may, however, be asked, what is the use of this knowledge? And if by use is meant its money value, the pounds, shillings, and pence, the food or clothing it can produce, the answer must be that it often is very small. But in the expressive language of Scripture, 'Man shall not live by bread alone,' he has other wants besides those of the body—desires that do not centre wholly on this earthly life—enjoyments higher than mere sensual luxuries, and the gratification of his animal propensities. His Creator has given him a mind to be instructed, as well as a body to be clothed and fed; and as the former constitutes man's true nature, the neglect of it is more highly criminal than inattention to his corporeal wants. Now, though every man cannot be a philosopher, every one may acquire such a knowledge of nature and its laws as would enable him to understand the profession in which he was engaged, and the rationale—the true grounds and reason—of the processes he employed. Unless he does this, the workman is little better than a portion of a machine for raising corn and cattle, or manufacturing iron and cloth. Such a workman acts according to mere tradition, and when an unexpected or unusual event occurs, he knows not how to take advantage of it or to remedy the injury that it threatens. The agriculturist has also more inducements than most persons to look at his employment in a scientific point of view. He is more exposed to the climate and the seasons, and his success is more dependent on their influence than in almost any other occupation. He is thus more called upon to study their laws and know their general course. He has also more time at his own disposal when prevented from working by the weather or seasons. Geology, too, is of special importance to the farmer, as his mode of cultivation must be adapted

to the variety of soil; and this is more readily known from this science than in any other way. Even on a single farm of no great extent two or three distinct formations may occur, and the crops or manures suited to the one may be wholly unfit for the other. Geology also makes known the prevailing character of each particular soil, its most important deficiencies, the substances best fitted to remedy these, and the places in the neighbourhood where they may most readily be found. Numerous instances could be given of lime and other materials driving many miles at a great expense, when a little knowledge of geology would have shown that the same or even better were to be found close at hand. In some cases, substances of no value have been mistaken for others that were so, as when Loch Doon, in the south of Scotland, was partially drained for marl, the white decomposed felspar, a pure clay, having been mistaken for this important manure. In looking at land in different parts of the country, a farmer acquainted with geology and observing the distribution of rocks in a proper map, could form a far more accurate estimate of its value than one who did not possess this knowledge. But such applications are almost too self-evident to be noticed, and they who would profit by them will study science from higher and nobler motives—for the intellectual enjoyment it offers, the elevation it gives even to the humblest pursuits, and the moral improvement it confers on their mind.

THE VILLAGE PRIZE.

In one of the prettiest villages of old Virginia there lived in the year 175—, an old man, whose daughter was declared, by universal consent, to be the loveliest maiden in all the country round. The veteran, in his youth, had been athletic and muscular above all his fellows; and his breast, where he always wore them, could show the adornment of three medals, received for his victories in gymnastic feats when a young man. His daughter was now eighteen, and had been sought in marriage by many suitors. One brought wealth, another a fine person, another this, and another that. But they were all refused by the old man, who became at last a byword for his obstinacy or eccentricity among the young men of the village and neighbourhood.

At length the nineteenth birthday of Annette, his charming daughter, who was as amiable and modest as she was beautiful, arrived. The morning of that day, her father invited all the youth of the country to a hay-making frolic. Seventeen handsome and industrious young men assembled. They came not only to make hay, but also to make love to the fair Annette. In three hours they had filled the father's barns with the newly dried grass, and their own hearts with love. Annette, by her father's command, had brought the malt liquor of her own brewing, which she presented to each enamoured swain with her own fair hands.

'Now, my boys,' said the old keeper of the jewel they all coveted, as, leaning on their pitchforks, they assembled round the door in the cool of the evening. 'Now, my lads, you have nearly all of you made proposals for my Annette. Now, you see, I don't care anything about money or talents, book learning or soldier learning. I can do as well by my girl as any man in the country; but I want her to marry a man of my own grit. Now, you know, or ought to know, when I was a youngster I could beat any one in all Virginia in the way of leaping. I got my old woman by beating the smartest man on the eastern shore, and I have taken an oath and sworn it, that no man shall marry my daughter without jumping for it. You understand me, my boys: there's the green, and here's Annette,' he added, taking his daughter, who stood timidly behind him, by the hand. 'Now, the one that jumps the farthest on a dead level, shall marry Annette this very night.'

This unique address was received by the young men with applause; and many a youth, as he bounded gaily forward to the arena of trial, cast a glance of anticipated victory

back upon the lovely object of village chivalry. The maidens left their looms and quilting frames, the children their noisy sports, the slaves their labour, and the old men their arm-chairs and long pipes, to witness and triumph in the success of the victor. All prophesied and many wished that it would be young Carroll. He was the handsomest and best-humoured youth in the country, and all knew that a strong mutual attachment existed between him and the fair Annette. Carroll had won the reputation of being the best leaper, and in a country where such athletic achievements were the *sine qua non* of a man's cleverness, this was no ordinary honour. In a contest like the present he had, therefore, every advantage over his fellow-athletes.

The arena allotted for this hymeneal contest was a level space in front of the village inn, and near the centre of a grass plot, reserved in the midst of the village, denominated the 'green.' The verdure was quite worn off at this place by previous exercises of a similar kind, and a hard surface of sand, more befitting the purpose for which it was to be used, supplied its place.

The father of the lovely, blushing, and withal happy prize (for she well knew who would win), with three other patriarchal villagers, were the judges appointed to decide upon the claims of the several competitors. The last time Carroll tried his skill in this exercise, he 'cleared,' to use the leaper's phraseology, twenty-one feet and one inch. The signal was given, and by lot the young men stepped into the arena.

'Edward Grayson, seventeen feet,' cried one of the judges. The youth had done his utmost. He was a pale, intellectual student. But what had intellect to do in such an arena? Without a look at the maiden he left the ground.

'Dick Boulden, nineteen feet.' Dick, with a laugh, turned away, and replaced his coat.

'Harry Preston, nineteen feet and three inches.' 'Well done, Harry Preston!' shouted the spectators; 'you have tried hard for the acres and homestead.' Harry also laughed, and said he only jumped for the fun of the thing. Henry was a rattle-brained fellow, but never thought of matrimony. He loved to walk, and talk, and laugh, and romp with Annette, but sober marriage never came into his head. He only jumped for the fun of the thing. He would not have said so if he was sure of winning.

'Charley Simms, fifteen feet and a half.' 'Hurrah for Charley! Charley'll win!' cried the crowd, good-humouredly. Charley Simms was the cleverest fellow in the world. His mother had advised him to stay at home, and told him if he ever won a wife, she would fall in love with his good temper rather than his legs. Charley, however, made the trial of the latter's capabilities and lost. Many refused to enter the lists altogether; others made the trial, and only one of the leapers had yet cleared twenty feet.

'Now,' cried the villagers, 'let's see Harry Carroll. He ought to beat this,' and every one appeared, as they called to mind the mutual love of the last competitor and the sweet Annette, as if they heartily wished his success. Harry stepped to his post with a firm tread. His eye glanced with confidence around upon the villagers, and rested, before he bounded forward, upon the face of Annette, as if to catch therefrom that spirit and assurance which the occasion called for. Returning the encouraging glance with which she met his own, with a proud smile upon his lip he bounded forward. 'Twenty-one feet and a half!' shouted the multitude, repeating the announcement of one of the judges; 'twenty-one feet and a half. Harry Carroll for ever! Annette and Harry!' Hands, caps, and handkerchiefs, waved over the heads of the spectators, and the eyes of the delighted Annette sparkled with joy.

When Harry Carroll moved to his station to strive for the prize, a tall, gentlemanly young man, in a military undress frock-coat, who had rode up to the inn, dismounted and joined the spectators.

contest was going on, stepped suddenly forward, and with a knowing eye measured deliberately the space accomplished by the last leaper. He was a stranger in the village. His handsome face and easy address attracted the eyes of the village maidens, and his manly and sinewy frame, in which symmetry and strength were happily united, called forth the admiration of the young men.

'Mayhap, sir stranger, you think you can beat that,' said one of the bystanders, remarking the manner in which the eye of the stranger scanned the arena. 'If you can leap beyond Harry Carroll, you'll beat the best man in the colonies.' The truth of this observation was assented to by a general murmur.

'Is it for amusement you are pursuing this pastime?' inquired the youthful stranger; 'or is there a prize for the winner?'

'Annette, the loveliest and wealthiest of our village maidens, is to be the reward of the victor,' said one of the judges.

'Are the lists open to all?'

'All, young sir,' replied the father of Annette, with interest, his youthful ardour rising as he surveyed the proportions of the straight-limbed young stranger. 'She is the bride of him who outleaps Harry Carroll. If you will try you are free to do so; but let me tell you, Harry Carroll has no rival in Virginia. Here is my daughter, sir, look at her and make your trial.' The officer glanced upon the trembling maiden, about to be offered on the altar of her father's unconquerable monomania, with an admiring look. The poor girl looked at Harry, who stood near with a troubled brow and angry eye, and then cast upon the new competitor an imploring glance.

Placing his coat in the hands of one of the judges, he drew a sash he wore beneath it tighter round his waist, and taking the appointed stand, made, apparently without effort, the bound that was to decide the happiness or misery of Harry and Annette.

'Twenty-two feet and an inch!' shouted the judge. The announcement was repeated with surprise by the spectators, who crowded around the victor, filling the air with congratulations, not unmingled, however, with loud murmurs from those who were more nearly interested in the happiness of the lovers.

The old man approached, and grasping his hand exultingly, called him his son, and said he felt prouder of him than if he were a prince. Physical activity and strength were the old leaper's true patents of nobility.

Resuming his coat the victor sought with his eye the fair prize he had, although nameless and unknown, so fairly won. She leaned upon her father's arm, pale and distressed.

Her lover stood aloof, gloomy and mortified, admiring the superiority of the stranger in an exercise in which he prided himself as unrivalled, while he hated him for his success.

'Annette, my pretty prize,' said the victor, taking her passive hand, 'I have won you fairly.' Annette's cheek became paler than marble, she trembled like an aspen leaf, and clung closer to her father, while the drooping eye sought the form of her lover. His brow grew dark at the stranger's language. 'I have won you, my pretty flower, to make you a bride—tremble not so violently—I mean not myself, however proud I might be,' he added, with gallantry, 'to wear so fair a gem next my heart. Perhaps,' and he cast his eyes inquiringly, while the current of life leaped joyfully to her brow, and a murmur of surprise ran through the crowd—'perhaps there is some favoured youth among the competitors who has a higher claim to this jewel. Young sir,' he continued, turning to the surprised Harry, 'methinks you were victor in the lists before me—I strove not for the maiden, though one could not well strive for a fairer, but from love for the manly sport in which I saw you engaged. You are the victor, and as such, with the permission of this worthy assembly, you receive from my hand the prize you have so well and so honourably won.'

The youth, however, surprised, turned his head with

gratitude, and the next moment Annette was weeping from pure joy upon his shoulders. The welkin rung with the acclamations of the delighted villagers, and amid the temporary excitement produced by this act, the stranger withdrew from the crowd, mounted his horse, and spurred at a brisk trot through the village.

That night Henry and Annette were married, and the health of the mysterious and noble-hearted stranger was drunk in overflowing bumpers of rustic beverage.

In process of time, there were born unto the married pair sons and daughters, and Harry Carroll had become Colonel Henry Carroll of the revolutionary army. One evening, having just returned home after a hard campaign, he was sitting with his family on the gallery of his handsome country-house, when an advance courier rode up and announced the approach of General Washington and suite, informing that he should crave his hospitality for the night. The necessary directions were given in reference to the household preparations, and Colonel Carroll, ordering his horse, rode forward to meet and escort to his house the distinguished guest, whom he had never yet seen, although serving in the same widely extended army.

That evening, at the table, Annette, now become the dignified, matronly, and still handsome Mrs Carroll, could not keep her eyes from the face of her illustrious visitor. Every moment or two she would steal a glance at his commanding features, and half-doubtfully, half-assuredly, shake her head and look again, to be still more puzzled. Her absence of mind and embarrassment at length became evident to her husband, who inquired affectionately if she were ill.

'I suspect, colonel,' said the general, who had been some time, with a quiet, meaning smile, observing the lady's curious and puzzled survey of his features, 'that Mrs Carroll thinks she recognises in me an old acquaintance.' And he smiled with a mysterious air, as he gazed upon both alternately.

The colonel stared, and a faint memory of the past seemed to be revived as he gazed, while the lady rose impulsively from her chair, and bending eagerly forward over the tea-urn, with clasped hands, and an eye of intense, eager inquiry, fixed full upon him, stood for a moment with her lips parted as if she would speak.

'Pardon me, my dear madam—pardon me, colonel—I must put an end to this scene. I have become, by dint of camp-fare and hard usage, too unwieldy to leap again twenty-two feet one inch, even for so fair a bride as one I wot of.'

The recognition, with the surprise, delight, and happiness that followed, are left to the imagination of the reader.

GENERAL WASHINGTON was indeed the handsome young leaper, whose mysterious appearance and disappearance in the native village of the lovers is still traditionary—and whose claim to a substantial body of *bona fide* flesh and blood, was stoutly contested by the village storytellers, until the happy *dénouement* which took place at the hospitable mansion of Colonel Carroll.

PARROT'S ASCENT OF ARARAT.

The publication of a translation of this work, forming the first of a new series of voyages and travels,* will be hailed with especial pleasure by the scientific world; but will also be found to present matter of high interest to the reading public in general.

The author of the work has only recently deceased. He was a Russian, and professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Dorpat. The singular interest attaching to the holy mountain of Ararat—not less from

the veneration with which it has never ceased to be regarded by people of almost all known religions, than from the baffled attempts made at several times by travellers to reach its icy crown—had highly excited the enthusiasm of M. Parrot. For twenty years had he cherished the idea of ascending it, but was unable, from the protracted wars between Russia and Persia, to take the least step towards its accomplishment. At length a treaty of peace was signed in February, 1828; and in April following, the Professor, with three scientific companions, and a military courier appointed by the emperor, departed on their journey. The expedition was a bold and hazardous one. About two thousand miles of a wild and barbarous, in some cases hostile, country had to be traversed—at the end of which the crowning difficulty of the enterprise, the ascent of Ararat, had only come into view.

The travellers' road lay through the country of the Don Cossacks, Circassia, Georgia, and Russian Armenia—regarding which regions, however, we have fewer notices than we might have been led to expect—the professor apparently hurrying over minor matters in order the more speedily to attain the grand object of his ambition. He confirms the common accounts regarding the personal beauty of the Georgians and Circassians, but observes that it is accompanied by serious drawbacks in other respects: 'The Georgian would win the esteem of all the world did he but unite, with the symmetry of his person and the energy of his character, a taste for useful occupation and the laudable improvement of the faculties of his mind; while the women of Georgia would be admitted on all hands to have a just claim to the possession of the highest order of female loveliness, did they not prematurely impair the advantages which nature has so lavishly bestowed upon them by the immoderate use of cosmetics, of apparel prejudicial to their health, and by their reckless licentiousness, instead of directing their thoughts to the regulation of their households, to economy, cleanliness, the education of their children, and the other duties proper to their sex.'

The Georgians had an early knowledge of Christianity—so far back, according to some authorities, as the fourth century; but M. Parrot states that they have never made any advances towards that more spiritual acknowledgment of its truths which is shown by its influence on the collective habits of a people; for ever since their conversion till the present time, the political life of the Georgians, foreign and domestic, has been one uninterrupted succession of devastating wars.

The Armenians, as is well known, have extensive religious establishments in the neighbourhood of Mount Ararat, amongst which is 'the far-famed monastery of Echmiadzin, with its dependent establishment and villages. This is the seat of the patriarch of the holy synod and dignitaries of the Armenian church—the centre from which issue the radiations of its influence, and towards which the fruits of gratitude and veneration are so copiously reflected from every point of the earth in which its members exist, that the riches and splendour of this metropolitan residence might [but for the extortions of the Persian sovereigns] speedily vie with that of the Roman Papacy itself. The wall by which Echmiadzin is surrounded forms merely a square, and is, as far as I remember (for I must confess that my delight at finding myself in the vicinity of Ararat made me neglect much that was interesting in the monastery), about thirty feet high, built of brick, merely dried in the sun, like those used in the fortifications of Erivan, with loopholes and towers at the angles and on each side-wall, with two main and three smaller approaches, and having a circumference of about a mile and a quarter. The buildings for the horses and other cattle are partly against the eastern and partly against the southern wall. At some distance within the wall, from which they are separated by open courts and gardens, stand several lines of houses, of one

* The World surveyed in the Nineteenth Century; or Recent Narratives of Scientific and Exploratory Expeditions (undertaken chiefly by command of Foreign Governments). Translated and (where necessary) abridged by W. D. Cooley. Vol. I. Parrot's Journey to Ararat. London: Longman & Co.

and two storeys; these contain the residences of the patriarch (on the west), the archbishop, archimandrites, deacons, and their servants, the strangers' hall, library, and school-rooms; though, at the time of my visit, there was no school. Besides these, there are enormous granaries within the circuit of the walls, as well as the grand refectory, a low gloomy sort of passage, furnished with tables and benches along each side, both of stone, and calculated for the accommodation of more than 100 persons. Here the whole body of the monks, with the exception of the patriarch and a few very old archbishops, take their frugal meals (as they are said to be) in common. Proper places are also set apart for a bakery, baths, and a market or bazaar, as it is called: here buying and selling, and many different trades, are carried on by persons who live in the adjacent village of Vagarshabad, and only remain in the monastery while they are at work.

The exterior appearance of the villages in this quarter, whether Armenian or Mohammedan, is but little calculated to produce a pleasing impression. The houses, constructed of clay, have roofs completely flat, and covered with clay likewise, with here and there a small square opening instead of windows, looking generally into the court-yard, where the entrance is found: a clay wall surrounds these courts, and winding passages, without regularity or cleanliness, run in all directions between them. Savage dogs, often of formidable size, dispute the passages with every defenceless stranger, who, in the Tartar quarters, especially if he be a Christian, is exposed to serious danger from his fellow-man; as we ourselves had afterwards good reason to know upon many occasions. Villages, such as now described, may well be supposed to display but little of the neatness and picturesque appearance of those of Europe. They are, from one end to the other, from the roof to the ground, so like the earth itself, in condition and colour, that they are not to be recognised at a little distance as human habitations at all; and would, without a doubt, be frequently overlooked, as does sometimes occur, if their sites were not distinguished by the trees growing near them. Even in the spring, when the earth is covered with her natural carpet of verdure, it is difficult to view the mass of dull-green houses and their enclosures as anything but a heap of rubbish. If to all this we add the heat and drought suffered during the summer in this exposed valley, it will not be easy to comprehend why the founders of Echmiadzin, whatever might be the inducements it originally appeared to offer, had not rather selected one of the delicious, healthful, and no less fruitful sites, to be found on the Gokchai, or in the valley of Lori. The reason given by Armenian writers for this preference is, that the Saviour, after his ascension, appeared to St Gregory, the apostle of the Armenians, where the cathedral now stands, and on the spot shown, within an enclosure of masonry cased with marble, and enjoined him to have a temple of the true and uncorrupted faith erected there; the outline of which was marked with a ray of light, by which it was traced as by a wand. Hence is derived the Armenian appellation of the monastery—Echmiadzin—the descent of the Only-begotten: the date of its foundation is referred to the end of the third century.

After a tedious but not particularly dangerous journey of six months, the intrepid travellers at length stood at the base of the holy mountain. The Professor thus describes his sensations when the object of all his anxiety and toil rose uninterruptedly before him:—'I gave myself up to the uncontrolled enjoyment of the scene which now lay before me—the goal I had so long sighed to reach—and again of solemn musings on bygone scenes of active life and eventful ages. Could it indeed be otherwise? Was I not at the foot of Ararat, the hallowed mountain of the ark, where the soil, though parched and thirsty now, retains the most indubitable traces of those waters, which were once commanded to subside from its cloud-capped summit to leave a resting-place for all that survived of the human race? Did I not stand in the valley

refuge, after having paid the penalty of his superiority on the plains of Italy? Was I not now before the walls of Echmiadzin, the ancient episcopal seat and palladium of the Armenians, where Christianity, ever since the first century of its propagation, has maintained a habitation, in despite of the uninterrupted persecution, insult, and degradation of its professors; in despite of the unceasing contests between Parthians, Romans, Persians, and Turks, for the possession of the soil; nay more, even in despite of the moral corruption in which its priesthood was sunk? Here that seed was cherished when it might have been choked up by the weeds of idolatry; and here, though crushed and distorted in its earlier growth, it was preserved for a more genial season, by a sacrifice of blood and treasure which few other Christian nations would have made.'

Ararat is a vast pile of broken volcanic rocks, covered towards the summit with perpetual ice and snow, while immediately below the snow line is a wide tract strewed with angular fragments of lava and trachyte, over which it is painful and dangerous to force a way. Every attempt to advance into its higher regions had hitherto failed, no traveller having reached beyond the lower cone. The universal belief amongst the Armenians was, that Noah's ark remained to that day on the top of the mountain, and that, to ensure its preservation, no human being was allowed to approach it.

The mountain of Ararat rises on the southern borders of a plain, of about thirty-five miles in breadth, and of a length of which seventy miles may be taken in with the eye; being a portion of the plain which is watered by a wide curve formed by the Araxes. It consists, correctly speaking, of two mountains—the Great Ararat, and its immediate neighbour, the Less Ararat; the former on the north-west, the latter on the south-east; their summits distant about seven miles from each other in a right line, and their bases insensibly melting into one another by the interposition of a wide level valley.

The summit of the Great Ararat lies in 39 deg. 42 min. north latitude, and 61 deg. 55 min. east longitude from Ferro; it has an elevation of 17,210 feet perpendicular, or more than three miles and a quarter above the sea, and 14,320 feet, or nearly two miles and three quarters, above the plain of the Araxes. [This gives about 6000 feet above *Ætna*, and upwards of 1500 above *Mont Blanc*.] The north-eastern slope of the mountain may be assumed at fourteen, the north-western at twenty miles in length. On the former, even from a great distance, the deep gloomy chasm is discoverable, which many compare to a crater; but which has always struck me rather as a cleft, just as if the mountain had been rent asunder at the top. From the summit downwards for nearly two-thirds of a mile perpendicular, or nearly three miles in an oblique direction, it is covered with a crown of eternal snow and ice, the lower border of which is irregularly indented, according to the elevations or depressions of the ground; but upon the entire northern half of the mountain, from 14,000 feet above the sea, it shoots up in one rigid crest to the summit, interrupted here and there by a few pointed rocks, and then stretches downward, on the southern half, to a level somewhat less low. This is the silver head of Ararat!

Little Ararat is in 39 deg. 39 min. north latitude, and 62 deg. 2 min. longitude east from Ferro. Its summit rises 13,000 feet, or nearly two miles and a half, measured perpendicularly, above the level of the sea; and above the plain of the Araxes it is 10,140 feet, or nearly two miles. Notwithstanding this height, it is not always buried in snow, but is quite free from it in September and October, and probably sometimes also in August, or even earlier. Its declivities are considerably steeper than those of the Great Ararat; its form is almost perfectly conical, marked with several delicate furrows, which radiate downwards from the summit, and give the picture presented by this mountain a very peculiar and interesting character.'

but the Professor's first essay had well nigh borne out the fabled Armenian prohibition. On the morning of September 24, M. Parrot and his companion M. Schiemann, with two attendants, set out from the hermitage of St James, and by six in the evening reached the lower girdle of snow, where they encamped for the night. Next day, after incredible difficulty and fatigue, from the rugged and slippery nature of the ascent, they passed the border of permanent ice at an altitude of 13,951 feet, and by three in the afternoon found themselves 15,400 feet above the sea, the snowy peak of Ararat being still far above them. By this time their two attendants had turned back; when, hopeless of gaining the summit that evening, and finding it impossible to remain where they were without the necessary supplies, they reluctantly resolved to descend.

'Having made our barometrical observations,' the Professor goes on to say, 'we turned about, and immediately fell into a danger which we never dreamed of in ascending. For, while the footing is generally less sure in descending a mountain than in ascending it, at the same time it is extremely difficult to restrain one's self and to tread with the requisite caution, when looking from above upon such a uniform surface of ice and snow, as spread from beneath our feet to the distance of two-thirds of a mile without interruption, and on which, if we happened to slip and fall, there was nothing to prevent our rapidly shooting downwards, except the angular fragments of rock which bound the region of ice. The danger here lies more in want of habit than in real difficulty. The active spirit of my young friend, now engaged in his first mountain journey, and whose strength and courage were well able to cope with harder trials, was yet unable to withstand this; treading incautiously, he fell; but, as he was about twenty paces behind me, I had time to strike my staff before me in the ice as deep as it would go, to plant my foot firmly on my excellent many-pointed ice-shoe, and, while my right hand grasped the staff, to catch M. Schiemann with my left, as he was sliding by. My position was good, and resisted the impetus of his fall; but the tie of the ice-shoe, although so strong that it appeared to be of a piece with the sole, gave way with the strain; the straps were cut through as with a knife, and, unable to support the double weight on the bare sole, I also fell. M. Schiemann, rolling against two stones, came to a stoppage, with little injury, sooner than myself; the distance over which I was hurried almost unconsciously was little short of a quarter of a mile, and ended in the debris of lava, not far from the border of the glacier. In this disaster, the tube of my barometer was broken to pieces; my chronometer was opened, and sprinkled with my blood; the other things which I had in my pockets were flung out by the centrifugal motion as I rolled down; but I was not myself seriously hurt.'

Undeterred by this disaster, which he carefully concealed from the Armenians, whose prejudices it would have gone far to confirm, M. Parrot made a more formal attempt on the 30th September, on which occasion his party amounted to thirteen, including his former companion M. Schiemann. They carried with them a large cross, painted black, which they proposed to plant on the highest point they might reach. Passing the night at an elevation of 13,000 feet, they resumed their toilsome journey at seven next morning, and two hours after reached the snowy limit, 14,240 feet above the sea. 'For an instant we halted at the foot of the pyramid of snow which, before our eyes, was projected with wondrous grandeur on the clear blue sky: we chose out such matters as could be dispensed with, and left them behind a rock; then serious and in silence, and not without a devout shuddering, we set foot upon that region which certainly since Noah's time no human being had ever trodden.' For some time the progress was easy, but, 'after we had advanced about 200 paces, the steepness increased to such a degree that we were no longer able to tread securely on the snow, but, in order to save ourselves from sliding down on the ice beneath it, we were obliged to

have recourse to that measure, for the employment of which I had taken care to equip myself and my companions, namely, the cutting of steps.' For this purpose some had brought bill-hooks, some little axes, while others made use of the ice-staff. In this laborious progress, passing deep chasms and turning craggy projections of ice, so much time was lost, that the travellers, on reaching a snowy plain 16,000 feet in altitude—the highest ever attained—agreed to erect the cross and to descend. M. Parrot was greatly chagrined, he says, at this second failure; but there was no remedy, and he consoled himself with the hope that he should still accomplish his object. At ten the following morning the party re-entered the walls of the hermitage without accident.

The third and successful attempt was now to be made. Being furnished with three oxen and four peasants, he left the hermitage on the 8th of October, accompanied also by an Armenian deacon named Abovian, two soldiers, a gentleman from Dorpat, and another peasant who volunteered his services. Profiting by his former experience, M. Parrot resolved to halt for the night as near the line of perpetual ice as possible; and accordingly the party lighted their fire at the elevation of 14,000 feet, where they remained comfortably till morning, the thermometer standing so high as 40 deg. of Fahrenheit.

'At the first dawn we roused ourselves up, and at about half-past six proceeded on our march. The last tracts of rocky fragments were crossed in about half an hour, and we once more trod on the limits of perpetual snow nearly in the same place as before, having first lightened ourselves by depositing near some heaps of stones such articles as we could dispense with. But the snowy region had undergone a great, and, for us, by no means favourable change. The newly fallen snow, which had been of some use to us in our former attempt, had since melted, from the increased heat of the weather, and was now changed into glacier ice, so that, notwithstanding the moderate steepness of the acclivity, it would be necessary to cut steps from below. This made our progress a laborious affair, and demanded the full exertion of our strength from the first starting. We were obliged to leave one of the peasants behind at the place where we spent the night, as he complained of illness; two others, tired in ascending the glacier, stopped at first only to rest, but afterwards went back to the same station. The rest of us, without allowing ourselves to be detained an instant by these accidents, pushed on unremittingly to our object, rather excited than discouraged by the difficulties in our way. We soon after came again to the great crack which marks the upper edge of the icy slope just ascended, and about ten o'clock we found ourselves exactly in the place where we had arrived on the former occasion at noon—that is to say, on the great plain of snow, which forms the first step downward from the icy head of Ararat. We saw from a distance of about half a mile the cross erected on the 30th September, but it looked so uncommonly small, perhaps owing to its black colour, that I could not help doubting whether I should be able to make it out, and to recognise it with an ordinary telescope from the plain of the Araxes. In the direction of the summit, we had before us an acclivity shorter but steeper than that just passed over; and between it and the furthest pinnacle there seemed to intervene only a gentle swelling of the ground. After a short rest, we ascended, with the aid of hewn steps, the next slope (the steepest of all), and then another elevation; but now, instead of seeing immediately in front of us the grand object of all our exertions, a whole row of hills had developed itself to our eyes, and completely intercepted the view of the summit. At this our spirits, which had never fluctuated so long as we supposed that we had a view of all the difficulties to be surmounted, sank not a little; and our strength, exhausted by the hard work of cutting steps in the ice, seemed hardly adequate to the attainment of the now invisible goal. Yet, on calculating what was already done and what remained to be done—on considering the proximity of the succeeding row of heights, and casting a glance at my hearty followers—care fled, and

'boldly onwards!' resounded in my bosom. We passed, without stopping, over a couple of hills; there we felt the mountain wind; I pressed forward round a projecting mound of snow, and behold! before my eyes, now intoxicated with joy, lay the extreme cone, the highest pinnacle of Ararat. Still a last effort was required of us to ascend a tract of ice by means of steps, and, that accomplished, about a quarter past three on the 27th September (9th Oct.), 1829, WE STOOD ON THE TOP OF ARARAT.'

The appearance of the summit is thus described:— 'What I first aimed at and enjoyed was rest: I spread out my cloak and sat down on it. I found myself on a gently vaulted, nearly cruciform surface, of about two hundred paces in circuit, which at the margin sloped off precipitously on every side, but particularly towards the south-east and north-east. Formed of eternal ice, without rock or stone to interrupt its continuity, it was the austere silvery head of old Ararat. Towards the east, this summit extended more uniformly than elsewhere, and in this direction it was connected by means of a flattish depression, covered in like manner with perpetual ice, with a second and somewhat lower summit, distant apparently from that on which I stood above half a mile, but in reality only 397 yards, or less than a quarter of a mile. The gentle depression between the two eminences presents a plain of snow moderately inclined towards the south, over which it would be easy to go from the one to the other, and which may be supposed to be the very spot on which Noah's Ark rested, if the summit itself be assumed as the scene of that event, for there is no want of the requisite space, inasmuch as the Ark, according to Genesis, vi. 15, three hundred ells long and fifty wide, would not have occupied a tenth part of the surface of this depression. . . . Should any one now inquire respecting the possibility of the remains of the ark still existing on Ararat, it may be replied that there is nothing in that possibility incompatible with the laws of nature, if it only be assumed that immediately after the Flood the summit of that mountain began to be covered with perpetual ice and snow, an assumption which cannot be reasonably objected to. And when it is considered that on great mountains accumulated coverings of ice and snow exceeding 100 feet in thickness are by no means unusual, it is obvious that on the top of Ararat there may be easily a sufficient depth of ice to cover the ark, which was only thirty ells high.'

The fact of M. Parrot having ascended to the highest peak of Ararat has been questioned—ungenerously, and with little reason, as it appears to us. But the circumstance of whether or not he did actually reach the very highest point of the mountain seems of little consequence; he is acknowledged to have went far beyond any previous traveller, and the value of his facts and observations regarding its composition and appearance still remains.

ETHNOGRAPHY.

SECOND PAPER.

In our last paper we brought our notice of this interesting science to a period when all appeared to be in chaotic confusion. The enormous number of languages that were discovered to be spoken throughout the world almost exceeded belief; the Mosaic account seemed on the eve of being utterly falsified; and philosophers, in the pride of human intellect, abandoning the holy guide of Scripture, were hazarding dangerous speculations and laboriously building up the crudest theories in order to explain the extraordinary phenomena.

But farther investigations began to throw more and more light into the uncertain darkness. Indubitable affinities were soon detected between languages at first sight irreconcilable with each other. They were discovered to form groups, and these groups again were clearly found to have points of contact, and more or less relationship, so as to form families; and these families also, on minute

inquiry, were included in some wider generalization. These were valuable discoveries, and pregnant with important consequences. We shall now proceed to a more particular statement of these affinities.

Two methods of investigation have been adopted, and each has had its zealous supporters. The one, which may be called the lexical, seeks for the affinity of languages in their words, which are considered by the supporters of the lexical method as the stuff or matter of language, and grammar as the mere moulding or fashioning. The other, which may be designated the grammatical, endeavours to detect the relationship of languages by means of their grammatical structure. The vague manner in which these studies had been pursued, the crotchety theories that every new inquirer promulgated, and the visionary, absurd, and far-fetched resemblances which the lexical philologists so often endeavoured to establish, had well nigh discouraged the study; but it has been amply vindicated by recent investigators, among the most eminent of whom may be named Adelung and Vater, F. Schlegel, Bopp, Klaproth, and our own countrymen Murray and Jamieson. The present lexical school does not presume to found conclusions on casual resemblances; they do not deem it sufficient to detect indubitable analogies unless the coincidences are found in words which express ideas of primary and universal necessity; and when to this is added the severer requirements of the grammatical school—that is, when a pretty extensive coincidence is discovered in primitive words and in grammatical structure—the languages in which they are found may safely be considered as related. Yet there may be instances where some external cause may have been exerted upon a language so as to make its words belong to one tongue and its grammar to another; but here the general resemblance, or rather identity of its vocables, including those roots and terms denoting natural and universal ideas, will be sufficient for the purpose of the intelligent and sober-minded philologist. This has been the case with the Anglo-Saxon; the Italian has sprung from the Latin; and, according to Crawford's opinion, the language of the Karvi (a people of the Indian Archipelago) is Sanscrit, deprived of its inflexions, and having in their room the prepositions and auxiliary verbs of the vernacular dialects of Java. And even when such an alteration takes place, 'it is only by the springing up of a new language, Phoenix like, from the ashes of another; there is a veil of secrecy thrown over the change; the language seems to spin a web of mystery round itself, and to enter into the chrysalis state, and we see it no more till it emerges, sometimes more, sometimes less beautiful, but always fully fashioned and no farther mutable. And even then we shall see that the former condition held already within itself the parts and organs ready moulded, which were one day to give shape and life to the succeeding state.' Some authors, and these men of sound judgment too, have entertained the notion that there is a principle of gradual development in languages; but surely this is erroneous. The history of philology has afforded us no example. The earliest and the latest structure of a language is essentially the same. In the lapse of time, some words may become obsolete and others be received; by the progress of civilization, and the plastic genius of poets, orators, and historians, a language may be rendered more polished and copious, and exhibit a greater flexibility in the collocation of its words, and a greater variety of construction; but its essential forms, its 'specific distinctives' undergo no change. In all essential lineaments it comes forth, and remains so. The Sanscrit and Chinese have existed for 4000 years, and in their grammatical structure they are the same now as they were in the remotest times to which they can be traced. The ancient Aegyptian, as written in hieroglyphics on the most ancient monuments, has been proved by Lepsius to be identical with the Coptic of the Liturgy; the Basque, surrounded as it has been for so many ages by hostile idioms, retains its ancient structure; the harp of Chaucer has the same strings and structure as that on which Wordsworth so sweetly plays,

though the tones be different; the oldest Greek is, in all essential qualities, the same as that of the Attic tragedies. Greece brought into rude and invincible Latium the grace and humanity of poetry and art; its iron tongue received more elegance and pliancy, but 'not a declension was added to its grammar, a particle to its lexicon, or a letter to its alphabet.' W. Von Humboldt speaks of this tendency in all languages to preserve their original structure as a truly divine power—the creative genius of nations—especially in its primitive state, when all the ideas and even the faculties of the soul have a more vivid power, and when man has an instinctive foreknowledge of combinations, which he would never have arrived at by the slow and gradual march of experience. Mr Du Ponceau, the eminent American philologist, in consonance with the views of Humboldt, remarks, 'it is more natural to suppose that the Almighty Creator has endowed mankind with a natural logic, which leads them, as it were by instinct, to such methods in the formation of their idioms as are best calculated to facilitate their use. No language has yet been discovered, either among savage or polished nations, which was not governed by rules and principles which nature could alone dictate, and human science could never have imagined.' These are most important considerations, and strongly point out the grammatical school as the safest and least fallible guide. But the union of both leads to almost absolute certainty. By regarding the grammatical structure as an essential element of language, and not as the mere fashioning or form, a rule has been laid down for examining verbal affinities, which combines the good of the lexical and the closer demands of the grammatical school. It is thus enunciated by Dr Wiseman:—

'This rule is, not to take words belonging to one or two languages in different families, and from their resemblance, which may be accidental or communicated, draw inferences referable to the entire families to which they respectively belong, but to compare together words of simple import and primary necessity, which run through the entire families, and, consequently, are aboriginal therein.'

By means of this rule, as a guide, ethnographers have traced affinities which seemed little probable at first. It was soon found that the Teutonic dialects were intimately related to the Persian, that Russian bore a family likeness to Latin, and that the theory of the Greek verb was illustrated by Sanscrit grammar. In fact, that languages, derived from the same parent stock, were spoken by people of the most dissimilar habits, creeds, institutions, and physiognomy. This family of languages is called the Indo-Germanic or Indo-European, and includes the Sanscrit or sacred language of India, Persian, Teutonic with its various dialects, Slavonian, Greek, Latin, and their derivatives, and the Celtic dialects. These languages are spoken over a broad expanse of the terrestrial globe, forming an immense belt from Ceylon to Iceland. From this are to be excepted small tracts where the Finnish is spoken; and the interesting nook in Spain, and Aquitaine in France, occupied by the Basque, a remnant of the old Iberians, whose language, though it contains words of Celtic and Latin origin, has essential differences, and seems to be distinct from other languages. It is probable that the Iberians were a peculiar race, and had arrived in Europe before the Indo-European nations. This was a great step in ethnographical science. An immense number of languages, which are proved to be identical in origin both from their extensive resemblance in primary vocables and grammatical structure, are thus reduced into one great family.

Further researches have disclosed wider and closer coincidences. Malte Brun supposed that the march of the great European family was arrested in the region of the Caucasus, and this supposition he founded on the languages spoken there. But this notion must now be greatly modified, if not altogether abandoned. Adelung also, who, as Dr Pritchard thinks, examined the language very superficially, concluded that the idiom was distinct

from all others, but at the same time observed that its grammatical structure approached more to the European than the Semitic languages. Klaproth, however, by his journey to the Caucasus, has made it clearly appear that the Armenian language is a branch of the Indo-European. He has given us a vocabulary of Armenian words, occupying seventeen quarto columns, in which a considerable proportion are Indo-European. The Affghan language also, which was supposed to be an exception, has shared the same fate. Sir W. Jones adopted the idea that they were the descendants of the Ten Tribes, but this appears to be as historically correct as the descent of the Romans and Britons from the Trojans, or the Irish from the Milesians. The same distinguished philologist, whom we have so often referred to, compared a vocabulary of more than two hundred Affghan words, and irrefragably proved them to belong to the Indo-European race, and that they are to be looked upon as a link in the great chain of nations which extends from the Ganges to the British Islands. The Hungarian has been proved to belong to the Finnish family, which, comprising various nations, extends over the north of Asia. The principal of these nations are the Tschudish and Samoiede; numerous analogies exist between the words in the latter language and in those of others. 'By far the greatest number of coincidences are between the Samoiede and Tschudish dialects, and next to these, between the Samoiede and Caucasian languages;' and Klaproth has shown that these latter clearly belong to the Indo-European. These coincidences are not attributable to accident or recent intercourse, 'they consist of words designating the most simple and universal objects, such as each nation expresses by vocables of its own, without borrowing from its neighbours.' Dr Pritchard states, that in the few specimens that we have of the dialects of the Mordauans and other Tschudish nations, and in those of the Samoiede stock, he had observed traces of coincidence with the Anglo-Saxon, and he is of opinion that a full examination would prove some affinity between them. Are not these phenomena evidences of the common origin of nations long since separated?

Before proceeding to make any remarks on the other great leading families of languages, we will select a few proofs of the affinity of the various tongues that are included in the Indo-European.

1. Verbal affinities between the Russian and Latin:—

| Russian. | English. | Latin. |
|----------|--------------------|-------------|
| Pastir | Shepherd | Pastor |
| Charosch | Dear | Carus |
| Paschet | He feeds | Pascit |
| Ovets | Sheep | Ovis |
| Vidit | He sees | Videt |
| Agnets | A lamb | Agnus |
| Karmana | A purse | Crumena |
| Spinu | A thorn | Spina |
| Beret | He carries (bears) | Fert |
| Igum | Yoke | Jugum |
| Sekeroiu | An axe | Securis |
| Stroit | He builds | Struit, &c. |

The same writer from whom these examples are selected, Mr F. Adelung, has shown similar affinities between the Russian and German. 'He has put together a few sentences in the two languages, containing in the whole fifty words, literally translated from the one language into the other, and striking out all the vowels, and leaving only the consonants as the bones or skeleton of the words, he has shown them to be exactly the same.'

As an example of grammatical analogy between the Latin and Russian, we subjoin the present tense of the verb To Be in both languages:—

| Latin | Singular. | | est |
|---------|-----------|-------|------|
| | sum | es | |
| Russian | esmi | esi | esti |
| Latin | Plural. | | sunt |
| | sumus | estis | |
| Russian | esmy | este | sute |

2. Between Anglo-Saxon and Laplandic.

| Saxon | Laplandic. |
|----------------------------|----------------------------|
| aide, <i>help</i> | aide, <i>a favour</i> |
| helig, <i>holy</i> | ailes, <i>holy</i> |
| aer, <i>brass</i> | air, <i>brass</i> |
| acer, <i>a field</i> | aker, <i>a field</i> |
| aece, <i>an axe</i> | aksjo, <i>an axe</i> |
| arm, <i>wretched</i> | armes, <i>miserable</i> |
| bearn, <i>a son</i> | barne, <i>a son</i> |
| blac, <i>pale</i> | blackok, <i>pale</i> |
| dochter, <i>a daughter</i> | daktar, <i>daughter</i> |
| fedaen, <i>to feed</i> | { fedo, <i>nutriment</i> |
| ham, <i>a house</i> | { fedet, <i>to nourish</i> |
| got, <i>a goat</i> | heima, <i>a house</i> |
| bonda, <i>a husband</i> | gaita, <i>a goat</i> |
| | bond, <i>a husband</i> |

Mr Sharon Turner gives nearly 200 affinities as close as these, and states that there are many more which he omits, that he may not overburden the attention of his reader. 'As the Laplandic,' he observes, 'is a branch of the Hounish stock, which came latest into Europe, its affinities with the Saxon indicate a consanguinity from primeval ancestry, which concurs with the rest to corroborate the ideas before mentioned of the original unity and subsequent dispersion of mankind.'

3. Between the English, German, Latin, &c., and Sanscrit.

| | | |
|--|-----------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Sans. <i>ada</i> , I eat | Lat. <i>edo</i> | Russ. <i>yeda</i> |
| Sans. <i>aghni</i> , fire | Lat. <i>ignis</i> | Russ. <i>agn</i> |
| Sans. <i>da</i> , give | Lat. <i>da</i> | |
| Sans. <i>ghena</i> , a woman | Gr. <i>guna</i> | Russ. <i>zhena</i> |
| Sans. <i>hyma</i> , cold | Lat. <i>hyems</i> , winter | |
| Sans. <i>yuga</i> , yoke | Lat. <i>jugum</i> | Lap. <i>igum</i> |
| Sans. <i>viroh</i> , a man | Lat. <i>vir</i> | Ang.-Sax. <i>wer</i> |
| Sans. <i>matu</i> , mother | Lat. <i>mater</i> | Gr. <i>meter</i> |
| Sans. <i>marcca</i> , frontier | Eng. <i>mark</i> (landmark) | Old Ger. <i>mark</i> (a frontier) |
| Sans. <i>misra</i> , to mix | Lat. <i>misceo</i> | |
| Sans. <i>nicht</i> , nothing | Ger. <i>nichts</i> | |
| Sans. <i>uuerse</i> | Ang.-Sax. <i>uuerse</i> | Eng. <i>worse</i> |
| Sans. <i>megali</i> , great | Gr. <i>megale</i> | Ang.-Sax. <i>maga</i> |
| Sans. <i>sourgo</i> , a height | Lat. <i>surg</i> | |
| Sans. <i>wartana</i> , <i>warth</i> , a guardian, a warden | Ger. <i>warthen</i> | |
| Sans. <i>suli</i> | Eng. <i>soul</i> | |
| Sans. <i>elea</i> , oil | Ang.-Sax. <i>elo</i> | |

These may serve as a specimen of verbal affinities, but the coincidence of grammatical forms between the Greek, Latin, and Sanscrit, and other Indo-European tongues, is perhaps more striking and valuable.

Present tense of the verb To Be.

| | Singular. | | |
|----------|-----------|--------|-------|
| Sanscrit | āsmi | āsī | āstī |
| Greek | emmi | easi | esti |
| Latin | (e)sum | es | est |
| Russian | esmi | esi | esti |
| | Dual. | | |
| Sanscrit | svas | st'has | stas |
| Greek | | eston | eston |
| | Plural. | | |
| Sanscrit | smus | at'ha | senti |
| Greek | esmen | este | enti |
| Latin | sumus | estis | sunt |
| Russian | esmy | este | sutē |

The conjugations of the Sanscrit verbs are very similar to those of the Greek in *mi*, particularly in the Doric dialect. Let us take three different verbs in Sanscrit, Greek, and Latin, in order to show the coincidence of *termination*.

Sanskrit verb To Be, present tense.

| Singular. | Dual. | Plural. |
|------------|------------|-----------|
| 1. bhavami | bhavavas | bhavamus |
| 2. bhavasi | bhavat'has | bhavat'ha |
| 3. bhavati | bhavatas | bhavanti |

Greek verb To Stand, present tense (Doric).

| 1. istemi | | istamen |
|-----------|---------|---------|
| 2. istes | istaton | istate |
| 3. istati | istaton | istanti |

Latin verb To Love, present tense.

| 1. amo | | amamus |
|---------|--|--------|
| 2. amas | | amatis |
| 3. amat | | amant |

A great many other affinities might be exhibited between the Sanscrit and the above and others of the Indo-European family, but enough has been said to prove their intimate relationship and identity of origin. We shall conclude these somewhat tedious but valuable proofs of our foregoing statements by

A TABLE OF NUMERALS.

| Sanscrit. | Persian. | Erse. | Greek. | Latin. | English. | Dutch. | Ice-landish. | Danish. | Russian. | Welsh. |
|-----------|----------|----------|----------|---------|----------|--------|--------------|---------|----------|--------|
| aika | yika | aen | eis, en | unus | one | een | einn | een | odin' | un |
| dwi | du | do, da | duo | duo | two | twee | two | to | { dva | dau |
| dwau } | | | | | | | | | { dvie | dwy |
| tri | seh | tri | treis | tres | three | drie | thrir | tre | tri | tri |
| chatur | chehaur | keathair | peasures | quatuor | four | vier | florir | fire | chetyre | pedwar |
| pancha | penj | kuig | pente | quinque | five | výf | fimm | fem | pyat | pump |
| shash | shesh | eks | seks | sex | six | zes | sex | sex | shest' | chwech |
| saptan | heft | secht | 'epta | septem | seven | seven | sio | syv | sem | saith |
| ashta | hesht | ocht | okto | octo | eight | acht | atta | aatte | osm | wyth |
| navan | nuh | noi | ennea | novem | nine | negen | niu | ni | devyat | naw |
| dashan | deh | deich | deka | decem | ten | tien | tiu | ti | desyat | deg. |

By a slight change* of those consonants which are of the same order, nearly all these words in the different languages are evidently cognate.

* In the transmission of words from one language to another, in different dialects of the same language, and at different periods in its history, a considerable change takes place. Sometimes letters are transposed, some are inserted for the sake of euphony, others are omitted to facilitate rapidity of utterance, and in adopting words from one language into another, the peculiar terminations of the one are taken away and those of the other substituted. One consonant is frequently exchanged for another; and vowels, having a tendency to slide more easily into each other than consonants (which may be considered as the bones and sinews of a word) undergo more various changes. Any vowel or diphthong may be changed for another. Consonants generally interchange with those of the same class, which may be thus arranged:—

p sounds as p, b, ph (f, v)—k sounds as k, g (hard), ch (q, c hard)—t sounds as t, d, th.

With t sounds the following also interchange:—s, z, g (soft), c (soft).

l sometimes passes into a vowel; and the following, viz., b, v, g soft; d, g soft; j; g, y, also interchange. With the assistance of these, which have been carefully collected, many of the apparent differences in words, which are really related, may be harmonized.

THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

DURING my residence in the country, I used frequently to attend at the old village-church, which stood in a country filled with ancient families, and contained within its cold and silent aisles the congregated dust of many noble generations. Its shadowy aisles, its mouldering monuments, its dark oaken panelling—all reverend with the gloom of departed years—seemed to fit it for the haunt of solemn meditation. A Sunday, too, in the country is so holy in its repose—such a pensive quiet reigns over the face of nature—that every restless passion is charmed down, and we feel all the natural religion of the soul gently springing up within us:

'Sweet day, so pure, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky!

I do not pretend to be what is called a devout man; but there are feelings that visit me in a country church, amid the beautiful serenity of nature, which I experience nowhere else; and if not a more religious, I think I am a better man on Sunday than on any other day of the seven.

But in this church I felt myself continually thrown back upon the world, by the frigidity and pomp of the poor worms around me. The only being that seemed thoroughly to feel the humble and prostrate piety of a true Christian was a poor, decrepit old woman, bending under the weight of years and infirmities. She bore the traces of something better than abject poverty. The lingerings of decent pride were visible in her appearance. Her dress, though humble in the extreme, was scrupulously clean. Some trivial respect, too, had been awarded her; for she did not take her seat among the village poor, but sat alone on the steps of the altar. She seemed to have survived all love, all friendship, all society, and to have nothing left her but the hopes of heaven. When I saw her feebly rising and bending her aged form in prayer—habitually conning her prayer-book, which her palsied hand and failing eyes would not permit her to read, but which she evidently knew by heart—I felt persuaded that the faltering voice of that poor woman arose to heaven far before the responses of the clerk, the swell of the organ, or the chanting of the choir.

I am fond of loitering about country churches, and this was so delightfully situated that it frequently attracted me. I stood on a knoll, round which a stream made a beautiful bend, and then wound its way through a long reach of soft meadow scenery. The church was surrounded by yew-trees, which seemed almost coeval with itself. Its tall Gothic spire shot up lightly from among them, with rooks and crows generally wheeling about it. I was seated there one still, sunny morning, watching two labourers who were digging a grave. They had chosen one of the most remote and neglected corners of the churchyard; where, from the number of nameless graves around, it would appear that the indigent and friendless were huddled into the earth. I was told that the new-made grave was for the only son of a poor widow.

While I was meditating on the distinctions of worldly rank, which extend thus down to the very dust, the toll of the bell announced the approach of the funeral. They were the obsequies of poverty, with which pride had nothing to do. A coffin of the plainest materials, without pall or other covering, was borne by some of the villagers. The sexton walked before, with an air of cold indifference. There were no mock mourners in the trappings of affected woe; but there was one real mourner who feebly tottered after the corpse. It was the aged mother of the deceased—the poor old woman whom I had seen seated on the steps of the altar. She was supported by an humble friend, who was endeavouring to comfort her. A few of the neighbouring poor had joined the train, and some children of the village were running hand in hand, now shouting with unthinking mirth, and now pausing to gaze, with childish curiosity, on the grief of the mourner.

As the funeral train approached the grave, the parson

issued from the church-porch, arrayed in the surplice, with prayer-book in hand, and attended by the clerk. The service, however, was a mere act of charity. The deceased had been destitute, and the survivor was penniless. It was shuffled through, therefore, in form, but coldly and unfeelingly. The well-fed priest moved but a few steps from the church-door; his voice could scarcely be heard at the grave; and never did I hear the funeral service that sublime and touching ceremony, turned into such a frigid mummary of words.

I approached the grave. The coffin was placed on the ground. On it were inscribed the name and age of the deceased—'George Somers, aged 26 years.' The poor mother had been assisted to kneel down at the head of it. Her withered hands were clasped, as if in prayer; but I could perceive, by a feeble rocking of the body, and a convulsive motion of the lips, that she was gazing on the last relics of her son with the yearnings of a mother's heart.

The service being ended, preparations were made to deposit the coffin in the earth. There was that bustling stir which breaks so harshly on the feelings of grief and affection: directions given in the cold tones of business; the striking of spades into sand and gravel, which, at the grave of those we love, is of all sounds the most withering. The bustle around seemed to awaken the mother from a wretched reverie. She raised her glazed eyes, and looked about with a faint wildness. As the men approached with cords to lower the coffin into the grave, she rung her hands and broke into an agony of grief. The poor woman who attended her took her by the arm, endeavouring to raise her from the earth, and to whisper something like consolation—'Nay, now—nay, now—don't take it so sorely to heart.' She could only shake her head and wring her hands, as one not to be comforted.

As they lowered the body into the earth, the creaking of the cords seemed to agonize her; but when, on some accidental obstruction, there was a jostling of the coffin, all the tenderness of the mother burst forth—as if any harm could come to him who was far beyond the reach of worldly suffering.

I could see no more: my heart swelled into my throat—my eyes filled with tears—I felt as if I were acting a barbarous part in standing by and gazing idly on this scene of maternal anguish. I wandered to another part of the churchyard, where I remained until the funeral train had dispersed.

When I saw the mother slowly and painfully quitting the grave, leaving behind her the remains of all that was dear to her on earth, and returning to silence and destitution, my heart ached for her. What, thought I, are the distresses of the rich! they have friends to soothe, pleasures to beguile, a world to divert and dissipate their griefs. What are the sorrows of the young? their growing minds soon close above the wound, their elastic spirits soon rise beneath the pressure, their green and ductile affections soon twine round new objects. But the sorrows of the poor, who have no outward appliances to soothe—the sorrows of the aged, with whom life at best is but a wintry day, and who can look for no after-growth of joy—the sorrows of a widow, aged, solitary, destitute, mourning over an only son, the last solace of her years—these are indeed sorrows which make us feel the impotency of consolation.

It was some time before I left the churchyard. On my way homeward I met with the woman who had acted as comforter; she was just returning from accompanying the mother to her lonely habitation, and I drew from her some particulars connected with the affecting scene I had witnessed.

The parents of the deceased had resided in the village from childhood. They had inhabited one of the neatest cottages, and, by various rural occupations and the assistance of a small garden, had supported themselves creditably and comfortably, and led a happy and blameless life. They had one son, who had grown up to be the staff and pride of their age. 'Oh, sir!' said the good woman, 'he

was such a likely lad—so sweetly tempered, so kind to every one around him, so dutiful to his parents! It did one's heart good to see him of a Sunday, dressed out in his best, so tall, so straight, so cheery, supporting his old mother to church; for she was always fonder of leaning on George's arm than on her goodman's: and, poor soul! she might well be proud of him, for a finer lad there was not in the country round."

Unfortunately the son was tempted; during a season of scarcity and agricultural hardship, to enter into the service of one of the small craft that plied on a neighbouring river. He had not been long in this employ, when he was entrapped by a press-gang and carried off to sea. His parents received tidings of his seizure, but beyond that they could learn nothing. It was the loss of their main prop. The father, who was already infirm, grew heartless and melancholy, and sunk into his grave. The widow, left lonely in her age and feebleness, could no longer support herself, and came upon the parish. Still there was a kind feeling toward her throughout the village, and a certain respect, as being one of the oldest inhabitants. As no one applied for the cottage in which she had passed so many happy days, she was permitted to remain in it, where she lived solitary and almost helpless. The few wants of nature were chiefly supplied from the scanty productions of her little garden, which the neighbours would now and then cultivate for her.

It was but a few days before the time at which these circumstances were told me, that she was gathering some vegetables for her repast, when she heard the cottage-door, which faced the garden, suddenly opened. A stranger came out, and seemed to be looking eagerly and wildly around. He was dressed in seaman's clothes, was emaciated and ghastly pale, and bore the air of one broken by sickness and hardships. He saw her and hastened toward her, but his steps were faint and faltering; he sunk on his knees before her, and sobbed like a child. The poor woman gazed upon him with a vacant and wandering eye. "Oh, my dear, dear mother! don't you know your son—your poor boy George?" It was, indeed, the wreck of her once noble lad, who, shattered by wounds, by sickness, and foreign imprisonment, had at length dragged his wasted limbs homeward, to repose among the scenes of his childhood.

I will not attempt to detail the particulars of such a meeting, where joy and sorrow were so completely blended. Still he was alive! he was come home! he might yet live to comfort and cherish her old age! Nature, however, was exhausted in him; and if anything had been wanting to finish the work of fate, the desolation of his native cottage would have been sufficient. He stretched himself on the pallet on which his widowed mother had passed many a sleepless night, and he never rose from it again.

The villagers, when they heard that George Somers had returned, crowded to see him, offering every comfort and assistance that their humble means afforded. He was too weak, however, to talk—he could only look his thanks. His mother was his constant attendant; and he seemed unwilling to be helped by any other hand.

There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood—that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has languished, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency—who that has pined on a weary bed, in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land, but has thought on the mother that 'looked on his childhood,' that smoothed his pillow, and administered to his helplessness? Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son, that transcends all the other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience, she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity; and if adversity overtake him, he will be dearer to her by misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name,

she will still love and cherish him; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

Poor George Somers had known well what it was to be in sickness and have none to soothe, lonely and in prison and none to visit him. He could not endure his mother from his sight; if she moved away, his eye would follow her. She would sit for hours by his bed, watching him as he slept. Sometimes he would start from a feverish dream, and look anxiously up until he saw her venerable form bending over him; when he would take her hand, lay it on his bosom, and fall asleep with the tranquillity of a child. In this way he died.

My first impulse, on hearing this humble tale of affliction, was to visit the cottage of the mourner, and administer pecuniary assistance, and, if possible, comfort. I found, however, on inquiry, that the good feelings of the villagers had prompted them to do everything that the case admitted; and as the poor knew best how to console each other's sorrows, I did not venture to intrude.

The next Sunday I was at the village church; when, to my surprise, I saw the old woman tottering down the aisle to her accustomed seat on the steps of the altar.

She had made an effort to put on something like mourning for her son; and nothing could be more touching than this struggle between pious affection and utter poverty: a black riband or so—a faded black handkerchief, and one or two more such humble attempts to express by outward signs that grief which passes show. When I looked round upon the storied monuments, the stately hatchments, the cold marble pomp with which grandeur mourned magnificently over departed pride, and turned to this poor widow, bowed down by age and sorrow at the altar of her God, and offering up the prayers and praises of a pious though a broken heart, I felt that this living monument of real grief was worth them all.

I related her story to some of the wealthy members of the congregation, and they were moved by it. They exerted themselves to render her situation more comfortable, and to lighten her afflictions. It was, however, but smoothing a few steps to the grave. In the course of a Sunday or two after, she was missed from her usual seat at church; and before I left the neighbourhood, I heard, with a feeling of satisfaction, that she had quietly breathed her last, and gone to rejoin those she loved, in that world where sorrow is never known, and friends are never parted.—*Washington Irving.*

TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

I HAVE often observed the injury inflicted by the restless over-anxiety of parents to excite and amuse very young children, and am convinced, that in many instances it lays the foundation of that nervous susceptibility which forms a prominent feature of the constitution for the remainder of life, and ultimately becomes the source of great suffering of both mind and body. Morally, also, it inflicts an injury, by the real though unintentional cultivation of the selfish feelings of our nature. When a child finds itself unceasingly the object of the exclusive attention of those around it, it comes in time to rely wholly upon them for its comfort and entertainment, and to regard them as present for no other purpose than to gratify its desires and devote themselves to its caprices. Its self-esteem, thus early and assiduously fostered, becomes daily more vigorous and exacting; and, in proportion as the infant feels its power, it shows the tendency to abuse it, and becomes a tyrant in its own petty sphere. The parent who, in the mean time, lavishes all her affection upon its gratification, in the hope of a rich return of love and regard, is wounded and disappointed in reaping only coldness and indifference. And yet, keeping in mind the principle that every faculty is strengthened by exercise on its own objects, what other result could reasonably be hoped for? The conduct pursued towards the child, of yielding every thing to its wishes, is the direct stimulant to its self-esteem and love of power, much more than to its affections; and consequently the selfishness of pam-

pered pride, and not the beaming of affection, is eminently the characteristic of spoiled children. When, again, in our whole intercourse with children, we occupy ourselves exclusively with their feelings and doings, and dress and appearance, and make little or no effort to draw their attention outwards upon other beings or objects beyond themselves, what can we expect but that they should become the constant subjects of their own thoughts? We educate them to selfishness, and we are disappointed at the success of our own efforts! By nature, however, a child is by no means so exacting and selfish. It feels its dependence from an early hour, and, rightly treated, it will repay kindness with kindness and gratitude combined. But where the good feelings of an infant are not called into play by genuine maternal benignity, and its will is yielded to simply as the means of obviating discontent, the amiable emotions necessarily languish from want of exercise. Here, then, we have the selfish feelings *actively* strengthened, and the higher feelings *indirectly* weakened; and what can be the result of such treatment but general deterioration of the infant's dispositions, and that perversity of character of which we hear the parents who produce it so pathetically complain? Contrasting such management with that of an infant treated from the first with the same kind intentions, but directed by greater intelligence and higher moral principle, how different do we find the result! Let the parent exercise a salutary control over the manifestations of the purely selfish desires, and steadily oppose what she feels to be wrong, while, at the same time, every means of legitimate gratification are kindly, cheerfully, and ungrudgingly bestowed, and the infant will display in return, not only an affection, but a *confidence* in its parent's kindness, which is never shown in the other case, and which affords a striking indication of the accuracy with which even an infant can discriminate the natural language of human feeling.—*Dr Combe.*

EGYPTIAN AMUSEMENTS.

The people generally of Egypt, whether of the Egyptian or Arab race, are good-natured and light-hearted, and, like all idle and ill-educated people, passionately fond of low buffoonery. Day after day, and all day long, groups are seen on the Esbekieh, clustering, with intense interest, round some coarse posture-master or bad conjurer. The party which appeared to me to be the most attractive, stationed always under the glow of the same west wall, and always surrounded by a throng of unwearied admirers, consisted of a white-bearded old man, with the green turban of a Hadji, who sat on the ground dancing two puppets on a string, to the sound of three little drums of an hour-glass shape, thumped with straps by another man and two veiled women sitting opposite to him. Before these three were conjuring cups and vases, which they occasionally turned up, and out of which would crawl a serpent, or hop forth a tame bird—one should say, when least expected, if one judged by the buzz of surprise with which the apparition was always received. But the same event happened so often, and in just the same manner, that there was, in truth, no moment at which the spectators had not a fair right to expect it. To this party of performers belonged a clown, or jester, whose running commentary on the feats of the others was above measure popular. But his principal jest was this: every now and then he would pick a quarrel with the puppets, and aim a blow at them with a strap, or courbash, apparently with intent to kill, but always contriving to make the instrument miss his intended victim and come round, with a loud crack, on his own shoulders. This was always received, happen as often as it would, with shrieks of delight by the bystanders—children, women, and men, of all ages and all conditions. There was one very venerable and well dressed old gentleman, in a flowing caftan of yellow silk, and ample turban, with a large chaplet of beads round his neck, and a long amberlipped chibouk, which he silently and gravely smoked, never disturbing it, save as often as this event of the clown's self-castigation occurred. This, however, was too much for his gravity, which, from his appearance

at all other moments, I doubt whether anything else ever did or could affect. This never failed. I do not remember ever passing this group without seeing this same old gentleman always contemplating this performance, and his pipe always a-light. He was probably some merchant or agent who daily set forth with intent to cross the Esbekieh on business, but never could succeed in passing this spot. And every night, and throughout the night, these places are occupied by another class of buffoons, croners of wretched tuneless ballads and tellers of endless stories, by torch-light, who vary their entertainments about as little, and excite the same unvarying interest in their audience.—*Lord Nugent's Lands Classical and Sacred.*

SONG OF DREAMS.

BY MISS M. A. BROWN

In the rosy glow of the evening's cloud,
In the twilight's gloom,
In the sultry noon, when the flowers are bowed,
And the streams are dumb,
In the morning's beam, when the faint stars die
On the bright ning flood of the azure sky,
We come—
Weavers of shadowy hopes and fears,
Darkeners of smiles, brighteners of tears,
We come!
We come where the babe on its mother's breast
Lies in slumber deep;
We sit by the maiden's couch of rest,
And o'er her sleep;
We float, like the honey-laden bees,
On the soft, warm breath of the languid breeze,
And sweep
Hues more beautiful than we bring
From her lip and cheek, for each wand'ring wing
To keep.

• • • • •
We sit by the miser's treasure-chest,
And near his bed,
And we watch his anxious heart's unrest,
And in mockery tread
With a seeming heavy step about,
And laugh when we hear his frighten'd about
Of dread,
Lest the gnomes who once o'er his gold did reign,
To his hoards, to claim it back again,
Have sped.
But a sunnier scene and a brighter sky
To-day are ours:
We have seen a youthful poet lie
By the fountain's showers,
With his upturn'd eyes, and his dreamy look,
Reading the April sky's sweet book,
Writ by the hours;
Thinking those glorious thoughts that grow
Untutor'd up in life's fresh glow
Like flowers.
We will catch the richest, brightest hue
Of the rainbow's rim;
The purest cloud that mid the blue
Of heav'n doth swim;
The clearest star-beam that shall be
In a dew-drop shined when the twilight sea
Grows dim;
And a spirit of love about them breathe,
And twine them all in a magic wreath
For him!

A WIFE.

When a man of sense comes to marry, it is a companion whom he wants, not merely a creature who can paint, and play, and dress, and dance. It is a being who can comfort and counsel him; one who can reason, and reflect, and feel, and judge, and act, and discourse, and discriminate; one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his cares, soothe his sorrows, purify his joys, strengthen his principles, and educate his children.

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NOVELS AND NOVEL-READING.

to species of literary composition is at all so extensively altivated and patronized in our time as that comprehended under the general names of Romance and Novel. With few exceptions, the whole reading public are more or less familiar with it—almost every one is, or has been, to some extent a novel-reader—while, with a large class, we are sorry to say, it forms the only kind of reading in which they can be persuaded to indulge. Of the evil effects which such a habit of mental dissipation produces, there can be but one opinion. But we by no means hold with those who pass a sweeping censure upon the whole race of novels as a flimsy and frivolous species of literature, and as a worthless if not dangerous kind of reading. In all such cases, wholesale judgment, whether it be in the shape of censure or of praise, is too indiscriminate to be implicitly trusted or assented to without considerable qualification. In fact, the love of fictitious narrative in its various forms of allegory, fable, parable, tale, and epic, has manifested itself at all periods of human progress, showing that it must emanate from some powerful principle of our nature, which finds its appropriate exercise among striking or uncommon incidents. Mention is somewhere made of a philosopher, who, after listening to a fine musical performance, pronounced it only a more tolerable kind of noise. This sagacious person must certainly have been gifted with the musical faculty in a very small degree; and we are disposed to attribute to a somewhat similar defect of feeling for the romantic, the objections brought against light literature by those who characterize it as something very stupid and absurd. We confess we have far more sympathy with the other objection, which pronounces novel-reading a waste of time, which ought to be devoted to other and more important objects. But even those who take this view, while they seem to demand a severity of application to the useful or the edifying beyond what human nature can well sustain, overlook the fact, that the best and wisest have not scrupled to employ this mode of reaching the heart and understanding of mankind, and that even the novels of our own day are not all necessarily either unconstructive or incapable of affording valuable moral lessons. For these reasons we are not disposed to class novel-reading even among what the world call 'lighter sins,' when kept within due limits, and confined to works of real merit; while we think no one need blush to confess that he has occasionally resorted to their pages, as a relaxation from severer toils.

The term *romance* is derived from the circumstance of the early compositions of this kind having been written in the vulgar tongues of the different European countries,

which were derived from the Roman, at a time when Latin was still the language of the learned. *Novel*, again, is derived from the Italian word *novella*, a tale, news; but the distinction between the two species of composition is by no means well marked, and in English the same word *tale*, must be used to designate the Italian *novella*, the French *nouvelle*, and the Italian *conto*. Their varieties are, in fact, innumerable, from that form in which a series of historical occurrences is held together by a very slender thread of fiction, to the most monstrous vagaries of a distorted imagination. Nor is it difficult to comprehend why they should form so prominent a portion of all literature, any more than it is to discover the cause which makes the love of romance a principle, more or less strong, in the intellectual constitution of all men. Its foundation is to be sought in that thirst for excitement and love of the marvellous, which we see everywhere at work among us, and which, however its extreme manifestations may occasionally excite ridicule, has an important influence in the economy of life. Now it is when this feeling is occupied with the changes wrought on individual fortunes by events outstripping men's hopes and calculations—when our pity or our love, our hatred or our fear, are strongly excited—that the romantic element comes into play. Without this union with human sympathies the most novel and unexpected event that ever happened would be in no respect romantic. Nothing comparatively can be more dull than history itself, when made the vehicle of recording merely a bare series of events; but when a profound interest is awakened on behalf of the personages who have acted in former scenes, the historical muse borrows something of the voice of her more inspired sisters, and not only stores the memory but speaks powerfully to the heart.

For this very reason there are many who find in individual biography a charm which they in vain seek in historical productions. Indeed, it is by no means to be supposed that nothing but fictitious narrative can appropriately minister to our appetite for romance. The records of human life comprise many a scene of thrilling interest which would gain nothing from the additions of the novelist. 'Truth is strange—stranger than fiction.' The noblest deeds which fancy ascribes to her heroes have been performed by real personages, and the fairest forms which people her domain have been transferred to it from the common world. Accordingly, the most ingenious and successful works of fiction are those which adhere most closely to the probabilities of daily life; and thus it is that, from the improved taste of modern times, the novel, properly so called, has nearly superseded the older forms of the romance, which dealt to a large extent in improbable

events, and made unhesitating use of supernatural machinery. In this country that vast mass of intolerable rubbish which so long disgraced the shelves of the circulating libraries, and demoralized the minds of a great portion of their readers, is fast melting away. In its now healthier form romantic narrative has become the vehicle for conveying a large portion of that most interesting kind of historical information, which hitherto historians have hardly stooped to chronicle, relating to the manners, habits, and opinions of former generations, or of distinct and widely separated classes in our own day. For this salutary change we are indebted, beyond all question, to the great master-spirit of the age, the Author of Waverley. Both in Germany and France a new school of history has sprung up, avowedly suggested by his historical novels, and dealing more with the concerns of mankind at large, and less with the deeds of their rulers, than was formerly the fashion. But we must recall the class of productions which his works drove into merited obscurity, to feel the amount of obligation which this gifted poet and historian has conferred on society. Such compositions as Tom Jones, Roderick Random, and Ferdinand Count Fathom, however ingenious as works of art—and the first is acknowledged by all critics to rank as a masterpiece—were discreditable to the morals of the age which produced them; and their authors must be regarded as having degraded their great talents by pandering to a depraved taste, which they should have laboured to amend. Among the improved class of writers in our own country which the example of Scott may be supposed to have brought into the field, we may notice G. P. R. James, Horace Smith, Cooper, Gleig, Bulwer, and last, but in many respects greater than all, Dickens; while on the Continent a whole host of writers follow in the same track; among whom Eugene Sue, with all his bad taste and his exaggerated pictures of misery and vice, occupies a conspicuous place.

Not only the class of works to which we have been alluding, which paint cotemporary society and manners, accompanied by those numerous details which constitute the back-ground and accessory objects in such familiar *tableaux*, imparting to them the charm of truth and everyday reality, but even the rudest kinds of the novel, were altogether unknown to the ancients. We are not ashamed to own that we would gladly give some of those learned classics which have been preserved to us for as many Greek and Roman romances. However defective they might be in literary merit and in interest of story, they would be invaluable as *casts* of Greek and Roman manners from the life, and would clearly reveal to us what must now remain a secret—notwithstanding all that has been done by diligent and painstaking antiquaries to illustrate that interesting branch of archaeology—the interior of ancient society, domestic habits, and the language and tone of conversation. For what such writers as the authors of the travels of Anacharsis and those of Antinor have done—not forgetting that charming series of *tableaux* which Bottiger has given us in his *Sabina*—we feel grateful; but at the same time we know that these are not authentic likenesses, but imaginary portraits—probabilities ingeniously constructed out of piecemeal hints and fragments collected wherever they could be picked up; consequently such productions can be looked upon only as elaborate literary mosaics, admirable mostly for the artistical taste they display. How far they can be accepted as an equivalent for what we desiderate may easily be conceived by fancying similar pictures of ourselves—of the manners and social costume of the present nineteenth century, delineated some two thousand years hence, from such incidental notices as are to be met with only in our poets, historians, critics, and other grave writers. How awkwardly stiff, how tame and lifeless they would be! and even if not chargeable with any very great errors of commission, they would certainly abound with those of omission. The likeness would be no better than one showing only a person's general form and limbs without his features. It would be as if an artist, who had never seen a living horse, should attempt to represent a

battle steed, plunging and snorting, with no other model than the carcass of the dead animal before him.

In our own times, let the mortality among such works be ever so great—and it is clear enough that a great mass of them will have but an ephemeral existence—a sufficient number of novels will remain to serve as documents to the future historian of the manners and physiognomy of society in nearly all its relations. Thus considered, even the productions of Fielding and Smollett, notwithstanding their coarseness, have already acquired an historic value, as making us more intimately acquainted than we otherwise could be with the state of society in their times, not in its formal attire of ceremony, put on only on particular occasions, but in its ordinary everyday dress. We ourselves possess no similar delineations of our forefathers of other centuries—minute and matter-of-factly describing ordinary people, ordinary events, and ordinary things, without other heightening than is requisite to preserve them from flatness and insipidity—we have no such homely yet charmingly touched details of quiet domestic English life as we meet with in the writings of a Mitford and an Austen, where description almost ceases to be description, because it reflects images of nature, as in a camera obscura, in all their freshness and all their truth. In lieu of novelists, we must have recourse to dramatic writers for information relative to the manners and habits which prevailed in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; yet, as may readily be conceived, what can be collected from them is exceedingly scanty and fragmentary. There are a thousand details which go to make up the portraiture of social life in any one class of the community, only a very few of which can be touched upon, and that merely incidentally, by the dramatist, whose object it is not to describe manners, taking the term in the sense of the social costume of his own times, but manners in the sense of morals and conduct, and to exhibit character, and the workings of it, as influenced by the passions. Even when the dialogue is reduced to the level of familiar language, it is still very differently moulded from that of ordinary intercourse. Though its tone may be perfectly conversational, it must of necessity be greatly compressed, and innumerable little touches must be omitted because there is no space for them. Should any one question this, he may satisfy himself as to its truth by comparing some of the happiest dialogue scenes in modern novels—what would there be called dramatic ones—with those in comedies. Without producing examples, the difference cannot be easily explained or defined, but it is certainly perceptible enough; and it may also help to account for the curious fact, that scarcely any one has ever succeeded in both departments, whatever may have been his talents as novelist or as dramatist singly. The cotemporaries of Shakespeare and our older dramatists certainly did not *converse* just as those writers made their characters express themselves in their scenes; nor in making this remark do we at all impute to them as a fault the more studied artificialness of their dialogue, which is purged from the negligence and careless discursiveness prevailing in that of real life. And if we do not meet with the perfectly free unrestrained form and tone of colloquial intercourse in our own comic writers, still less shall we find it in those of the ancients. Plautus and Terence will help us to but a very faint, perhaps erroneous idea of the style of Roman conversation; for which we might almost as well have recourse to the philosophical ones of Cicero. *Appropos* to this, we may farther remark, that although identical in name, the *novella* of the Italians differs altogether from the modern novel in regard to the extensive use made by the latter of familiar conversational scenes. The Italian compositions are merely tales or narratives, with scarcely anything amounting to dialogue in them at all. And even as affording pictures of manners and society they are very unsatisfactory and imperfect, being chiefly anecdotal, confined to insulated facts—and those either of a grossly licentious or a cruel and tragic nature. They do not so much portray society as its revolting scandals and crimes. Their moral interest, there-

fore, is no better, or rather some degrees worse than those of our own police reports and Old Bailey trials. Nor can we possibly accept them as records showing the general complexion of their times without feeling revolted at such a corrupt and truly horrible state of society. Nevertheless, however reluctant we may be to admit such a conclusion, we can hardly help drawing it, and believing that public morality and decency scarcely existed at all when the abominably ribald tales of Bandello did not prevent that voluminous *novelliero* from being appointed to a bishopric and wearing the mitre!

Having touched upon the sort of morality in which the more celebrated of the Italian *novellieri* deal, we will allow ourselves to make a few brief observations as to the tendency of novels and novel-reading generally. We have already demurred to the opinion that this branch of literature is uniformly and necessarily pernicious. Undoubtedly there are still in circulation many works of the kind that tend to corrupt the mind and subvert the principles, and which are calculated to excite a sympathy with vice, and a secret approbation of it, even though they may not always lead to the practice. Let the talent displayed in them be ever so great, far be it from us to stand up as the apologists of such productions, more especially as the ability shown in them is likely to render them all the more dangerous, and to serve as a passport for them among those who would else avoid them as open contamination. Still we must not therefore wish, like Nero, that the whole race had but a single neck, in order that we might exterminate it at a blow, and make sure of destroying the guilty by giving no quarter to anything bearing the name of novel.

Of the large class of idle persons who will read nothing else but novels, it may be said that the habit is at least a cheap and comparatively harmless mode of passing their time, better than absolute yawning idleness, or busy-body gossiping about their neighbours' affairs, or coarser kinds of excitement. Still, granting it to be harmless in one sense, and that these works themselves contain nothing objectionable on the score of morality, it by no means follows that such reading does not do harm to those who so indulge in it. Besides the distaste it almost necessarily creates for works of solid information and instruction, it more or less tends to give exceedingly erroneous and fallacious views of real life. Nor are we to be charged with inconsistency and self-contradiction in saying so, after having allowed that novels afford a more complete insight into the manners and the constitution of society than any other species of composition. Not only as regards the delineation of manners and character may there be great truth and spirit, but the incidents also may be highly natural, whether considered singly or in connexion with each other; all the circumstances and events may be highly probable, assuredly quite possible, and yet the whole be most improbable and chimerical if taken as likely to happen to any one else in the course of ordinary events. A novelist may deal with everyday people, he may draw his characters from any class of men, but he cannot afford to deal in that plodding everyday routine of occurrences which make up life with the great mass—whether they be great folks or little ones—who go on from their cradle to their grave without a single adventure worth speaking of. To a greater or less extent, therefore, a fictitious narrative, let it be ever so probable in itself, must be based upon some exception to the usual course of things, or else it will be in inevitable danger of being pronounced 'humdrum.' Such being the case with all novels, their readers are apt in time to mistake the exception for the rule, and to imagine that they themselves are exceptions to it, in never having met with a single one of those lucky chances which generally turn up so delightfully and unexpectedly to those who have the privilege of being 'heroes' and 'heroines.' No matter into what perils or difficulties such persons fall, they are always sure to emerge from them. Like cats, they invariably light upon their feet, while other mortals would be dashed to pieces. 'He who is born to be banged,'

says the proverb, 'will never be drowned'; and in like manner, they who are to be made happy at the end of three volumes will pass securely through both fire and water, and at last obtain 'poetical justice.'

Unfortunately, however, poetical justice is one of the rarest of all rare things in the world 'as it is,' though almost always a mere matter of course in the world 'as it ought to be' of novelists. On this account alone, then, novels are somewhat imperfect mirrors of real life, departing, so far, from the *prose* version of it. Perhaps, therefore, it would be as well were the writers more frequently to doff their *couleur de rose* spectacles, and give a more prosaic turn to the 'wind-up of affairs.' Or if they must continue to deal in poetical justice, they might at least curb it a little, and not suffer it to be quite so profuse. A moderate shower of gold may be allowable, but a perfect torrent, a cataract, a deluge of it, is rather too much, especially when bestowed on two lovers who could be content to live in a cottage, and who, we are bound to believe, have certainly nothing sordid in their nature. So far, therefore, the moral almost invariably inculcated, though, for 'manners' sake, not expressed in words, is that noble feelings and fine sentiments are, after all, little better than 'claptrap,' and that virtuous conduct is to be valued not for itself but for the 'solid advantages' it may secure in the shape of pounds, shillings, and pence.

That the purport of these few observations may be fully understood, we may be permitted again to warn our young readers especially, against contracting the pernicious and enervating habit of mere novel-reading, to the exclusion of more serious studies. Youth is the season of labour, of effort, of progress; when the untired energy of the intellect can master difficulties which, in more advanced life, become nearly insurmountable. But if the valuable time and mental strength which it affords have been squandered in the indulgence of a profitless habit, it will form but a poor compensation to reflect that it has been amused by the most perfect productions of romantic fiction. Let the novel be kept in its proper place as a relaxation, not as an impediment to useful studies and imperative obligations, and we have no quarrel either with its authors or its readers.

INFLUENCE OF EXTERNAL AGENTS ON THE WELFARE OF THE PEOPLE.

HABITATIONS.

A few years only have elapsed since the truth came fully before the public mind, that the great masses of the people cannot with impunity be left to wallow unheeded and without assistance amid filth and wretchedness. Society has learned the lesson, that from this source springs a large proportion of the diseases which work such havoc in our large towns. The conviction has of late been greatly deepened that whatever deteriorates and degrades the bulk of the population, soon produces mischief to all classes of the community, and that the true amelioration of society consists in imparting comfort, intelligence, and religious instruction to all.

To this we are mainly indebted for the agitation about baths, and public walks, and better dwellings for the working people. It is indeed most desirable that philanthropists would look at the subject in all its bearings, and direct their efforts to the removal, not of one, but of all the obstacles which prevent the elevation of the labouring classes. The possession of higher political privileges, or even a higher rate of wages, would not raise them much in the scale of society unless certain other causes of degradation were likewise removed. Those tradesmen who are most liberally remunerated for their work are not unfrequently very low, both as respects their physical and moral condition; simply, because their tastes and habits are not improved, and because they continue to live amidst filth and pollution. It is therefore highly gratifying to every friend of his species to perceive the increasing interest which

revails respecting the renovation of society by the removal of many physical causes of moral degradation.

The Improvement of the Habitations of the Poor and Working Man is destined to do much for his own elevation, and calculated to produce a beneficial effect on society at large. But to accomplish this improvement in all its branches, the working man must lend a helping hand himself. Without this all philanthropic efforts will be lost. He must co-operate with the national and local authorities; while they remove local impurities, he must assiduously promote personal and domestic cleanliness. In these three things chiefly depends the improvement of the dwellings of the poor. Without these, a full share of the light of heaven, and an abundant circulation of air, will be of no avail.

Cleanliness, then, in all its branches, is the first step towards the improvement of habitations. We shall in the present paper advert chiefly to the value of local cleanliness, on which domestic and personal purity mainly depends for its promotion. Our information is derived chiefly from the Report of the Commissioners on the Health of Towns, which discovers to us a sad want of attention on the part of the public authorities to the cleanliness of hickly peopled districts—which may be ascribed partly to their not being invested with sufficient powers, and partly to the lack of co-operation on the part of the people.

A thorough investigation of the subject shows beyond doubt that the filth of the courts and alleys of our larger towns is the fertile source of degradation and disease. The testimony of all the medical men who were examined by the government commissioners, assures us that to the obnoxiousness which are allowed to accumulate, both within and around the dwellings of the poor, we are chiefly indebted for the prevalence of fever and other epidemics, and that thousands of deaths are occasioned by no other proximate cause than the noisome exhalations which arise from want of local cleanliness.

We are bound to admit that the proper means of cleanliness are in many places not yet within the reach of the working man. The drainage of the locality in which his residence is situated, for example, may be imperfect or entirely wanting; or, if drains exist, there may not be a sufficient supply of water to cleanse them. Still, we are persuaded that ignorance and indolence combined are leading causes of much of the pollution by which we are surrounded, and that legislative enactment and authority are requisite both to provide the means and to stir up the people to use them. If the mothers of our mechanics' families were persuaded that the impurities allowed to accumulate about their habitations shortened their own existence and destroy that of their offspring; if it could be shown by statistics (as it easily can) that the leaths are almost doubled in some quarters of our larger towns by the absence of proper drainage, and the effluvia of putrefying matter, surely they would either use greater efforts to preserve local cleanliness, or else flee to some other quarter and seek relief from the pestilence in a sweet and wholesome atmosphere. If landlords were fully ware how much loss they sustain by the disease thus generated among their poorer tenants, depriving them of the means of paying their rents, they too would take more effectual precautions against uncleanness around their properties. And if the government of the country were live to the degrading and enervating influence of local impurity on our peasants and artizans, on whom depends the maintenance of our commerce and the defence of our country, instant and effectual means would be used to remove this crying evil.

We might present our readers with many distressing illustrations of our remarks from the government report. Let the following suffice. Mr Swayne, a medical practitioner, in his evidence respecting the sanitary condition of Bristol, says—'I have observed that epidemics and contagious fevers, together with common cholera, prevail most in those parts of the city where drainage is bad.' Again, when ordered to give some marked instance of his, he says—'I had a very remarkable instance last

summer in an institution which I attend—the Female Orphan Asylum—near the large ditch or brook in Ashley Vale. During the dry weather, the ditch, which receives all the sewerage of the neighbourhood, became very offensive, in consequence of there being no water flowing through it; a fever then broke out very suddenly, ten individuals having sickened all at once. We had in all twenty-four cases among sixty persons. The fever continued without abatement notwithstanding every precaution, until, by the copious fall of rains in the autumn, this brook was filled with a stream of water, when the fever immediately ceased.'

Dr Budd, another practitioner in the same city, quotes the following case of enervation and disease arising from the vicinity of noxious exhalations. He examines the mother of the family thus:—'How long have you resided here? Nearly two years. Have you enjoyed good health since then? No; all our troubles have come on us here. I used to be strong and lusty, able for work; but now I am weak and sickly. I have had many children, and never suffered from my confinements till I came to this place; but since then I have had two dead-born children. But what distresses me more is, that my children, who were healthy before, are becoming very puny; and my husband not able for the work he used to do. God has dealt hardly with us for two years. I think, somehow, that we are worse when the smells are worse, and we are about to move to see if we can get better.' This poor woman lived in an underground kitchen, near some accumulations of impurity, which, the witness assures us, debilitated herself, destroyed her children, and impaired the health of her husband. It is needless to multiply cases of this kind. A reference to the report will furnish the reader with an endless variety in all the large towns visited by the commission. It will deepen our conviction of the fatal influence of local uncleanness if we advert to the startling facts laid before us, by her Majesty's Commission, respecting its effects on infantine life. Mr Chadwick, in his sanitary report, tells us that while one-fifth of the children of the middle and higher classes die before five years of age, nearly one-half of those belonging to persons who live in the impure and densely crowded parts of our cities die before the same age. It also appears, from a table showing the rate of sickness in children attending schools in Manchester, that while those who live in the streets show only 11 per cent., the children of parents residing in the more polluted parts of the city show 40 per cent. of sickness! This fact is so strong and startling, that the commissioners rest mainly on it the following recommendation:—'That after a limited period the use of cellars, as dwellings, be prohibited, unless the rooms are of certain dimensions, are provided with a fireplace, and window of sufficient size and made to open, and have an open space in front; and that the foundations be properly drained.' These cellars, or underground kitchens, are common in all large towns, especially in England; they are full of pollution, ill aired, and often standing with pools of water, and thus become the fertile sources of contagion.

We might here safely close our case against local uncleanness, and call for a verdict of condemnation, but our eye has lighted on another conclusive proof of its deleterious influence which we cannot withhold. Dr Kay of Clifton furnishes us with the following remarkable illustration. Clifton is divided into upper and lower, each containing about 7000 of a population. The former is built on the brow of a hill, the latter at its base; the one is well aired and well cleansed in consequence of its elevation and the natural slope on which it is built, the other is the reverse; and the result of this is, that, although the population is nearly the same in both, the rate of mortality, even excluding the deaths in the poorhouse, is more than double in the lower division of the town. This has been the uniform result during a period of six years' careful observation. This intelligent practitioner admits that much may be traced to the interior comforts of the one class above the other, but he ascribes the great differ-

ence of mortality chiefly to defective drainage, imperfect ventilation, and want of cleanliness, and concludes his statement thus—'If prevention be better than cure—precautionary means wiser than remedial arrangements—the contraction of existing and immediate mischief more judicious than its subsequent and tardy correction—then it is the duty, as we doubt not it will be the wisdom, of the legislature, to enact laws that shall meet the crying exigency of the present evils, and rectify, so far as may be, the abuses of the past.'

The magnitude of the evil is too great, and its effects too clamant, to admit of longer concealment or delay. Parliamentary interference is called for. Specific and positive enactment alone will avail in the case. Let us urge on this good work, and seek out remedial measures. It is high time for us to evince, by every means in our power, the deep sense we entertain of the necessity of local, domestic, personal cleanliness to the health and happiness of the people.

On the two last branches of cleanliness we do not offer at present any extended remarks. Let the first be secured, and the others will in a great measure follow as a matter of course. It is not easy to maintain domestic and personal cleanliness when all around is polluted. But give our artisans and mechanics a clean sweet neighbourhood, and many of them will be induced to extend the reformation to their dwellings and their own persons; such practices as that prevalent among some colliers, of marking time by the day on which they *annually* wash their feet, will become obsolete; the bath will be in daily requisition; and the practice, rendered imperative on Mahometans by the law of their prophet, of frequent ablu-tion of the whole body, will be voluntarily and cheerfully adopted by thousands.

Our inquiry then is, how is this great object to be accomplished? What means are to be employed? We are persuaded that legislative enactment is requisite to give uniform effect to any scheme of amelioration; that ample powers must be vested in the local administrative bodies; and that such measures as the following should be adopted to regulate our structural arrangements for the future, and to remedy as far as possible the evils of the present.

More elevated and better aired sites must be selected for the dwellings of the labouring classes. A high situation is better than a low, and a dry than a moist one. The higher the sleeping apartment the better, especially if the soil in the neighbourhood be damp or moist. The poor woodcutter on the Mississippi has his house raised on posts as high as he can, to protect him during night from the exhalations of the river; and the inhabitant of the marshy delta of the Orinoco lives in the loftiest palm trees, kindling his fire in a mat filled with clay, to preserve him from the miasma of a marshy soil.

The paving of public streets, and courts, and alleys, providing them with surface drains, and, wherever it is possible, giving them such an inclination as shall assist in carrying off the waste water, is another important step in this process of reformation. And if we add to this a comprehensive and complete system of underground drainage, and an abundant supply of water, we shall have the most efficient means of sweeping away from our larger towns the causes of a great proportion of the diseases that afflict the community. The cost will be great, in the first instance, to institute these improvements and amend them where they are imperfect; but the money thus expended, besides procuring greater comfort, will soon be more than saved to the community in doctors' bills, and proprietors would more than recover their outlay in a few years by better paid rents. We have ample evidence to prove that rents are always best paid in healthy towns.

The following extract from the report already referred to is the result of extensive investigation:—'The value of the landlord's property is permanently improved by the drainage, and the risk in losses by rent reduced, by the increased ability of the poor to pay in consequence of their improved health.' Mr Little, the owner of numerous small tenements in London, when asked what are the

chief causes of the loss of rent? says, 'Loss of work first, then sickness and death, then frauds.' He afterwards says, 'Three out of five of the losses of rent that I now have are losses from the sickness of the tenants, who are working men. I have decidedly found that rent is best paid in healthy houses.'

After all these things have been duly attended to in specific localities, a regular system of *cleansing* must still be maintained. It will not do to trust to mere structural arrangements and leave them to wash themselves. The commission also strongly recommends the removal of all shambles and pig-styes from the centre of towns and villages, in addition to the regular cleansing of streets, courts, and alleys. It may be important to state, as a means of calling public attention to this subject, that public scavenging is by no means such a costly thing to a large town as is generally supposed; nay, it is sometimes a source of revenue, as the following facts will show. In Edinburgh, the expense of the cleansing department is about £12,000, and the receipts from sale of manure about £10,000 a-year, thus securing the great blessing of comparative local cleanliness to a great city at the trifling cost of £2000 a-year. In Aberdeen, the work is done at a profit of £600 a-year to the city; and other towns in Scotland show similar results.

Let society bestir itself in earnest in this work of amelioration. Let human beings no longer live amid pollution and nastiness. Let the virtue of cleanliness be cultivated, and then all nobler sentiments will be more easily engrafted on the minds of the people, and they will more eagerly seek for education, secular, moral, and religious. How can society be elevated while a large portion of the population are buried in filth? They are all but inaccessible to the schoolmaster and the teacher of divine truth. The minister and the missionary are almost driven from their dwellings; or if they enter, it is at the risk of catching contagion and carrying it to their own houses; or perhaps at the risk of life itself. Why are so many of our best tradesmen degraded to the end of their days? It will not do for the people to tell us that poverty is the sole or even the chief cause of the want of cleanliness. Facts are stubborn things, and they tell us the reverse—that the man who is earning twelve shillings a-week is often to be found more cleanly himself, and living in a cleaner and more comfortable dwelling than one who has twice that amount. Many who have good fare, strange though it may seem, are yet found living in the midst of dirt and pollution. They resemble the Yorkshireman spoken of by the poor-law commissioners—'A painter, whose bed was without blankets, his room without furniture, and its floor more filthy than the public street; and yet this man had at dinner a roast leg of pork stuffed with onions, a Yorkshire pudding, a jug of ale, and cheese, and salad!' Sensible to the comforts of eating, he was yet utterly indifferent to any higher sentiment. Why are so many of the working part of the population so rude in manners and appearance? Not because they are possessed of worse natural endowments, but because they live amidst disorder and pollution which debases the whole system, physical, intellectual, and moral. Oh, for another Howard, to enter with all his heart on this new walk of philanthropy! Our very jails and penitentiaries are now palaces compared with the dwellings of the people.

Cleanliness is the initiative of nobler sentiments and a higher condition. It bespeaks a rising man. It tells of something like a sordid worm casting off its covering of earth, and rising into the air a brighter and lovelier creation. Show us a man who has a strong taste for cleanliness, local and domestic, and in most cases it will be found that that man is rising in his rank of life. It is from this class, and not from our filthy hovels, that we derive our Watts and our Arkwrights, and all those men who have raised themselves from being humble mechanics to be masters in manufactures and in science.

The *Internal Economy of Habitations* must occupy a separate paper.

THE EXPLORERS OF BRAZIL.

In the town of Seville, in the fifteenth century, was born Andrea Sabbato, of poor and humble parents, whose living depended on their labour. Andrea, who was a sickly infant in his earlier years, was reared with as much care as could be expected when the family were the prey of poverty, and was at first exempted, on account of his weakness, from the unceasing and toilsome occupation to which persons in his station were usually subjected. Whoever suffered, and whoever endured, Andrea's complaints were attended to, and his wants first supplied.

All this was very well while a child, but as he grew up, and his health became confirmed, he found his habitual idleness not merely a degrading but an inconvenient burden. With more philosophy than many who were blessed with greater learning than he possessed, he set to work to remove this deficiency, much against the will of his parents, who still saw in him only their helpless child, and could not let their thoughts advance with the rapid flight of time.

Andrea, however, found employment with a vinegrower, an occupation in which the greater part of his family were engaged; but he met innumerable difficulties in his path: long confirmed habits of idleness, a desire of novelty, and a great deal of awkwardness and want of skill, rendered his tasks anything but light. He changed from one master to another with little success, till he became at last so provoked, that he would lay aside his occupation for days together in despair, and wander through the town seeking a life more congenial to his disposition.

If, however, he barely earned bread, he ingratiated himself by these oddities so much with one of the overseers of the vineyards, that through his means he obtained what he desired far more—a small share of learning; while, in return for this favour, Andrea bestowed his labour, for a trifling sum in the year, upon the plantations of his friend, who perhaps took advantage of the eagerness and guileless simplicity of the peasant.

Thus time rolled on, Andrea being supported by his parents rather than adding to their scanty store. At length, when he was about five-and-twenty, his mother suddenly died, and his father became so infirm that it was evident his trials in this world were nearly over. In this evil case Andrea, so incapable of helping himself, was of but little assistance to any one; but he had a firm faith that God would not let them starve, and this faith was his great comforter. Happening to be in Cadiz one day, he looked with a curious eye upon a large galleon, which, in company with two others, was preparing for a voyage to that world which had not been discovered many years before the birth of Andrea—the new western hemisphere. He surveyed with astonishment the rich stores ready to be put on board, the troops who were to assist the adventurers, and the air of awe and reverence which evidently possessed the crowd who looked on.

'I have heard many wonders of that land,' murmured Andrea to himself, 'yet, strange to say, never till this moment did I take any interest in them; but now I feel differently.'

Stepping up to one of the lookers on, he said, 'It must be some great prize that leads men to peril their lives and substance to go to a land which we know is thousands of leagues off; can you, friend, give me some idea of what that great advantage is?'

'I wonder at your age you ask,' returned the old man whom he addressed; 'if I had not a foot in the grave, instead of shivering idly on the shore, I would join so noble an expedition. There, where they are going, you have but to dig in the earth to find gold; the silver is scattered round the banks of the rivers they say; and there are, besides, jewels and spices, and I know not what. A man may live there almost as in paradise. It is hard to hear of it. I wish it had been discovered before I was grey-headed.'

'You talk of all these advantages, neighbour,' said another, 'but you forget there are some drawbacks: a month

or two ago only, there were two or three as good ships lost as were ever built in Spain, and no tidings heard of them. Then there were some of the train of the great people who ventured there murdered by the natives. For my part, I would not go if the stores of gold were three as large.'

Thus they disputed; but Andrea said no more, though he gazed with a longing eye upon the adventurers, and new desires rose for employment more agreeable to his taste. When he returned to Seville, he could not refrain speaking of these things to his father, who, bowed down by infirmities, was little capable of understanding anything but the danger of such a scheme, and he was terrified at it.

'What! shall we leave our flourishing Spain,' said he, 'for an uncertain tenure in an unknown land? Oh, Andrea this is the worst of all follies! Unless you would shorten my days, promise me faithfully, swear to me by what is most revered, that while I live you will never seek after the riches of America. Why cannot you labour here, as we and our forefathers have done century after century? We lived peacefully and happily, and why should not you do the same?'

Andrea sought in vain to remove his prejudices, but finding his efforts fruitless, he promised never while his father lived to leave him. It was evident that that life would be of short duration; but he never forgot the flattering picture of the new country, and night and day ruminated on the possibility of reaching it when his father was dead.

Andrea had a sister named Aula de Maria, to whom he not unfrequently imparted his hopes and desires, and she eagerly shared in them. Indeed, it was not wonderful that they should be infected by this mania, as it is well known that in Spain and Portugal, high and low, rich and poor, were under its influence.

Andrea sighed regretfully as ship after ship departed laden with adventurers; but he held his promise sacred. It was not till three more years had rolled over his head that his father died, and then his ardour, though somewhat cooled, was still steadfastly fixed on the same object, though perhaps few embarked for America with such simple views as the vinegrower's son, he having no desire for wealth, being impelled rather by a love of novelty than anything else.

The little property they had (for Aula de Maria resolved to accompany her brother) they turned into money, and obtained a passage among the retainers of the nobility who were eager after the new world. There was not a bosom but was inflamed with the wildest hopes, not an eye but was dazzled already by the distant sparkle of gold from the desired land. Andrea's hopes and those of Aula de Maria were as excited as any, though few possessed of so little means, or so humble in birth, would have ventured solely upon their own footing into the new world.

They found the companions of their voyage to be of different classes. Of the nobles, the greater portion were relatives of those who had ventured thither already, and whose reports led them to desire to share their speake. Others having obtained permission from the king to drive out the natives, and grants of lands belonging to the savages, had gathered large numbers of retainers and vassals together, in order to make their exterminating war secure. There were those who had ruined themselves in their native country, and hoped to rebuild their fortune in a new one. There were restless, greedy, enterprising spirits always disturbing the peace of their neighbours; there were priests, there were soldiers; in short, they were a motley tribe.

They set sail from Cadiz in company with two other galleons, but they were not bound to the same coast. The vessel in which Andrea had embarked was for that portion of the new world which had been discovered by Americus Vesputius, while the others were for the Caribbean Islands and the northern mainland: for in the eyes of some Mexico was already too old, and its riches were drained; they preferred the jewels of Brazil, and longed

to reach the rich monarchy of the sun, the seat of the Incas.

It was a long wearisome voyage; want of wind, storms, unskilful navigators, greatly delayed them; but amongst the avaricious and impatient crowd Andrea found one to notice and help him; this was Vallados, a rich merchant of Valencia, who, though past the prime of life, had, with his son, followed the popular torrent. He had with him many servants, and hearing that Andrea and his sister were embarking penniless, as was not far from the truth, he offered to take him into his train. Andrea willingly accepted the offer, and bound himself for a year to serve him, but for no longer, as he desired not to join in any cruelties, and certain words which dropped from the lips of the adventurers, gave him to understand that they already looked upon the natives as their lawful prey, and certainly as their slaves to be divided amongst them.

They now thought they must be near the term of their voyage, and expected to see land; but a calm which set in, and lasted several days, so retarded their progress, that their provisions were nearly exhausted, and they hailed with delight the little miserable town where the Europeans had made their first settlement in this part of the new world.

Andrea and Aula de Maria were among the first who went ashore. 'Thank Heaven, brother,' said Aula de Maria, 'we are at length arrived; this is the place where we shall be both rich and happy.'

'I do not doubt it,' said Andrea; 'but let us not be joined either with the nobility or the merchants. They are bent upon doing wrong; I cannot join them. We are poor, but we need not be slaves. If it is so easy to be rich, I will be rich lawfully. I would sooner work for a savage than for some of those we have come with.'

'As you please, Andrea,' returned Aula de Maria; 'but assuredly we shall have some difficulty in succeeding simply by our own poor endeavours. I know that some of the great people who came with us in the ship think themselves already lords over this land, and of us but as their labourers; if they indeed seize the country, it will be hard to be found on their enemies' side.'

'I will keep my promise,' said Andrea, looking with a sigh round the rich and beautiful country, so new and interesting to a European. 'I am bound to one of them for a year. Ah, who can tell what a year may do!'

Meanwhile, the *Senor de Bastones*, who was governor of this part of the explored country for the king of Spain, received the great personages of the expedition in his house. 'How do matters stand between you and the native tribes?' they eagerly inquired.

'Oh, not on so good a footing as we would desire,' replied the governor. 'They are an obstinate race, as tenacious now of their riches as if they were Jews. Can you believe it, that by these naked savages we have been cooped up in the miserable walls of this town for two months, and if you had not arrived, should have been driven to the alternative of either drowning ourselves or dying of starvation. To prevent a repetition of this, we must take severe measures against them.'

'Well,' said Vallados, the patron of Andrea, 'we shall not be inactive. I suppose these barbarians think we Christians have no right to their lands, but we will endeavour to reduce them to reason.'

The company agreed upon the necessity of this measure, but they were divided upon the manner in which they should put it in execution, and they discussed it stormily for some time. At length two or three of the great persons volunteered to set forth with a sufficient number of followers, and try, by trifling presents, and offers of peace, to lull the suspicions of the Indians, and if possible to get some of the chiefs to venture into the town.

'I would not willingly injure them,' said the governor, with some semblance of humanity; 'but you know, my lords, I must think first of our gracious sovereign's subjects, and obey his orders. Let us get some of the heads of the tribes here, and common self-defence will forbid us to release them till we can peacefully settle ourselves.'

This measure was highly applauded, and the son of Vallados having offered to join the expedition, Andrea, in company with his other retainers, was obliged to follow.

The adventurers set forth to the number of about fifty persons, taking with them two interpreters, and sundry trifles to attract the simple Indians; they were also well armed. They journeyed along the course of the river Orinoco, amidst interminable forests and trackless wastes, infested by swarms of mosquitoes, and suffocating from their thick foliage; in fact it was all but insupportable, if anything be insupportable to avarice. To eyes unaccustomed to these scenes, the trace of man was not to be found in this verdant wilderness, yet those who guided them bade the band be upon the alert, as tribes of the natives were about, and might spring up as if from the very ground.

Yet there was beauty in these solemn forests—such beauty as is only to be found in nature's wildest scenes. Huge groups of palms, cocoas, and bananas rose above each other, and clustered round the smaller shrubs; their dark vistas seemed to be well fitted to be the haunt of the tiger and lion, though they saw none of these savage roamers; and the only object that relieved the monotony of the forest was the broad and silver river, which shone brightly in the sun, and whose course they followed.

Thus they went on; Andrea now attracted by the glittering splendours which the sun caused when his rays shot through the tangled wild, now almost fainting beneath the tropical heat, and joining in the prayers of his companions that they might not only meet with adventures, but be successful in their treaty with the Indians.

When the sun set, they arranged with care their encampment for the night, appointing a sufficient number to watch while the others were buried in sleep. In the middle of the night an alarm was given, and suddenly awakening, they learned from the sentinels (for nothing as yet could they see) that the natives were around them. The Spaniards seized their arms, and endeavoured by the aid of a number of torches to find their foes, and their undaunted courage soon placed them in order. They discovered, circling them on all sides, about 500 or 600 natives, their dark tawny visages hardly discernible in the gloom of the forest; but they became more sensible of their presence when dozens of poisoned arrows fell among them, wounding severely one or two of the band. The Spaniards would have returned this salutation with their fire-arms; but the Marquis of Merida, a man of sense and experience, who led the expedition, restrained all violence, and stepping forward with the two interpreters, by signs and gestures intimated that they would speak with the natives. Then followed a long pause, during which the Indians seemed violently disputing among themselves; at length they too advanced, and menacingly asked why the strangers came into their woods, and were not contented with the shore which they had abandoned to them; declaring they would not be their slaves or trust them.

The interpreters, in reply, in the most winning manner, assured them that nothing was farther from their thoughts; that if they were trespassing in their woods, it was only to seek them that they might live in peace, and to efface all suspicion which the conduct of some of the Europeans might have raised. Further to tempt them, they produced some of the trifles they had brought with them, which the Indian chiefs for the present rejected; they also mentioned that the late affray between the parties was chiefly on the side of the natives.

The Indians set up a loud shout, and bade the invaders follow to one of their villages; and to this the Spaniards were compelled to submit. The troop having permitted them to take their arms and provisions, seized the torches, and flinging them into the river, placed themselves so as to have two to each Spaniard, and the rest followed a little behind.

The most profound darkness enveloped every object, but the Indians led the way with unerring precision, forcing their path unhesitatingly through trees and under-

wood in a manner that very much astonished the Europeans. Morning, however, now began to dawn, and Andrea turned a curious eye upon the children of the woods who walked by his side. One of them particularly attracted his attention; he was a young man of about his own age, with a clear olive complexion, and features which, though expressive in the highest degree, had less ferocity than any of his tribe, and though, when he spoke, there was a sort of wildness in his manner, yet his open countenance was pleasing from its animation and the good faith which it expressed. They marched half the day together, and by dint of smiles and gestures became very good friends, even though neither understood what the other said.

It was about noon when they came upon a village situated in the heart of the forest, and so secreted that it seemed impossible to find it without a complete knowledge of these wilds. All the inhabitants rushed out to greet their friends and gaze at the Spaniards, but soon dispersed when they found they were to make room for them in their wigwams, and the chiefs and interpreters vehemently disputed with each other respecting the treaty. They had been, however, greatly pacified by the readiness with which the Spaniards had followed them; they did not scruple to receive some presents; and all seemed to proceed in the most perfect harmony, though the nobles were determined to have revenge for the tedious delay and the capitulation which they were forced to enter into, while the eyes of their followers were fixed upon rudely cut diamonds and massive gold ornaments which some of the Indians wore. When evening came on, Andrea and two of his countrymen were led by the young Indian who had marched with him to his hut, in which he lived with his father and mother; here they found leaves and moss prepared for their beds, and they lay down with the Indians beside them.

Andrea did not seek to sleep, as he expected to be called to stand by his master in some affray; and he suddenly saw one of the Spaniards (who little thought he was awake) leave his bed, and advance poniard in hand towards the old Indian, who wore, twisted two or three times round his neck, diamonds of great price. Andrea, starting up, exclaimed, 'Beware! what would'st thou do?'

The man started, and, though not alarmed, was so surprised that he stopped midway; while the noise awaking the old Indian, he saw the Spaniard advancing towards him with his drawn weapon, and concluding he came to murder him, he set up a yell which aroused the Indians who were near, and they began to pour into the hut. The danger of the Spaniards was at this moment imminent, particularly of Andrea and his two companions; a blow from a tomahawk laid him who would have been a thief senseless on the ground, and had not the other two used their fire-arms they would have shared his fate, as there were about thirty Indians in the hut now, and the mingled shouts, cries, and blows which arose on all sides showed the alarm was extending itself.

The old man flung himself upon Andrea, intending to revenge himself upon him, though he had in reality saved his life; and Andrea, now acting in self-defence, hesitated not to ward off the blow by a mortal thrust of his poniard in the savage's throat, and as he fell succeeded in rushing out of the hut, where he saw the terrible work that was going on. The Indians were flocking upon the Europeans, whom, of course, they greatly outnumbered; but this perhaps was of little consequence, for had the Spaniards been together they would have easily fought their way out of this undisciplined horde. Unhappily they were scattered in small parties among the natives, and several were cut off in the first assault. Andrea flew to assist his master, who was in the thickest of the affray; the Indians poured their arrows on them, which they returned with their fire-arms, while the Marquis of Morida dexterously managed to draw the greater part of his troop out of the village. Aided by the guides and an Indian whom they had taken, and whom they forced

to help them, they reached at last the European settlement, diminished in number, some dying for want of nourishment, some from the intense heat of the sun, and worn out by wandering in the forest. The people of the town were not a little terrified at this affair, but of course vowed vengeance on the Indians for all their misfortune.

Amongst the number who were either grieving for those who were slain, or enraged at the indignity of the defeat from the savages, as they termed them, none were so overwhelmed with grief and horror as *Aula de Maria*, when she found that Andrea had not returned from this ill-fated expedition. He came not! She interrogated the survivors. The greater part knew nothing whatever respecting him; but two said that the last they saw of him was when the son of the Valencian merchant fell exhausted in the wood. Andrea would not abandon his master to certain death in the horrors of these wilds, but stayed to share his fate, and the others were forced to leave them.

This tale admitted one faint hope that he might still live, and *Aula de Maria* would not believe that he had fallen a victim to his humanity; he who was all to her—he who made this quarter of the globe alone desirable to her—without whom she was indeed a stranger in a strange land! Oh how she clung to the hope that he was still alive!

This hope gave her courage. She resolved to seek for her brother, however great or terrible might be the perils that lay in the way. She communicated her design to *Vallados*, who would himself have hazarded his life for his son, had it not been that he was suffering severely from the climate; but he liberally supplied her with money, which enabled her to bribe a guide and an interpreter to accompany her in this apparently hopeless enterprise. Her anxiety told her that every minute which she delayed might be fatal to Andrea, and therefore she insisted on setting out that very night.

She had many privations and sufferings to endure. The guide could not possibly guess in what direction the fugitives might have strayed, and though they wandered about all night, yet when morning came they but found themselves entangled in the woods without a trace to guide them to their desired object. The morning sun flamed brightly over the palms, and darted his fierce beams unrelentingly upon the little company; but they felt not their weariness when they came suddenly on the scattered bones and vestiges of a human body on which some wild beast had evidently been making its meal.

At this sight the guide and interpreter thought themselves already in the den of the lion, and after a few moments of painful suspense they stated their intention of returning, convinced of the hopelessness of their search, and anxious to escape these manifold dangers. Finding their hapless companion determined to persevere, they began to retrace their steps without her. *Aula de Maria* in vain called to them, in vain entreated them to stay; they would not hear her, but fled with all speed, leaving her alone in these hideous wilds, where savage beasts prowled, and men more savage still, and where death reigned in a thousand fearful forms. Overcome by fatigue and fear *Aula de Maria* sank beneath the shade, and for the greater part of the day remained motionless and hardly conscious of her situation. When, however, the cool breeze of evening began to stir the tops of the trees, she revived, and urged by despair sought again for her brother, though she expected only to find him dead!

At length, hid as it were beneath a spreading palm, she suddenly found Andrea: her momentary joy cannot easily be described; but it was only *momentary*, for she saw that he was almost dying, his strength had failed, and though he had escaped the wild beast's fangs, yet fever had seized on him, he was drooping for want, and evidently did not recognise his sister. Near him lay the unfortunate son of the merchant of Valencia, for whose sake Andrea had so generously hazarded his own life.

Aula de Maria brought from the neighbouring river some water, with which she strove to succour Andrea, and in some degree succeeded; for though he could not

speak he revived considerably. But without some more efficient assistance she knew this was only prolonging misery; and *Aula de Maria*, hoping that even some Indians might be about, called aloud, but in vain; nothing was heard save the hum of insects, the ripple of the river, and the notes of the birds. At length, when evening was fast darkening into night, she caught a glimpse of a light at some distance. Impelled by hope and fear, she hastened towards it, and found that it proceeded from two or three rude huts, the inhabitants of which were seated (in spite of the heat) round a large fire they had kindled in front.

Though they could not understand one word of her appeal, her frantic gestures and tears induced them to follow her to where poor *Andrea* lay, whom they lifted up and carried carefully to their huts, and attended him and aided him with a kindness which could not have been greater had it been one of their own tribe instead of their enemy. Their medicines were few and simple; but *Andrea* soon got rid of his fever, recovered his consciousness, and endeavoured to the best of his power to thank his deliverers, as *Aula de Maria* had indeed striven to do a thousand times before, for nothing could exceed the humanity with which the simple natives had treated them both.

The hut to which they had been led was shared by an old woman, her son, and daughter; and *Andrea* was struck by the likeness which the young man bore to the Indian who had walked as his guard by his side on the ill-fated night when they left the European settlement. They lived in the most perfect harmony for ten or twelve days, during which time the Spaniards caught many words of the Brazilian tongue, and were pleased and astonished with the habits and manners of the people of the woods. One morning a number of other Indians joined the friends of *Andrea* and his sister, and the news they brought seemed to produce a terrible effect upon the peaceful village—the huts resounding with cries, and moans, and shrieks; and the Spaniards at length made out that they were lamenting the death of those who had fallen in the late affray, which had nearly cost *Andrea* his life. Into the hut which had received them came the son of the old Indian whom *Andrea* had slain in self-defence, and who was a relation of the woman to whom the hut belonged.

He did not know *Andrea* was the man to whom he owed the loss of his father, but producing the weapon with which he had been killed he showed it to his brethren, and while they looked on saying a great deal to each other in their uncouth language, *Andrea* suddenly exclaimed, 'Why, this is mine!' and would have taken the dagger.

All the Americans fell back in astonishment, and there was an ominous pause for a moment or two, till the deceased Indian's son said—'Art thou the owner of that weapon?'

'Yes, good brother,' replied *Andrea*, for he did not understand the importance of the question, and if he had, he had no fear to induce him to hide the truth.

'Then dost thou know that it was found in the throat of our father? Was it thy doing?'

'In truth,' replied *Andrea*, 'it is possible that unhappily he fell by my hand, but if he did it was in self-defence I slew him, and nothing else can ye prove against me.'

At this answer it was probable that *Andrea* would have been soon sacrificed to the vengeance of the Indians, if their host had not restrained them by saying—'He is our guest, we must not now be stained with his blood; he shall fall some other day, but to slay him at this moment would not be pleasing to the spirit of our forefather. We will, however, send them away from us.'

This the rest agreed to; and laying hold of *Andrea* and *Aula de Maria*, they brought them out before their huts, and all being gathered round, the son of the old Brazilian began a long harangue to *Andrea*, in which he told him that from henceforth he must consider all that tribe of the Indians his peculiar and irreconcilable enemies. That they would enable them to rejoin their countrymen,

and give them provisions, but that he had better look well to himself, as the sons of him whom he had slain would be ready and foremost in every skirmish to avenge their father. 'And we set thee free,' concluded he, 'though thou hast injured us, and art wholly in our power; thy chiefs, with all their boasted superiority, would not thus dismiss us had we fallen into their hands. Return to them, and say they had better beware of the Indians, as we have to return upon their heads the recompense of their evil deeds.'

All the tribe loudly applauded this speech; then, bestowing sundry stores of fruit upon *Andrea* and *Aula de Maria*, and giving them a lad of their tribe to guide them out of the forest, they bade them depart.

Aula de Maria strove to soften the sudden hatred they had conceived against her brother by the present of the few ornaments attached to her dress, which the Indians had seemed to admire, and endeavoured to make them understand it was unconsciously and unwillingly they had lost their father through him.

'No,' they said, 'we will trust the white people no more. You are good, but your countrymen are treacherous murderers, and we will be avenged on them though we would not hurt you.'

So they parted: the youth who was their guide led them faithfully out of the forest, and when upon the border of the European settlement bounded back again, making a thousand grimaces at *Andrea* by way of defiance.

All the Spaniards were astonished and very glad to see them, not doubting they had fallen victims to the various dangers that lurked in the woods; and the governor, hearing of their arrival, sent for them, and asked many questions respecting the Indians, and where they were encamped, and whether they were assembled in large bodies. *Andrea* told him all, not excepting the message the Indians had sent, at which the governor smiled contemptuously.

'I do not fear them,' he said; 'and I think I might return their warning and bid them beware of themselves, were it not we are so distant from our own country. As for you, *Andrea*, I congratulate you on your escape; and since the merchant of Valencia has died grieving for his son, you had better enter my service, as you are brave, and possessed of prudence and humanity (qualities very necessary at this juncture), and I will keep you about myself.'

Andrea joyfully (if at such a moment joy could be felt) accepted the offer, and tried to persuade *Aula de Maria* it was the best thing he could do; but she was not to be consoled.

'I know this land will prove thy destruction,' she answered; 'it cannot be otherwise, since thou art marked by the natives for their vengeance. Would it had pleased Heaven we had stayed in Spain!' And *Aula de Maria* became more wretched every day, and lived in a state of anxiety and terror to which death itself would have been preferable.

The affairs of the little town did not advance very prosperously, owing to the continual inroads of the natives. The Europeans had made another settlement about thirty leagues higher up the river, cultivating all the land that lay between; and the Indians whom they could obtain by force or fraud they compelled as slaves to do all sorts of laborious work.

This injustice met with its reward. In some instances the natives disturbed their plans, cut off any who ventured singly or in parties of two or three to leave the walls, and repaid their wrongs upon them by instant death; and sometimes they shot their arrows into the town itself.

At length the *Senor de Bastanes*, having received some troops and reinforcements from the mother country, set forth with about a thousand men and some pieces of artillery, which, though rather cumbersome, was thought most effectual for destroying the Indians. Behind, in two or three days, another detachment equally large was to follow, in case the first should prove insufficient. *Aula de*

Maria resolved at all hazards to follow Andrea, whatever obstacles might be in the way: and her determination was natural, seeing that all the riches of the new world would have been totally worthless in her eyes unless Andrea had shared them. Nay, infected by a strange sort of superstition, she believed them both fated soon to die here, and that she was but preparing for their inevitable doom; but she did not tell her brother of her design. The troops set forth, all greatly incensed against the Indians, and an order was issued that for the first few days no quarter should be given to those who fell into their hands. The swift Brazilians fled precipitately before this formidable body, who advanced steadily and compactly towards a village where about five thousand Indians had made a stand, and were sure to fall a certain prey to the invaders, though rendered fiercer by despair than the wild beasts of their woods. A very few hours sufficed to overcome them, and the victors made unrelenting havoc, while those who escaped spread such alarm among their countrymen, that for days and days they marched in solitude, without finding the faintest track of an Indian.

At length they arrived at what appeared the end of the huge forest, and came upon an open expanse leading to some extensive ranges of mountains. Here the *Senor de Bastanes* consulted whether they should go forward; and most of the noble Spaniards, who were brave and adventurous, gave their advice that they should advance and effectually exterminate the natives; but one of them, named *Don Anrisco*, urged that they should return.

'Since we have cleared this forest,' said he, 'let us content ourselves with preventing the Indians from again harbouring in it, and not advance whither we know not. You know, my lords, how much the climate fights against us, and that a good many of our number have died from its effects. I would not be rash, but it is hardly worth while to hunt this Brazilian game further at the expense of our own brave Spaniards.'

It would have been decidedly prudent to act on this counsel; but as the votes of all the others were against it, the governor took the advice of the majority, and they advanced towards the steep mountains, scorched by a tropical sun, whence perhaps none of the band might ever have returned to the settlement had not fever speedily broke out amongst them. The governor himself caught it, and so many were ill and dying that they were forced to halt for a short space. It was a dreadful matter to be compelled to stop upon these awful steeps, whose fierce climate was destruction to them; and some of the strongest and as yet unattacked men deserted in the night, and returned to the settlement, not considering themselves obligated to share the fate of their less fortunate companions. Andrea was ill too, but not in any danger, as a good many of the expedition were; but he knew too well the extent of the evil to hope to escape, as their strength was daily diminished by having to descend the mountains to fetch water for those who were dying in unmitigated sufferings upon it. None could hope for deliverance unless the second body of troops, who were to follow, should arrive before they were all the prey of death.

But now, like vultures who snuff at a distance their quarry, the keen-eyed Indians began to hover around; cautiously at first, but soon sufficiently bold to attack those who left the encampment in search of water, and then they began to hem them in on all sides.

Aula de Maria now shared all the sorrows of Andrea, and though when she first discovered herself to him he felt how much it would add to the bitterness of death to know that she would share it, yet he became resigned, and a gloomy expectation of the worst possessed them both, though it could hardly be said that they regretted life. For the last day or two water had been scarce in the little encampment, so that those who were parched with fever had not that relief. The governor became worse, and feeling his end approaching, he called for Andrea, who faithfully attended him, and inquired for *Don Anrisco*.

'Alas! he is dead,' replied Andrea; 'he has fallen a victim to the fever two or three minutes ago.'

'Is he dead?' groaned the governor. 'And this is my doing. My God! shall I not appear before thee for answer for the lives of these men? To answer for his rash attempt? Oh, save them even now! But you, my faithful servant, bear my orders to those who are yet well, and bid them return lest death stop them all; you too, yourself, for my hours are numbered.'

Andrea was too affected to reply for some minutes, but at length he said, 'Half of our number, your excellency, are gone back, and for us who remain there is nothing to fear, the second division is advancing; but, for the moment, I cannot even offer you a draught of water.'

By these words the *Senor de Bastanes* seemed to understand that the Indians were around them, and he fell back as one dying; while Andrea, leaving the tent, called with a voice of thunder on his companions to follow him. 'Let us not die,' he said, 'like dogs here. Pierce through the Indian host and get water, or perish in the attempt.'

This said, he sprang forward, and about thirty men followed. It was noon, and the sun blazing so intensely that the very rocks seemed scorched. The Indians, surprised, gave way, in fact they were lying down to sleep off the weary midday. A passage was forced, and Andrea first flew to the fountain. Having snatched a draught of the refreshing element, he attempted to bear some back to the governor, but the Indians were now aroused, and their darts flew thick as hail on all sides.

Enclosed amongst them, and some way from their encampment, the greater number of the Spaniards fell; but Andrea reached the *Senor de Bastanes*, though wounded by two arrows. He presented the water, and the governor, revived by that salutary beverage, a more precious offering at this terrible moment than all the ensnaring gold of the country, seemed to be endued for an instant with more life, and pressing his hand in sign of gratitude, said, 'My friend—for at this moment thou hast proved myself one—already wounded, and for my sake! Ah, save thyself if now it be possible!' He fell back again, and *Aula de Maria* suddenly entered the tent.

'There is no flying at this hour,' she exclaimed; 'God be thanked I can at least die with thee! For at this moment we are almost alone, with enemies on every side.'

Andrea advanced to the door, and beheld the Indians falling with unrestrained violence on such of the Europeans as were sick and could not fly, while their yells and war-whoops made his very blood run cold. 'I cannot now,' he said, with a sigh of despair, 'fly to meet you; but shall be the first victim myself ere ye enter in to slay.'

In a few moments two or three Indians rushed out from a neighbouring tent, and the foremost aimed a blow at Andrea with his tomahawk, which would have immediately finished his days; but he, avoiding it, suddenly rushed upon the assailant, and both fell on the ground, where the Indian's companions would soon have terminated the struggle in their own favour had not Andrea possessed a powerful auxiliary in *Aula de Maria*, who joined to unbounded affection for her brother a high courage which was increased by the intensity of the danger. Snatching a pistol which lay beside the governor, she presented herself thus armed to the combatants, who paused for a moment, astonished by such boldness; besides, several recognised her as their former guest, and if they had sworn hatred to Andrea, they had sworn friendship to her. Still more, they thought Andrea was dead, for he lay as one whose spirit was even at that moment departing; *Aula de Maria* thought so too, and her grief became frantic.

Whether mercy or revenge would have prevailed the Indians' breasts, it would be hard to say; but a sudden disorder appeared amongst them; a more loud and continued report of fire-arms was heard, and the scattered parties began to join each other; at length they abandoned Andrea, and retreated to aid their brethren as the number around increased. But *Aula de Maria* forgot every thing

heeded no danger; she only prayed to die with Andrea. Assistance was, however, at hand, for amongst the Spaniards who had deserted the little band on the mountains were some who felt pity for their hapless condition, and when they met the advancing reinforcement, they trembled for the consequences of their departure, turned back, and guided them to where their suffering fellow-countrymen were encamped.

They found, when they came up, a large number of the Spaniards dead or dying, and a still larger number unfit to journey; yet not daring to stay, they placed the wounded in litters and slowly marched back.

Andrea's wounds, when first examined, were not supposed to be mortal, but a poisoned arrow had inflicted one of them, and the poison spread through the system, and being unhappily forced to remove, his strength was exhausted and his fever increased. Before they reached the settlement he expired, and Aula de Maria, heart-broken, found neither her unwearied affection, her dauntless courage, nor her unreserved self-devotion, could arrest the hand of death. Amongst those who mourned in the town (and there were many), none wept so sincerely as this tender sister, who was now indeed alone in this new world. Her little fortune was, however, considerably increased, for the courage and faithfulness of Andrea had saved the governor's life, even though at the expense of his own; and the *Senor de Bastanes* endeavoured to recompense it by a very handsome present to the sister, who, though now totally uninterested in the heart-stirring events that were passing around, might have found fortune there still. But it was not that which retained her, but a presentiment that her own doom was near; and though life was prolonged six or seven years, it was only an unhappy state, strengthened and supported by the hope of a better.

At length both Andrea and Aula de Maria slept in death, and by their side lay thousands of their country-people, carried off by war, climate, pestilence, and their own dissensions, for such was the fate of many of the explorers of Brazil.

REVELATIONS OF SPAIN.*

Two volumes, bearing this title, were lately issued from the metropolitan press. The book escaped our notice at the moment of publication; but the rapid disappearance of the first impression having induced the author to revise it, and add a number of additional chapters, we are led to believe that our readers will feel indebted to us for an introduction to a work which to many must be perfectly new, and to all must possess features of no ordinary novelty and attraction. Mr Hughes does not write or think in the style of a mere tourist. A minute acquaintance with national manners and peculiarities, the result of a long residence in the country, has enabled him to give a most complete, spirited, and faithful picture of the present condition of Spain and the character of its people. There is scarcely one single point of interest connected with the country, which has not been treated of by the author. In his own words—'the country, under all its aspects, and the people, in all the phases of their contradictory and bizarre character, pass before our eyes—Spain fighting and feasting, pronouncing and fraternising—Spain in the circus and the senate-house, torturing bulls and baiting ministers—Spain in its hours of mad folly and its rare moments of reflection.'

We shall commence our extracts from Mr Hughes's volumes, with a sketch of the Spanish capital:—

'At Madrid, wind, rain, and dust, in their respective

seasons, have undisputed mastery; and the wintry blasts from the Guadarama hills have frozen to death, more than once, in their boxes, the sentinels at the royal palace. Beneath the summer sun it is a torrid zone, with heats as sultry, and dusts as suffocating, as in the deserts of Andalusia. Unhappily, too, like woman, in the poet's libel, it is 'to one thing constant never;' and the variations of temperature are of a most fatal character, carrying off numbers of the population annually with *pulmonia fulminante*. In March and October, one day is like a warm, bland May, the next like an English February. At noon, perhaps, there is not a zephyr stirring, and the Madrilenos are tempted forth to the fields which skirt the Manzanares. Presently a wind blows full from snowy Guadarama, which thoroughly explains how the ancient cloak has retained its popularity in the Spanish metropolis. You pass at once to an ice-house from an oven; and cannot choose but to admire the wisdom of the sovereign who pitched his capital 2000 feet above the level of the sea, sacrificing everything to the central point of his kingdom, with pantometral compass in hand.

'The pulse of Madrid, the barometer of public opinion, and director of popular movements—is that humble but potent assembly which meets at the Puerta del Sol; the laziest loungers in Europe, but perhaps the most active debaters, the most swayed by prejudice and impelled by rumours, yet correct in the main as to their estimates of character, and the conclusions to be derived from passing events.

'Here there are no palatial conveniences, no social conventionalisms, to mislead or to suppress; no parliamentary forms of phraseology and discussion to hamper and cramp the utterance of undisguised opinion. Truth flourishes in the open air—a hardy plant—shoots up in the dew and ripens in the sun, without pruning, training, or covering with glass-houses. The debaters here are frank and plain-spoken, and the audience mingles unrebuked in the discussions. With every cigarrillo a character is puffed away, and with each fresh demand for *fuego* (fire), new light is thrown upon the world of politics.

'Here is a fellow in rags who wears his tattered cloak with the dignity of a grande, for every Castilian deems himself noble; there is a more youthful *picaro* with a hat more highly peaked than ordinary, and an inordinate supply of tags adorning its velvet round—that is the energetic youth of the assembly—the Gonzalez Bravo of the *pavé*—the young Spain of lanes and alleys; there with a loose *faja* or red sash swathed round his waist, with leggings thrown wide open and displaying those muscular calves, with a short and tight-fitting jacket exhibiting to full advantage his amazing breadth of shoulder and depth of chest, is the Mars and Massaniello of the party, prepared to take the lead of a popular army: and around and in the midst of every circle is the due proportion of Madrid Manolas, the viragos of metropolitan low life, discussing more eagerly and far more fluently than the rest, with flashing eyes and dilated nostrils, and each with a formidable knife stuck between her right leg and stocking, beneath the garter; some, too, smoking their paper cigars with as much *nonchalance* as the men. In this centre of intelligence and focus of popular disturbance, you will hear more in one hour of the scandalous secrets of Madrid, and learn more of its patriotic or treasonable designs, than in the choicest *réunions* of its most exalted diplomacy.'

'As a companion picture to the above, we may present the author's description of Cadiz, so rich in historical reminiscences:—

'There is a melancholy, to a reflecting mind, overhanging the aspect of Cadiz from its bay—the fair city just rising above the water's edge, and ready to be engulfed (a fate that, probably enough, awaits it)—which the sight of no maritime city in Europe can parallel. None other in bygone ages has seen such wealth wafted to its harbour, none other now is such a sleeping solitude. Commercially it is dead. Its port is closed against the world by the wilful act of its rulers, and its merchant

* *Revelations of Spain* in 1845. By T. M. HUGHES. Second edition, with numerous additions. London: Colburn.

navy suffices only to make more conspicuous its scanty proportions. Here, where the rich galleons and the memorable Armada floated, a few fishing-smacks, foreign ships of war, and vessels engaged in the wine export, are now the only visitors. When the limbs of the rotten frame of the great Spanish empire dropped asunder some twenty years since, Cadiz, more than any portion of the kingdom, was paralyzed by the shock. Since the declaration of freedom in South America, and the proclamation of the Constitution in September, 1820, the victory gained by the Columbian army in 1821, and the recognition of the independence of Columbia, Peru, and Mexico in the following year, the shipments of specie and of bar gold, which were the heirloom of southern Spain, have been transferred to London, and Cadiz is a commercial desert, a sea Palmyra.

'In looking at this noble bay, and at the low and lengthened sweep of the city's fortified wall, where nothing breaks the chain of silence, or disturbs the monotony of repose, you think you behold one of those panoramas of painted canvases, in which nothing is absent but life, and nothing wanted but reality. You have fallen amongst the beautiful places of the earth, and still you think it a dream. Surely it is a pasteboard town and blue expanse of water that stretches away before you! nothing can live that is so dull and motionless. No bustling trade awakes this harbour. How could it, since the port of Cadiz is closed against the world? By universal consent, it is better situated for commerce than any port in Europe. But what is this to Spaniards? Laziness, lounging, and lying-abed are what chiefly flourish here. Cadiz is sunk in a long siesta, and her commerce is exchanged for coquetry.

'The roofs of the houses in Cadiz are still made use of, for the twofold purpose of a cool promenade in the summer evenings and nights, and a collector of water for domestic use in the rainy season. The roofs are all flat, and this part of the dwelling (the Azotea, as it is called) is a pleasant resort for enjoying the *fresco*, smoking a cigar, and hearing the ladies of the family touch the guitar. It is constantly used for these purposes in summer, as at Buenos Ayres and Monte Video. The collection of water in winter is very simple, the rain (when it falls) coming down in torrents, and passing through pipes into reservoirs beneath. When it is adapted for a promenade, it is curious in that elevated locality (for all the houses in Cadiz are high) to see the roofs of a thousand dwellings similarly occupied, and find, in fact, a second Cadiz eighty feet from the ground. The collection of the greatest possible quantity of the falling water is rendered most desirable by the miserable position of the city with regard to this essential supply, as if engineering facilities were held in contempt by the inhabitants.

'Cadiz still retains its honourable reputation of being one of the cleanest towns in Europe. It is, indeed, a marvel in the south. Even its Calle Sucia, or Dirty Street, for it possesses one of this name, is equal to a leading street in Naples, Marseilles, or Constantinople. It is a singular fact that the sea-water here is sensibly much saltier than on the coast of England. I was struck by the circumstance when breasting the billows in the bays of Cadiz and Gibraltar, and the Mediterranean. One cause of this is the greater evaporation produced by the powerful rays of the sun—the plain principle of the salt-pan—the water steams off and the salt remains. The water in the Bay of Cadiz has been analyzed, and found to contain one-sixteenth part of its weight of salt, while that of the British coast contains only one-thirty-second part.

'Who can sail into this noble bay, or wind along this southern coast, without having his heart expanded and his soul elated by the triumphs of British valour? From this Bay of Cadiz sailed the chief section of the Armada, called Invincible, the gathering of all the southern and eastern ports of Spain; here lay the ship of the admiral, a prince of this province—the Duke of Medina Sidonia—and here, like the hen-bird gathering her chickens, he

sailed for Lisbon, and collected the residue of the fleet, the produce of the northern and Atlantic ports (for a corner of the Peninsula was then exempt from the ravage of Philip), to be broken in pieces, dispersed, and destroyed! Here, too, the same British commander, Howard, and his right arm, Drake, who had shattered that enormous bulk, and left the completion of their war to the elements, performed eight years afterwards the most daring exploit in history—destroyed in this bay and harbour thirty ships of war, a vast number of corvettes laden with munitions of all descriptions, prepared for the invasion of Ireland, and upwards of six-and-thirty merchant vessels ready to sail with their rich cargoes for the Indies. Here Essex took and held the city until he was overruled by the opinion of the naval commanders, and returned with the booty to England, having caused in one day a loss to Philip and his subjects of twenty millions of ducats! Here Blake destroyed a whole fleet of galleons and smaller vessels laden with specie, capturing the former, and sinking the latter in contempt. Here, too, Nelson lay for a time, before his magnificent achievement at Trafalgar.

'Though the Spanish navy is reduced to a shell, and though Cadiz is lowered from its lofty eminence, by a system of closed ports and prohibitory tariffs, to a position which does not present even a shadow of its former greatness, with scarcely a vestige of ships or commerce, and with smugglers in the place of merchants, yet the pride of its olden days is far indeed from being extinguished, and the lack of solid strength is supplied, as it best may, with an abundance of high-sounding titles. There is still a port admiral, who flourishes a grand cocked hat, a fine pair of epaulettes, and an enormous telescope. There he is—Don José Maria Orozco, Knight Cross and Badge of the illustrious order of San Hermenegildo, Brigadier of the Armada Nacional, Commandant of Marine and of the Plaza and Province of Cadiz, and Judge of the port-arrivals from all the Indies. Pity that the Indies do not remain together with the titles! The pompous little man, who sinks beneath such a weight of dignity, has rarely any more important duty to discharge than to look to the conservation and sale of whatever portions can be saved from any chance wreck flung on the shores of the Isla Gaditana. The other evening I saw him very busy near the noble castle of San Sebastian, superintending the salvage of the wreck of the *Goleta San José*, which was dashed to pieces in a heavy south-wester upon the tremendous rocks extending far into the Atlantic at this part of the fortifications. Her cargo was scattered in every direction, consisting of such humble materials as staves, trunks, and planks of the walnut-tree, oak, and beech, which the rare growth of wood here makes valuable. A different waif this from the spices, silks, hard dollars, and ingots of gold and silver, which the rich galleons were accustomed of old to waft into this noble bay!

One of the most deplorable characteristics of the Spanish people, and which more than all the rest put together shows how far behind they are as regards civilization, is displayed in their recklessness of human life—may we not say in the delight they take in shedding blood? This barbarous taste is fostered by the continual civil broils in which the country is engaged, but most of all by these savage and revolting exhibitions, the bull-fights, which are attended by both sexes and all classes of the people, from the queen to the beggar. Into the details of these sanguinary spectacles we have no intention of following the author, but we shall allow him to speak as to their effects on the public mind:—

'Bloody spectacles are familiar in Spain. Few others are popular on the stage, and in real life the stain of murder is on a hundred public acts. The crucifix on every altar has painted blood trickling on it from head to foot; the images of martyred saints are clothed with mimic gore. The common class of church and convent paintings is enanguined in every portion of the canvases bespattered with crimson gouts. The torchbearers

as he accompanies the funeral procession, and the priest grins in the churchyard within a minute of performing the obsequies. General O'Donnell lately gratified, at Havana, this passion of his countrymen for the public effusion of blood. A criminal cut his throat to escape the indignity of being shot next day. But the general had him shot notwithstanding. His cold and lifeless body was tied to a stake, with the head drooping over the further shoulder, to expose to the public gaze the red and yawning gash. Human justice was wreaked upon a corpse, and criminal law became a bloody revenge. A party of musketeers was drawn up, and twenty bullets were driven through an unbeating heart!

There is a brief, off-hand, business-like, and matter-of-course mode of recording homicides and attempts at assassination here, which is at least as amusing as dangerous. The official accounts, and the notices in the journals, are never longer than this: 'Yesterday, the body of a man, name unknown, was picked up in the Guadalquivir, stabbed in several parts of the chest.' 'In the Triana some market-people and Gitanos quarrelled; a female, named Maria del Carmo, was despatched with half-a-dozen *punaladas* (blows of a knife).' 'The night before last, in the Calle de la Sierpe, a quarrel arose between some *paisanos* (towns-people); high words were exchanged, when, in the exaltation of the parties, one drew out a pistol, and shot his opponent dead. It is said to have been a love dispute. Justice is informing itself.' This last sanguinary affair took place in front of my hotel. The assassin escaped. Justice is rather slow here in 'informing itself,' for it has not yet detected the murderer. That pistol-bullet might clearly have been as readily put into any other man in Seville. 'Juan Pedro, soldier of the second battalion of the regiment of Aragon, was arrested for a disorder in the Alameda Vieja, having wounded seriously with a knife two men and one woman, at eight P.M.' What a singular contrast this to the three or four columns which such an event would have occupied in the London journals!

A few stray quotations, illustrative of national manners, shall conclude the present notice of Mr Hughes' very able work.

A NEW ORDER OF MERIT.

'Though we pronounce ourselves far in advance of Spain, there are points in which we might, with advantage, take a hint from Spanish customs. Spain has an illustrious order for distinguished female merit, and England has none.

'This order was established by a Queen of Spain, and it is called 'The Order of Noble Dames of Maria Louisa.' One of the first acts of the young Queen Isabel, after attaining to the plenitude of royal power, was to elevate to this dignity her namesake, Dona Isabel Dominguez de Guevara, mother to the Minister of War, Serrano, from whom the new order of events may be said to have sprung at Barcelona; and likewise to confer its cordon upon the Countess de Campo-Alange, relict of one of the bravest officers in modern Spain, distinguished alike in the Wars of Independence and Succession, who fell while charging with characteristic ardour the Carlists before the walls of Bilbao. The same honour was afterwards conferred on the mother of the celebrated General Córdova.

'What rank in England has the relict of statesman, judge, or general? What badge to denote that she was his? Four years since, a new Order of Female Merit was much spoken of at home, and the crowd of brilliant female writers has increased since that period. Fair artists, too, have sprung up in considerable number. Are we to be outstripped by Spain in the recognition of eminent services rendered to our country by genius, valour, and wisdom?

FALSTAFF'S RAGGED REGIMENT REDIVIVUS.

'The readiest and most practical device for supplying a ragged regiment with an impromptu uniform is that which prevailed amongst the Homeric chiefs and the chivalrous leaders of later times—every man to kill a hero for himself and strip him of his armour. But as results are proble-

matical since the use of 'villanous gunpowder,' and fraternising is a more rational way of waging war, the ingenuity of the Spanish *soldadesca* was set on less perilous devices. Accordingly, a tailorless regiment at Mataró availed itself of the disbandment of a refractory battalion of national militia, and jumped into their coats and breeches!

'It is probably without parallel in the history of the world, that in the month of October a subscription was set on foot at Cadiz for defraying the expenses of supplying new uniform to the Royal Infantry regiment of Asturias, then doing duty in garrison. The Provisional Government had failed to perform its provisional promises; the money due to the commissariat and the military chest was not forthcoming; the soldiers' clothes were literally dropping from their backs, their shaks from their heads, their shoes from their feet, and private generosity was appealed to, to supply that lamentable deficiency which was permitted by public justice. My little mite was contributed for this purpose. Many ladies joined in the subscription, and among the rest many widows of military officers.

'The reward of the loyal soldiers, who at Algeciras and Tarifa resisted the subtle demoralisation of Nogueras, consisted neither of crosses, nor medals, nor decorations, but of something much more substantial, and usefully if not elegantly ornamental. A hundred chapters, written on coteremporary Spanish history, and on the state of the Spanish army, could not be so illustrative as this one announcement: 'Brigadier Córdova has opened a subscription, and placed himself at the head of it, for furnishing a pair of pantaloons to each of the valiant soldiers of Asturias!'

SMUGGLING IN SPAIN.

'Spain is, of all European countries, the most helplessly exposed to contrabandist operations. With an ill-paid and sometimes ragged army, and with revenue officers directly exposed to temptation by inadequate salaries, she has 500 miles of Portuguese frontier, and near 300 of Pyrenean; and with a fleet crumbled into ruins, and no longer of the slightest efficacy, she has 400 miles of Cantabrian and 700 of Mediterranean coast. Four hundred thousand smugglers are constantly engaged in demolishing her absurd fiscal laws, and some 1,600,000 pounds weight of cotton goods alone are every year illicitly imported.

'The quantity of limestone and potatoes which goes in the small country boats up the Guadalquivir, is enough you would suppose to build another Seville annually, to found a duplicate Córdova, and choke the inhabitants of both cities with the nutritive Hibernian plant. Some dogged folks contend that it is a thin layer on the surface, and that all beneath is crammed with contraband. Large wooden cases are often cleared without paying duty at the Sanlúcar, Seville, and Córdova customhouses, the inspector 'being informed and verily believing' that they only contain potatoes, packed thus tenderly for greater security; and huge canvass bales are likewise cleared, and reported to be indubitably filled with the said potatoes, the softness of the packages to the touch arising probably from the fact of their being boiled!

'The rapidity with which a cargo is run, when there is any particular occasion for expedition, is truly wonderful. Long practice gives to the contrabandist a masterly facility in the dexterous pursuit of his profession, and the division of labour, which accomplishes such miracles, from pin heads and points to the complicated details of a steam-engine, attains to equal perfection in the art of eluding the treasury. Upon the Spanish coast, indeed, no very extraordinary capacity is required, so general is the range of corruption; yet it is not to be supposed that there are not bull-dogs of exchequer vigilance, and dragons of fiscal purity, even amongst the needy and complacent Carabineros de la Hacienda, who turn up the nose at a bribe, and growl at a smuggler's generosity, as if it were felony or treason. One such man there was near Vejer, whom nought could silence—an implacable Cerberus, whose contempt for dollars could on no ascertained principle be accounted for. A cargo of tobacco from Gibraltar was

upon a certain night to be run upon this carabinero's boat, and a square-built and determined contrabandist, named Juan Puig, resolved, as he phrased it, to *taparle la boca*, or 'cork his mouth,' which was accomplished in the following fashion:—The Cerberus of the coast was very well and dangerously armed with a short stout sword buckled round his waist, and a brace of long Spanish pistols, fastened by *ganchos* in the same belt, not in front, but behind, according to the fashion prevalent in Spain, and which may be witnessed on the municipal police in towns. Puig and two others of the contrabandist party had secreted themselves behind a tuft of spear-looking aloes on the carabinero's boat, the night being dark, when, as he passed them, they rushed forth with the quickness of thought, and the two assistants pinioned his arms, Puig drawing the man's sword from its sheath, tripping up his heels, and with a powerful blow on the chest felling him to the ground. The two other men seized his pistols, and all three threatened him with his own weapons—but in vain: Cerberus was not to be silenced. Puig flourished the naked sword over his head, but he only screamed the more, to the imminent risk of alarming the whole carabinero detachment. Now, I doubt whether there be many other contrabandists in Spain who would not have slit his obstinate windpipe, but for this Puig was too generous; and remembering his promise to *taparle la boca*, he seized a handful of pebbles and stuffed them into his mouth: a treatment which Demosthenes voluntarily inflicted on himself, a long time ago, to cure defective utterance. It certainly cured Cerberus's utterance for the time, for it stopped it altogether!

I was amused on one occasion by their mode of proceeding. We left Gibraltar at first gun-fire—a quarter to seven p.m., when at that season it was dusk. Twenty minutes secured two heavy luggers at our stern, and in twenty minutes more we were near Tarifa. We took two passengers on board at the instant of parting, who had more luggage than ever fell to the lot of passenger before. They were small, slight, mean-looking men, of the class of petty commercial travellers, but each had some forty trunks and boxes ranged upon the deck, and during the whole evening and night they were incessant in their fidgetty attention to see that none of these went astray. I went below at eleven o'clock, and was told to keep a sharp look-out about four in the morning. I rather overslept myself, but shortly after that hour I heard a noise on deck, and going above I found the planks cleared of every trunk and parcel. I went to the stern: the hawsers were taken in, and the luggers we had been towing were no longer within view. I looked over the gunwale, and witnessed a most singular sight—the trunks, boxes, and packages, which figured as *ci-devant* luggage, were floating all over the bay to the extent of some seventy or eighty. All had been made water-tight, and small smuggling boats were picking them up as fast as they could, and rowing ashore.

SPANISH POPULAR LITERATURE.

'Amongst the popular works in progress there is a serial publication, entitled 'Celebrated Personages of the Nineteenth Century.' The selection of celebrities is not a little curious. The following is the order of publication:—Louis-Philippe, Charles the Tenth of France, Queen Cristina (Dona Cristina de Borbon), the Duke of Wellington, and Abd-el-Kader. Select works of Sir Walter Scott, and one or two likewise of Bulwer, are translated; but the marvels of hydropathy, and the astounding pretensions of Vincent Priessnitz, find still readier circulation and currency. The *Panorama* is a work imitated from our Penny Journals, in which the illustrative woodcuts are bad copies, and demonstrate great backwardness in the arts. The letterpress, too, is not so correct as it should be; and though I am far more disposed to encourage than to depress, I cannot exactly approve of such slovenliness as 'Loock Lowond' instead of Loch Lomond, and Nottinghamshire in the impenetrable disguise of 'Nitingamahive'—almost equalling Theodore Hook's 'épeçana' for Hyde Park Corner. The puffing system flourishes here upon a ridiculously inflated scale.

Thus I have seen a 'Prodigy of the press! a continuous library of works literary and pleasing, historical, instructive, and pious (spectacles for all ages), at a real (2d.) the volume! A volume every day!! For all tastes, ages, and conditions!—which prodigy was unhappily strangled in the womb; an 'Omnibus' which rolled over the length and breadth of Spain for some months, and really made great progress while in motion, its career being arrested by pure mismanagement: a 'Literary Miracle, or Wonder of the Art Typographical; being the publication of a volume every day, consisting of one hundred pages in 16mo, at the incredible price of a real the volume, with a handsome coloured and bordered cover.' This twopenny-halfpenny marvel became wheezy on the second day, and expired on the third. These speculations are unfortunately crude and puerile, figuring at a great rate on paper, but defective on a somewhat important point, seeing that they are absolutely impracticable. The projectors aim at the realization of vast plans of civilization, and forget the stubborn and nearly insuperable material obstacles in their path. They aim at a revolution in the press, but a revolution, like all others here, to be effected by violent means; and nothing either solid or substantial, nothing but disgust and disappointment can be the result. Political passions are a stumbling-block to progress, and no reading is relished but the party papers. Joint-stock Reading Societies upon an enormous scale have been projected, and National Libraries, guaranteeing 15 per cent. interest to the shareholders; but these were mere bubbles.'

In closing our extracts from this work, we regret to have to add, that its author has been under the necessity of visiting the island of Madeira on account of the delicate state of his health. In the preface to a poem of his, entitled the 'Ocean Flower,' he thus speaks:—

'In cases of confirmed phthisis, the climate of Madeira can only produce an alleviation of the distressing symptoms, and a comparative but slight prolongation of life. *The hand which writes this is guided by a firm conviction that a brief period must put an end to its vitality.*'

Our readers, we feel assured, will sympathise with us in the hope that his sad forebodings may not be realized.

ECHOES.

The word signifies a sound reflected or reverberated from a solid concave body, and so repeated to the ear.

The ancients, being wholly unacquainted with the true cause of the echo, ascribed it to several, which are whimsical. But the moderns, who know sound to consist in a certain tremour or vibration in the sonorous body, communicated to the contiguous air, and by that means to the ear, give a more consistent account of echoes. For a tremulous body, striking on another solid body, may evidently be repelled without destroying or diminishing its tremour; and consequently a sound may be redoubled by the resolution of the tremulous body of the air. In order to produce an echo, it would seem a kind of vaulting is necessary, in order to collect, and by collecting to heighten and increase, and afterwards reflect, the sound; as we find is the case in reflecting the rays of light, where a concave mirror is required.

In effect, as often as a sound strikes perpendicularly on a wall, behind which is anything of a vault or arch, or even another parallel wall, so often will it be reverberated in the same line, or other adjacent ones.

For an echo to be heard, therefore, it is necessary that the ear should be in the line of reflection; for the person who made the sound to hear its echo, it is necessary that he should be perpendicular to the place which reflects it; and for a manifold echo it is necessary that there should be a number of walls and vaults, or cavities, either placed behind or fronting each other. A single arch or cavity can scarcely ever stop and reflect all the sound; but if there be a convenient disposition behind it, part of the sound propagated thither being collected and reflected as before, will return another echo; or if there be another concavity opposed at a due distance to the former, the

sound reflected from one upon another will be tossed back again by the latter.

Echoes are distinguished into different kinds. *Single echoes* are those which return the voice but once. Of these, some are *tonical*, which only return a voice when modulated into some particular musical tone; and others, *polysyllabical*, which return many syllables, words, and sentences. Multiple or *tautological* echoes, are those which return syllables and words oftentimes repeated.

At the sepulchre of Metella, wife of Crassus, there was an echo which repeated what was said five times. Authors also mention a tower at Cyzicus, where the echo repeated seven times. One of the first echoes we read of is that mentioned by Barthius, in his notes on the *Thebais* of Statius, which repeated the words uttered seventeen times; it was situated on the banks of the Naha, between Coblenz and Bingen. Barthius assures us, that he had proved what he writes, and had counted seventeen repetitions.

We subjoin an account of a remarkable echo detailed by a writer in the Philosophical Transactions:—"As to echoes, there is one at Brussels that answers fifteen times. But when I was at Milan I took a coach to go two miles from thence to a nobleman's palace, not now in great repair, and only a peasant (Contadine) living in one end of it. The building is of some length in the front, and has two wings jutting forward, so that it wants only one side of an oblong figure. About one hundred paces before the house, there runs a small brook, and that very slowly, over which you pass from the house into the garden. We carried some pistols with us, and firing one of them, I heard fifty-six reiterations of noise. The first twenty were with some distinction; but then, as the noise seemed to fly away, and answer to a great distance, the repetition was so doubled, as you could hardly count them all, seeming as if the principal sound was saluted in its passage by reports on this and that side at the same time. There were of our company that reckoned above sixty reiterations when a louder pistol went off; and indeed it was a very grateful divertisement. But on the other side the house, on the opposite wing, it would not sound; and only, to this advantage, in a certain chamber, here two storeys high from the ground."

In the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, are several remarkable echoes; and one author mentions hearing, in its immediate vicinity, the notes of martial music with the noise of viewless cannon thundering from the cliffs of Salisbury. Near the castle of Horn, in the county of Argyll, is a ruined chapel, opposite to which is a precipice, in the recess of which, if a person calls or speaks a sentence, an echo repeats it to one who stands near the cemetery of the chapel, clearly and unbrokenly. In the cemetery of the Abercorn family, at Paisley, in the county of Renfrew, there is an echo exceedingly beautiful and romantic. When the door of the chapel is closed with any degree of violence, reverberations are equal to the sound of thunder. Breathe a single note in music, and the tone ascends gradually with a multitude of echoes till it dies in soft bewitching numbers. If the effect of one instrument is delightful, that of several in concert is captivating—for it excites most tumultuous and rapturous sensations. Near the Cape of Good Hope is a rock called the 'Honey Rock,' which has an echo that repeats several syllables successively; and in a tower at Bahavia, is another which echoes nine syllables. A singular echo is also heard in Castle Comber, in Ireland. No reverberation is observed till the listener is within fifteen or sixteen feet of the extremity of the grotto; at which place a delightful echo enchants the ear. The celebrated rock near Mulcross Abbey, sends forth the most fascinating repercussions. Sound a bugle-horn, echoes equal to a hundred instruments answer to the call. Report a single cannon, the loudest thunders reverberate from the rock, and die in endless peals along the distant mountains. On the lake of Keswick, a pistol is reported thirty times; and a quarter of a minute frequently elapses between each report. Echoes multiplied every sound in the grotto of

Delphi, and increased the veneration which prompted thousands to visit the Temple of Apollo, the splendour of which, in marble and in statues of gold and silver, was for many ages unequalled in Greece. In Norway, and upon the lake Ontario, and in many of the West India Islands, the echoes are enchanting; while among the Grisons there reigns an eternal silence. Clothed in a winding-sheet, not an echo repeats the fall of a torrent, or the ruin of an avalanche. In the baptistry of St Giovanni del Battesimo, there was an echo that repeated a note of music six times. Lucretius mentions one that repeated seven notes; and it is said that there is one echo, between Conflans and Charenton, which repeats ten times. A few miles from Narbonne, the traveller is led by his guide to a bridge, beneath which is heard an echo which repeats twelve times; and Migron mentions one in a tower, below Lausanne, on the borders of the lake of Geneva, which repeated twelve syllables.

There is said to be one also heard from the north side of Stepney church in Essex, which repeats twenty-one syllables. Pliny relates that the seven turrets of Cyzicum redouble the voice several times, after the manner of echoes; and that a gallery at Olympia, dedicated to the seven liberal arts, afforded seven repercussions.

Justin also notices an echo on Olympus, which still remains, that reverberated several times; and as it approached the rocks, increased like volumes of approaching thunder. There is an echo also belonging to the Marquis of Simonetta, near Milan, which repeats the last syllable fifty-six times—it has been said a hundred. If a gun be fired, it rebounds like the running fire of a company of soldiers. If any single instrument be well touched, it will have the same effect as a great number of instruments, and produce a most delightful concert.

In the garden of the Tuileries there was an artificial one, which repeated a whole verse without the loss of a syllable. But among the hermitages of Montserrat, particularly those near to Santissima Trinidad, the rocks produce so many echoes that the birds are said to warble in answer to the reverberations of their own music.

By the sides of rivers in the vicinage of rocks, in castelled and monastic ruins, echoes everywhere abound. Who would not listen with a thrill of delight on the ivied arches of a tintern, or the precipices of Nant-Frangon, to the continued repercussions?

But no echoes are more agreeable than those heard along the sea-shore, when in the distance the waves dashing against the hollow rocks, the sound wafted from nook to nook, and from cavern to cavern, till the consonances have died upon the ear with the tide, and being succeeded by those soft lulling murmurs which are so tranquil in their character and so soothing to the soul.

So singular and agreeable are the mysterious sounds of an echo, especially in a night, that it is no subject for wonder that the ancients, who embellished everything, should have touched the fascinating nymph with the wand of allegory. Echo, says the poet, was the daughter of Air and Tellus, the attendant of Juno, and confidant of Jupiter. But having displeased her imperious mistress, she was so far deprived of speech as only to have the power of response. Roving afterwards among the woods, she beheld Narcissus, and loved him; but he despised her, and she pined to death, though her voice is still heard in the earth.

In times when men were less interested in the investigation of the causes of the phenomena they heard or saw, the echo must have exceedingly perplexed them. Were we permitted to indulge imagination, it would not be difficult to picture to ourselves the amazement and consternation with which an inhabitant of the newly peopled earth would be seized, when he first heard the rocks far and near reiterating the broken sentences that escaped from his lips, as he wandered along by the banks of a river, or chased the deer in the mountains. There is much in external nature calculated to awaken the consciousness of invisible power, which resides in every bosom that has not been entirely contaminated by vice.—*Bucks.*

WIDOW OF CAPTAIN COOK.

The widow of the great voyager Cook survived him for more than half a century. To the last she cherished the most devoted affection for his memory; and even after the lapse of so many years, could not speak of his fate without emotion. Such was her sensibility, that on receiving tidings of the death of her son James, in the vain hope of banishing from her mind the recollection of her losses, she committed to the flames almost all the letters she had received from his father. For a long period she resided at Clapham, where her unaffected goodness and generosity secured universal love and respect. Her latter years passed away in intercourse with her friends, and in the discharge of those offices of charity and kindness in which her benevolent mind delighted. The afflicting loss of her husband and children, though borne with submissive resignation, was never effaced from her memory; and we are informed that there were certain melancholy anniversaries which, to the end of her days, she devoted to seclusion and pious observance. She died on the 13th May, 1835, in the ninety-fourth year of her age. Her body was deposited in a vault in the church of St Andrew the Great, at Cambridge, where her sons James and Hugh were interred. To the parish in which she was buried she assigned £1000, under the conditions, that, from the interest of that sum, the monument she had erected to the memory of her family shall be kept in perfect repair; that the parochial clergyman shall receive a small annual remuneration for his attention to the due discharge of the trust; and that the remainder shall be equally divided yearly, on St Thomas' Day, among five poor and aged women residing in the parish, but deriving no relief therefrom. Besides many legacies to her relatives and servants, she left to the poor of Clapham £750, and to the Schools for the Indigent Blind and the Royal Maternity Charity about £1000. The Copley Medal awarded to her husband, and one of the gold medals struck in his honour by the Royal Society, she bequeathed to the British Museum.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*

THE WISDOM OF GOD.

The distance at which the heavenly bodies, particularly the sun, are placed from the earth, is a manifest evidence of Divine Wisdom. If the sun were much nearer us than he is at present, the earth, as now constituted, would be wasted and parched with excessive heat; the waters would be turned into vapour, and the rivers, seas, and oceans, would soon disappear, leaving nothing behind them but frightful barren dells and gloomy caverns; vegetation would completely cease, and the tribes of animated nature languish and die. On the other hand, were the sun much farther distant than he now is, or were his bulk or the influence of his rays diminished one half of what it now is, the land and the ocean would soon become one frozen mass, and universal desolation and sterility would overspread the fair face of nature; and instead of a pleasant and comfortable abode, our globe would become a frightful desert, a state of misery and perpetual punishment. But herein is the wisdom of God displayed, that he has formed the sun of such a determinate size, and placed it at such a convenient distance, as not to annoy, but to refresh and cheer us, and to enliven the soil with its genial influence; so that we plainly perceive, to use the language of the prophet, that 'He hath established the world by his wisdom, and stretched out the heavens by his understanding.'—*Dr Dick.*

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

It is not enough to account for the fall of the leaf, to say it falls because it is weakened or dead; for the mere death of a leaf is not sufficient to cause its fall, as, when branches are struck by lightning, killed by a bleak wind, or die by any similar cause, the dead leaves adhere tenaciously to the dead branch. To produce the natural fall of the leaf, the branch must continue to live while its leaves die, and are thrown off by the action of its sap-vessels. The change of temperature from hot to cold seems to be one of the principal circumstances connected with the death and fall of the leaf.

RIDICULE.

The fatal fondness for indulging in a spirit of ridicule, and the injurious and irreparable consequences which sometimes attend the too severe reply, can never be condemned with more asperity than it deserves. Not to offend is the first step towards pleasing: to give pain is as much an offence against humanity as against good breeding; and surely it is as well to abstain from an action because it is sinful as because it is unpolite.—*Dr Blair.*

ONLY A DAY.*

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

'Tis day—a thing of common hour,
Of darkness faded into light;
And time glides on to closing flowers,
To dews, to silence, and to night.

We mark the day-beam's genial source,
A cloud comes o'er its disc anon—
We toil, we travel, we discourse,
The evening glooms, and day is gone.

Of small account in human time,
That lightly comes to disappear,
Yet in its import how sublime
This homely unit of the year!

Expected life has been deserted,
The life that linger'd is no more—
One bark is launch'd upon the tide,
And one is stranded on the shore.

We lightly name the passing hour—
'Tis morn', 'tis noon, 'tis shadowy eve—
Nor feel, with its o'erwhelming power,
The mighty mass who joy or grieve.

Yet from this day, so still that moves,
So unimportant that appears,
What myriads date their pains, their loves,
Their fount of annual smiles or tears!

In such a space, which few would heed,
Day, dull that seem'd to mortal eyes,
Good unto millions was decreed,
Beneath like still o'erarching skies.

The sun went calmly on his way,
Even his march and hush'd his close,
When on our weary mortal day
Heaven's Life and Liberty arose.

Dark superstition waver'd thin,
The Evil Nature felt rebuke,
All powers to death and hell akin,
Thrones, despots, to their centre shook.

Thus, in one day's unconscious birth,
Good, great in it, imbues them all;
And chains of universal earth
From universal man shall fall!

* These verses, singular as it may seem, and quite a contradiction in terms, were written on Christmas-day, and at Midsummer, both seasons occurring at the same time. This is at once clear when it is said they were written in Australia. I may also state that the only similarity which I could discover to exist between an English and an Australian Christmas was on a fine bland moonlight night, when the universally parched country, heat having done the work of frost, appeared in the intensely white moonlight like stained snow. How odd to the stranger appears the great contrast presented by the Australian Christmas! No fog, sleet, or snow—no comfortable wrapping of the person in cloaks, fur-trimmed coats, umbrellas, or greatcoats—but everywhere, for it is 'warm as Christmas,' are seen white dresses; and in the bright sunshine glitter silken parasols to the sun. Indeed, Father Christmas wreathes his brow with summery garlands, cooling himself in the shade of verandahs, and lightly clad in the finest of the linen. R. H.

GOOD FOR EVIL.

The last, best fruit which comes to late perfection in the kindest soil, is tenderness toward the hard, forbearance toward the unbearingly warm, of heart toward the cold, philanthropy toward the misanthropic.

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THE LAW OF DEVELOPMENT.

CREATION is an act of which we can form no adequate conception. We know that the term *to create* means 'to make out of nothing;' but how a universe could be called into existence by a simple expression of will, we cannot understand. Wherever there has been speculation on the origin of things, there has been a tendency to bring this mystery within the narrowest limits, by devising theories which leave little scope for the immediate exercise of omnipotence. Had the disposition to explain away the agency of Deity in creation been confined to the ancient philosophers, it might have been ascribed to the disadvantages of their situation. In their schools, world-making was a favourite amusement; their warmest admirers, however, being judges, they were bungling workmen, for their cosmogonies are far more unintelligible than creation itself. It is strange that theories of creation should be propounded by men who have in their hands a history of the work from the pen of the Author of nature. The evil would be less, if these were generally persons who were animated by love to God, and who are desirous of ascertaining, in a reverent and humble spirit, how far it is possible to trace the workmanship of Him, who 'in the beginning created the heaven and the earth.' But they have been too often persons whose scarcely disguised aim was, to correct in their writings the mistakes which have been committed by 'holy men of old.' The latest attempt of this sort of which we are aware is in a book called 'Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation.' This essay has attracted so much attention, that we intend to give a short account of its contents.

The basis of the new theory of creation is 'the law of development.' As the author is avowedly promulgating a law of nature which has not hitherto been recognised, it is necessary to attend to his explanation of this phrase; and not the less, because he uses it in a sense which it does not readily suggest either to a general or to a scientific reader. 'The law of development' does not denote either the process by which plants and animals pass onward to maturity, or the process by which, according to the system of Lamarck, all existing species were evolved from elementary matter by the force of circumstances. It denotes a principle by which all the present forms of organized existence have been deduced from a simple and primitive type, the first giving birth to the second, the second to the third, and so on—a principle which has the relation to the organic as the law of gravitation has to the inorganic departments of nature. It is generally assumed, for example, that the progenitors of the various

tribes of animated creatures sprang into life by the immediate fiat of the Almighty. If 'the law of development' accord with fact, this opinion must be added to the list of vulgar errors. The whole work of the Creator consisted in the production of a globule with another globule within itself, such as may be produced in albumen by electric agency. The albuminous atom has advanced, by slow stages, from the rank of an animalcule which no microscope could discover, till, after many perilous adventures, it has clothed itself with the honours of humanity, and it is now awaiting another metamorphosis which shall raise it to an elevation from which it will look down on man as man does on the animalcule. No limit can be assigned to this series of wonderworking transformations.

The arguments by which this theory is supported are drawn principally from astronomy, geology, and natural history. Its merits cannot be accurately tested without bringing under review each of these sources of argumentation. It may be premised, however, that the leading fallacy of the book is, to assume as data what the most competent judges would pronounce to be mere conjectures. The theory is thus based on a law that rests on assumptions, which the greatest proficients in the sciences to which they respectively refer do not admit to be matters of fact. This is, assuredly, creation made easy. With a due allowance of 'perhaps,' who would not undertake to construct a theory not less poetical than that of the author of 'the Vestiges,' and without a tithe of the parade of universal knowledge! If we are allowed to assume, that although we cannot prove that a certain event took place, yet it may have taken place before the birth of time, or it may be taking place beyond the horizon of earth, or it may take place after the consummation of all things, we need feel no difficulty in explaining any phenomenon. But if this license of assertion be conceded, in the present day, to any individual with or without a name, then has Lord Bacon lived in vain.

The astronomical argument is derived from what is usually called the nebular hypothesis. The elder Herschel and Laplace proposed it as a probable explanation of the constitution of our solar system, that the sun and all the planets were once a continuous mass of liquid fire. As the heat decreased, a portion of the mass became solid, and being flung off by a centrifugal force, entered on a separate existence as a planet. The same projection of the crust was repeated at successive stages of the process of cooling, till the planetary system, as it now exists, was completed. If one of the systems that occupy the regions of space was produced in this way, there might have been more than one; and these astronomers persuaded them-

selves that they could desecrate several masses in a course of preparation to be the homes of animated beings. These masses are the nebulae. Such is the hypothesis which our author has seized to support his cause; for if the principle of development has been employed so largely in the manufacture of worlds, why should it not be employed to adorn and to people them? According to his representation, time was when the whole of our firmament, if not the whole of space, contained nothing but a measureless accumulation of fire-mist, which needed only a favourable concurrence of circumstances to distribute itself into suns and systems. As if for the purpose of falsifying his daring speculation, a telescope of unprecedented power has lately been directed by Lord Rosse into the starry heavens; and one of the earliest results of his observations has been to resolve one at least of the nebulae, and to prove that it is not nebulous but a collection of stars. He has discovered that what former observers regarded as nebulae, undergoing a process of condensation preparatory to their appearance as worlds, exhibit no signs of progression. Whether these results are equal to the overthrow of the nebular hypothesis, it is not for us to determine. If we may judge from a speech delivered by Sir John Herschel, at a late meeting of a scientific association, it is his opinion that his father's hypothesis is in danger: Professor Nichol, in a recent edition of one of his astronomical works, contends that it has sustained no material injury. Not having been indulged with a peep through 'the monster telescope,' we cannot speak for ourselves in this matter; nor would we presume to decide where 'doctors differ.' One thing is plain, that no man is entitled to adduce as the basis of his reasoning what is not capable of satisfactory proof. Till the nebular hypothesis be unanimously admitted among the facts of astronomy, it cannot serve as the groundwork of any theory of creation.

The geological argument is intended to demonstrate that 'the law of development' has been exemplified, not only in the architecture of the heavens, but in the physical history of our own world. It proceeds on the supposition, that the vegetable and animal remains which are found in the various rocks of which the earth is composed, yield undeniable evidence that the order of nature has evermore been from simpler to more complex forms of organization, the simplicity of the form increasing in exact proportion to the antiquity of the rock. Were the supposition consistent with truth, it could not support the argument which is raised on it; however clearly it might indicate that it has been the uniform course of the Creator to proceed from lower to higher forms of existence, it could not show that he has established a law by which the lower gives birth to the higher in interminable progression. It is not consistent with truth. Without a more intimate acquaintance with geology than is open to the general student, one may venture to state it as a fact, that in the chronology of this science the higher types of being often belong to a far more remote era than the lower, and that their structure has often as little trace of correspondence as their date. Instead of pursuing the author of 'the Vestiges' through the whole line of development, we must select a few illustrations of the contradiction of his theory to facts which are admitted by all geologists. The first traces of vegetable and animal remains are discovered in the group of the 'grauwacke slate,' so that if the theory of development were true, we should here reach the lowest point of the scale of organization. Is it so? On the contrary, the remains of the bones and teeth of fish may be seen in rocks of this series, without travelling out of our own country; and he must be a bold man who will consign the fish, with its backbone and its system of nerves and muscles, to the humblest rank of existence. Nor are there wanting other animals with form as curious and organs of sensation as complete. The author of the theory does not deny the existence of some of these classes of animals at what is deemed by geologists the very dawn of organic life; but, instead of acknowledging that it is fatal to his argument, he affirms that

'it is impossible to believe that these were the first examples of life that existed upon the earth'—impossible perhaps for him, who has determined beforehand that his own theory is infallible, but not impossible for such as hold that all theory must bend to fact. The group of rocks next to the grauwacke slate is the silurian system. As it presents a large proportion of animal remains, it yields a favourable opportunity for impartial investigation. They have been identified as belonging to descriptions of animals which have not been accustomed to hold the lowest place in the catalogue of the scientific inquirer—the radiate, the molluscous, the articulate, and the vertebrate. The industry of the modern geologist has discovered among them a fish, which may be cited as a specimen of the highest type of its own kind—the oldest fossil fish which has yet been brought to light, thus giving its silent vote against the doctrine that simplicity of form is a certain mark of priority of date. To the silurian system succeeds the old red sandstone, or the Devonian, as it is sometimes called from the name of an English county. While it has in general the same fossils as its predecessor, it is distinguished by the number of its fishes, and these, it is important to remark, belong in the greatest measure to the superior species. Of the four orders which exhaust the classification of the finny tribes there are examples of all but one; none of them, however, belonging to the lower ranks. The author of the theory strenuously contends that the fishes of this formation bear evident traces of transition from the lower to the higher grade, some of them being gristly and others bony. The ablest geologists are against him, and there are some of them whose names are specially identified with this department. It is not every anonymous writer whose bare word will counterbalance the authority of Agassiz, and Murchison, and Hugh Miller, in what relates to the old red sandstone; one of whom at least has entered his deliberate protest against the perversion of his researches to support 'the theory of the successive transformation of species, and of the descent of organized beings now living from a small number of primitive forms.' The old red sandstone is followed by the carboniferous formations, consisting of the coal measures and the mountain limestone; but these illustrations must suffice to show the weakness of the geological proof on which it has been sought to establish the law of development. We are not going to canvass here the merits and demerits of modern geology. We are not going to inquire whether its advocates have not sometimes given us facts instead of facts, and claimed the same homage for the opinions as for their observations, as if a man who has very good eyes may not have a very weak judgment. We take the science, for the present, as it is unfolded in the writings of its professed exponents, and we maintain that, whatever else it may prove, it does not prove that the simpler forms of plants and animals have always preceded the more complex, and much less that there has been a gradual transition from the one to the other.

The object of the argument from natural history (as we have called it for the sake of brevity) is to show that 'the law of development' is supported by many facts in general science. The reader will smile when he learns what some of these are. Look at the inside of your window on a frosty morning, and you will see on the glass striking resemblance to the form of a vegetable; do you not immediately perceive that all vegetables must be the results of crystallization? Look at the marks which positive electricity leaves in its passage, and you will see the ramifications of a tree and of its individual leaves; look at the marks of negative electricity, and you will see the shape of a root, bulbous or spreading; have you not heard the ocular demonstration that the figure of all plants is determined by electrical causes, and indeed that a plant is just the electrical brush? The author, however, does not deal exclusively in this 'philosophy in sport.' He lays much stress on a circumstance which was the subject of great public curiosity a few years ago, when it was announced at a meeting of the British Association—that insects have been brought into existence by means of gal-

vanism. Had the experiments of Cross and Weekes been as successful as he represents, they would not have served the exigencies of his theory; for they were not said to be mere monads, that emerged from a fluid under the eye of these gentlemen, but animals of a rather high type. But it is easier to assert than to prove that their experiments were successful. That they saw live insects nobody will deny: whether these insects were the offspring of galvanism demands a doubt. If we may depend on a course of experiments which is reported in Professor Owen's lectures, it is unquestionably false. The doctrine of equivocal generation is pressed into the service. Plants and animals are often observed in situations where it is difficult to give an explanation of their appearance. Who has not seen swarms of insects where he could not tell how an egg could be deposited? Who has not seen a profusion of vegetation where he could not tell how a seed could be conveyed? These are facts which strongly provoke speculation, since the vacuum which is occasioned by the absence of knowledge may be filled up with guesses. Some have supposed that these plants and animals sprang up without progenitors. We thought this doctrine had been long since exploded; for surely it is hard that even these foundlings should be disowned as legitimate members of nature's family, for no other reason than that they cannot produce an extract of the date of their birth. Let the advocates of equivocal generation produce something which has been generated out of the ordinary course of nature: and we deny that we are burdening them by this demand with the proof of a negative. The doctrine of embryology is also summoned to the aid of the new theory of creation. It is here assumed as an ascertained truth that the higher classes of creatures pass, during their foetal history, through all the gradations that separate them from the extreme verge of animated existence. Thus the embryo man has at first the form that is peculiar to the animalcule; then he enters on a career of development in which, at successive stages, the structure of his heart, and bones, and nerves, resembles that of the fish, the reptile, and the bird; and it is only after he has worn the appearance and the attributes of each of these three classes that he is ushered into life 'a true human creature.' If he had diverged from the straight line at stage A (for the author resorts to the use of the diagram) he would have been a fish, while at stage C he would have been a reptile, and at stage D a bird; so that he happens to be a man merely because the process of development was neither unduly arrested nor protracted. Not considering this sort of discussion as suited to our pages, we would not have noticed this argument if it had not evidently been considered a leading one; but we leave its refutation to the common sense of our readers, none of whom, we presume, have yet seen any of these fish-men, or reptile-men, or bird-men.

As our concern is with the argument of this author, we do not feel ourselves under any necessity to notice all the astounding discoveries which he has announced, such as that the old-fashioned distinction between physical and moral is a distinction without a difference, that the brain is an electrical apparatus, that the speed of thought is precisely 192,000 miles in a second, and that 'there are other guests to come and take their places at the perennial banquet of the High and Bountiful Master.'

In common with all sincere friends of religion, we have witnessed, with the utmost regret, the publication of this book. The matter of regret is not that it is likely to undermine religious principle where it already exists; for persons who will surrender their belief for a tissue of conjectures, however brilliant and specious, must have little religion to lose, and cannot know too soon that they are 'without God in the world.' It is, that the large class who think themselves entitled, on the ground of their superior attainments, to treat revelation with neglect, should be furnished with an apology plausible enough to suit their purpose; and that the daily increasing section of the rising generation, which is devoting itself to the pursuit of knowledge, should be taught in so

seductive a style to prefer a system which substitutes a law for a God. We would not brand the author as an atheist; far be it from us to apply the odious name to any one who would not apply it to himself. But it is beyond question that the theory here propounded cannot be reconciled with what it is fashionable to call the Mosaic cosmogony, but what we would rather call the Creator's account of his own work. The law of development receives no sanction in the first chapter of the book of Genesis. Yet perhaps the time had arrived when the appearance of such a book was to be anticipated. It is well known that in consequence of the more general diffusion of scientific information, there has lately arisen, in some quarters, a spirit of hostility to the first principles of religion, and that many crude notions are afloat among certain ranks of society. Various hints and surmises have been thrown out, in the free intercourse of the social circle, amid the excitement of debate in the club and coterie, at the close of an article in a literary journal, or in the appendix of a philosophical work. Was it not desirable that some person should collect these 'vestiges of the natural history of creation,' and give them the compactness and regularity of a system? And now when the system is before us, what is it worth? Is it not an utter failure? Does it not add another to the mass of proofs, which has been accumulating during the whole history of philosophy, that we must attempt in vain to trace the footsteps of the Creator without the aid of the torch which his mercy has supplied? 'Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things that do appear.' Let us abide by the decision of the volume of inspiration; and instead of believing that the Creator has abandoned the universe to the control of general laws without any immediate interference on his own part, let us rejoice that his eye is ever on us and his arm around us, that he hears us when we speak to him, and that if we seek him through that work which outshines the splendours of creation, he will be our guide and guardian while we live, and admit us, when we die, to a banquet of pure and perennial delights beyond what poet or philosopher ever feigned.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

MRS SIDDONS.

THIS amiable woman and famous actress, whose maiden name was Sarah Kemble, was born at Brecon, in Southern Wales, on the 5th of July, 1755. Both her parents belonged to that profession of which she and other members of her family, especially John Philip Kemble, were such distinguished ornaments. Her father, Roger Kemble, was the manager of a company of players who performed chiefly in the midland and western towns of England. Her maternal grandfather, whose name was Ward, was likewise an actor, though not imbued with a passionate love of the stage.

While yet a mere child, Sarah performed juvenile parts in her father's company. At so early an age, indeed, was she brought upon the stage, that the audience, offended at her childish appearance, expressed their displeasure by hisses and uproar. 'The timid *debutante*,' says her biographer, Mr Campbell, 'was about to retire, when her mother, with characteristic decision, led her to the front of the stage and made her repeat the fable of the 'Boys and the Frogs,' which not only appeased the audience, but produced thunders of applause.' At the early age of thirteen, she frequently played the part of heroine in several of the English operas then most in vogue. She also appeared, with some *eclat*, in the character of Ariel in the *Tempest*. When nearly fourteen, she personated, at Worcester, the young princess, in a play called Charles I., written by an actor named Havard, on which occasion her brother John, then scarcely twelve, appeared as James, duke of York. Her education was

strictly a theatrical one, her principal accomplishments being vocal and instrumental music and elocution. When she was about seventeen, Mr Siddons, who was an actor in her father's company, one of that class that, without striking success or particular failure, can play anything, paid his addresses to her, and his attachment was reciprocated. Siddons had been bred to business at Birmingham, but, being handsome and active, he had taken to the stage, and by his versatility—his range of characters, we are told, extending from Hamlet to Harlequin—from the sublime to the ridiculous—he had acquired no small share of provincial popularity. Sarah's parents were averse to the match, and to remove her from the object of her regard, they placed her in the family of a Mrs Greathead of Guy's Cliff, Warwickshire, where she resided for nearly two years, her chief employment being to read to the elder Mr Greathead. In her nineteenth year, the consent of her parents having been at last reluctantly obtained, she was married to Mr Siddons, at Trinity Church, Coventry, November 26, 1773, and on the 4th of October following, their eldest son Henry was born at Wolverhampton.

After their marriage, Mr and Mrs Siddons performed at Liverpool, Birmingham, and other places. In 1774, they were acting at Cheltenham, which, says Mr Campbell, though now an opulent and considerable town, consisted in those days of only one tolerable street, through the middle of which ran a clear stream of water, with stepping stones, that served as a bridge. One evening that she played Belvidera in 'Venice Preserved,' the Hon. Miss Boyle, daughter of Lord Dungarvan, and afterwards married to Earl O'Neill, was present, with her mother, then the wife of the Earl of Aylesbury, and his lordship, and she was so much struck with her acting, that she resolved to become her friend. Mr Campbell thus relates the immediate result:—

'Next day, Mr Siddons met in the street with Lord Aylesbury, who inquired after Mrs Siddons' health, and expressed not only his own admiration of her last night's exquisite acting, but related its effects on the ladies of his party. They had wept, he said, so excessively, that they were unrepresentable in the morning, and were confined to their rooms with headaches. Mr Siddons hastened home to gladden his fair spouse with this intelligence. Miss Boyle soon afterwards visited Mrs Siddons at her lodgings, took the deepest interest in her fortunes, and continued her ardent friend till her death. It is no wonder that Mrs Siddons dwells with tenderness in her memoranda on the name of this earliest encourager of her genius. Miss Boyle was a beauty of the first order, and gifted with a similar mind, as her poetry (she was the authoress of several pleasing poems, one of which, 'An Ode to the Poppy,' was published by Charlotte Smith) and her patronage of the hitherto unnoticed actress, evince; though patronage is too cold a word for the friendship which she bestowed on so interesting an object. Though the powers of the latter were by her own confession still crude, yet her noble young friend consoled and cheered her; and, with the prophetic eye of taste, foresaw her glory. Miss Boyle took upon her the direction of her wardrobe, enriched it from her own, and made many of her dresses with her own hands.'

Through the Aylesbury family, Garrick, at that period manager of Drury Lane Theatre, received such a favourable account of the young actress, that he was induced to send Mr King to Cheltenham to see her in 'The Fair Penitent,' and the report being satisfactory, she was soon after engaged, on very low terms, to go to London, the great object of the ambition of all provincial actors. She made her debut at Drury Lane, December 29, 1775, in the character of Portia, in the 'Merchant of Venice,' being announced for the part as 'a young lady' merely. The following critique on this her earliest introduction to a London audience, from the pen of a newspaper writer of the day, and interesting as being the first verdict passed in the metropolis upon her powers, and as forming a striking contrast to the enthusiastic eulogiums expressed seven years afterwards, has been frequently quoted:—

'On before us,' says the critic, 'tottered rather than walked a very pretty, delicate, fragile-looking young creature, dressed in a most unbecoming manner, in a faded salmon-coloured sack and coat, and uncertain whereabouts to fix either her eyes or her feet. She spoke in a broken tremulous tone, and, at the close of a sentence, her words generally lapsed into a hurried whisper that was absolutely inaudible. After her first exit, the buzzing comment round the pit ran generally, 'She is certainly very pretty; but then how awkward! And what a shocking dresser!' Towards the famous trial scene she became more collected, and delivered the great speech to Shylock with the most critical propriety, but still with a faintness of utterance which seemed the result rather of physical weakness than a deficiency of spirit or feeling. Altogether, the impression made upon the audience by this first effort was of the most negative description. The manager himself seems to have had a more discerning eye than the critic who wrote these lines; he is supposed to have perceived the dawning gleam of that majestic genius which, in its maturity, shone out in such unrivalled splendour; for it is related by Miss Lefanu, in her life of Mrs Sheridan, that, in a dispute at this time with Miss Younge, one of his principal tragic actresses, on some subject of theatrical prerogative, Garrick exclaimed, 'I tell you and others, you had better not give yourselves airs, for *there's a woman in the house*, who, if I choose to bring her forward, would eclipse you all in youth, beauty, and talent.' In this remark he is thought to have alluded to Mrs Siddons.

During this her first season in London, it was only in secondary parts that she was allowed to appear. Two characters only were assigned to her, which gave her an opportunity of being on the stage with Garrick himself: the one, Mrs Strickland, in Hoadley's comedy of 'the Suspicious Husband,' Garrick playing Ranger; and the other Lady Anne, to his Richard the Third. The latter she sustained twice, the last time in the presence of royalty; the tragedy being performed, June 5, 1776, by command of their majesties. In the character of Lady Anne she does not appear to have made a favourable impression; as a cotemporary critic, after declaring that Garrick's appearance as Richard beggared all description, went on to say, 'As to most of the other characters, particularly the female ones, they were wretchedly performed. Mrs Hopkins was an ungracious queen, Mrs Johnstone a frightful duchess, and Mrs Siddons a lamentable Lady Anne!'

This first appearance of Mrs Siddons in London was a failure, arising in a great measure from her timidity—the great obstacle, as she herself afterwards declared, to the early development of her powers. Mr Campbell remarks: 'Altogether, though this first failure of the greatest of actresses evinces nothing like positive or acute discernment in the public taste, and though the criticism quoted was most heartlessly uncandid, yet I am not prepared to blame her audiences implicitly for wilful blindness to her merit. On her own confession she was infirm in her health, and fearfully nervous. It is true, she was the identical Mrs Siddons who, a year afterwards, electrified the provincial theatres, and who, in 1782, eclipsed all rivalry whatsoever; but it does not follow that she was the identical actress. Her case adds but one to the many instances in the history of great actors and orators, of timidity obscuring the brightest powers at their outset, like chilling vapours awhile retarding the beauty of a day in spring. But the day of her fame, when it rose, well repaid her for the lateness of its rising, and its splendour more than atoned for its morning shade; indeed, it renders her history more interesting by the contrast.'

After the London season, she accepted an engagement at Birmingham; but still had expectations of being restored to Drury Lane. In this, however, she was disappointed, for she received an official intimation that her services there were no longer required. This, she says in her memoranda, 'was a stunning and cruel blow, overwhelming all my ambitious hopes, and in a wavering peril

even to the subsistence of my helpless babes. It was very near destroying me. My blighted prospects, indeed, induced a state of mind that preyed upon my health, and for a year and a half I was supposed to be hastening to a decline. For the sake of my poor children, however, I roused myself to shake off this despondency, and my endeavours were blest with success, in spite of the degradation I had suffered in being banished from Drury Lane, as a worthless candidate for fame and fortune.' In 1777 she played at Manchester, sustaining, as at Birmingham and other provincial theatres, the principal characters, and became so popular, that she received an invitation to York, where she became a general favourite. The parts in which, at this time, she was thought to excel, were Euphrasia, Alicia, Rosalind, Matilda, and Lady Townley. At Manchester, one of her most applauded characters was Hamlet, which she performed many years afterwards in Dublin, though she could never be prevailed upon to play it in London. Her next engagement was at Bath, on a salary of three guineas per week, having six years before been recommended to Mr Palmer, the manager there, by the celebrated Henderson, who, when performing with her at Birmingham in the summer of 1776, was forcibly struck by her ripening genius. At Bath, where she remained for about three years, she played the highest characters in tragedy, although she had to personate many subordinate parts in comedy, the principal being by contract in possession of another actress. Here she had severe study and hard labour. She herself says, 'Hard labour, indeed it was; for, after the rehearsal at Bath, and on a Monday morning, I had to go and act at Bristol on the evening of the same day; and reaching Bath again, after a drive of twelve miles, I was obliged to represent some fatiguing part there on the Tuesday evening.' But she soon had her reward. Besides gaining in reputation, both public and private, she was acquiring influential friends, one of whom, the Duchess of Devonshire, on her grace's return to London, spoke so enthusiastically of her powers, that, in the summer of 1782, she received the offer of an engagement from the managers of Drury Lane Theatre, which she accepted. She took leave of her Bath friends in a touching poetical address of her own composition, in which, after saying that three reasons urged her to leave them, she presented to them her three children, with the words:—

'These are the moles that heave me from your side,
Where I was rooted, where I could have died.'

This beautiful and affecting appeal will remind the reader of the noble answer of Cornelia to the Roman lady, who, after showing her all her ornaments, asked to be allowed to look at hers, on which, presenting her children, she exclaimed, 'These are my jewels!'

On the 10th of October, 1782, Mrs Siddons made her re-appearance on the boards of Drury Lane, after an interval of seven years, in the character of Isabella, in Southerne's tragedy of that name, when her supremacy as the first tragic actress on the English stage was at once acknowledged. The verdict that Henderson had been the first to pronounce was now universally confirmed, 'that she never had an equal, and never would have a superior.' Speaking of her first appearance on this, to her, momentous occasion, Mrs Siddons afterwards said, 'Of the general effect of this night's performance I need not speak; it has already been publicly recorded. I reached my own quiet fireside, on retiring from the scene of reiterated shouts and plaudits. I was half dead; and my joy and thankfulness were of too solemn and overpowering a nature to admit of words, or even tears. My father, my husband, and myself, sat down to a frugal neat supper, in a silence uninterrupted, except by exclamations of gladness from Mr Siddons. My father enjoyed his refreshments; but occasionally stopped short, and laying down his knife and fork, lifting up his venerable face, and throwing back his silver hair, gave way to tears of happiness. We soon parted for the night; and I, worn out with continually broken rest and laborious exertion, after an hour's retrospection, fell into a sweet and pro-

found sleep, which lasted to the middle of the next day. I awoke, alert in mind and body. I should be afraid to say,' she continues, 'how many times Isabella was repeated successively, with still increasing favour. I was now highly gratified by a removal from my very indifferent and inconvenient dressing-room to one on the stage floor, instead of climbing a long staircase; and this room (oh! unexpected happiness) had been Garrick's dressing-room. It is impossible to conceive my gratification when I saw my own figure in the self same glass which had so often reflected the face and form of that unequalled genius; not perhaps without some vague fanciful hope of a little degree of inspiration from it. About this time I was honoured by the whole body of the law with a present of a purse of one hundred guineas.'

Mrs Siddons performed Isabella eight times between the 10th and 30th of October. She next appeared successively as Euphrasia in the 'Grecian Daughter,' Jane Shore, and Calista in the 'Fair Penitent.' In these parts she was admitted to have combined all the separate excellences of her predecessors and cotemporaries, and to have added to them new charms and perfections of her own. Her unprecedented attraction induced the proprietors of Drury Lane Theatre, in addition to her weekly salary, which was upon an annual rise from £10, to allow her two benefit nights, and to relinquish on both the nightly charge, about £90. Prudence was always one of her distinguishing personal qualities, and her great success led her into no extravagance or unnecessary expenditure. To be near the theatre, she resided in respectable lodgings in the Strand; and, animated by a mother's feelings for her family, 'she prepared herself,' says one of her biographers, 'for a life of such exertion as mocks the toil of mere manual labour.' It became the fashion to know her, and her door at this time saw more carriages daily before it than that of any other private residence in London. For her first benefit, on the 14th December, she chose the part of Belvidera in 'Venice Preserved' and obtained an additional triumph in a character of so much tenderness, and in every way so much adapted to her powers at that period of her life. Mr Campbell remarks, that when he saw Mrs Siddons act Belvidera, she was in the autumn of her beauty, large, august, and matronly, and that he may have judged of her unspiritually, and too much by externals; so that he could have conceived another actress to have played the part more perfectly. But when she was young, there were, he says, no two opinions about her perfection in the part. On March 18, 1783, before the close of the season, her second benefit took place, when she performed Zara, in the 'Mourning Bride,' which, it is said, was not inferior even to her Lady Macbeth, that she afterwards made so exclusively her own. This second benefit produced to her the sum of £650.

'It was at this time,' says Mr Campbell, 'that she sat for her portrait, as Isabella, to the distinguished artist Hamilton. Her immense popularity was now shown in the general enthusiasm to see her picture, even when it was scarcely finished. Carriages thronged the artist's door, and if every fine lady who stepped out of them did not actually weep before the painting, they had all of them at least their white handkerchiefs ready for that demonstration of their sensibility. One day after her sitting, Mr Hamilton and his wife were bidding good morning to the great actress, and accompanying her down stairs, when they pointed out to her her own resemblance to an ancient sculpture of Ariadne that stood on the staircase. Mrs Siddons was taken by surprise, and her honesty was here a traitor to her vanity. She clasped her hands in delight, and said, 'Yes, it is very —,' but, immediately recollecting herself before she got out the word *like*, she substituted the word beautiful. 'It is so very beautiful, that you must be flattering me.' She then sat down on the staircase to contemplate the sculpture, frequently exclaiming, 'It is so very beautiful that you must be flattering me.' She departed, however, evidently well pleased to believe in the likeness; but it would require

one to be as handsome as herself to have a right to blame her self-compacency.'

At the close of the season she visited Liverpool, Dublin, and Cork, acting at all these places with her wonted power. In the ensuing October she commenced her second season at Drury Lane, and performed, by royal command, Isabella in the 'Fatal Marriage,' on which occasion their Majesties, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, and the Princess Augusta, honoured the performance with their presence. About the end of the same month she was invited to the house of Dr Johnson, in Bolt Court. This interesting incident in her life is thus related:—'When she came into the room there happened to be no chair ready for her. 'Madam,' said Johnson, with a smile, 'you, who so often occasion a want of seats to other people, will the more easily excuse the want of one yourself.' He inquired with which of Shakspeare's characters she was most pleased; upon her answering that she thought the character of Queen Katherine in 'Henry VIII.' the most natural, 'I think so, too, madam,' said he, 'and whenever you perform it, I will once more hobble out to the theatre myself.' When she *did* perform it, five years afterwards, the great moralist was in his grave. He told her that her 'great predecessor, Mrs Pritchard, was, in common life, a vulgar idiot, who used to talk of her *gound*; but that, on the stage, she seemed to be inspired by gentility and understanding.'

On the 3d November, 1783, Mrs Siddons appeared in one of Shakspeare's principal characters for the first time in London, by playing Isabella in 'Measure for Measure,' in her own transcendent manner. The part she repeated two nights after, by royal command. Her first appearance in conjunction with her brother, John Philip Kemble, was in 'The Gamester,' November 22, in which she performed Mrs Beverley to his Beverley. The same season, his Majesty, George III., having expressed a wish to see brother and sister together in the tragedy of 'King John,' she appeared as Constance, a part with which she so entirely identified herself that, we are told, 'it was not unusual for spectators to leave the house when her part in the tragedy was over, as if they could no longer enjoy Shakspeare himself, when she ceased to be his interpreter.' She was this year first invited to Buckingham Palace, and to Windsor Castle, to read plays to their majesties, and was afterwards often sent for, for the same purpose. She also received the nominal appointment of preceptress in English reading to the princesses, a situation which gained her more honour than emolument. Before the end of the season this year, Mr and Mrs Siddons removed to a house which they had taken in Gower Street, and set up their carriage.

During the course of 1784, Sir Joshua Reynolds painted his celebrated portrait of her as the Tragic Muse; the original of which is now in the splendid collection of the Marquis of Westminster, and the duplicate at Woolwich College. The name of the great artist and the date of the picture were inscribed by him on the hem of the garment; the only instance, it is said, in which he affixed them to any of his productions. When Mrs Siddons, in Sir Joshua's presence, examined the picture in its finished state, she perceived that it contained the great painter's name, and on her remarking this to him, he replied, 'I could not lose the opportunity of my name going down to posterity on the hem of *your* garment.' Burke, who inspected the progress of this celebrated picture, pronounced it 'the noblest portrait he had ever seen of any age.'

During the summer season of 1784, Mrs Siddons visited Edinburgh for the first time, and performed so much to the delight of her audiences, that the people crowded in multitudes around the door of her hotel, in their eager anxiety to see her. On this occasion her feelings were highly gratified by the following simple incident:—A servant girl, with a basket of greens on her arm, one day stopped near her in the High Street, and hearing her speak, said, 'Ah! weel do I ken that sweet voice that

made me greet sae sair yestreen!' In Edinburgh, Mrs Siddons became acquainted with Home, the author of 'Douglas,' Dr Blair, David Hume, Dr Beattie, Henry Mackenzie, and other eminent *literati* of the day. She did not visit Glasgow for a year after this, but great numbers of the inhabitants of the western metropolis hastened into Edinburgh to see her. They also sent her a massive piece of plate with an inscription, bearing that they presented it to her as a proof of their being able to appreciate theatrical genius as well as the people of Edinburgh. The crowded state of the theatre, on every occasion when she acted, occasioned an epidemic complaint, which got the name of the Siddons fever.

From Edinburgh Mrs Siddons proceeded to Dublin, where she was received with great enthusiasm, and was entertained by all the first families there with genuine Irish hospitality.

On her re-appearance at Drury Lane, some calumnies actively circulated against her, caused her to be received with strong opposition, and even to be met with a storm of hissing and hooting when she made her entrance on the stage. 'Against her character as a wife and mother,' says Mr Campbell, 'scandal itself could not whisper a surmise; and it was equally hopeless to impugn her genius as an actress. But they spread abroad that she was avaricious, uncharitable, and slow to lend her professional aid to unfortunate fellow-players. Two specific charges alone of this kind could be alleged, and they were both met and refuted by the clearest demonstration.' 'The most cruel of these aspersions,' she says herself, 'accused me of having inhumanly refused, at first, to act for the benefit of poor Mr Digges, and of having at last agreed to do so upon terms so exorbitant as had never before been heard of. A letter from himself, however, full of grateful acknowledgments, sufficed to clear me from the charge, by testifying that, so far from having deserved it, I had myself arranged the affair with the manager, and had acted Belvidera under the most annoying and difficult circumstances. Here ended my disgrace and persecution; and from that time forth the generous public, during the remainder of the season, received my *entrées* each succeeding night with shouts, huzzas, and waving of handkerchiefs, which, however gratifying as testimonials of their changed opinion, were not sufficient to obliterate from my memory the tortures I had endured from their injustice, and the consciousness of a humiliating vocation.' She afterwards declared to one of her friends, that 'for many a day after this insult, all her professional joy and ambition drooped in her mind, and that she sickened at the thought of being an actress.'

Mrs Siddons first acted Lady Macbeth in London (she had previously performed it in the provinces) for her second benefit, Feb. 2, 1785, and her genius acquired a new triumph by her unrivalled exhibition of this, one of the greatest of Shakspeare's creations. The impression which she made in this part was emphatically summed up in the words that 'if, since the Eumenides of Eschylus, tragic poetry had produced nothing so terrible and sublime as the Macbeth of Shakspeare, it may be said with equal truth, that since dramatic fiction has been invested with seeming reality, nothing superior to the Lady Macbeth of Mrs Siddons has been seen.' During the same season, besides acting the principal parts in other stock pieces, she appeared in two more of Shakspeare's characters, namely, Desdemona and Rosalind, in which last, however, she was excelled by Mrs Jordan. In her first performance of Desdemona, she unfortunately got a damp bed to lie upon in the death scene, in consequence of which she contracted a severe rheumatic fever. Afterwards, in March, 1802, when she played Hermione, in the 'Winter's Tale,' her drapery caught fire when she was standing as the statue, and she was in imminent danger of being burned to death, had not one of the scene-shifters with admirable presence of mind crept on his knees, and extinguished the flames without her knowing anything of the peril in which she had been placed, until she came off the stage.

In the summer of 1788, she again visited Edinburgh for the third time (she had been there in 1785), and in nine nights her profits there amounted to as many hundred pounds. At the conclusion of her engagement, the Faculty of Advocates presented her with a massive silver tea-tray, bearing the following inscription:—'To Mrs Siddons, as an acknowledgment of respect for eminent virtues, and of gratitude for pleasure received from unrivalled talents.'

Among the remarkable incidents of her life, was the fact, that she was one of the first persons who perceived in George III. the early symptoms of that mental malady which commenced in the autumn of 1788. Being on a visit at Windsor Castle, his majesty one day handed to her a sheet of blank paper with only his signature inscribed upon it. With the discretion that uniformly marked her conduct, she immediately handed the paper to the queen.

Soon after the commencement of the season at Drury Lane in the winter of 1789-89, Mrs Siddons performed for the first time Queen Katherine in 'Henry VIII.' which, like Lady Macbeth, became one of her greatest characters. On the 7th February she appeared as Volumnia, her brother John acting Coriolanus; and for her second benefit the same season, she came out as Juliet. Her greatness in Queen Katherine was perfectly electrifying, and Mr Russell, one of her fellow-performers at Edinburgh, relates, that one night when she played it there, he met the poor fellow who enacted the surveyor in the piece coming off the stage perspiring with agitation, after he had received the queen's rebuke—'You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office on the complaint of the tenants!' 'What is the matter with you?' said Mr Russell. 'The matter,' quoth the poor player, 'that woman plays as if the thing were in earnest. She looked on me so through and through with her black eyes, that I would not for the world meet her on the stage again.'

In the season of 1789-90, she did not appear at all at Drury Lane, owing to the difficulty of obtaining payment from that most accomplished personage, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who was then manager and treasurer of the theatre; and the following season she performed but little, owing to the state of her health. In 1791, Drury Lane was condemned and pulled down, and the company removed to the Opera-House in the Haymarket while their own house was rebuilding. The new theatre at Drury Lane was opened in April, 1794, with 'Macbeth.' Mrs Siddons continued with that company till the close of the season 1802, when she and her brother, John Philip Kemble, retired from Drury Lane, and the following year they appeared at Covent Garden, where they remained till that house was burned to the ground by accidental fire in September, 1808. The new theatre was opened on the 18th September, 1809, and there it was that Mrs Siddons took her professional farewell of the stage in the character of Lady Macbeth, 29th June, 1812. During the ensuing season she gave public readings of poetry in the Argyle Rooms, London, alternately from Milton and Shakspeare. Soon after, she received invitations from the most eminent characters of the universities of Oxford and Cambridge to visit both, which she accepted, and gave her readings with great satisfaction, at what were called private parties, the principal members of the universities being present.

Although Mrs Siddons had taken her leave of the stage, she was induced to return to it on the following occasions:—In 1813, she acted twice gratis for the Theatrical Fund. The same year (June 11) she appeared at Covent Garden for Charles Kemble's benefit. At Edinburgh, in 1815, she performed ten times for the widow and family of her deceased son, Henry Siddons. In May 1816, she acted again at Covent Garden for the benefit of Mr and Mrs Kemble. She performed June 8th and 22d the same year, at the express desire of the Princess Charlotte, who, however, was prevented by illness from attending, and June 29, for the Theatrical Fund. In the following year, June 5, she again acted for Charles Kemble's bene-

fit. Her last 'appearance on any stage' was on June 9, 1819, for the benefit of Mr and Mrs Charles Kemble, when she enacted Lady Randolph, never at any time one of her most effective characters. After twice visiting the Continent, she passed her latter years in private life, beloved and respected by all who knew her. This great actress died of erysipelas, on the 8th of June, 1831, in the 76th year of her age, and was buried in the new ground of Paddington Church. In the inside of the church there is a marble tablet to her memory, near the altar, with the text, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' She was the mother of five children, three daughters and two sons. One daughter and one son survived her. Mr Siddons, her husband, died at Bath in 1808.

As an actress, it may be enough to say, that Mrs Siddons exhibited, in all respects, such an entire identification with the characters she represented, as has never yet been equalled; to such an extent, indeed, that the characters themselves, in the minds of all who ever saw her, became identified with her. She studied her author with intense care, and kept nature alone in view, in the conception and execution of the parts she embodied on the stage. She submitted the character she was to personate to the most patient and severe study, until she had made herself complete mistress of it, in all its individual and moral bearings. So profound was her devotion to her profession—so entirely absorbed were her faculties in her study, that she, in a manner, became abstracted from herself, even in ordinary life. The following is a well known instance of her habit of giving dramatic emphasis to common-place observations:—She went one day into a mercer's shop at Bath, and after bargaining for some calico, in the midst of the shopman's commendations of it, she put the question, 'But, will it wash?' in a tone and manner so tragical as to make him start back electrified from the counter. Contemporary criticism is unanimous in its enthusiastic encomiums on her genius. 'Mrs Siddons,' said Lord Byron, was the *beau idéal* of acting; Miss O'Neill I would not go to see, for fear of weakening the impression made by the queen of tragedians. When I read Lady Macbeth's part, I have Mrs Siddons before me, and imagination even supplies her voice, whose tones were superhuman, and power over the heart supernatural.' The greatest pleader of his age, Erskine, said, that her performance was a school for orators—that he had studied her cadences and intonation, and that to the harmony of her periods and pronunciation he was indebted for his best displays. In her leisure hours, Mrs Siddons took great delight in sculpture, in which she acquired considerable skill. Her first impulse to attempt the art of the statuary, arose from the following circumstance:—Being at Birmingham in the course of 1789, she happened to be one day making some purchases in a shop where the busts of distinguished personages were sold. The shopman, without knowing her, took down a bust of herself, and told her that it was the likeness of the greatest and most beautiful actress that was ever seen in the world. Mrs Siddons purchased the piece of stucco, but she had a very different opinion of it from the shopman. She thought, that though she had never tried modelling, she could make a better likeness of herself than this wretched production, and from that time modelling in clay became her favourite recreation. She produced, among other things, a medallion of herself, a bust of her brother John Philip Kemble, in the character of Coriolanus, a study of Brutus before the death of Cæsar, and a bust of President Adams.

In private life, she is represented as possessing, with a stately manner, high self-respect, and great apparent reserve, a quiet and kindly temper, and much benevolence of disposition. She was less taciturn in society than was commonly supposed. She sang many simple ballads with infinite taste, and, in select circles, introduced a peculiarly dry humour into amusing trifles. She had deep religious impressions; and her character altogether, personal and professional, was one that has rarely been equalled, and never surpassed by any member of her profession.

THE BEAR STEAK.

By Mrs Cawwz, Authoress of 'Susan Hopley,' &c.

'At what hour is the ordinary?' said I to the host of the Hotel de la Poste, at Martigny.

'At five precisely,' replied he; 'and I recommend you to be punctual.'

There was something very significant in his voice as he gave me this piece of advice, and I asked him what he meant: 'Never mind,' said he, 'you'll see; only be punctual, that's all.'

'You may rely on that,' replied I; 'I have walked from Bex this morning, besides visiting the salt mines; and I'm as ravenous as a bear.'

'Ha! ha! ha!' cried the host, bursting into a violent fit of laughter. 'Well, be punctual, that's all.'

I had every intention of being so, but I fancy my watch was somewhat behind the Martigny * clocks, and when I entered the company was already seated. I cast an anxious eye at the table in search of a vacant place, but there was none; and, hungry as I was, I was just preparing to levy a volley of abuse at my friend the host, when I felt a tap on my right shoulder, and, on looking round, I perceived that worthy functionary had laid me a cover on a little table in the corner. 'This way,' he said, putting his finger on his lip, with an air of mystery; 'here is a place for you.' There were five dishes on the table, and in the middle one was a steak that might have shamed the best cook in England.

'Oh,' said I, drawing the dish towards me, 'this looks well.'

'Doesn't it?' said mine host, with a triumphant glance; 'to tell you the truth,' added he, in a whisper, 'I found there would not be enough for the company; so I said nothing about it, and laid this little table for you in the corner—snug, eh?'

'But is there anything particular about the beefsteak?' said I.

'It's bear, that's all,' said he, with another look of triumph.

'Bear!' exclaimed I, involuntarily pushing back the dish; for the recollection of certain wretched animals of that denomination, with a chain through their noses, that I had been accustomed to see dragged through the mud of my native city, to the music of a tabor and pipe, did not inspire me with any great appetite for the worthy host's delicacy.

'Try it,' said he, with a knowing wink, 'that's all: so I cut off a morsel as big as a hazel-nut, and opening my lips very wide, I summoned resolution to put it into my mouth: I was astonished. 'Well?' said mine host.

'Is that bear?' said I.

'It is,' said he.

I tried another mouthful as big again as the first. 'Indeed!' said I, 'it's delicious! I could never have believed it.'

'Eat away,' said he, 'while it's smoking. I must go and look after the company. I'll tell you more about it presently; and away he went, leaving me paying every respect to the bear he could possibly desire. It was the best thing I ever ate; and when he returned, I had pretty nearly cleared the dish. 'Ah,' said he, 'I was sure you'd like it. He was a famous fellow that.'

'A capital fellow, indeed!' said I.

'The largest bear I ever saw,' said he.

'Indeed!' said I, still munching away.

'Ferocious, too,' continued he—'dreadfully ferocious!'

'Ah!' said I, putting the last morsel in my mouth.

'Before he expired,' he continued, 'he contrived to eat the head and shoulders of William Mona, the young man that killed him,' said mine host.

The morsel dropt from my mouth—'You're joking!' said I.

'Not I,' replied he; 'it's too true.'

'Give me a glass of brandy,' cried I, falling back in my chair. I thought I should have returned my whole dinner.

'I'll tell you the story,' said the host, pouring out the brandy. 'It's rather rich for your stomach; and, *ma foi*, you've made a clean dish of it;' for the worthy man had not the slightest idea of the cause of my discomposure: 'but, as I was going to tell you, poor William Mona: he ate was a peasant of Fouly, a village hard by here, immediately under the mountain. The bear that you have just finished, for that's the last bit of him, had taken a particular fancy for some fine pears that grew in his orchard, and was in the habit of visiting it pretty frequently. William, naturally enough, supposed the depredator was some boy belonging to the neighbourhood, and in the hope of giving him a fright, he put a heavy charge of powder in his gun, and fixed himself in a convenient situation to watch the intruder. But, lo, just as the clock struck eleven, the distant roar of a bear met his ears. 'Ah! ah!' said he, 'there's Bruin on the mountain; the first leisure day I have I'll pay him a visit; for there is a reward of eighty franks for the head of every bear taken, which, together with the skin and the carcass, make it a handsome prize.'

However, the bear, who, perhaps with some reason, considered himself the oldest inhabitant, thought proper to take the first visit on himself; and presently a second roar, so near that William had no time even to retreat into the house, announced that he was close at hand. With a gun charged only with powder, and no possibility of concealment, the young man's situation was not pleasant. All he could do was to throw himself flat on his face, lie motionless, and pray to Heaven that the visit might be intended for the pears and not for himself: and so it proved. Bruin climbed the hedge at the corner of the orchard, marched deliberately across, passed within a dozen paces of William, ascended one of the trees—one, by the way, which bore particularly fine pears—the rogue had a tooth in his head—made a plentiful repast, and then descending, walked quietly out of the orchard, and returned to the mountain. All this, from his first rear to his departure, occupied about an hour; and it may be supposed that the time passed less pleasantly to the man than to the bear. 'Ha! ha!' said William; 'it is your turn now, we shall see whose it will be next.'

'What are you doing that for?' inquired a neighbour, who, looking into William's cottage, on the morning after this adventure, found him sawing the iron teeth of his rake into little pieces.

'To amuse myself, perhaps,' replied William.

'Ah!' said Francis, the neighbour, after watching him for some few minutes, 'I have it—you have found the track of a bear, and you think those pieces of iron sure than ball.'

'Well, suppose I have?' answered William.

'Why, then, let us go halves,' said Francis. 'Two men are better than one, particularly when the adversary is a bear.'

'That's as it may be,' answered William.

'You don't like to divide the reward,' pursued Francis; 'but you know I am at liberty to go and look after the bear if I please, and free to kill him if I find him.'

'Doubtless you are,' replied William, loading his gun with the pieces of iron, and a double charge of powder.

'Then you won't go shares?' said Francis.

'No,' replied William; 'all or none.'

'Very well,' said Francis; 'every man for himself then. If I find him I'll kill him, that's all;' and away he went to hunt for the track of the bear, which he had very little difficulty in discovering; but, as he had no right to intrude into his neighbour's enclosure, he took up his sta-

* Martigny, the Octodurus of the Romans, is a small town, or rather two towns, in the canton of Valais, in Switzerland, near an affluent of the Rhone, and directly on the celebrated highway of the Simplon, which conducts over the Great St Bernard. The monks of St Bernard have their head-quarters within the town, whence the brethren stationed in the celebrated monastery are relieved at stated times. In this elevated portion of the Alps, bears are still objects of the chase. In 1818, the place was nearly destroyed by the swollen waters of the stream on which it is situated, and many houses yet retain marks of the inundation.—Ed.

ion at night outside the orchard, in the line he thought he bear most likely to follow.

It was a fine moonlight night, and he had not been long an ambush when he saw William come out of his house, with his gun on his shoulder, and a sack over his arm. After looking about, apparently to ascertain that nobody was watching him, he advanced to within about twenty paces of the pear-tree, where there lay a large grey stone, that had rolled down from the hill. Here he opened his sack, stepped into it, and leaving nothing out but his head and his arms, he hid himself behind the stone, so that any one who did not know he was there would scarcely have discovered him. Nearly an hour elapsed before any sound was heard that announced the approach of the enemy; but at length a fearful roar, loud and long, set the hunters on the alert. Francis cocked his gun and held himself ready for his shot; but whether it was by an instinctive caution, or whether his nose (for their scent is astonishing) warned the bear of the presence of this second adversary, he changed his course, and instead of taking to the left of William, as he had done the night before, he passed him on the right, within ten paces of the end of his gun, but quite out of the reach of Francis.

William never stirred, any more than if he did not see the bear: whilst the animal, for his part, appeared quite unconscious of the presence of the man; probably he was so—for the wind being in the contrary direction carried the scent away, and the sack and the stone rendered him scarcely perceptible to the eye. On went Bruin towards the tree, but at the critical instant when he rose on his hind legs to commence his ascent, William pulled his trigger—there was a flash, a report, a roar of agony; the bear took to his fore legs and fled, passing again close to William, who had, with all speed, retreated into the sack.

This time, however, the bear, instead of leaving the orchard where he had entered it, made a circuit, and climbed the hedge at a spot that brought him directly in a line with Francis; and roaring with agony, rolling in the dust, and furious, he advanced on the hunter, who, with a beating heart, and his finger on the trigger of his gun, meanwhile awaited his approach. 'Now for it!' muttered he, as he took his aim; but at that moment the bear suddenly stopped, drew the air into his nostrils with a long and loud inhalation, uttered a prolonged roar, turned back, and re-entered the orchard: the wind was in his favour, and he had scented his assassin. 'Look to yourself!' cried Francis; 'the bear's upon you!' and, with a generous courage, he rushed after the animal, knowing that if William had not reloaded his gun, he was a dead man. But he had not made a dozen steps before a fearful cry—the cry of a human voice—a cry of terror, of agony—a cry that called for help both from God and man, assailed his ears, then all was silent. There was not a soul awake in the village that did not hear that terrible but vain appeal.

Francis flew rather than ran, and as he drew near he began to distinguish the infuriated animal moving backwards and forwards in the shade, trampling and tearing the wretched victim, from whom no sound issued; and so occupied was the beast with his prey, that he appeared quite unconscious of, or indifferent to, the approach of a second enemy; whilst Francis, although within four paces of the spot, did not dare to fire, lest from his agitation and the unsteadiness of his hand, he should miss his aim and kill William, if life yet remained in the tortured form before him, instead of the bear.

In order to force him to abandon his victim, Francis picked up a stone and threw it at the beast, who, instantly facing about and rising on his hind legs, advanced upon him. So close were the combatants, that the breast of the animal pressed against the muzzle of the gun as Francis drew the trigger; and almost before the report was audible, the ferocious monster was stretched in the dust—the ball had passed clean through the body, and divided the vertebral column.

By this time the cries of the men and the roars of the bear had awakened and alarmed the inhabitants of the

village, who came running from all directions, with lights and arms, to give their assistance, and amongst them came William's wife and children. The sack was lifted and examined. What it contained was no longer a man—it was not even a corpse: the head had disappeared altogether; all that remained was a shapeless mass of bones and flesh. There was not a dry eye in the village of Fouly. Francis generously yielded to the distressed family not only the bear and his skin, but also the government reward; and there is a subscription opened for them, to which, perhaps, Monsieur will add his name?

'Certainly, I will,' said I, rising from the table, and staggering towards the door, with a sensation at my stomach that warned me of the necessity of a speedy exit from the dinner-room. 'Doubtless,' added I, when I was somewhat recovered—'doubtless, a bear steak is a capital dish: but, oh, my friend, let me recommend you never again to garnish it with his biography!'

VEGETABLES FORMING THE FOOD OF MAN.

RICE—MAIZE—MILLET—SUGAR-CANE.

IN the arrangement of nature, by which every variety of climate on the earth's surface has its particular kinds of plants, a bountiful Providence has taken care to supply each region with its useful grains and grasses for the food of man, and those animals dependent on him. Wheat, barley, and oats, are the grains of temperate and even cold climates—they will not grow luxuriantly under a tropical sun, or in marsh and flooded grounds; they require gentle and regular showers and a genial sun, while the periodic torrents of the equatorial regions, followed by a powerful and scorching heat, would prove their destruction. It is otherwise with rice and maize, which form the chief grains of the greater part of Asia, Africa, South America, and even the southern parts of Europe: these grow up and flourish best in climates of ardent heat and abundant moisture.

Rice (*oryza sativa*) is a tall strong plant, not unlike a stalk of wheat, but larger, and with a greater number of joints. The main stalk divides into branches at the top, on each of which is an ear, not unlike that of barley. Each grain is terminated with an awn or beard, and is included in a rough yellow husk. This husk adheres very firmly to the grain, and is only to be separated by passing the rice between a pair of mill-stones, placed at such a distance from each other that the friction will remove the husk without crushing the grain. There is besides this a thin inner skin, which is removed by beating the rice in large mortars. The seed then appears an oblong body, not unlike barley deprived of its skin, but of a whiter and more pearly lustre. Rice differs from the other grains in being almost entirely composed of starchy matter, with a small portion only of gluten. This grain has been known in Asia from the earliest ages, and has formed the chief food of the great mass of the population of India and China. It is also one of the chief products of Egypt, and has been introduced into the warmer parts of America by Europeans.

The natural soil of the rice plant is marshy ground. There are at least three varieties of the species: the common rice plant, which is the strongest and largest, and requires abundant moisture; the early rice, which is of smaller size, and comes to maturity sooner than the other; and the mountain rice, which grows on the sloping sides of hills, with only an occasional supply of moisture. For the successful cultivation of rice, then, a wet soil is absolutely necessary; and thus a natural marshy or occasionally river-flooded plain must be selected, or artificial irrigation had recourse to. The great valley of the Nile, which is periodically flooded by the inundations of that river, thus becomes a fertile soil for the production of rice. Its culture, however, is always a most unwholesome and often fatal employment. In America, the rice fields are attended to by negroes, and the morta-

lity among these labourers is so very great, that an annual importation of fresh slaves is necessary to keep up the supply of hands. No white man can live in the low marshy rice grounds during the sultry heats of autumn. Rice is generally sown in drills. In Carolina, in the United States, the seed is carefully put in regular rows in trenches, about eighteen inches apart; the sowing is generally performed by negro women, and is completed about the middle of March. The water, which till this time had been kept off by flood-gates, is now permitted to flow over the ground freely, to the depth of several inches, and is allowed to remain in this state for about a week. During this time the germination of the seed takes place; and on the water being withdrawn, the plants spring up, and in a month attain the height of three or four inches. The ground is again flooded for about sixteen days, and by this process all weeds are destroyed. It is allowed after this to remain without farther flooding till the middle of July, being repeatedly hoed during the interval. At the time just mentioned water is again admitted, and is continued till the ripening of the grain, which takes place about the end of August. The harvest extends throughout the month of September, or even later. The grain is reaped with a sickle, by the male negroes, while the females follow, and collect the rice into sheaves or bundles. In Hindostan and China, irrigation is practised on a large scale. In many parts of the country, the rice fields are formed into a regular succession of terraces, one above the other, so that the water of irrigation is made to flow successively from one level to another, the plants in the various terraces being in successive stages of growth. The Chinese bestow great pains on the culture of rice, both in the preparation and manuring of their fields, and in the subsequent irrigation. This people use rice not only as bread, and in a variety of dishes, but they also ferment it into a sort of wine, and distil it into a spirit.

Rice is also cultivated in the south of Europe. In the rich flat meadows of Lombardy, which are irrigated from the waters of the Po, this grain is extensively raised. After the seed is sown the water is turned on, and allowed to cover the surface to the depth of several inches during the whole course of its growth, and until the rice is ripe. Three crops are taken successively from the ground in this manner, without manuring; but the soil is then so far exhausted, that it must be manured and planted for a time with other crops, before another succession of rice harvests can be drawn from it. It is a profitable crop, but its culture is as unwholesome for the labourers as in the tropical regions.

In Valencia in Spain, the rice culture is similar to that in Italy. The water remains on the ground even during the operations of harvest, and the reapers are obliged to wade up to their knees in order to cut the grain; other persons follow to receive the sheaves as they are cut, and to convey them to a dry place, where the grain is detached from the ear by the treading of mules.

In Egypt, the principal rice fields are around Damietta and Rosetta, which lie most convenient for irrigation by the Nile. The Egyptians are supposed to have been instructed in the cultivation of this plant under the reigns of the caliphs, at which time many useful plants were brought across the Red Sea. The old traveller Hasselquist thus describes the manner in which he witnessed in Egypt the separation of the grain from the husk:—"It is pounded by hollow iron pestles of a cylindrical form, an inch in diameter, lifted up by a wheel worked by oxen. A person sitting between the two pestles pushes forward the rice when these are rising; another sifts, winnows, and lays it under the pestles. In this manner they continue working until it is entirely free from chaff and husks. When it is clean, they add a thirtieth part of salt, and pound them together, by which the rice becomes white, which before was grey; after this, it is passed through a fine sieve to part the salt from the rice, and then it is ready for sale."

Rice is perhaps more extensively used as an article of

food than any other of the cerealia, not excepting even wheat. It contains less actual nourishment, however, than any of the others, yet it forms a light and pleasant article of diet in warm countries, where less muscular exertion is used than in colder regions.

MAIZE, or *Indian Corn* (*zea mays*), is a native plant of the New World, and when America was first discovered, it was the only grain which the natives possessed, and was cultivated and used as extensively as rice in Asia. The plant consists of a strong jointed stalk; the leaves are large and broad like flags, and spring alternately from each joint. The top of the stem produces a bunch or *tassel* of male flowers of various colours. The ears proceed from the stalk at various distances from the ground, and are closely enveloped by several thin leaves, forming a *sheath* or husk. The number of ears from one stalk varies from three to six or seven. The ear or *cob* is an oblong porous body, over the entire surface of which the seeds are fixed, forming eight or more rows, each row consisting of thirty or more seeds. These seeds are of the size of large peas, much flattened on the sides; from their eyes, or germinal points, proceeds a long silky thread or filament of a bright green colour. All these threads are collected together and hang out from the point of the husk in a thick cluster, and are called the *silk*. These are the *stigmata* of the female organs of fructification, and they are thus disposed, in order to receive the fertilizing dust or *pollen* which drops from the flower on the top or tassel, and without which the ears would produce no seed. As a proof of this, if the top be cut off either by accident or design previous to the development of its flowers, the ears will prove wholly barren. The grains are of different colours—generally shades of yellow, but varying from a deep reddish yellow to white. There are at least three varieties of this plant cultivated. The *American Indian Corn* is the largest known variety. It is found in a wild state in many of the West India islands, as well as in the central parts of America. Under cultivation in favourable situations it grows to the height of from seven to ten feet. The *cob* or ear is eight to ten inches long, and five to six inches in circumference. The plant sends out two or three suckers from the bottom of the stalk; but these are generally removed, as they not only impair the growth of the main stalk, but, if left, are later of ripening, and thus impede the harvest of the whole. This variety is extensively cultivated in Central America, and in the United States, but will not thrive in Europe. From three to five grains of the seed are deposited together at regular intervals of three feet, in rows sufficiently far apart to admit of a small plough passing between, for the purpose of loosening the soil round the roots, and of removing the weeds. No manure is used in Mexico, but irrigation is practised. The productiveness of the plant is most astonishing. Some favoured spots have been known to yield an increase of eight hundred grains for one, and it is very common to gather from three hundred and fifty to four hundred measures of grain for one measure that has been sown. In the more temperate climate of the United States the produce is not so great; but even there, where the average crop of wheat does not exceed seventeen bushels per acre, that of maize amounts to twenty or thirty bushels.

A variety of maize with white grains is cultivated in Spain and Italy, but it is a smaller plant than the American corn, and seldom exceeds six feet in height. A third variety, with both yellow and white seeds, is still smaller: in favourable seasons it will grow in Germany and England, and it is cultivated in some parts of North America. Experience has proved that Indian corn forms a very nutritious and palatable food, both for men and animals. It appears to contain more mucilaginous and saccharine matter than the other grains, and on this account is less adapted for bread, but it is used as an article of food in a great variety of other ways. Before it is fully ripe, the tender green ears stripped of their leaves, and roasted by a quick fire till the grain is brown, and eaten with a little salt or butter, are a great delicacy. When the grain is ripe

and harder, the ears boiled in their leaves and eaten with butter, are also good and agreeable food. The ripe grain is used in a variety of forms, either skinned and soaked into a kind of soup, or ground and formed into a pottage for pudding, or made into cakes. Horses and cattle are also fed on the soaked grain; and the leaves, dried and tied up in bundles, form excellent winter forage. The stalks, when bruised like the sugar-cane, afford a juice which is fermented, and yields a spirit on distillation. It is said too that of this juice the ancient Mexicans made a kind of syrup, or even sugar.

MILLET (*sitaria Italica*) is a kind of grass, which, in countries where the soil is light and dry, is cultivated as a substitute for corn. The seed is extremely small (not much larger than a pin-head or a mustard seed), but the ear or panicle is extremely prolific, producing not less than a thousand seeds; hence the name of the plant is supposed to have been derived from *mille*, a thousand. It grows on a jointed stalk, three to four feet in height, with a long broad leaf embracing the stem. The Italians make a coarse brown bread of the ground seeds, but use them chiefly for feeding poultry. This kind of bread is also used in India and Egypt. Among the Arabs it is called *dhourra*.

As the grains are the staple food of man, so the grasses furnish the food of a large proportion of quadrupeds. And as man has domesticated certain of the herbivorous animals, so has he also taken into cultivation a number of the grasses which grow in a state of nature. The grasses, indeed, form a more numerous family than the grains properly so called. They grow abundantly in our pastures and meadows, so that if a turf of about six inches in diameter be taken from any common meadow, it will be found to contain, very frequently, from six to ten different species within its narrow area. Of grasses indigenous to Britain alone, not less than twenty-five families are known, and many of these families contain from twelve to eighteen species in each. Different kinds are adapted to different localities. Some are found to flourish in dry and light soils, others in rich meadows, and not a few in marshes and moist places; and thus we have hill and dale clothed with their rich green and appropriate verdure. No scene imparts a greater charm to the eye than the rich velvety swards of grassy hills and meadows in the temperate countries of the world, compared to the totally different vegetation of the tropics, where either the face of nature teems with a luxuriance of tall exuberant plants, or nothing is visible but the dark brown and burned up soil. Among our various cultivated grasses, the *ray* or *rye* grass seems now to have obtained the ascendancy. It came originally from Norfolk, and is now universally cultivated in Britain. It affords a sweet, nourishing, and agreeable food for cattle, and is peculiarly well adapted for making into hay. There are three kinds of this grass—the perennial, which lasts for years; the annual or bearded; and the white or beardless *darnel*. As it may be of use to some to know the external distinctions between them, we may mention, that the perennial grass is known by a strong reddish tinted stalk and large roots; the *spicules* are longer than the calyx; the flowers are beardless; the seed has a reddish colour, a sweet smell when fresh, a small body, not swelling much in the middle, but heavy, and no appearance of awn or beard. In the annual, again, the *spicules* are of equal length with the calyx, and the flowers have short beards. The annual species is, for various reasons, less suited to the general purposes of the agriculturist, although it is said by some to yield the heaviest crop of hay. The various plants called *junc*i, or the reeds and rushes, all belong to this great family of the *graminææ*. Among them is the famous reed of Egypt, called *papyrus*, the thin plates of the bark of which afforded the first kind of paper used in writing. The bamboo, or canes of Asia, also belong to this family.

The *Sugar-cane* is one of the most celebrated of the grasses. It is a perennial plant, with a round, smooth, and jointed, or simple stem, about twenty feet long. The

leaves are long, pointed, and embrace the stem at their base. The flower produced at the top of the stem is like a large panicle of grass. The sugar-cane is a native of Asia, of the South Sea Islands, and of America, although some doubts are entertained of its being indigenous to the latter continent. At all events, the cultivation of sugar from the cane, on a large scale, is due to European settlers in that country. The cane is propagated by cuttings, and is planted in rows and regularly hood. When fully ripe, the canes are cut down, divided into convenient lengths, tied into bundles, then conveyed to the mill, where they are crushed between iron cylinders, and the juice which flows out is collected into troughs. This juice is then boiled and evaporated to the consistence of syrup, which, on cooling, granulates into the common brown sugar, while a quantity of thinner syrup remains, called molasses.

Sugar, from at first having been considered as a luxury, has now become almost a necessary of life, and is used alike by prince and peasant. It is nutritious, though not in such a degree as those vegetable substances which contain *glutem*, being composed of the same elements as starch. The reason of its universal popularity seems to be, that it lends a pleasing taste to the more insipid articles of diet in common use, thus affording us one among the numerous other instances of the bountiful provisions of nature, where not only are things necessary provided for the feast of life, but substances highly grateful to the palate. It is on the same principle that the beneficent Creator

'Hath made all nature beauty to the eye
And music to the ear.'

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF AN ITALIAN BRIGAND.

THE following story, illustrative of the deep feeling of revenge that so often manifests itself in the Italian and Spanish peasantry, was related by a poor Italian mendicant, with whom the writer happened lately to meet. We believe the narrative is in strict accordance with truth.

Some forty or fifty years ago, on a delightful evening about the middle of July, a young girl might have been seen sitting before a little cottage on the outskirts of a small village near Florence. She was busily engaged plying her needle, and the warm light of an Italian sunset, as it shed a rich hue over her glossy ringlets, and increased the delicate tint of her blooming cheek, with the fragrant flower-beds planted around, and the neat and comfortable-looking cottage, formed a picture of rural felicity that was quite enchanting. By her side was seated a youth whose eye appeared to regard her motions with an interest that betokened a feeling in his heart stronger than that of friendship, and a look of disappointment seemed to tell that he had been refused some expected favour. 'You will not go to the ball to-night, then, Julia?' at length he said, addressing her; 'and all my expected enjoyment will be spoiled.'

'You know, Francesco,' replied she, 'how ill my poor mother is; and it would be very unkind to leave her alone.'

'Then, if it must be so, dearest, I shall not go at all; for without you, the ball would have no attraction for me.' So saying, Francesco arose from his seat, and, bidding her adieu, turned his steps towards home, while Julia still continued busily plying her needle.

Francesco Maratte was the son of a small proprietor occupying the principal house in the village. His youth had been chiefly devoted to acquiring skill in athletic exercises. In his boyhood he was the leader in every sport, and foremost in every feat of daring. As he advanced in age, and took his part in the village games, he excelled all his companions, till, at length, no one was thought of competing with him. His figure was tall and powerful, and his features handsome; but in the curl of his lip and the

expression of his eye, there was an indication of pride and obstinacy, almost the natural consequence of the light in which he was regarded by his companions as the village champion.

Julia, the affianced bride of Francesco, whom we have introduced to our readers above, was a fair maiden of eighteen, with laughing blue eyes, and bright auburn ringlets, and rosy lips. She was esteemed the prettiest girl in the village, and knowing this, of course sometimes played the coquette, yet, as she loved Francesco sincerely, she did not give him much cause to chide her.

A few weeks before the above interview took place, a young artist from Rome had come to reside a short time in the village, for the purpose of sketching some romantic scenery in the neighbourhood. Attracted by the beauty of Julia, whom he had met frequently in his walks, Lorenzo (the name of the artist) had framed several excuses for visiting her cottage, and Julia, flattered by the attentions of the accomplished stranger, had received his visits without reserve. The jealousy of Francesco, aroused by this, watched the young artist with no friendly eye; but when he accused Julia of inconstancy, she threw her arms laughingly around his neck, and kissed the frown from his brow. Such an argument was not to be resisted, and so for the time his jealousy was banished. On the evening we have alluded to, there was to be a ball in the village, and Francesco had looked forward to the fete with pleasure, expecting to meet with Julia there. But, as we have already said, he was disappointed. The evening passed on, and, as he sat listlessly under the shade of a tree beside his father's house, his thoughts turned to the enjoyments he had been promising himself, and his mind was possessed by that restless feeling of dissatisfaction with one's self and everything around, that generally results from disappointed hopes. Starting suddenly up and shaking off his lethargy, he snatched his gun, which was lying near, and tried to beguile the time strolling along the banks of a neighbouring stream, and watching the last rays of the setting sun as they sparkled on its rippling surface.

The sun had sunk below the horizon, and the last streaks of daylight were scarcely visible in the western sky, and still Francesco wandered on heedless why or where he went, till at length he approached the ruins of an ancient tower overlooking the stream. Connected with this tower there was a legend, that many years before a jealous lover had murdered his rival within its walls, and it was reported by the peasantry that the ghost of the assassin was seen at night wandering about the ruins. Francesco, undaunted by such superstitions, entered at the low portal and stood within the moss-covered walls. The moon, which had risen in a cloudless sky, was shining through the narrow window, and casting a stream of light on the opposite wall, increasing tenfold, by its contrast, the surrounding darkness. Francesco looked around, and a shudder suddenly ran through his frame, as he beheld in one corner, half revealed by the moonbeams, a tall figure robed in white, with a frowning aspect, and holding a drawn dagger in his hand. He stood for a short time in suspense, but remembering to have seen a rude figure sculptured on the wall, he approached, and found that the moonlight shining on it produced the startling effect that at first seemed an apparition. The loneliness of the spot, however, and this startling incident, filled his mind, though not easily daunted, with something like terror, and he began to retrace his steps hastily towards the village.

As he returned home, his mind filled with this strange incident, his thoughts reverted to the legend of the tower, and the deadly revenge of the injured lover. The scene conjured up by the loneliness of the spot seemed to start vividly before him, and pursuing this train of thought, he naturally recollected the events of the last few weeks, and the jealousy he had felt toward the young artist. As he proceeded on, his mind filled with such gloomy fancies, he was suddenly awakened from his reverie by the sound of music and revelry at no great distance. Looking up,

he found that the sounds of mirth proceeded from a house near the wayside, the windows of which were brilliantly lighted up, and the flitting shadows passing across showed him that the dance was going on within.

Francesco recollected at once that this must be the ball-room where the festivities of the evening were to be held, and curiosity prompted him to approach. Lifting the latch of a little door that opened on the pathway, he entered a large garden through which he must pass before reaching the house. The fragrance of innumerable flowers filled the air, and the sound of music stealing on the stillness of the evening made Francesco saunter along the walks wrapt for some time in his own thoughts, without heeding the looks of suspicion that were cast upon him by a few of the revellers who had taken refuge from the heat of the ball-room in the cool evening breeze. Their looks of suspicion were not unfounded, on seeing a person intruding amongst them armed with a gun. After a short time he approached one of the windows which was thrown wide open, disclosing the scene of gaiety within. He stood for a little watching the fair forms that were passing before him, when suddenly his eye was rivetted with intensity of gaze, and the blood mounted to his brow, as he saw his Julia wheeling round in the giddy circle of the waltz with the young artist, Lorenzo. The thoughtless Julia, unconscious of the presence of her lover, was enjoying the flatteries of her new admirer, when, happening to approach the window, she started with terror on seeing Francesco, his eyes flashing with fury, pointing his gun towards her. She screamed for assistance, but it was too late: a loud report, followed by a wild shriek, and poor Julia sank on the floor bathed in blood. The ball had taken fatal effect, and in a few minutes the fair girl was a lifeless corpse. Nor had Lorenzo escaped the deadly revenge, for the ball, entering his side as he stood close to the unfortunate Julia, had inflicted a wound that at first seemed mortal. All were in consternation at the fearful tragedy, and there were many sad hearts in the village that night, for Julia had been a general favourite. Deep vows of revenge were uttered by her friends against the assassin; but he was nowhere to be found.

A week passed on, and a funeral procession might have been seen wending down the principal street of the village, accompanied by a band of maidens dressed in white, with many a tearful eye among them as they followed their favourite companion to the grave, over which was placed a simple stone recording her melancholy end.

Week passed on after week, but still there was no intelligence of Francesco, and the dark event was beginning to fade from the minds of the villagers. About two months might have elapsed, when one evening a vehicle was toiling up a steep ascent on the road leading to Florence. The carriage seemed to be one of the most unpretending description, drawn by a single horse, which a boy was leading up the ascent. A youth, pale and emaciated, was reclining back in the carriage, seeming just to have recovered from severe illness. His eyes were full of expression, and his face seemed lighted up with enthusiasm as he looked around on the scenery, which at that part of the road was very wild and rugged. Huge masses of rock rose on each side, forming a narrow pass, the top of which was thickly wooded, and the overhanging foliage was throwing its dark shadow on the path beneath.

Wrapt in contemplation of the grandeur of the scenery, Lorenzo (for it was he who occupied the carriage, and who had now nearly recovered of his wound) did not observe some figures seemingly as wild themselves as the scenery around, who were occasionally peering from above reconnoitring his movements. On turning an angle of the road, however, he came in view of several ruffian-like fellows, who were collected in a group at some distance. Feeling a little alarmed at their appearance, he hesitated whether to proceed, but thought nothing would be gained by returning; and so having ordered the boy to resume his seat, as the road was now more level, drove on at a rapid pace. He had not proceeded far, however, when some one darted suddenly from the roadside, and seizing

the reins, ordered him to halt, at the same time pointing a pistol to his breast. Lorenzo looked towards the brigand (for such he seemed), and turned pale with terror on recognising in him the assassin Francesco. The recognition was mutual, and Francesco, with a fiendish smile, exclaimed, 'Now, I shall finish my revenge,' and immediately fired the pistol at his breast. At the same instant the other brigands rushed forward, and dragging him from the carriage commenced to plunder him of anything that excited their cupidity. In the confusion that followed, the boy, who had remained unheeded, seizing the reins, drove off at full speed, and succeeded in escaping, although followed by a shower of balls sent after him by the brigands.

On reaching the village the news of the affair were quickly spread. It was ascertained that Francesco had collected a band of about twenty ruffians, of whom he had been chosen captain, and they had betaken themselves to the fastnesses of the neighbouring mountains for the purpose of sallying forth to waylay travellers. Another week brought intelligence of a fresh attack on several travellers, who had been overpowered and plundered. Consternation filled the minds of every one, and a troop of horse were sent out to scour the country in pursuit of them. But their places of concealment were too well chosen to be easily traced.

Francesco, who, we have said, was remarkable for his agility and muscular power, as well as for his daring character, became so fearless after a time as sometimes to enter the village alone or accompanied by a single companion, and visit his home for the purpose of procuring ammunition. On one of these occasions, information having been received of his presence in the village, some of the villagers placed themselves in ambush close to his father's cottage, expecting easily to take him prisoner. It chanced on this occasion that one of his companions had accompanied him, and was stationed outside to keep guard. Observing several of the villagers, who appeared to be watching for some one, his suspicions were excited, and he immediately gave the alarm to Francesco, who, retreating to the back of the house, thought to make his escape by a window unnoticed. But his motions were too closely watched, and as he leaped from the window a powerful arm was extended to seize him. With one blow from a stiletto, however, Francesco stretched his assailant on the ground, and started off towards the mountains pursued by the rest of the villagers who had been waiting in ambush. Such was his dexterity, that, loading his gun several times during his flight, he turned round and fired on his pursuers. By this means and by his swiftness of foot he succeeded in freeing himself of all but one, who seemed every moment to be gaining on him. His ammunition was now spent, and, as his pursuer was armed, there seemed no chance of safety but in flight. He strained every nerve to escape, but in vain. They had now left the village far behind and were approaching the mountains. There was a deep ravine or gully at no great distance, worn in the mountain side, by a rushing torrent, which flowed at a great depth beneath. Francesco's determination was instantly taken, and toward this ravine he directed his flight. A few hundred yards brought him to it, but to attempt leaping it seemed certain death, the distance across being more than twenty-six feet. For a moment he hesitated, but there seemed no alternative save delivering himself a prisoner. Despair nerved him with supernatural strength, and with a bound like a tiger he cleared the yawning chasm, and planted his feet in safety on the opposite brink.* A few strides more brought him to a place of shelter, and his pursuer, who was not daring enough to attempt to follow him, was obliged to return alone.

We must now pass over two years of Francesco's life, during which he had continued to be the terror of the surrounding country; and a large reward had been offered

to any one who should give information that would lead to his apprehension. An offer such as this was very tempting to such lawless men as those who were associated with him, but, according to the common proverb, 'honour among thieves,' they continued to remain faithful to him. At length, however, having quarrelled with one of them, anger aided by avarice induced the robber to determine on betraying his leader.

One sultry evening Francesco was reclining listlessly in front of one of his secret mountain recesses, enjoying the refreshing coolness that proceeded from a waterfall close at hand. The spot seemed to have been formed in one of nature's wildest moods. A mountain stream rushing impetuously down the steep, tumbled over a lofty precipice, the noise of its falling waters sounding in loud reverberations from the sides of a deep ravine, along the bottom of which the stream continued its course. The ascent, almost perpendicular, on each side was clothed with luxuriant foliage; here and there an immense mass of rock jutting out in bold prominence. A little to the one side of the waterfall, and about fifty feet from the bottom of the precipice, scarcely perceptible at more than a few yards' distance, was the entrance to a small cave, closed in and almost concealed by the rank vegetation that grew around. The approach to it was by a narrow and difficult path winding up the most precipitous side of the ravine, and at one part crossing a deep fissure in the rock by a rude bridge formed of a single tree, along which it was no easy task for even the lawless mountaineers who tenanted the spot to guide their footsteps.

Feeling himself secure in the concealment of a retreat so secluded, Francesco, we have said, was reclining listlessly in front of the cave, basking himself in a sunbeam that darted its long stream of light into the surrounding gloom. His companions having gone on some expedition, had left him alone in the midst of the dreary solitude. While he watched the golden rays of the setting sun retreating slowly up the side of the ravine, as it sunk towards the horizon, he could not refrain from contrasting its joyous light with the gloomy darkness that filled his own bosom; for even the most hardened cannot always smother the workings of a guilty conscience, but, like a harpy continually preying on the vitals of its victim, it will give a foreboding of the punishment reserved for a future state, when it will be ever inflicting increasing tortments.

His eye had just marked the last point that had been gilded by the sunbeam, now vanished from his sight, when his attention was attracted by the sound of footsteps in the direction of the pathway approaching the cave. He started to his feet, and, seizing his gun, advanced a few steps. Suddenly some one darted from the tangled brake, and, grappling with him, attempted to disarm him. A fierce struggle ensued, and Francesco had nearly forced his antagonist over the steep front of the precipice, when he was seized by a strong arm from behind and thrown to the ground. Several others now approaching, disarmed him and took him prisoner, and conducted him down the pathway.

The party who had thus taken Francesco prisoner had been conducted to the spot by the robber with whom he had quarrelled, and he it was who had nearly met a speedy death by being hurled over the front of the precipice when rescued by the timely arrival of assistance.

Francesco was conducted under a strong guard to Florence, followed by the execrations of the multitude, and there safely lodged in prison. In a few days he was brought before the tribunal, amidst an immense crowd of spectators, to receive judgment. It needed but little proof to establish his guilt, and he was speedily condemned to death, without receiving from any one a murmur of sympathy. When again lodged in prison, he sent for his brother, a wild, reckless youth, who had frequently joined him in his marauding expeditions. He came the same evening, and entering the cell where his brother was confined, began to console with him on his unhappy fate. He was quickly interrupted, however, by Francesco, who thus

* A rudely sculptured stone marks the spot where this extraordinary leap was taken.

addressed him :—' Giovanni, will you listen to the last request of a brother, and swear to perform it ?'

' I swear,' replied he.

' You know, then,' continued he, ' that I have been betrayed by one whom I trusted as a friend. I cannot die in peace if I am not revenged. Swear to me, Giovanni, that you will find him out, bury your poniard in his bosom, and bring to me the heart of the traitor.' The desired assurance was given, and Giovanni departed to execute his fearful mission. We need not dwell on the details of the revolting tragedy ; suffice it to say, that ere many days elapsed Giovanni returned, and, again entering the cell, satisfied his brother that the deed of blood had been done. In a few days more Francesco was led to the scaffold, where, supported by his great physical courage, he met death with stoical indifference, and was consigned to a felon's grave, unhonoured and unwept. His brother Giovanni succeeded in escaping from the hands of justice, and was lately seen in a maritime town in England wandering about, a poor and helpless mendicant.

FUTURE TRIUMPHS OF CHRISTIANITY.

THE following picture of the future triumphs of sacred truth we extract from an essay on Christian missions—their authority, scope, and encouragement—by the Rev. R. W. Hamilton, Leeds. The essay is characterised throughout by great vigour and originality, both of thought and expression. There are many passages in it which remind the reader of the sublimity of inspiration itself. Having adverted to those fields already occupied by Christian missionaries, our author next proceeds to descant on the future prospects of the Church. He says :—

' Would that our missions were in every place more numerous and effectual ! But their allocations are most happily selected. They command the principal points, if military language may be employed, of the inhabited earth. They help each other. It would be difficult to say which most is wanted, or which could best be spared. Like the ecliptic, they girdle our globe as with a sun-track, with a belt of ever-spreading splendour.

Yet what are these in proportion to the real world ? The depth of continents—the swarm of populations : How few are redeemed out of them ! ' They are destroyed from morning to evening : they perish for ever without any regarding it.' What a small impression has hitherto been made on the long accumulated darkness ! ' We have not wrought any deliverance in the earth ; neither have the inhabitants of the world fallen.' ' Wherefore should the heathen say, Where is now their God ?'

But He who is ' a light to the Gentiles, and the glory of his people Israel,' shall have undivided dominion. ' He shall be great unto the ends of the earth.' ' All nations shall call him blessed'—' all nations shall serve him.' Think of the most hostile countries, the most rebellious against truth and righteousness, and then *believe* that they shall all yield to his sceptre, and walk in his ways. We see the beginning, though only beginning ; there are manifestations of more than hope. It is like a mountain-scene, where summit catches after summit, according to their altitudes, the rising sun, while all below is night. The morning cometh, the day hath broken, the darkness flees away !

Japan ! That country guarded by rock and shoal and vortex and typhoon—more by the cruelty and jealousy of its people ; firmer in its hatred of all that it knows as Christianity than any other under heaven—holding annual festival to trample on the image of the cross, when the tender foot of each infant must spurn it—a nation of ruthless cruelty ;—those ' isles of the Gentiles' shall hear the voice : ' Keep silence before me, O islands ! ' ' The kings of the isles shall bring presents.' The royal crown is pledged to the Crucified One, and shall shine among the many which are destined to deck his head ! The true

cross shall be blessed with universal acclaim, and every knee shall bow to him who hung upon it !

Samoyeda ! Ruder than their Scythian forefathers, hardly possessing their waggon or their wigwam, scarcely partaking of the wild freedom of a nomadic race—withal oppressed and driven before advancing civilization—their inhabitants of the waste, long exiled from the family of man, shall believe in Him who is ' for salvation unto the ends of the earth.' He that was first announced to the shepherds of Bethlehem keeping their flocks, shall be revealed to the herdsmen of these fastnesses : ' They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before him !'

Hindustan ! Banded from power to power, though worthy of constituting an empire of boundless strength and wealth—adorned with art, not unversed in science—part of whose idolatry gave way before the iconoclastic fury of the Mohammedan, receiving, however, a lascivious and fierce imposture in its room—what a place among the nations is it destined to attain ! There may now be the timidity into which oppression has cowed it, and the dissimulation which thought to guard itself against rapine, and the recklessness which treats ease and pain almost as equal, and the effeminacy which climate has superinduced. But that character has been brought beneath the influence of a spirit of power, truth, and of a sound mind. The native profession has defied every inducement of interest and terror to abandon it. Chambers of imagery, so full of pollution that our worst sensualist could not penetrate them, have been cleansed. Selfishness, so systematic that our most heartless intriguer would in a moment have been counterplotted, has warmed and expanded into the divinest charities. All those hiveing millions shall be added to the Christian family. All those high energies and endurance which now characterize them shall be impressed with a full consecration. From the Indus to the Teesta, from Comorin to Imaus, the false tutelarities shall flee away, and religion shall unfold its blessings—the true Avatar of Christ's flesh, the true metempsychosis of the Spirit's work, the true Veda of the Scripture's inspiration.

China ! There is fixed, in rigid immobility, a mass of human beings yet uncomputed, through every change unchanged, the one generation standing inflexible whatever its accessions or subtractions, like mighty galleries filled with the uncorrupted dead—history no monitor and experience no guide, a throbbing stagnancy, an embalmed life. But ' a prophet shall be raised up to them, whom they shall hear ; and a king shall reign in righteousness.' The diagrams of Confucius shall no more engage its mind. When it knows that ' blessed are the poor in spirit,' then, not in the style of arrogance but of truth, its shall be ' the kingdom of heaven.' Including more than a fourth part of our race, the whole in mysterious unison—when the Saviour shall be known to those hundreds of millions, when ' these from the land of Sinim' shall come to him—may we not trust that the same uniformity shall be evinced, that as one people they shall be converted, that the confession of ' the true God, even eternal life,' shall be with one voice, one heart, one mind ? What a nation to be ' born at once !' Open thy portals, Pekin ! ' Lift up your heads, O ye gates !' Thousands of Gutzlaffs shall follow that devoted man, entering thy bays and penetrating thy cities ! Thousands of Leang-Affas shall traverse thy dominions in the footsteps of thy native apostle ! Thousands of Morrisons shall gird themselves upon his tomb, taught by his example, animated by his zeal ! Still thou shalt hold the custody of that precious dust which slumbers in thy mould, not to perish, but which as a germ is sown to bloom into holy fame and yield a harvest of glorious fruitfulness ! Thy soil shall soon contain, not only his consecrating ashes, but thine own dead in Christ ! ' Behold thy God.'

Tartary ! Birth-place of the superstitions which have deformed the Christian faith and ritual—that, like the sand columns rushing through those deserts, have innundated its form and destroyed its life—where are all contrasts of magnificence and ruin, verdure and sterility,

multitude and loneliness—that mysterious lair of the Old Serpent cannot be overlooked in the conversion of the world. Its living idol must cease, when other nations tread into the dust their stocks and stones. They who had all given heed to him from the least to the greatest, saying, This is the great power of God—to whom they had regard, because that of long time he had bewitched them with sorceries—shall believe the things preached concerning the kingdom of God, and the name of Jesus Christ, and be baptised, both men and women. Some evangelist shall go down and preach Christ in Lassa, and there shall be great joy in that city.

Persia! The Araxes yet rolls, the native rose yet blows, the citron-grove yet flourishes, the bulbul yet warbles—but long since the heart of this great empire has beaten low and dull. Its pristine glories are fled: no Cyrus gives it laws, no Darius lavishes on it embellishments—no Zoroaster moralizes, no Hafiz sings. But Christianity shall restore it from its long exhaustion. The star which led its magi to the stable where lay the holy child Jesus, shall anew be kindled, and here find its true ascendant. 'The prince of this kingdom' shall 'withstand' him no more. Sabianism and Soofism shall fall together. Sushan may revive, Purim be celebrated by the 'Israel of God,' and 'light, and gladness, and joy, and honour' rebound through the land!

Arabia! The foot-prints of the church in the wilderness might still be imagined, and the grim scenery of those solitudes is still monumental of the march. Amidst its haggard defiles the contrite Saul of Tarsus meditated, prayed, and wept. Yet here the base lie of Mohammed had its rise. That imposture quickly passed from those rocks into the region which is called Happy. With the rapidity and blast of the Samiel, its own angel of death, it swept from Medina to Yemen. But its days are numbered. Its sign is not now the crescent when it was young: it is only that form in its dimmest wane. Sinai shall no more gender to bondage. Horeb shall become a spiritual rock, a holy type, and that rock is Christ! The Hagarenes shall open their eyes, and drink while they discern the living water!

Afaharon! The Parsee fire is burning there, while from India come the successive courses of priests to tend its flame. The ancient worship, which many supposed to have ceased, never has been abandoned. Amidst exhaustless beds of naphtha it has burnt for unremembered ages. Its cone is seen from far. How shall it be scorned in its ashes, when its votary is baptised with the Holy Ghost and with fire! How shall it be loathed, when he discovers that the only vigil is watching unto prayer, and the only offering a living sacrifice!

Anatolia! The Seven Churches shall rise again, and their angels shall return, ministering to them. Galatia shall once more be filled with communities that can know no other gospel. Christians, no longer persecuted strangers, scattered throughout Pontus, Cappadocia, and Bithynia, shall unite and dwell together in quiet, while grace and peace shall be multiplied to them. Those rich valleys shall not be invaded by the marauder; those ancient cities shall be renewed, though sown with the salt and ploughed up by the share; and those songs shall break out of their long silence which erst were heard along the Tigris, and the Euphrates, and the Granicus!

Judea! Whatever people may call it at that time their own, whoever may be the citizens of that country, how shall it be the resort of those who must venerate it as the scene of the most glorious visitations! Bethlehem, Sychar, Nazareth, Jericho—Carmel, Tabor, Calvary—what names are these! Will not the converted child of Abraham rejoice to behold the Christian synagogue rising on every side, and steal to the place where his Saviour poured out his blood, weeping as he goes? Will he not love to blend himself with the Gentiles, who no more tread down the holy place, but worship in it? Solyma! Mother of us all! How meekly beams, on all out of every nation who visit thee, thine impartial smile, thine equal

wrought mood which is moved by localities like these. If an apostle, in remembrance of the Transfiguration, may call the spot the 'holy mount,' is not this, more than in poetic license, holy ground? He is not to be envied who could traverse it unaffected. There, on that upland slope, where still the olive grows, stretched Gethsemane; and hark! Kedron murmurs just beneath! Amidst yonder crumbled heap rose the prætorium in which Messiah bore his nameless indignities, and the pillar at which he was ignominiously scourged. Along that winding steep he sunk beneath his cross. That was the summit without the gate where he was crucified! Are these remembrances, are these associations, which can ever die? May we not believe, with all our experience of material images, with all our distrust of sensible impressions, that the heart will only draw pure sentiment and feeling from each of these historic monuments, and that simple faith, combined with sublime sensibility, shall 'fill the breadth of thy land, O Immanuel!'

Egypt! The young child went down into it, and there found refuge from his bloodthirsting foes. It knew him not. But he shall 'come into it' again: and 'the idols of Egypt shall be moved at his presence, and the heart of Egypt shall melt in the midst of it.' From its long degradations, from its ruins of Karnah and Esne, shall it lift up its mourning head. 'The Resurrection and the Life' only can bid it live. That sound shall be heard; the Passover shall be kept throughout the land; and Nile, that reflected so many idolatrous fancies, and wafted so many unholy odes, shall be skirted with the gates of the Lord, and be vocal to the 'song of Moses and of the Lamb.'

Africa! That realm of wonder, that scene of glory, where still moulder the ruins of Thebes with its hundred gates, where still the pyramid glasses itself on the stream of Nile, where the Delta still yields its miracles of fertility, where Death cannot, after three thousand years, destroy the dead—whose eld is so illustrious and whose heraldry is so renowned—she shall soon stretch out her hands to God! We will not speak of it in its smaller divisions: we know that its whole extent shall be reclaimed, and won to him of whom it is written: 'The God of the whole earth shall be called.' Nor will we point to those isles of the West, whither its kidnapped children were basely torn; dying prematurely beneath a crushing bondage, or not uncommonly from simple grief of exile, yet thus hoping to return to the blue hills of their fatherland. When civilization and religion shall take possession of its mighty territory, what an uninterrupted course they may run, what a glorious triumph they may signalize! Scenes rise up to our faith, such as never could be painted by our philanthropy. We see you, ye golden-roofed and minaretted cities, reposing in your greatness, with your schools, your hospitals, your asylums, your temples—crowded with life and gladness, the 'old man with his staff in his hand for very age, and boys and girls playing in the streets thereof!' We see you, ye noble churches, your order, and the steadfastness of your faith, how ye have rest, how ye are edified and increased, varied but united, purer than when your Cyprians and Augustines taught and ruled you! We see you, ye majestic ports, thronged with every bark—a cloud of sails, a forest of masts—your stores of merchandise, not without many a lading of Bibles—your multitude of sea-farers, not without many a levy of missionaries—for lands where there is still no vision! We see you, ye peaceful villages, set against the mountain sides, shaded by the palm and wreathed by the tamarind-bine, echoing with songs of patriotism and religion! We see you, ye mighty commonwealths, that need not envy the senate of Utica nor the army of Carthage—rich, generous, free—only curbing wrong, only decreeing justice, only conquering peace! Land of demoniacal inflictions, on which every tyranny spends itself, which, at this moment, to its Great Desert, is the slave-chase to the world, weep no more! The blessed Jesus gave thee honour, and bade thee hope when dreaming near to the scene of death that he might be

'crucified in weakness!' Sinking beneath the weight of the transverse of his cross, thou wast summoned to bear the load. Thy sable, woolly-headed man of Cyrene, Simon—who as thy first trophy is 'called Niger'—was for thee surety then. On him fell the dignity—through him on thyself—for which confessors and martyrs would have borne a thousand tortures more, a thousand deaths again! And soon shall that cross be carried by all thy peoples and nations, not compelled as was their ancestor. Ye peoples and nations, ye shall take it of your own accord, the symbol of your salvation, the signal of your hope, the light yoke of your obedience, glorying in nothing save in it! Teneriffe, lift up thy voice from thy throne of clouds—nor let Atlas refuse to prolong the m untain cry! Break forth into singing! Gambia, Senegal, Congo, waft that strain upon your tides! And thou, O Zaira, through all thine awful solitudes, rejoice and blossom as the rose!

'O earth, earth, earth! hear the word of the Lord!'

SLIGHT CIRCUMSTANCES.

Sir Walter Scott, walking one day along the banks of the Yarrow, where Mungo Park was born, saw the traveller throwing stones into the water, and anxiously watching the bubbles that succeeded. Scott inquired the object of his occupation. 'I was thinking,' answered Park, 'how often I had thus tried to sound the rivers in Africa, by calculating how long a time had elapsed before the bubbles rose to the surface.' It was a slight circumstance, but the traveller's safety frequently depended upon it. In a watch the mainspring forms a small portion of the works, but it impels and governs the whole. So it is in the machinery of human life; a slight circumstance is permitted by the Divine Ruler to derange or to alter it: a giant falls by a pebble; a girl at the door of an inn changes the fortune of an empire. If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter, said Pascal, in his epigrammatic and brilliant manner, the condition of the world would have been different. The Mahomedans have a tradition, that when their prophet concealed himself in Mount Shur, his pursuers were deceived by a spider's web which covered the mouth of the cave. Luther might have been a lawyer, had his friend and companion escaped the thunder storm at Erfurt; Scotland had wanted her stern reformer, if the appeal of the preacher had not startled him in the chapel of St Andrew's Castle; and if Mr Grenville had not carried, in 1764, his memorable resolution as to the expediency of charging 'certain stamp duties' on the plantations in America. The Western World might still have bowed to the British sceptre. Cowley might never have been a poet, if he had not found the Faerie Queen in his mother's parlour; Opie might have perished in mute obscurity, if he had not looked over the shoulder of his young companion, Mark Otes, while he was drawing a butterfly; Giotto, one of the early Florentine painters, might have continued a rude shepherd-boy, if a sheep drawn by him upon a stone had not attracted the notice of Cimabue as he went that way.—*Asiatic Journal*.

THE DWELLING-PLACE OF ABRAHAM.

About a mile and a half farther, on a low hill to the left, is Haram Rame, a large square building made of the same sort of stone with the fences of the fields, but of larger blocks, and, towards the foundations of the eastern angle, of massive masonry, cemented, but bearing every appearance of great antiquity, probably as remote as the old Jewish times. This is shown as the dwelling-place of Abraham. Within about a couple of hundred yards of it is a venerable evergreen oak, and, hard by its roots, a small orifice, the opening of a deep well, with water in it. These are called the tree and well of Abraham, the spot near which he received the three angels. (Gen. xviii.) The well may be of any antiquity, and evidently belonged to the residence of some wealthy possessor in the plain, whose house was near, for there are no remains hereabouts of a town, and there can be no doubt of the identity of the plain with the Mamre of the Scriptures. The tree is probably some centuries old: whether grow-

ing from the roots of some much more ancient oak shading the patriarch's well would be a hazardous speculation.—*Lord Nugent's Lands Classical and Sacred*.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

BY CAROLINE BOWLES (MRS SOUTHEY).

Sunny locks of brightest hue
Once around my temples grew:
Laugh not, lady, for 'tis true,
Laugh not, lady, for with thee
Time may deal despitely:
Time, if long he leave thee here,
May subdue that mirthful cheer;
Round those laughing lips and eyes
Time may write sad histories—
Deep indent that even brow,
Change those locks, so sunny now,
To as dark and dull a shade
As on mine his touch hath laid.
Lady! yes, these locks of mine
Cluster'd once with golden shine,
Temples, neck, and shoulders round;
Richly gushing if unbound
If from band and bodkin free,
Well nigh downward to the knee.
Some there were took fond delight,
Sporting with those tresses bright,
To enring with living gold
Fingers, now beneath the mould
(We is me!) grown icy cold.
One dear hand hath smoothed them too,
Since they lost the sunny hue,
Since their bright abundance fell
Under the destroying spell—
One dear hand! the tenderest
Ever nurse-child rook'd to rest,
Ever wiped away its tears—
Even those of later years.
From a cheek untimely bellow,
Bitter drops that still may follow,
Where's the hand will wipe away?
Hers I kiss'd—(ah, dismal day!)
Pale as on the shroud it lay.
Then, methought, youth's latest gleam
Departed from me like a dream.
Still, though lost their sunny tone,
Glossy brown those tresses shone,
Here and there, in wave and ring,
Golden threads still glittering;
And (from band and bodkin free)
Still they flow'd luxuriantly.
Careful days and wakeful nights
Early trench'd on young delights.
Then of ill an endless train—
Wasting languor, wearying pain,
Feverish thought that racks the brain—
Crowding all on summer's prime,
Made me old before my time.
So a dull, unlovely hue
O'er the sunny tresses grew;
Thine'd their rich abundance too—
Not a thread of golden light
In the sunshine glancing bright.
Now again a shining streak
Gius the dusky cloud to break;
Here and there a glitt'ring thread
Lights the ringlets dark and dead:
Glitt'ring light—but pale and cold;
Glitt'ring thread—but not of gold!
Silent warning! silvery streak!
Not unheeded dost thou speak:
Not with feelings light and vain,
Not with fond regretful pain,
Look I on the token sent
To declare the day far spent;
Dark and troubled hath it been—
Sore misused! and yet between
Gracious gleams of peace and grace,
Shining from a better place.
Brighten, brighten, blessed light!
Fast approach the shades of night.
When they quite enclose me round,
May my lamp be burning found!

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H A T S.

THE head being the most honourable part of the human body, inasmuch as it is held to be the abode of the intellectual faculties, it necessarily follows that the hat, which is the covering of the head, defending it from showers and sunshine and other 'skyey influences,' is the most honourable part of the dress. The hat derives a sort of reflected glory from the member of the body which it covers. There is a care bestowed upon it which is not extended to any of our other habiliments. We have pegs purposely to hang it upon—we have boxes expressly made to hold it—we have brushes purposely manufactured to smooth down its sides. It is, however, well worthy of all this care, being unquestionably the leading article of male dress. What a miserable melancholy figure does a man cut who has a 'shocking bad hat?' If he has no hat at all, his case is deplorable. He may then be truly said not to have a hole to put his head into.

We have no intention in this paper of troubling our readers with any antiquarian discussions regarding the rise, progress, and present state of hats. This were indeed a bootless attempt. All that we purpose is to make a few cursory observations on the philosophy of hats. There is much more in a hat than many persons seem to suppose. To the majority of men, no doubt, a hat is merely a hat. Like Peter Bell, they can see nothing beyond the external surface of the object which they behold:—

A hat upon a neighbour's head,
Is just a hat upon his head,
And it is nothing more.

There is no speculation or fancy in their heads, and they cannot draw inferences or trace resemblances. They cannot see beyond the mere surface of things. A hat is to them simply a piece of felt fashioned to cover the head. They are not aware that there is often that about it which passeth show; they are ignorant that almost every hat can a tale or fact unfold respecting its owner. There is a very intimate connexion betwixt a man's head and his hat. The hat is in truth a sort of exponent or index of a man's character. Its shape, and colour, and fabric, and the way in which it is worn, will enable one who is tolerably cunning in hats to form a pretty accurate opinion as to the profession, character, taste, and temper of its wearer.

Hats may be divided into four classes: black hats, glazed hats, brown hats, and white hats. The great majority of people in this country wear black hats. There is perhaps more diversity to be found in the shape of these than in that of any other description, which may be accounted for from the circumstance that almost all

members of the learned professions wear hats of this colour; and that many of them, being wayward and eccentric persons, delight to array themselves in hats of a grotesque and out-of-the-way shape. Be this as it may, it is a well known fact that the most oddly-shaped hats are to be found amongst those of a sable hue. There are a certain class of individuals who delight to ensconce their craniums in exceedingly low-crowned hats. They are generally old portly persons, with spectacles, who wear brown wigs, and have marvellously red faces. Some of them are rather taciturn and rather cross-looking, and would doubtless pour out an awful torrent of abuse on you if you were to tread by accident on their gouty toes. Others of them, again, are good tempered joyous-looking men—fine old fellows, with double chins, who have a kind look and a kind word for every one; who love to rally their young female friends about matrimony, and who after dinner become exceedingly garrulous, and tell very nice little stories. The men who wear little low-crowned hats, very strongly turned up at the sides, are a strange race of mortals. There is often a strong dash of eccentricity about them. They are odd fish, and seem quite out of the water unless they are engaged in some Quixotish undertaking. They are not bad meaning men on the whole, but they generally contrive to make themselves standing jokes by the absurdity of their conduct. Every one of them seems to have some hobby or other, which he delights to ride. They are mostly long-faced cadaverous-looking persons, with a strange mixture of gravity and grotesqueness in their faces. Many of them are old bachelors, whose faces are often longer than their purses. There is a sharp, searching, supercilious air about their hats, which is quite characteristic of the wearers. Men with such hats are not to be trifled with. They are exceedingly dogmatical and testy, and very apt to get into a towering passion at any person who contradicts them. The shape of their hats tells you at a glance that they do not give a pin for the opinion of the world. Altogether, the men who wear broad-brimmed hats are a strange set of beings. This arises, no doubt, from their years, for most of them are 'fifty, or, by our lady, inclining to threescore;' stiff, staid, sober, sagacious-looking men, well to do in the world, who have played their cards well, and feathered their nests pretty comfortably. They are all rare old fellows, with a shrewd expression about the corners of their eyes which shows that they are knowing ones. There is a proud and portly appearance about their hats; and they are drawn over their owners' brows in a cool resolute-looking way, as if they were resolved to carry all before them. Such potent-looking hats repress all undue

familiarity. It is dangerous to banter or joke with a man having such a hat. These broad-brimmed men stick pertinaciously to their hats; they never bow before the ever-shifting idol of fashion. Whatever alterations may take place in the world of hats, theirs remain unchanged. They would almost as soon think of changing their religion as changing their hats. They and their hats become completely identified. You cannot think of the one without immediately thinking of the other. The Society of Friends have been long proverbial for their broad-brimmed hats. They seem greatly to rejoice in having hats with ample brims. These form as it were the sign and symbol of the brotherhood, imparting to them a sedate and substantial aspect. The hat, in truth, forms part and parcel of the Friend. It seems to grow upon his head—at least he won't take it off. If he rises in the world it is not by *lowering* his hat. He will uncover neither to rank, wealth, nor beauty. There is something grand in this. There is an independence—a stubborn uprightness—a dogged determined John Bullism in this resolution to keep on his hat, which is quite delightful.

The men who sport glazed hats are rather queer neighbours. We should not like to have many dealings with such men, for they are in general no better than they should be. There is a bold, brazen, impudent air about their hats which creates an unfavourable impression respecting those who wear them. They are generally what may be termed young old men, with dark complexions, having little sharp sinister rat eyes and exceedingly crafty-looking hook-noses. There is always a cold, cunning, calculating expression about their faces, which shows them to be deep ones. These men are 'up to trap,' and know the difference betwixt a hawk and a hand-saw as well as their neighbours. Many of them are sporting characters, and have their outer man encased in Newmarket coats and belcher handkerchiefs. They are exceedingly knowing about dogs and horses; but don't buy either sort of quadrupeds from them, or you will be sure to be 'done brown.'

The brown hats form a sort of intermediate link betwixt the black and white hats. There is something exceedingly void and vacant in the general appearance of a brown hat; a sort of soft, silly, lack-a-daisical, dawdling air, which at once shows that the wearer is a 'weak member.' He is not altogether stupid, but he has no tact, cannot take a hint however broad, and is perpetually getting himself into most uncomfortable scrapes by saying or doing something which nobody, but one who sports a brown hat would say or do. We do not like to speak unkindly of any race of men, but it cannot be concealed that men who wear brown hats usually belong to the noodle species.

The wearers of white hats are in general pleasant fellows. Of course they are, as their hats indicate, a little light-headed, but still they are nice sociable men. Retired merchants, superannuated excisemen, small lairds, and half-pay officers, are proverbial for wearing white hats. They are a light-hearted laughter-loving race of mortals, who delight in all sorts of wit and waggy, and rejoice above measure in cracking pleasant practical jokes upon their friends. They are prodigious talkers, and indulge in a good deal of bounce and bombast. The stories which they tell are often truly wonderful, especially regarding themselves. The persons who wear white hats are in general round, rosy-faced, merry-eyed men, with little peering snub noses, which give them a very grotesque appearance. They frequently wear their hats on one side, or pushed well back, which gives them a somewhat bold and swaggering air. They have an immense flow of animal spirits, and generally come bolt out with whatever is uppermost in their mind. In the inside of coaches they talk most familiarly with every one, and keep the passengers in a roar of laughter at their droll stories and quaint remarks. In an inn, a white-hatted man is in his glory; he seems to breathe the very atmosphere of hilarity and happiness; he appears to know every body; at least he bows, and nods, and winks to all and sundry. Every one in

the house seems anxious to minister to his comfort. You will see him slapping the landlord familiarly on the shoulder, and setting him a-laughing by the recital of some smart joke, while, in a short time after, you will find him bantering Boots, or pouring lots of blarney into the ears of the barmaid. But it is after dinner that he appears to advantage. He is essentially of a social and convivial disposition. He is rather prone to tarry over his cups; and when his heart waxes merry within him he will sing all sorts of comic songs, at the very top of his voice, and 'roar so that it will do your very heart good to hear him.'

Hats, besides being serviceable in sheltering the head from heat and cold, and serving as indicators of the tempers and characters of their wearers, are also useful for transporting things from one place to another. Some men have a great disinclination to stuff their pockets with articles, lest they should thereby destroy the neat contour of their dress; they therefore frequently transfer a few things from the pocket to the hat. There is again another class of persons who seem to regard their hat as their pocket. They are, like other men, blessed with the same number of pockets, but with a singular perversity they cram every thing into their hats. Give them a letter, a parcel, a newspaper, or pamphlet, or any other thing, they invariably stuff it into their hat. The uses to which the hat is put in this way are innumerable. Anglers make fish-baskets of them, fowlers game-bags, and we have known commercial travellers carry samples of 'strong waters' in their hats. But it is the junior members of the learned professions who most pervert the hat from its natural and ostensible use. If the owner of the hat is a divinity student, it is sure to be stuffed with moral essays and skeleton sermons; or it will be crammed so that there is scarce room for his head, with fierce controversial pamphlets regarding this or the other heresy, which has set all the old women of both sexes a-quaking. If it belongs to a disciple of Esculapian, it will be filled with notes—not bank-notes, but notes on chemistry or botany, together with sundry strange and unearthly-looking instruments, specimens, and preparations, with probably a brown paper filled with still browner looking bones. A lawyer's hat has no sinecure. It is generally stuffed to bursting with all sorts of legal documents, hornings, raptions, and such like potent papers, all ready to fire out of the head of some unfortunate cauld. However empty the young man's head may be of law, his hat is full of it. You may know a lawyer's clerk at a glance by looking at his hat. It is filled with all sorts of deadly documents, which render it quite a load for the poor head. See how steadily he walks; he is top-heavy. Mark how stiff and erect he carries his head—'Eyes front.' He dare hardly look either to the right hand or the left for fear of disturbing the equilibrium of his hat. If it is a windy day, the unfortunate man is sorely to be pitied; he seems to regard every gust of wind with perfect terror; and in wonder, for if his hat is blown off, his precious burden will be scattered to the four winds of heaven. He therefore clenches his teeth, and claps both his hands over his hat, and walks, or rather runs, doggedly forward, determined at all hazards to keep on his hat.

GEORGE HERIOT AND HIS HOSPITAL.*

GEORGE HERIOT'S HOSPITAL, the wealthiest charitable endowment in Scotland, and one of the noblest monuments ever reared to the memory of a private individual, occupies a prominent place among the public buildings of Edinburgh. It stands on a rising ground overlooking the Grassmarket, being part of the most southerly of the three main eminences on which the city is built. Pre-

* Memoir of George Heriot; with the History of the Hospital founded by him in Edinburgh; and an Account of the Royal Foundation-Schools. By WILLIAM MEYER, D.D., Minister of Trinity College Church, Edinburgh, late Head-master of Heriot's Hospital, and Inspector of the Heriot Foundation-Schools. Edinburgh: Bell & Balfour, 1845.

visually to the erection of the New Town, it was considered the finest architectural ornament of the Scottish metropolis; and at present, in respect of position and general effect, it undoubtedly surpasses even the royal palace of Holyrood. The building was begun in 1628, and completed in 1650, from a design by the celebrated Inigo Jones, in which the Gothic, Greek, and Roman styles of architecture are singularly but not inharmoniously blended. It forms a spacious quadrangular structure, 182 feet each way on the outside, three storeys in height in the central parts, and four at the corners, which are surmounted by turrets in the eastern style; the entire building containing upwards of two hundred windows, each of which is noted for having a different ornamental device. Fronting to the Castle Hill is the main entrance, surmounted by the arms of the founder, above which rises a lofty tower and spire. This gateway conducts to the inner court, 84 feet square, with an arcade on the north and east sides. On the south side, directly opposite the entrance, is the chapel—a fine apartment, 61 feet long by 22 in breadth. It is paved with black and white marble, and the glass of the windows is beautifully stained; this part of the building is also surmounted by a tower and spire. The whole edifice is enclosed by a splendid terraced balustrade of stone, and by spacious pleasure-grounds, laid out with excellent taste. The entire cost of its erection was somewhere about £39,000—an enormous sum for the times; its present revenues amount to nearly £15,000 per annum, which are derived chiefly from feu-duties and other landed property within and around Edinburgh. The manner in which this princely income is applied, and the general objects of the endowment, will be noticed in the sequel; at present we merely remark that about £10,000 are expended on the maintenance and education of 180 youths within the hospital, who must be freemen's sons of Edinburgh, while the remainder has for some years past been appropriated to the erection and support of several foundation-schools for the education of the children of burghesses and the poor within the city.

The public have to thank Dr Steven for the latest and most complete account of the founder of this magnificent charity. Descended from a respectable and ancient family in East Lothian, who there possessed the small patrimony of Trabroun, George HERIOT was born at Edinburgh in June, 1563. His father was a goldsmith in the city—an occupation which was then identified with the professions of banker and pawnbroker—and must have been a man of wealth and respectability, since on five different occasions he was elected deacon-convenor of the trades, and repeatedly represented the city in the Scottish parliament. Of the early history of George, who was the eldest of ten children, very little is known. 'There can be no doubt, however,' says his reverend biographer, 'that he received an education worthy of his father's standing in society. This indeed is quite apparent, not merely from original letters and other documents of his which happily exist, but also from various incidents in his after career in life. Having been apprenticed to his father's trade, and thoroughly initiated into the different branches of that business, he determined, when yet a young man, to commence on his own account. Previously to doing so, however, he had resolved to marry. On the 14th of January, 1588, accordingly, in the twenty-third year of his age, he entered into a contract of marriage with Christian, daughter of the then deceased Simon Marjoribanks, merchant in Edinburgh. The connexion was highly respectable. His father agreed to give 'his eldest son and apperand air,' within a month after the proposed marriage, one thousand merks, 'to be ane begynning and pak to him;' besides five hundred merks additional, for 'the setting up of ane buith to him, furnishing of his clothing to his marriage, and of work lumes, and uthers necessaris requisite to ane buith.' With his wife he was to receive the annual interest, at the rate of 10 per cent., of 1075 merks lent to the city of Edinburgh. The yearly produce of her patrimony was exactly one hundred and

and the united capital of the two is said to have been £214, 11s. 8d. sterling. Heriot thus began business with considerable advantage. The traditional statement, that he had the good fortune, at this period, when passing one day along the harbour of Leith, to espy, in the sand or ballast discharging from a foreign vessel, a large proportion of gold, and that he obtained the whole at a mere nominal price, we regard as pure fiction. That Heriot was amazingly fortunate in trade from the very outset, is quite certain; but this success was assuredly not gained by fortuitous or adventitious circumstances. It was, on the contrary, so far as is known, the result of persevering and honourable industry, under the guidance of sound principle.'

At the time we now speak of, Edinburgh was comprised within very narrow limits; those large tracts of ground on which the gorgeous streets and squares of the New Town have since been erected, as well as those occupied by the humbler edifices of the great southern suburb, being then a silvan solitude of fields, orchards, and woods. The city, in fact, might be said to consist of one broad main street, nearly a mile in length, and still one of the most striking and picturesque in Europe, having the royal palace at its eastern and the castle at its western extremity. This great thoroughfare, comprising the two divisions of the Canongate and High Street, runs along the summit of the ridge which ends with the precipice of the castle rock, and is lined on both sides with houses of extreme height, from which diverge to the right and left, down the steep declivities of the hill, a countless number of lanes and alleys. These comparatively narrow precincts contained nearly all the rank, wealth, and fashion of the Scottish capital; and here also its chief trade and manufactures were carried on. In one of the alleys alluded to, called the Fishmarket Close, 'Master Heriot' had his residence. 'His first shop or 'buith' was one of those small erections, which, till a comparatively recent period, were attached to St Giles's cathedral. His shop, or *kraam*,* as it was commonly called, was at the *Lady's Steps*, on the north-east corner of the church. This was a central situation, and a much frequented spot. Upon the steps leading up to the krames, it was customary to implement the bargains made at the neighbouring cross, by going through certain formalities, and in presenting the hire-penny. In this humble erection, and afterwards in one at the west end of the cathedral, Heriot carried on an extensive trade as a goldsmith and money-lender. He soon recommended himself to the notice of his sovereign, by whom, on the 17th July, 1587, he was declared goldsmith to Anne of Denmark, the gay consort of James VI. Ten days afterwards, Heriot's appointment was proclaimed at the Cross of Edinburgh, by sound of trumpet.'

During his whole life, King James had a propensity for making favourites, especially of persons in the humbler ranks; and the queen's goldsmith might now be regarded as having taken the first step to favour and fortune. 'This, it must be confessed, was a most fortunate appointment, for never, truly, did tradesman get a better customer. There is no question that Heriot was principally indebted to Anne of Denmark for the acquisition of his large fortune. Few of our sovereigns have been more addicted than was Anne to the extravagant bestowal of diamond rings and other valuable ornaments on favourites. Her rage for finery was perhaps carried to an unjustifiable length. The original documents preserved in the charter-room of the Hospital, strikingly exhibit the ruling passion of the queen in this respect, and the no less proverbial caution of her worthy goldsmith. When her majesty was desirous of procuring an advance of money, or some new trinkets, whether for personal use or for gifts, it was no unusual thing to pledge with him the most precious of her jewels.' One of these pawnbroking transactions of the royal consort, gave rise to a characteristic letter from James, quoted by Dr Steven, and addressed 'to our trait

* *Kraam* is a Dutch word, literally signifying a booth, or tent.

cousing and counsellour, the Lord of Newbottle,' in which the king requires his lordship to 'satisfie and mak pament to George Heriot, younger, of that sowme expressit in our precept, of the first and reddest of our taxatioun, seeing our dearest bedfellowis the Queenis jowallis were ingadged for this sowme.' Though almost constantly in pecuniary difficulties, and not over scrupulous in general about paying his debts, his majesty on this occasion states that his honour was concerned in relieving the jewels; and the earl is accordingly directed to satisfy Heriot 'off the first end of that sowme destinat to the dispatch of our ambassadour to France,' or 'ony uther part of our taxatioun being presentlie or that sal happin to cum first in your or your substitutis hands.' In the management of a shrewd and upright man of business like Heriot, such transactions must have been extremely profitable.

The worthy tradesman's next important step on the road to affluence was his appointment as jeweller to the king himself. The precept conveying this appointment is dated at 'Halierudhous the feird (4th) day of Apryll, 1601,' and sets forth that 'our souerana Lord and Lady, remembering the gude service done to their majesties be George Heriote younger, goldsmith, burges of Edinburgh, and how that he is maist able and qualieft to discharge the services underwritin to their majesties honour and contentment, quherin he bes alreddy gevin ane guid prufe,' therefore constitute him 'during all the dayis of his lyf-tyme jeweller to his majestie and goldsmith to hir majestie,' with all the offices thereof, and 'sindrie privilegis, preheminencis, fees (fees), and dewties appertening and belanging thairunto.' The fees attached to the two offices thus flatteringly conferred, and of which the royal 'officials' were enjoined to make 'guid and thankfull payment,' were very considerable. 'So entirely, indeed, did the royal household seem to require Heriot in his double capacity of goldsmith and cashier, that an apartment in the palace of Holyrood was actually prepared in which he might regularly transact business. It has been computed, that during the ten years which immediately preceded the accession of King James to the throne of Great Britain, Heriot's bills for the queen's jewels alone could not amount to less than £50,000 sterling. Imitating the extravagance of the court, the principal nobility and gentry of Scotland also vied with one another in the frequency and costliness of their purchases. Like royalty, too, they were often glad to avail themselves, in times of emergency, of pecuniary accommodation from Heriot.' From this time he seems to have become the principal money-dealer in Scotland, and frequently held in pledge the most valuable property of the crown. Dr Steven prints a curious letter, from which it appears that for some time he actually held in this way certain title-deeds belonging to the Chapel Royal of Stirling, besides several legal instruments and papal bulls.

In the beginning of 1603 King James was called to the throne of England, and on the 5th of April set out with no little pageantry for the southern capital. 'He bade farewell to his queen,' says Miss Agnes Strickland, 'in the High Street of Edinburgh. They were both dissolved in tears. The whole population of the Scottish metropolis witnessed this conjugal parting, and loudly mourned the departure of their sovereign, and joined their tears to those of his anxious consort.' On this memorable occasion, of course, the services of the court-jeweller were in especial requisition. He furnished his majesty and the Scottish nobles who accompanied his progress southwards with money and an abundant supply of valuable trinkets; and during the two months which intervened before Queen Anne followed her consort to London, Heriot's assistance was frequently required. He himself was now 'too important a person, and in various respects too closely connected with his sovereign's arrangements, to be allowed a long absence from his wonted post. Accordingly, we soon find our goldsmith in London 'dwelling foreaunt the New Exchange.'

About this time Heriot became a widower, though it would seem that no particulars as to his wife's history or the number of her children have been ascertained. After a five years' residence in London he returned to Scotland. 'abounding in wealth and high in reputation, for the purpose of forming a matrimonial alliance with Alison Primrose, eldest daughter of James Primrose, the grandfather of the first Earl of Roseberry. This marriage, advantageous to both parties, took place at Edinburgh in the autumn of 1608.' The bridegroom had reached the grave age of forty-five—the lady was only sixteen. There is a portrait of Heriot in the council-room of the hospital, probably taken about this time, which represents him apparently in the vigour of life, habited in a court-dress of the period, with a richly embroidered mantle, and an ample lawn ruff or collar. Of this likeness it has been well said, that the fair hair overshadowing the thoughtful brow and calm calculating eye, with the expression of humour on the lower part of the countenance, are all indicative of the genuine Scottish character, and well distinguish a personage fitted to move steadily and wisely through the world, with a strength of resolution to ensure success, and a disposition to enjoy it.

On returning to London the prosperous goldsmith experienced so large an increase of business that he was actually unable to procure in that city the necessary number of workmen. His royal patron extricated him from this dilemma in a manner extremely characteristic. He issued a proclamation addressed to all magistrates and justices throughout the kingdom, commanding them to 'take up' for the service of his crown as many journeymen as he should require, only stipulating that they were to receive such wages 'as in their cases are usually accustomed.' Her majesty, whose extravagance had increased with her elevation, now actually became bankrupt, Heriot being her principal creditor; but £20,000 sterling was immediately drawn from the public chest for payment of her debts, and her jointure was increased to 3000 a-year.

Heriot's second wife died without children in the year 1612, and he continued a widower during the remainder of his life. If he had any children by the first marriage they seem to have died in early life; but it appears that he had two illegitimate daughters, who were afterwards well provided for. A number of his business letters, and petitions for payment to the king and queen, who were almost constantly his debtors, are given in the memoir, to which we have not space to advert. The first notice of his intention to devote his fortune to charitable uses occurs in a disposition and assignation of his property dated September 3, 1623, in which the general plan of the hospital is very distinctly laid down. His last will and testament is dated on the 10th December of the same year. He died at London, on the 12th February, 1624, in the sixty-first year of his age, and was interred in his own parish church of St Martin's-in-the-Fields, on the 20th of the same month. The founders of charitable institutions have often been unjust or unkind to their relatives. Not so George Heriot. 'That Heriot,' as Dr Steven truly remarks, 'had not forgotten his relations and intimate friends, as well as his dependants, while he bequeathed a large sum for a truly benevolent object in Edinburgh, will best be shown by an analysis of his last testament.' This important document, after providing amply for all who had claims upon him, designs the residue of his fortune for the building of an hospital to board, clothe, and educate poor fatherless boys, sons of burgesses of Edinburgh; appoints the lord provost, magistrates, town-councillors, and established ministers of that city perpetual governors of the institution, and nominates his friend and fellow-townsmen, Dr Walter Balcanquhall, dean of Rochester, to draw up a body of statutes or laws for their guidance, which Dr Steven has printed at length in his appendix.

From existing documents, it appears that the exact sum which the administrators eventually received for the erection and maintenance of the hospital was £23,625. 10s. 3d., to which has since been added by bequests from

various parties, some of whom had been educated within its walls, upwards of £6000. For its present large revenue it is indebted to the prudence and care of its early governors, who from time to time purchased lands in the neighbourhood of the city, which have become exceedingly valuable in consequence of the feuing of the New Town. The foundation-stone was laid on the 1st of July, 1628, and the building went on with spirit till 1639, when it was stopped by the revolutionary troubles till 1642. From the treasurer's book of disbursements in Scottish money, for the year 1632, the following extraordinary particulars are extracted:—

March 21 To the women that drew in the cairt, at redding [clearing] the fownd, . . . xxxliij s.
 To the 2 workmen that callit the cairt, . . . iij lib. xij s.
 — 31 To the 6 women that drew in the cairt, . . . xxviii s.
 To the woun that koeipis thame, . . . iij lib. xij s.
 April 7 To the 6 women that drew the red, . . . xxxliij s.
 June 2 To the gentewomen that oulk [work], . . . xxii s.
 For 6 shakkels to the wemenis handis, with the cheingois to thame, pryce of the piece . . . vii lib. iij s.
 xxliij s. 1s
 Mair for 14 loks for their waists and their handis, at vi s. the piece, is . . . iij lib. iij s.
 For ane quhip to the gentewomen in the cairt, . . . xij s.

'We hope (says Dr Steven) that no one, on perusing the above, will conclude that in Scotland females were generally put to such servile and shocking work in the seventeenth century. These women and gentewomen, we have no doubt, were hardened offenders, upon whom every kind of church censure had been fruitlessly expended. There being then no bridewells or houses of correction, it seems probable that the magistrates, whose jurisdiction extended even to hanging, and drowning in the North Loch, had tried the effect of public exposure, by sending these culprits to clear the foundation for the hospital. To prevent their escape, locks and shackles had been used in the scandalous manner noticed in the treasurer's account.' In 1636, the governors purchased the lands of Broughton, and thereby became lords paramount of that barony; and 'courts were regularly held under the auspices of the hospital for fully a century, for the investigation of cases of offence committed within the regality; and sometimes even capital crimes were tried before the baron bailie' appointed by the governors. This jurisdiction was purchased by government in 1750 for £486, 11s. 8d.

In 1650, when the building was almost finished, Oliver Cromwell, after the battle of Dunbar, took possession of Edinburgh, and quartered his sick and wounded soldiers in Heriot's Hospital. In 1659, it was appropriated to the original purpose of its foundation. Thirty boys were elected on the 11th of April; and in June, the hospital was 'dedicat in a very solemne manner, when the hail magistrates of Edinburgh were present.'

From this time the affairs of the institution enjoyed a steady course of prosperity, and the number of its inmates was gradually increased. It must be confessed, however, that for a long time the internal management was extremely defective. We ourselves recollect when the Herioters, as the boys are called, possessed the bad reputation of being the most mischievous youths in Edinburgh; and if the reports from some of themselves are not exaggerated, several of their teachers indulged in severities, not to say cruelties, which, we rejoice to know, have since altogether ceased. Dr Steven alludes particularly to a vile system of faggot, once prevalent among the boys, known in the hospital by the name of the *Garring Law*. 'After a boy had been five years in the institution, he was duly recognised by his companions as a *garrer*—a word derived from the Scotch *gaur*, to force. Over the younger herioters he ruled like a despot. Those, however, who had entered the hospital the half-year after him, were excepted. The six oldest boys in the house were denominated 'The Muckle Chields,' and the next seven 'The Casting Votes.' By these seven were the younger boys organised; and in their hands was the chief command. They directed all their *bickering*,* both in and out of town; stately held courts, either in a class-room

cleared for the purpose, or in a retired corner of the Green. At such meetings, conducted with much apparent gravity, all matters of dispute among their comrades were definitely settled. Immediately after a boy's entrance to the hospital, he was sadly maltreated; or, as it was styled, 'tamed into the garring law.' If he was ever found guilty of disclosing any of the secrets of this fraternity, or of giving the least hint that he was ill-used, he was summarily cited before the septemvirate, when what was deemed a merited sentence was pronounced, and the punishment was forthwith inflicted. The parents of the young boys were under the necessity of sending money with them as the safest passport to favour. We have been told, that, at one period, the garrers seldom ate the food supplied by the hospital; that they frequently fared most sumptuously, having the cook completely under their control. It is unnecessary to enter more into detail. Their exploits, in truth, were various, sometimes ingenious, but daring and thoughtless in the extreme. We have no hesitation in saying, that the reins of the internal government of the institution were at times not held by practised or steady hands. Several of the persons originally placed at the head of the hospital had never received a liberal education: they were decayed tradesmen, and were totally unacquainted with the management and right training of the boys. Some of them, too, when placed in the house-governor's chair, carried themselves rather cavalierly towards those to whom the business of education was more immediately intrusted. Hence there were frequent jarrings, and the very object for which those individuals had been appointed was too much neglected. Had prompt measures been taken at this period, we should probably never have heard of the garring law; and perhaps not a little of this evil was due to the ruder spirit and inferior civilization of the times. It was in the laxity of discipline which obtained under the early management that the garring law had its birth, and was allowed silently to be reduced almost to a regular system. The head-masters, towards the close of last century, and even till within the last twenty years, were engaged in arresting and oradicting evils of more than a century's growth. However, it is gratifying to know that many of the Herioters, in after-life, have not only justified the expense incurred in their education by their talents and respectability, but have gifted or bequeathed handsome sums to the institution, in grateful remembrance of the benefits it conferred on them in their early years.

We have already stated, that the number of boys at present enjoying the advantages of the hospital is 180. These youths are comfortably lodged and fed within the house, are dressed in a plain uniform, and receive instruction in English, writing, arithmetic, mathematics, Latin, Greek, French, music, drawing, and dancing. The estimated annual expense of each boy is £20, 4s. 4d. On leaving the hospital at the age of fourteen, those who become apprentices, besides an outfit of clothing, receive £10 annually for five years, and £5 at the close of their apprenticeship, if they have conducted themselves properly. Those wishing to follow any of the learned professions, and who upon examination prove themselves 'hopeful scholars,' are sent to the University of Edinburgh for four years after leaving the hospital, with an allowance of £30 per annum. The sum of £260 is likewise paid annually to ten bursars otherwise not connected with the institution, who receive £20 each—a preference being shown to deserving youths who have attended the Edinburgh High School. The total number of boys admitted into the house from 1659 to February 1845 inclusive, has been 3818, or about twenty every year; and it is a curious fact, that though the endowment was expressly given for the 'maintenance, relief, bringing up, and education of puir fatherless bairnes,' the whole number of fatherless children admitted does not exceed 700. The high character of the education, and the pecuniary advantages of the institution, render many persons, otherwise in tolerable circumstances, anxious to place their sons under its roof; and instances are not uncommon of

* Pitched battles, in which stones were the principal weapons used.

individuals purchasing the freedom of the city with no other view than that of getting a child introduced into Heriot's Hospital. A recent act of Parliament, however, renders it imperative on the governors to give the preference to fatherless children in poor circumstances.

It now only remains to notice the Heriot Foundation-Schools, to the erection and maintenance of which the surplus revenue of the charity has been applied since 1837. For these invaluable institutions the public of Edinburgh are indebted to the exertions of Duncan M'Laren, Esq., then one of the magistrates, who first called the attention of the governors to the subject, and obtained the necessary powers from parliament. We are disposed to regard these schools as by far the most interesting and valuable appropriation of the munificent endowment of George Heriot. At present there are five juvenile and two infant schools in operation, situated in the most densely peopled districts of the town, and other two juvenile schools are in course of erection. The children attending these seminaries are instructed gratuitously, in the common branches of a useful English education; the teachers, male and female, receive liberal salaries, and their professional qualifications are of the highest order. The number of boys and girls on the roll in July last was 2131; and the ordinary expense of each school may be estimated at £300 per annum, or about £1 for each child. It may be mentioned, also, that all the cast clothes, linen, and shoes of the boys in the hospital are placed at the disposal of the teachers of the schools, to be distributed among the most necessitous of their pupils. It is stated, that many of them could not attend during the winter months without this supply. To these institutions, as we already noticed, the children of burghers in poor circumstances have a preferable right, and after them the children of poor citizens resident within the royalty of the city; but it would appear that of the 5444 children who have been educated in them since the first opening in 1838, not more than ten in the hundred were those of burghers. Mr Gibson, government-inspector of schools, thus characterizes these excellent seminaries:—'Upon the whole, it is not too much to say, that these schools form by far the most valuable elementary educational machinery existing in this country. The course of instruction is extensive, and based upon the soundest principles. The teachers are thoroughly qualified to conduct it with efficiency, and are admirably supported by the instrumentality of apprentice teachers. The superintendence is, without partaking in the slightest degree of severity, effective, constant in operation, and succeeds in maintaining the whole in harmonious and most vigorous working order.'

Such has been the destination of the well-earned fortune of George Heriot. How striking the contrast between the effects of his beneficent legacy to the youth of his native city, and that bequeathed to his kingdom and descendants by the royal master he so long and faithfully served! With a questionable reputation for learning, which procured him, partly in derision, the appellation of the Scottish Solomon, James left nothing behind him save those despotic principles which brought his son to the scaffold and drove his family from the proudest throne in Europe. His epitaph must be sought in the follies and infatuation that brought on the struggles of the Commonwealth and the Revolution. The quaint old goldsmith, from his dwelling 'foreancent the New Exchange,' amidst those jewels which dazzled the eyes of princes and nobles, devised for himself a far different monument. And now, when more than two centuries have passed away, and the name of the king is remembered with a curious mixture of pity and contempt, that of the goldsmith is surrounded by a gradually expanding circle of renown—battered in the hearts of thousands of our youthful fellow-citizens, who go forth to the struggles of the world grateful for that priceless jewel of education obtained from the wise munificence of one long ago

THE ROSE IN JANUARY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

I HAD the good fortune to become acquainted, in his old age, with the celebrated Wieland, and to be often admitted to his table. It was there that, animated by a flask of Rhenish, he loved to recount the anecdotes of his youth, and with a gaiety and *naïveté* which rendered them extremely interesting. His age, his learning, his celebrity, no longer threw us to a distance; and we laughed with him as joyously as he himself laughed in reciting the little adventure which I now attempt to relate. It had a chief influence on his life, and it was that which he was fondest of retracing, and retraced with most poignancy. I can well remember his very words; but there are still wanting the expression of his fine countenance—his hair white as snow, gracefully curling round his head—his blue eyes, somewhat faded by years, yet still announcing his genius and depth of thought—his brow touched with the lines of reflection, but open, elevated, and of a distinguished character—his smile full of benevolence and candour. 'I was handsome enough,' he used sometimes to say to us—and no one who looked at him could doubt it; 'but I was not amiable, for a *savant* rarely is,' he would add laughingly—and this every one doubted; so to prove it, he recounted the little history that follows:—

'I was not quite thirty,' said he to us, 'when I obtained the chair of philosophical professor, in the most flattering manner; I need not tell you that my *amour propre* was gratified by a distinction rare enough at my age. I certainly had worked for it formerly; but at the moment it came to me, another species of philosophy occupied me much more deeply, and I would have given more to know what passed in one heart, than to have had power to analyse those of all mankind. I was passionately in love; and you all know, I dare say, that when love takes possession of a young head, adieu to every thing else; there is no room for any other thought. My table was covered with folios of all colours, quires of paper of all sizes, journals of all species, catalogues of books, in short, of all that one finds on a professor's table: but of the whole circle of science, I had for some time studied only the article *Rose*, whether in the *Encyclopædia*, the botanical books, or all the gardener's calendars that I could meet with. You shall learn presently what led me to this study, and why it was that my window was always open, even during the coldest days. All this was connected with the passion by which I was possessed, and which was become my sole and continual thought. I could not well say at this moment how my lectures and courses got on; but this I know, that more than once I have said 'Amelia' instead of 'philosophy.'

It was the name of my beauty—in fact of the beauty of the university, Mademoiselle de Belmont. Her father, a distinguished officer, had died on the field of battle. She occupied with her mother a large and handsome house in the street in which I lived, on the same side, and a few doors distant. 'This mother, wise and prudent, obliged by circumstances to inhabit a city filled with young students from all parts, and having so charming a daughter, never suffered her a moment from her sight, either in or out of doors. But the good lady, passionately loved company and cards; and to reconcile her tastes with her duties, she carried Amelia with her to all the assemblies of dowagers, professors' wives, canonesses; &c., where the poor girl *ennuyé* herself to death with humming or knitting beside her mother's card-table. But you ought to have been informed, that no student, indeed no man under fifty, was admitted. I had then but little chance of conveying my sentiments to Amelia. I am sure, however, that any other than myself would have discovered this chance, but I was a perfect novice in gallantry; and until the moment when I was inspired with this passion for Amelia's beautiful dark eyes, mine, having been always fixed upon Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldaic, &c., understood nothing at all of

I was introduced, that I became acquainted with Amelia; my destiny led me to her house on the evening of her assembly; she received me—I saw Mademoiselle de Belmont, and from that instant her image was engraven in lines of fire on my heart. The mother frowned at the sight of a good-looking young man; but my timid, grave, and perhaps somewhat pedantic air, re-assured her. There were a few other young persons—daughters and nieces of the lady of the mansion; it was summer—they obtained permission to walk in the garden, under the windows of the saloon and the eyes of their mammās. I followed them; and without daring to address a word to my fair one, caught each that fell from her lips.

Her conversation appeared to me as charming as her person; she spoke on different subjects with intelligence beyond her years. In making some pleasant remarks on the defects of men in general, she observed, that 'what she most dreaded was violence of temper.' Naturally of a calm disposition, I was disposed to boast of it; but not having the courage, I at last entered into her idea, and said so much against passion, that I could not well be suspected of an inclination to it. I was recompensed by an approving smile; it emboldened me, and I began to talk much better than I thought myself capable of doing before so many handsome women; she appeared to listen with pleasure; but when they came to the chapter of fashions, I had no more to say—it was an unknown language; neither did she appear versed in it. Then succeeded observations on the flowers in the garden; I knew little more of this than of the fashions, but I might likewise have my particular taste; and to decide, I waited to learn that of Amelia: she declared for the rose, and grew animated in the eulogy of her chosen flower. From that moment it became for me the queen of flowers. 'Amelia,' said a pretty little laughing *espigle*, 'how many of your favourites are condemned to death this winter?' 'Every one,' replied she; 'I renounce them—their education is too troublesome and too ungrateful a task; and I begin to think I know nothing about it.'

I assumed sufficient resolution to ask the explanation of this question and answer: she gave it to me: 'You have just learned that I am passionately fond of roses: it is an hereditary taste. My mother is still fonder of them than I am; and I have long had the greatest wish to offer her a rose-tree in blow (as a New-Year's-gift) on the first of January; but I have never succeeded. Every year I have put a quantity of rose-trees into vases; the greater number perished; and I have never been able to offer one rose to my mother.' So little did I know of the culture of flowers, as to be perfectly ignorant that it was possible to have roses in winter; but from the moment I understood that it might be, without a miracle, and that incessant attention only was necessary, I promised myself, that, this year, the first of January should not pass without Amelia's offering her mother a rose-tree in blow. We returned to the saloon. So close was I on the watch, that I heard her ask my name in a whisper. Her companion answered, 'I know him only by reputation: they say he is an author; and so learned, that he is already a professor.' 'I should have guessed it,' said Amelia; 'he seems neither vain nor pedantic.' How thankful was I for this reputation.

Next morning I went to a gardener, and ordered fifty rose-trees of different months to be put in vases. 'It must be singular ill fortune indeed,' thought I, 'if, among this number, one at least does not flower.' On leaving the gardener, I went to my bookseller's—purchased some works on flowers, and returned home full of hope. I intended to accompany my rose-tree with a fine letter, in which I should request to be permitted to visit Madame de Belmont, in order to teach her daughter the art of having roses in winter. The agreeable lesson, and the charming scholar, were to me far more pleasant themes than those of my philosophical lectures. I built on all this the prettiest romance possible. My milk-pail had not yet gone on so far as *Porrette's*; she held it on her head;

I saw it all in blow. In the mean time, I was happy only in imagination; I no longer saw Amelia; they ceased to invite me to the dowager parties, and she was not allowed to mix in those of young people. I must then be restricted until my introducer was in a state of presentation, to seeing her every evening pass by with her mother; as they went to their parties. Happily for me, Madame de Belmont was such a coward in a carriage that she preferred walking when it was possible. I knew the hour at which they were in the habit of leaving home; I learned to distinguish the sound of the bell of their gate from that of all the others of the quarter; my window on the floor was always open; at the moment I heard their gate unclose, I snatched up some volume, which was often turned upside down, stationed myself at the window, as if profoundly occupied with my study, and thus almost every day saw for an instant the lovely girl; and this instant was sufficient to attach me to her still more deeply. The elegant simplicity of her dress; her rich dark hair wreathed round her head, and falling in ringlets on her forehead; her slight and graceful figure—her step at once light and commanding—the fairy foot, that the care of guarding the snowy robe rendered visible, inflamed my admiration; while her dignified and composed manner, her attention to her mother, and the affability with which she saluted her inferiors, touched my heart yet more. I began, too, to fancy that, limited as were my opportunities of attracting her notice, I was not entirely indifferent to her. For example, on leaving home, she usually crossed to the opposite side of the street; for had she passed close to my windows, she guessed that, intently occupied as I chose to appear, I could not well raise my eyes from my book; then, as she came near my house, there was always something to say, in rather a louder tone, as, 'Take care, mamma; lean heavier on me; do you feel cold?' I then raised my eyes, looked at her, saluted her, and generally encountered the transient glance of my divinity, who, with a blush, lowered her eyes, and returned my salute. The mother, all enveloped in cloak and hood, saw nothing. I saw every thing—and surrendered my heart. A slight circumstance augmented my hopes. I had published 'An Abridgment of Practical Philosophy,' it was an extract from my course of lectures—was successful, and the edition was sold. My bookseller, aware that I had some copies remaining, came to beg one for a customer of his, who was extremely anxious to get it; and he named Mademoiselle Amelia Belmont. I actually blushed with pleasure; and to conceal my embarrassment, I laughingly inquired, what could a girl of her age want with so serious a book? 'To read it, sir—doubtless,' replied the bookseller; 'Mademoiselle Amelia does not resemble the generality of young ladies; she prefers useful to amusing books.' He then mentioned the names of several that he had lately sent to her; and gave me a high opinion of her taste. 'From her impatience for your book,' added he, 'I can answer for it, that it will be perused with great pleasure. More than ten messages have been sent; at last I promised it for to-morrow, and I beg of you to enable me to keep my word.' I thrilled with joy, as I gave him the volume, at the idea that Amelia would read my sentiments, and that she would learn to know me.

October arrived, and with it my fifty vases of rose-trees; for which, of course, they made me pay what they chose; and I was as delighted to count them in my room, as a miser would his sacks of gold. They all looked rather languishing, but then it was because they had not yet reconciled themselves to the new earth. I read all that was ever written on the culture of roses, with much more attention than I had formerly read my old philosophers; and I ended as wise as I began. I perceived that this science, like all others, has no fixed rules, and that each vaunts his system, and believes it the best. One of my gardener authors would have the rose-trees as much as possible in the open air; another recommended their being kept close shut up; one ordered constant watering; another absolutely forbade it. 'It is thus with the educa-

'always in extremes : let us try the medium between these opposite opinions.' I established a good thermometer in my room ; and, according to its indications, I put them outside the windows or took them in. You may guess that fifty vases, to which I gave this exercise three or four times a-day, according to the variations of the atmosphere, did not leave me much idle time ; and this was the occupation of a professor of philosophy ! Ah ! well might they have taken his chair from him, and sent him back to school, a thousand times more childish than the youngest of those pupils to whom I hurried over the customary routine of philosophical lessons. My whole mind was fixed on Amelia and my rose-trees.

The death of the greater number of my *élèves*, however, soon lightened my labour ; more than half of them never struck root. I flung them into the fire ; a fourth part of those that remained, after unfolding some little leaves, stopped there. Several assumed a blackish yellow tint and gave me hopes of blossoming ; some flourished surprisingly, but only in leaves ; others, to my great joy, were covered with buds ; but in a few days they always got that little yellow circle which the gardeners call *the collar*, and which is to them a mortal malady—their stalks twisted, they drooped, and finally fell, one after the other, to the earth ; not a single bud remaining on my poor trees. This withered my hopes ; and the more care I took of my invalids, the more I shifted them from window to window, the worse they grew. At last, one of them, and but one, promised to reward my trouble. Thickly covered with leaves, it formed a handsome bush, from the middle of which sprang out a vigorous branch, crowned with six beautiful buds that got no collar—grew, enlarged, and even discovered, through their calices, a slight rose tint. There were still six long weeks before the new year ; and certainly four at least of my precious buds would be blown by that time. Behold me now recompensed for all my pains ; hope re-entered my heart, and every moment I looked on my beauteous introducer with complacency.

On the 27th of November, a day which I can never forget, the sun rose in all its brilliance ; I thanked Heaven, and hastened to place my rose-tree, and such of its companions as yet survived, on a peristyle in the court. (I have already mentioned that I lodged on the ground floor.) I watered them, and went, as usual, to give my philosophical lecture. I then dined, drank to the health of my rose, and returned to take my station at my window, with a quicker throbbing of the heart.

Amelia's mother had been slightly indisposed ; for eight days she had not left the house, and consequently I had not seen my fair one. On the first morning I had observed the physician going in ; uneasy for her, I contrived to cross his way, questioned him, and was comforted. I afterwards learned that the old lady had recovered, and was to make her appearance abroad on this day at a grand gala given by a baroness, who lived at the end of the street. I was then certain to see Amelia pass by, and eight days of privation had enhanced that thought. I am sure Madame de Belmont did not look to this party with as much impatience as I did. She was always one of the first : it had scarcely struck five, when I heard the bell of her gate. I took up a book—there I was at my post—and presently I saw Amelia appear, dazzling with dress and beauty as she gave her arm to her mother. Never yet had the brilliancy of her figure so struck me ; this time there was no occasion for her to speak to catch my eyes ; they were fixed on her, but hers were bent down ; however, she guessed that I was there, for she passed slowly to prolong my happiness. I followed her with my gaze, until she entered the house ; there only she turned her head for a second ; the door was shut, and she disappeared, but remained present to my heart. I could neither close my window, nor cease to look at the baroness's hotel, as if I could see Amelia through the walls ; I remained there till all objects were fading into obscurity. The approach of night, and the frostiness of the air, brought to my recollection that the rose-tree was

still on the peristyle : never had it been so precious to me : I hastened to it, and scarcely was I in the antechamber, when I heard a singular noise like that of an animal browsing, and tinkling its bells. I trembled, I flew, and I had the grief to find a sheep quietly standing beside my rose-trees, of which it was making its evening repast with no slight avidity.

I caught up the first thing in my way ; it was a heavy staff : I wished to drive away the gluttonous beast : alas ! it was too late ; he had just bitten off the beautiful branch of buds ; he swallowed them one after another ; and in spite of the gloom, I could see, half out of his mouth, the finest of them all, which in a moment was champed like the rest. I was neither ill-tempered nor violent, but at this sight I was no longer master of myself. Without well knowing what I did, I discharged a blow of my staff on the animal, and stretched it at my feet. No sooner did I perceive it motionless than I repented of having killed a creature unconscious of the mischief it had done. Was this worthy of the professor of philosophy, the adorer of the gentle Amelia ? But thus to eat my rose-tree, my only hope to get admittance to her ! When I thought on its annihilation, I could not consider myself so culpable. However, the night darkened. I heard the old servant crossing the lower passage, and I called her. 'Catharine,' said I, 'bring your light, there is mischief here : you left the stable-door open (that of the court was also unclosed) ; one of your sheep has been browsing on my rose-trees, and I have punished it.'

She soon came with the lanthorn in her hand. 'It is not one of our sheep,' said she ; 'I have just come from them ; the stable-gate is shut, and they are all within. But what do I see !' exclaimed she, when near : 'it is the pet sheep of our neighbour, Mademoiselle Amelia, de Belmont. Poor Robin ! what bad luck brought you here ! Oh, how sorry she will be !'

I nearly dropped down beside Robin. 'Of Mademoiselle Amelia !' said I, in a trembling voice ; 'has she actually a sheep ?'

'Oh, no, she has none at this moment, but that which lies there, with its four legs up in the air : she loved it herself ; see the collar that she worked for it with her own hands.' I bent to look at it. It was of red leather ornamented with little bells, and she had embroidered on it in gold thread—'Robin belongs to Amelia de Belmont : she loves him, and begs that he may be restored to her.' What will she think of the barbarian who killed him in a fit of passion ?—the vice that she most detests. She is right, it has been fatal to her sheep ! Yet if he should be only stunned by a blow ! Catharine, run, ask for some ether, or *eau de vie*, or hartshorn—run, Catharine, run !

Catharine set off : I tried to make it open its mouth—my rose-bud was still between its hermetically sealed teeth ; perhaps the collar pressed it ; in fact, the throat was swelled. I got it off with difficulty ; something fell from it at my feet, which I mechanically took up and put into my pocket without looking at, so much was I absorbed in anxiety for the resuscitation. I rubbed him with all my strength ; I grow more and more impatient for the return of Catharine. She came with a small phial in her hand, calling out in her usual manner, 'Here, sir—here's the medicine. I never opened my mouth about it to Mademoiselle Amelia ; I pity her enough without that.'

'What is all this, Catharine ? Where have you seen Mademoiselle Amelia ? and what is her affliction, if she does not know of her favourite's death ?' 'Oh, sir, this is a terrible day for the poor young lady. She was at the end of the street searching for a ring which she had lost ; and it was no trifle, but the ring that her dead father had got as a present from the Emperor, and worth, they say, more ducats than I have hairs on my head. Her mother lent it to her to-day for the party ; she has lost it, she knows neither how nor where, and never missed it till she drew off her glove at supper. And, poor soul ! the glove was on again in a minute, for fear it should be seen that the ring was wanting, and she slipped out to search for it all along the street, but has not found it.'

It struck me that the substance that had fallen from the sheep's collar had the form of a ring—could it possibly be!—I looked at it; and judge of my joy—it was Madame de Belmont's ring, and really very beautiful and costly. A secret presentment whispered to me that this was a better means of presentation than the rose-tree. I pressed the precious ring to my heart and to my lips; assured myself that the sheep was really dead; and leaving him stretched near the devastated rose-trees, I ran into the street, dismissed those who were seeking in vain, and stationed myself at my door to await the return of my neighbours. I saw from a distance the flambeau that preceded them, quickly distinguished their voices, and comprehended by them, that Amelia had confessed her misfortune. The mother scolded bitterly; the daughter wept, and said, 'Perhaps it may be found.' 'Oh, yes, perhaps,' replied the mother, with irritation. 'It is too rich a prize to him who finds it. The emperor gave it to your deceased father, on the field when he saved his life; he set more value on it than all he possessed besides, and now you have thus flung it away! But the fault is mine, for having trusted you with it. For some time back you have seemed quite bewildered.' I heard all this as I followed at some paces behind them; they reached home; and I had the cruelty to prolong, for some moments more, Amelia's mortification. I intended that the treasure should procure the entrée of their dwelling, and I waited till they had got up stairs. I then had myself announced as the bearer of good news; I was introduced, and respectfully presented the ring to Madame de Belmont: and how delighted seemed Amelia! and how beautifully she brightened in her joy, not alone that the ring was found, but that I was the finder. She cast herself on her mother's bosom, and turning on me her eyes, humid with tears, though beaming with pleasure, she clasped her hands, exclaiming, 'Oh, sir, what obligation, what gratitude do we not owe to you!'

'Ah, mademoiselle!' returned I, 'you know not to whom you address the term gratitude.'

'To one who has conferred on me a great pleasure,' said she.

'To one who has caused you a serious pain—to the killer of Robin!'

'You, sir?—I cannot credit it—you are not so cruel.'

'No; but I am so unfortunate. It was in opening his collar, which I have also brought to you, that your ring fell on the ground. You promised a great recompense to him who should find it; I dare to solicit that recompense: grant me my pardon for Robin's death.'

'And I, sir—I thank you for it,' exclaimed the mother. 'I could never endure that animal; it took up Amelia's entire time, and wearied me out of all patience with its bleating. If you had not killed it who knows where it might have carried my diamond! But how did you get it entangled in the collar? Amelia, pray explain all this.'

Amelia's heart was agitated; she was as much grieved that it was I who had killed Robin, as that he was dead—'Poor Robin,' said she, drying a tear, 'he was rather too fond of running out. Before leaving home I had put on his collar, that he might not be lost—he had always been brought back to me. The ring must have slipped under his collar. I hastily drew on my glove, and never missed it till I was at supper.'

'What good luck it was that he went straight to this gentleman's!' observed the mother.

'Yes—for you,' said Amelia. 'He was cruelly received. Was it such a crime, sir, to enter your door?'

'It was night,' I replied; 'I could not distinguish the collar, and I learned, when too late, that the animal belonged to you.'

'It was well that you did not know it,' said the mother, 'or where would have been my ring?'

'It is necessary, at least,' said Amelia, 'that I should now how my favourite could have so greatly offended you.'

'Oh, mademoiselle, he had devoured my hope, my happiness—a superb rose-tree about to blow, that I had

person on New-Year's-day.' Amelia smiled, blushed, extended her lovely hand towards me, and murmured—'All is pardoned.' 'If it had eaten up a rose-tree about to blow,' cried out Madame de Belmont, 'it deserved a thousand deaths. I would give twenty sheep for a rose-tree in blow.' 'And I am much mistaken,' said Amelia, with the sweetest *accent*, 'if this very rose-tree was not intended for you.' 'For me! You have lost your senses, child; I have not the honour of knowing the gentleman.' 'But he knows your partiality for roses; I mentioned it one day before him—the only time I ever met him—at Madame de S.'s. Is it not true, sir, that my unfortunate favourite had eaten up my mother's rose-tree?' I acknowledged it, and related the course of training of my fifty rose-trees.

Madame de Belmont laughed heartily, and said 'she owed me a double obligation.' 'Mademoiselle Amelia has given me my recompense for the diamond,' said I to her; 'I claim yours also, madame.' 'Ask, sir, —' 'Permission to pay my respects sometimes to you.' 'Granted,' replied she, *gaily*. I kissed her hand respectfully, that of her daughter tenderly, and withdrew. But I returned the next day—and every day: I was received with a kindness that each visit increased—I was looked on as one of the family. It was I who now gave my arm to Madame de Belmont to conduct her to the evening parties; she presented me as her friend, and they were no longer dull to her daughter. New-Year's-day arrived. I had gone the evening before to a sheepfold in the vicinity to purchase a lamb similar to that I had killed. I collected from the neighbouring hot-houses all the flowering rose-trees I could find; the finest of them was for Madame de Belmont; and the roses of the others were wreathed in a garland round the fleecy neck of the lamb. In the evening I went to my neighbours with my presents. 'Robin and the rose-tree are restored to life,' said I, in offering my homage, which was received with sensibility and gratitude. 'I should also like to give you a New-Year's-gift,' said Madame de Belmont to me, 'if I but knew what you would best like.' 'What I best like—ah! if I only dared to tell you!' 'If it should chance now to be my daughter—' I fell at her feet, and so did Amelia. 'Well,' said the kind parent, 'there then is your New-Year's-gift ready found; Amelia gives you her heart, and I give you her hand.' She took the rose wreath from off the lamb, and twined it round our united hands. 'And my Amelia,' continued the old professor, as he finished his anecdote, passing an arm round his companion, as she sat beside him—'my Amelia is still to my eyes as beautiful, and to my heart as dear, as on the day when our hands were bound together with a chain of flowers.'

LETTER FROM MADRID BY A RECENT GERMAN TRAVELLER.

(TRANSLATED.)

WHOEVER has had the misfortune to be shut up for four long days and nights in the wandering torture-chest, named a post-wagon, will comprehend with what sensations, on the fifth morning after our departure from Seville, I heard my neighbour exclaim, 'There is Madrid.' So must Xenophon's ten thousand Greeks have heard the shout, 'Sea! Sea!' from the advance-guard, when, after months of contest and struggles in the barbarian land, that pathway to their holy home lay before them. Even the mules seemed to gain new strength and courage by the sight of Madrid, and their quickened gallop brought us every minute almost a quarter of a mile nearer the city.

The road, not only in the immediate neighbourhood of the capital, but the whole way from Seville, is well kept; and the three hundred miles between the two cities might easily be traversed in less than two days, considering the quick pace of our ten mules, changed every two hours, or oftener, were it not the unfortunate custom of the Spanish

hours. For example, we left Seville at five in the morning, remained an hour and a half at Carmona, six leagues (twenty-six miles) distant, for breakfast, reached Ecija at five in the afternoon, to leave it again after midnight, and arrived at seven in the morning at Cordova, where we again rested till three p.m. Thus, in travelling two and twenty leagues (one hundred miles), thirty-four hours were spent, and just half of them in the inns. These delays are intended to allow the traveller time for sleeping and refreshment; but, in reality, only add one more to his usual allowance of troubles.

The last trial of this kind I had to undergo was at Acana, the evening before my arrival in Madrid. Here we had to remain from sunset till one in the morning, waiting for the mules which brought the coach in the opposite direction from Madrid. The company, worn out by the long journey, had become wholly unconvertible, and the only entertainment left me was a walk through the narrow deserted streets of the town. It takes little trouble to decide where one has no choice. Acana, by ten o'clock, was as good as dead; not even a solitary watchman, who seldom fails in Spain, was to be met on the streets. I only heard in the distance the sound of the guitar and castanet, mingled with the voices of a band of young people enjoying the beautiful moonlight evening. My road led me out of the town towards a celebrated Roman fountain, which is situated not far from the road, in a low valley, between the town and a rocky hill. A powerful stream pours from the rock, and is conducted in a canal, bordered with columns, along the hill-side to the open valley. From this two stone basins, each an hundred feet long, are supplied. These basins are, indeed, nothing more than public washing troughs; yet I have seen many monuments on which much money and imagination had been expended, which made less impression on me than these Roman remains at Acana.

The immediate environs of Madrid, so far as they can be seen from the Seville road, cannot assuredly be called either rich or beautiful. Yet I found them by no means so comfortless and miserable as I expected, from many woful descriptions. Instead of a barren, uniform tableland, I was surprised to observe a carefully cultivated country, in which hills and valleys, though of small dimensions, constantly alternate with each other. The soil is evidently ungrateful, yet, nevertheless, everywhere employed for agriculture, and we nowhere perceive even one of those tracts of heath or waste land which compose nine-tenths of Andalusia. As in almost the whole of Spain, so also round Madrid, there are, properly speaking, no forests, yet trees are not wholly wanting. Especially the vale of the Manzanares, so far as the eye can follow it up or down, is covered with gardens and thick plantations of mulberry trees, poplars, and acacias. No doubt, one looks in vain for those country houses and pleasant villages so common round other large towns. Only now and then a waggoner's inn lies by the roadside, but human dwellings are so rare beyond the town, that one feels at a loss to know where the poor people come from who cultivate the wide fields. On the other hand, the top of the rising grounds are crowned with ancient buildings, with grey churches or chapels, which contribute to adorn the country. Its best ornament, however, is the snow-clad summits of the Guadarrama, which, to the left of Madrid, rise above the whole landscape.

Madrid itself lies lazily stretched out on the ridge of a hill, as if taking its siesta. Walks and gardens extend down the declivity of the hill to the Manzanares, which, on this side, forms as it were the boundary of the city's territory. Beyond the river, no garden, no summer-house, no public place of amusement announces the vicinity of the metropolis. A double row of old elms is the only decoration of the road, till it reaches the Manzanares, on whose banks the first five or six houses telling of city life appear. Immediately behind these outposts of Madrid civilization, is seen the splendid bridge of Toledo, worthy of the proudest river in the world; and the first step on this bridge convinces us that we are in the

royal city. The massive architecture of the bridge, its gigantic dimensions compared to the river, and the rich voluted style, in which its balustrade of polished stone, with singular shaped projections, turrets and niches for saints, are ornamented—all this speaks as plainly as an inscription: this road leads to the capital of the Spanish king.

And now in regard to the river—but the poor Manzanares, since travellers began to use their pens, has had to endure so much scoff and scorn, that truly I want heart to make merry over its melancholy mien, under its haughty bridge. I will rather remind these ungenerous scoffers, that the Manzanares has seen better times, that it is a decayed grandee, and therefore, in its present misery, has double claims on our forbearance. In reality, old documents of the time of Philip II. prove, that the Manzanares was then navigable; for the Italian Antonelli relates, that he sailed from Toledo up the Tagus, the Jarama, and Manzanares, to Pardo, two miles above Madrid. The gradual destruction of the fores not only round Madrid, but throughout the whole kingdom of New Castile, has, without doubt, gradually dried up the tributaries to which it owed its navigable condition. At present, it depends almost exclusively on the snow of the Guadarrama, and becomes completely dry as soon as the summer sun has dissolved the winter store.

On the left bank of the river, the bridge opens on a semicircular plate, bordered with statues, pyramids, and pillars. From this three broad alleys, at equal distances from each other, lead to three gates of the city. The middle one of these roads runs straight up between eight rows of acacias to the gate of Toledo—one of the few beautiful monuments left by the government of Ferdinand VII. The road to the right, which we follow, leads by a gentler ascent to the city wall, and along this to the gate of Atocha. The entrance of this gate gives at once magnificent notions of Madrid. The first step within the city brings us to the Prado, with its broad, carefully levelled paths, its thick-leaved elms, and its noble marble fountains, bathed in the holiday splendour of the sunshine. On the right of the Prado, behind an immeasurable long iron railing, lies the botanic garden—a real forest of noble ornamental plants and flowers, traversed by the most enchanting shady walks. And where the garden ends, the eye rests on a palace of huge proportions, containing the national museum; and beyond this edifice, the grounds of the Buen-Retiro commence, before which, in the midst of a field of roses and lilies, rises the obelisk which daily reminds the citizens of Madrid of the unfortunate but glorious 2d of May, 1808. In a cross direction to the Prado lies the street of Alcalá, broad as a market-place, which on the right hand runs out by the stately gate of Alcalá, and on the left conducts between alleys of acacias and splendid buildings to the Puerta del Sol, in the centre of the city. Beyond this street, the Alameda de Repletas, forms a mile-long continuation of the promenade of the Prado in the same line.

The custom-house examination—for even in Madrid, two hundred and seventy miles from the nearest frontier, they do not think themselves safe from smuggling—gone through in the coach-office with much forbearance and exemplary order; the traveller gives the custom-gratuity to the coachman and capataces, who arranged themselves like sentinels on each side the door, and like a knight of the middle ages in search of adventures, sets out followed by the heavily laden porter, to seek a place where he may take up his abode. Nor is any one think this comparison with the wandering knight too presumptuous, for truly it is no light task for a stranger in Madrid to seek a dwelling. In two of the best hotels in the town—which no one, from their appearance, would have supposed inns for wandering journeymen—was offered rooms in which I would not have slept, had I been paid a pound for every night, instead of having demand made on me for an unreasonable sum of 100 rs. My luggage-bearer grumbled for a while most profusely between his teeth at my unreasonableness and then went

of my luggage, and then proposed to take me to a casa de pupillos, as they are called. I accepted the proposal, and am thankful I did so, for I have got a most comfortable dwelling at a very reasonable price. The Spaniards themselves, when on a journey, prefer these houses to inns, and with good reason. They are kept by private families, who furnish a couple of rooms for lodgers, whom they also provide with food; and cleanliness, careful attendance, and cheapness, are the essential advantages which they offer beyond living in an inn.

I had always imagined that Madrid was rather a modern city, but the almanac here, a perfect mine of useful and edifying information, has taught me better, and has let me know that the foundation of Madrid dates from the third millennium before the Christian era. Its builder was Prince Ocnoblanor, son of King Tiberius of Tuscany, and of the prophetess Manto, from whom the new city was named Mantua, with the surname Carpetana, as situated in the land of the Carpetani, and to distinguish it from the Italian city of the same name. But setting aside the Madrid almanac and its chronology, the first certain historical notice of Madrid is found in the year 930, when King Ramiro II. of Leon fell with an army on this town, then belonging to the Arabs, murdered the greater part of its inhabitants, raised its walls, and returned home loaded with plunder. It was at that time named *Ma-gerit*—a word derived from the Arabic, and alluding to the abundance of water it then enjoyed. I am much better pleased with another derivation of the name, supported by the coat-of-arms of the city, and which the people themselves firmly believe. Madrid has for its arms a bear standing up against a tree; and this tradition forms the commentary. Long ago, when there were only a few solitary houses scattered through the forest where Madrid now stands, a boy pursued by a bear took refuge in a wild cherry-tree. The bear was about to follow him up, when the mother of the boy came running with screams of terror. But the boy forgetting his own danger, and thinking only of his mother, cried to her from the tree, 'Madrid! Madrid!' 'Mother, escape.' The two words were united into one, and in the name of the capital of Spain perpetuate the memory of the brave boy.

Long before Philip II., Madrid was frequently the residence of the court, and the place where the Castilian cortes assembled. The first diet at Madrid was held in 1309, just two hundred years after the final expulsion of the Arabs from the city. After the death of Ferdinand the Catholic, Cardinal Ximenes transferred the site of the regency from Toledo to Madrid; and even at the present day they show the house belonging to the Duke of Infantado, from whose window the cardinal pointed out to the nobility, who had met to question his right to assume the regency, the artillery busy exercising, with the words, 'These are my authorities for ruling till the arrival of the king.' The cardinal's authorities were found sufficient. Charles V., when residing in Spain, inhabited in the present alcazar; and his son is well known to have elevated Madrid to be the recognised residence. Shortly after the death of Philip II., the court was, on some ground or other, removed to Valladolid, whereto it remained five years. Many inconveniences, however, soon showed that Valladolid was not adapted for the seat of government; and as the city of Madrid offered to purchase the return of the court by a ten years' grant of the sixth part of the rent of all the houses, Philip III. returned to it in 1606, since which time its title to the privileges of the metropolis of Spain has never been called in question.

The present city of Madrid is regarded justly as the work of Philip II., continued, however, according to the same plan, by his two immediate successors. Juan Bautista de Toledo and Juan de Herrera, were the architects who conferred on the royal city of Spain those marks of greatness and magnificence by which it produces so powerful an impression even at the first look.

But the men here in Madrid have changed more and more rapidly than in any other Spanish city. In the interior of the houses, Spanish manners may yet prevail;

on the streets, every mark of national life has almost entirely vanished. In the streets of Seville, in Cadiz, and even in Barcelona, one can scarcely take a step without being reminded by some living object that they are in Spain—and that they are in a new world. The population of Madrid, on the other hand, has in its outward being quite a cosmopolite, that is, just no character. Yet I have expressed myself too strongly and universally, and must make an exception in favour of the ladies. The great majority of these have retained, even here, the most characteristic portion of the old national garb—the mantilla; and I congratulate them on their taste. The Madrid ladies are accused of want of elegance, and indeed not without reason; for, assuredly, they do not possess that charm of behaviour, and that ease and gracefulness of motion which seem born with the fair Andalusians—peculiarities well described in the phrase, *sal andaluza*, for truly they form the very essence of personal beauty. Particularly remarkable in Madrid, are the ill formed bodies and awkwardness of the children of wealthy families, whom they drag after them, half naked, on their walks. Stupid and indolent beyond conception, with no expression in their countenance, and very often misshapen in a great degree, the Madrid children would form a melancholy image of mental and corporeal crippling, even were they not dressed out in all the refinement of tastelessness, in which the mothers seem to emulate each other. Possibly the square-built nuns, seen here in great numbers, and whose plump persons seem to belong to a different race from the Spanish, are answerable for the misshapen forms of the children inattentive to them. This supposition may also perhaps explain why, on growing up, the children gradually lose these defects, so that the little goblins at length become right handsome young men and pretty maidens.

The young men of Madrid have in general that slender growth, and that pale delicate look, which seem to be the produce of a court atmosphere, and which are generally found where a court nobility and court manners prevail. The citizens of Madrid get credit for much natural talent, spirit, and wit; but they are also accused of not knowing how to use their advantages, of shunning labour, and hence remaining without any solid education, so that they are very seldom qualified to fill any public offices, which on this account are almost entirely in the hands of persons born in the provinces. Love intrigues form, to most of the young citizens, the highest interest in life; the coffee-house, the Prado, the theatre, and the terulia, are the employments of all their days. Fortunately, or unfortunately, many families even yet inherit sufficient wealth to enable the sons to lead this life of idleness and luxury, though, in consequence, the daughters are married without any portion.

Both men and women here, in Madrid, expend more on dress than in any other city I am acquainted with. The polite world seems at first sight far more numerous than at Paris, although the Spanish capital has hardly a fourth part of the population. On the most brilliant days, not half the elegant gentlemen and ladies assemble in the Tuileries that crowd together every evening here on the Prado. This is partly explained by the fact, that in Madrid every one goes to the Prado, whilst the Parisians are properly no great walkers, and besides divide themselves among various places of amusement. But, above all, it arises in the desire of the lower classes, if possible, to rival their superiors in luxury of dress, which prevails far more in Madrid than Paris. Thousands, who, in any other place, would remain in the back-ground, here sheltered by a fashionable coat, white gloves, and a diamond pin, mingle in the thickest crowds of aristocratic society, and perhaps there is not a single eye practised enough to spy out these intruders. For the Spaniard, along with so much more, has also this in common with the eastern nations, that with wonderful tact he makes himself at home in any higher situation, whether he may be thrown there by chance or climb up to it by the sweat of his brow.

ETHNOGRAPHY.

THIRD PAPER.

In our former articles we attempted to show that the Indo-European family of languages embraced a number of nations extending from Ceylon to Iceland, and that more minute investigations had proved most important points of contact with other nations widely separated at present, either from indubitable verbal affinities or grammatical forms. We would now add a few words on a smaller but most interesting family, the Semitic, before we proceed to speak of the other widely ramified families of the Malay, Indo-Chinese, and American.

The Semitic includes the Hebrew, Syro-Chaldaic, Arabic, and Gheez or Abyssinian. The relationship between these different dialects has been long acknowledged; but, though they form a distinct class, they are proved to be related to the Indo-European family. A large proportion of their vocables are identical with those in the latter, and several of the pronouns and affixes are common to the Hebrew and Coptic, and cannot be attributed to mere accident, for essential grammatical forms adhere too radically (as we formerly showed) to be transferred from one tongue to another, without having been originally connected, no matter how remote in point of time this connexion may have been. The ancient Egyptian has been identified with the Coptic; they present wonderful points of contact with the Indo-European and Semitic, not vague and accidental, but rooted in the essential constitution of the language; and thus, as Lepsius observes, grouping these together in a harmonious cycle of languages.

The Malay is another family of a very interesting character. 'The idiom of the Malays,' says Mr Marsden, 'is a branch or dialect of the widely extended language prevailing throughout the islands of the archipelago to which it gives its name and those of the South Sea; comprehending between Madagascar on the one hand and Easter Island on the other, both inclusive, the space of two hundred degrees of longitude. . . . The various dialects of this speech, though they have a wonderful accordance in many essential properties, have experienced those changes which separation, time, and accident produce, and in respect to the purposes of intercourse, may be classed into several languages, differing considerably from each other.' However much these various dialects may be corrupted, and however far they may be separated, and 'these languages comprehend a space wider than the Roman or any other tongue has yet boasted,' there is an evident sameness in many radical words, and their fundamental grammatical structure is the same, all strongly tending to the monosyllabic form, and approximating to the Indo-Chinese which is spoken on the continent, of which Dr Leyden remarks:—'The vernacular Indo-Chinese languages on the continent, seem to be, in their original structure, either purely monosyllabic, like the spoken languages of China, or they incline so much to this class, that it may be strongly suspected that the few original polysyllables they contain, have either been immediately derived from the Pali, or formed of coalescing monosyllables. These languages are all prodigiously varied by accentuation, like the spoken languages of China;' and among these languages he classes various dialects of the Malay family, such as the Bugis, Javanese, Tagala, &c. Crawford, too, who confined his observations to a more limited field of inquiry, came to the same conclusion. We shall close these authoritative quotations with the following from Sir T. S. Raffles's History of Java:—'One original language,' he says, 'seems at a very remote period to have pervaded the whole archipelago, and to have spread (perhaps with the population) towards Madagascar on the one side, and to the islands in the South Sea on the other; but in whatever degree we find any of these tribes more highly advanced in the arts of civilized life than others, in nearly the same proportion do we find the language enriched by a corresponding accession of Sanscrit terms, directing us at once to the

source whence civilization flowed towards these regions.' The following may be taken as a specimen of the coincidences between the various languages in this family. The numeral *one* is *isa* in Madagascar, *isa* in the Philippine Islands, *oser* in New Guinea; *roo*, two, *ruka* and *duka* (Latin and Greek *duo*), *roa*, *ka-roo*, *par-roo*, *rooa*, in the three first named, and in Tanna, Mallicollo, New Caledonia, and Easter Island, respectively. Again, *manan*, a bird, in the Philippine Islands, is *manna* in the Marian Islands, *mannoo* in Tanna, *manneck* in New Caledonia, and *mamo* in Easter Island. The word for eyes is, respectively, *mata*, *matan*, *matang*, *matta*, &c.

The following affinities between the *Anglo-Saxon* and the Malay and the Chinese, are selected from Sharon Turner's valuable Appendix to the second volume of his *Anglo-Saxon History*:—

| Anglo-Saxon. | Malay. |
|--------------------------|------------------------------|
| <i>rum</i> , a place | <i>rooma</i> , a house |
| <i>ec</i> , I | <i>ako</i> , I |
| <i>boc</i> , a book | <i>bacha</i> , to read |
| <i>beram</i> , to endure | <i>bear</i> , to suffer |
| <i>same</i> , like | <i>sama</i> , like as |
| <i>bendan</i> , to bend | <i>benko</i> , bent |
| <i>tan</i> , a shoot | <i>toomar</i> , to blossom |
| <i>moder</i> , mother | <i>ma</i> , mother |
| <i>ne</i> , not | <i>nen</i> , not |
| <i>chide</i> (English) | <i>chidera</i> , to quarrel |
| <i>con</i> , he knew | <i>conon</i> , to know |
| <i>cunnen</i> , to know | |
| <i>for</i> , a foot | <i>phat</i> , a foot |
| <i>bi</i> , by | <i>bah</i> , by |
| <i>cacppa</i> , a cap, | <i>capata</i> , head |
| <i>morth</i> , dead | <i>capoa</i> , a hat |
| <i>bolla</i> , a bowl | <i>maoot</i> , death |
| <i>ball</i> (English) | <i>buolat</i> , a round ball |
| <i>marm</i> , marble | <i>marmor</i> |
| <i>tellan</i> , to tell | <i>teltele</i> , to publish |
| <i>nama</i> , name | <i>nama</i> , name |
| <i>to cut</i> (English) | <i>catan</i> , to reap |
| <i>see</i> , sick | <i>sakit</i> , sick |
| <i>mere</i> , the sea | <i>mer</i> , over sea |
| <i>saegan</i> , to say | <i>sagi</i> , a speech. |

In the above, as well as in those below, will be observed also many coincidences with Latin and other cognate tongues.

| Anglo-Saxon. | Chinese. |
|------------------------------|-------------------------|
| <i>longa</i> , mightily | <i>lang</i> , strong |
| <i>langian</i> , to increase | <i>lee</i> , a place |
| <i>lea</i> , a place | <i>many</i> , wicked |
| <i>man</i> , wickedness | <i>mo</i> , to cut |
| <i>mawan</i> , to mow | <i>koo</i> , to freeze |
| <i>col</i> , cool | <i>keaw</i> , to call |
| <i>cegan</i> , to call | <i>co</i> , I can |
| <i>can</i> , I can | <i>lo</i> , to laugh |
| <i>kloh</i> , he laughed | <i>luh</i> , sound |
| <i>lud</i> , sounding | <i>man</i> , large |
| <i>nanga</i> , many | |
| <i>manig</i> , much | <i>phai</i> , wicked |
| <i>fah</i> | <i>kin</i> , multitude |
| <i>fian</i> | <i>ting</i> , to debate |
| <i>cynn</i> , a nation | <i>woo</i> , to injure |
| <i>thingan</i> , to harangue | <i>chin</i> , boys |
| <i>woh</i> , injury | <i>keen</i> , a son |
| <i>cyn</i> , offspring | <i>mo</i> , to die |
| | <i>mac</i> , to bury |
| <i>morth</i> , dead | <i>urh</i> , the car |
| <i>car</i> , the ear | <i>say</i> , sound |
| <i>sci</i> , to say | <i>hew</i> , to smell |
| <i>hewen</i> , putrid | <i>man</i> , to ruin |
| <i>man</i> , wickedness | <i>ci</i> , to eat |
| <i>ctan</i> , to eat | <i>fe</i> , to injure |
| <i>fah</i> , to revenge | <i>tun</i> , a hillock |
| <i>dun</i> , a hillock | <i>shan</i> , to shear |
| <i>shiran</i> , to shear | |

Here then we have another family of languages stretching over an immense portion of the globe, from Madagascar to the most remote point of Captain Cook's discoveries, which are proved (both from verbal coincidences and grammatical forms radically inherent in the constitution of the various tongues) to have been originally one, or to have had a parallel descent from the same source; and yet, in these same dialects, are found coincidences, so numerous, striking, and radical, with the vocabularies of the Indo-European family, as to point out a closer connexion at some remote period.

Of the languages spoken in Africa few have, as yet, been studied with sufficient accuracy, to enable us to draw such irrefragable conclusions as we have been able to do from those which we have hitherto been discussing; but, so far as they are known, the same law has been found to govern them. One idiom has been found to prevail throughout the whole northern region of Africa from the Canaries to the oasis of Siwa; a relationship—wide, intimate, and fundamental—exists between the Felatahs and Foulas, who occupy nearly the whole interior of Central Africa. From a comparison of vocabularies, Mr Marsden has concluded that the languages of Congo, Loango, and Angola, only differ from each other in slight modifications; and that, though the affinity between the Congo language and that of the tribes on the eastern side of Africa is less striking, yet the instances of resemblance in words expressing ideas of primary necessity, are so many and remarkable, as to lead to the conclusion that the nations who use them—that is, across the whole continent from Caffria and Mosambique to the Atlantic Ocean—were once more intimately connected. The following coincidences, which we have not seen noticed before, are few but interesting: no doubt more copious vocabularies and more extensive investigations will do for the African what has been done for all other families where sagacity and perseverance have been exerted, that is, prove that they too have wonderful points of contact with the brotherhood of languages that are spread over the wide extent of the world's surface:—

Mandingo, *youg*, a slave; Lat. *jugum*; Russ. *igum*, a yoke.

Do. *fa*, a father.
Do. *na*, *mha*, mother; Amakosa, *maa*, Temlic, *mama*
Amakosa, *dioun*, to follow; Greek, *dion*, fleeing.
Mandingo, *ouka*, a forest; Greek, *ulz*, a wood.
Do. *kala*, hot; Latin, *calor*, heat.
Do. *coro*, sister; Latin, *soror*, sister.
Do. *kili*, war; English, to kill.
Do. *naime*, yes; Latin, *imo*.
Do. *hora* or *oora*, gold; Latin, *aurum*; Fr. *or*.

So far we have only been threading our way among the languages of the old world, and have seen how much they are akin to one another, and in what respects they differ. We stated above that the Malay family, with its monosyllabic structure, extended throughout Polynesia, a wider tract of the globe than ever was subject to the Romans. Following on to America, we are at once struck with the extraordinary number of dialects that are spoken there, and almost recoil from any attempt to reconcile their jarring diversities, or classify its apparently chaotic tongues. But the careful and profound observations of Du Ponceau have shown that a most wonderful affinity pervades all the American languages from Cape Horn to Greenland. This affinity does not consist in verbal resemblances, which are sometimes vague and indefinite, but in essential grammatical forms, which must have existed in these languages from the moment of their origin. 'In Greenland,' remarks Vater, 'as well as in Peru, on the Hudson river, in Massachusetts, as well as in Mexico, and as far as the banks of the Orinoco, languages are spoken displaying forms more artfully distinguished and more numerous than almost any other idioms the world possesses.' These forms are singular in themselves, and have attracted the attention and created no little astonishment and interest among the learned both in America and Europe. One extract from Du Ponceau will give the reader some idea

of the manner in which their words are compounded:— 'When a Delaware woman is playing with a little dog or cat, or some other young animal, she will often say to it, *kuligatschis*, which I would translate into English—*give me your pretty little paw*, or *what a pretty little paw you have!* This word is compounded thus: *k* is the inseparable pronoun of the second person, and may be rendered *thou* or *thy*, according to the context; *schis* (pronounced *oolee*) is part of the word *walit*, which signifies *handsome* or *pretty*; *gat* is part of the word *wichgat*, which signifies a *leg* or *paw*; *schis* (pronounced *schess*) is a diminutive termination, and conveys the idea of *littleness*: thus, in one word, the Indian woman says *thy pretty little paw!* and, according to the gesture which she makes, either calls upon it to present its foot, or simply expresses her fondling admiration. In the same manner, *pitape* (a youth) is formed from *plisit* (chaste, innocent) and *lenape*, a man. It is difficult, he justly observes, 'to find a more elegant combination of ideas, in a single word, of any existing idiom.' One more example, and a remarkable one it is, of the polysyllabic character of the American tongues may be given (expressed into syllables for the sake of perspicuity), viz.:—*Wi-ni-taw-ti-gé-gi-na-liskaw-lung-ta-naw-ne-H-ti-se-eti*; which may be rendered: 'They will by this time have nearly done granting (favours) from a distance to thee and to me.' Now, this very peculiar structure, as we said before, pervades all the American languages, and, to our mind, clearly indicates that they all owe their origin to one common source, from which all the diversified dialects have proceeded.

Vater was of opinion that the Biscayan bears a considerable analogy to the American idioms; Du Ponceau has observed some peculiarities of structure in some of the dialects of South Africa (especially that of Congo) which have much in common with them, as is evinced by the fact that the verbal forms in both languages are synthetic in a high degree; but he has also intimated a suspicion that the Georgian bears a still nearer affinity to them than any of these. The Hebrew, also, it may be observed, has many peculiarities which belong to the Indian or American tongues. Future investigations will throw more certainty over this interesting field of inquiry; meanwhile Professor Barton of Philadelphia has instituted a comparison between the vocabularies and idioms of America and Northern Asia, and says, with great confidence, that 'traces of the Samolede dialects are unequivocally preserved in an immense portion of America.' Vater, with more ample resources, has shown that 'in respect to most of the words denoting universal ideas and sensible objects, of perpetual recurrence, words may be found nearly resembling each other, in some of the idioms of America and some of those spoken in Northern Asia.' We give a few examples below.* This view and these facts are very important, and are farther confirmed by the tradition of the nations who inhabit the eastern parts of America. They trace their origin to a remote country in the west; and this is the case also with the north-western nations, whose tradition agrees with the others in referring to the west as the cradle of their race. But what is not a little singular, and strongly corroborative

| * American. | Asiatic. | English. | American. | Asiatic. | English. |
|--------------------|---|----------|---|--|----------|
| <i>anah</i> . | <i>aneo</i> , mother | | <i>cane</i> . | <i>cun</i> , sun | |
| <i>amanak</i> . | <i>ana</i> , or <i>anakei</i> , son | | <i>taika</i> , <i>taika</i> , do | <i>tueikuel</i> , do | |
| <i>naman</i> . | <i>nioma</i> , brother | | <i>alagan</i> , <i>hwa</i> , year | <i>alak</i> , <i>hoet</i> , year | |
| <i>mika</i> . | <i>neka</i> , brother | | <i>itela</i> , <i>tata</i> , river | <i>idcl</i> , <i>tat</i> , river | |
| <i>nitsch</i> . | <i>nertschu</i> , child | | <i>tell</i> , <i>teteli</i> , stone | <i>tut</i> , stone | |
| <i>nekets</i> . | <i>noekot</i> , man | | | | |
| <i>kateoca</i> . | <i>kaddi</i> , woman | | | | |
| <i>peechten</i> . | <i>patsh</i> , nose | | | | |
| <i>keekag</i> . | <i>kus</i> , the eye | | | | |
| (Scotch, to keek) | | | | | |
| <i>desa</i> . | <i>dees</i> , eye | | American. | Irish. | English. |
| <i>chal</i> . | <i>chalga</i> , cheek | | <i>inis</i> , <i>ga</i> , lie | <i>inis</i> , <i>gai</i> , lie | |
| <i>kalli</i> . | <i>kyle</i> , the tongue | | <i>saca</i> , <i>bog</i> , water | <i>niace</i> , <i>bog</i> , water | |
| (Eng. to call) | | | <i>kak eli</i> , <i>cac elni</i> , everything | <i>cac uile</i> , <i>cac elni</i> , everything | |
| <i>elshagala</i> . | <i>sagal</i> , beard | | | | |

These analogies are curious and striking. We have not stated the names of the American or Asiatic nations from whose language the various words are taken; but they are chiefly the Mexican, Brazilian, Tuscarora, &c., and the Ostiak, Mongoli, Samolede, &c.

of these theories, facts, and traditions is, that Von Humboldt has satisfactorily proved the Asiatic origin of the Mexican system of astronomical computation. The result of all these facts, to use the language of Dr Pritchard, in his *Physical History of Mankind*, is a probability, increased by every new discovery in the antiquities of America, that the population of that continent proceeded originally from Asia. All the traces of ancient movements among the tribes converge in one quarter, and it is impossible that all the existing nations could, together, have found room in the north-western corner of America.

Such then are the facts, so minute and so diversified, from a period not less remote than the Deluge, and embracing all the leading nations of the Old and New World.

Let us now take a retrospective glance at our subject. At first all seemed a heterogeneous mass of confused dialects and irreconcilable tongues; and, in reference to the sacred records, tending to excite alarm and incredulity. The bond which had been supposed to hold all languages in connexion was broken, no other was substituted, and further inquiries only discovered more diversity. But at last, as we have seen, affinities began to be detected: languages were found to be arranged in groups; these groups were found to have affinities with each other so as to form families; and among all these families were discovered affinities, more or less general, either in radical words or in grammatical structure, or in both conjointly. In fact all the languages spoken throughout the world may be classed under three great heads—the *monosyllabic*, including the Malay and Indo-Chinese; the *polysyllabic* of the American nations; and the *mixed* form of the Indo-European family. In all of these, as we have seen, coincidences of a definite and essential character exist, which may be arranged under four heads. First, those in which there is little connexion in vocabularies, but a general analogy in grammatical construction, as in the American languages; secondly, those in which there is little resemblance in grammar, but an extensive correspondence in vocabulary, as between the Semitic and Indo-European; thirdly, those in which both are united, as in the various tongues included in the Indo-European; and, fourthly, those in which there is an analogy in grammatical structure and a correspondence in words, insufficient to indicate a particular affinity, but which have so widely spread resemblances or points of contact, as to prove, at some remote period, a closer connexion and more intimate relationship. And it is truly wonderful how, after the lapse of forty-two centuries, in spite of long severance and the disintegrating effects of barbarism, so many fragments and so many words, the *disiecta membra* of one original tongue, should be found throughout the world, not only among civilized nations but among the most barbarous tribes.

Mr Sharon Turner has successfully endeavoured to show that the words which various nations have used to express the first and second numerals, were either simple sounds of one syllable, or compound terms resolvable frequently into these simpler elements; but what was more important, as he himself observes, was to show that both the elementary and the composite sounds have resemblances and connected analogies, which, although used by nations that were strangers to each other, were too numerous to have been accidental. He has also arranged the words that denote *father* and *mother* in more than five hundred languages, 'the first, the dearest, the most universal, and the most lasting relations of life.' The words are arranged in classes, according to their primitive or more simple elements, and 'clearly demonstrate that the common use of sounds to express the same ideas must have had some common origin, and are evidences of a common and early affinity. While each class proves a similarity or an identity, the numerous classes indicate great diversity. Identity without diversity would have proved only a common derivation, and diversity without identities would disprove community of origin.' The same learned author, in a dissertation on the affinities and analogies of the Anglo-Saxon language, printed in the appendix to the

second volume of his *Anglo-Saxon History*, has given upwards of twenty octavo pages (double columned) of affinities between the Anglo-Saxon and all the various languages scattered throughout the globe. In particular analogies, in addition to his foregoing list, he has given about two hundred coincidences with the Arabic; one hundred with the Hebrew; the same number with the Chinese, Sanscrit, and Georgian; equally striking ones, but somewhat less numerous, with the Malay, Coptic, Manchou, Japanese, Carribee, Turkish, Susoo, Tonga, and Lapland. These analogies are too numerous, too striking and diversified, to have occurred by mere chance; and it must be observed that that learned and amiable author has not been able, from 'a defection of health and adverse occupations,' to prosecute the inquiry very far; but the lists he has given us are sufficient to deserve our most earnest consideration, on account of the important inferences to which they lead. Klaproth, also, has published a list of an immense number of analogies that are to be found in the idioms of nations the most unconnected with each other, 'spoken in countries at a remote distance from one another, and by races distinguished by their physical characters and oldest historical traditions.'

We must now draw our remarks on this interesting topic to a close. It is one rich in traditional, historical, and philosophical lore, and would require volumes for its adequate elucidation. We have only briefly traced the general connexion of its various parts, and glanced at the general resemblances and differences of languages, without entering into their special nature; but enough has been said to show most clearly that the apparently numberless tongues spoken among men are arranged in groups; that many groups have close affinities with each other, and form families, which are reducible to three great classes; and that affinities exist in the very character and essence of each language, which are indigenous therein; and this, consequently, excludes all idea of their having borrowed them from each other; and that, therefore, they must have originally been united in one from which they drew their common elements. But there are also radical differences, which are equally rooted in the essential constitution of the languages wherein they are found, indicating, almost with the clearness of demonstration, that there must have been some sudden, active, and violent force exerted upon them to cause these essential differences, for the notion of the gradual development of a language is utterly untenable.

In this conclusion all the most distinguished ethnographers agree. To name a few:—'However insulated,' says Von Humboldt, 'certain languages may at first appear, however singular their caprices and their idioms, all have an analogy among them, and their numerous relations will be more perceived in proportion as the philosophical history of nations and the study of languages shall be brought to perfection.' Klaproth, who disbelieved the Mosaic history of the Dispersion, nevertheless asserts, in his *Asia Polyglotta*, that 'the universal affinity of languages is placed in so strong a light, that it must be considered by all as completely demonstrated.' Sharon Turner remarks, that 'so much partial identity and resemblance remaining, at this advanced period of the world, visible amid so much striking and general disparity, exactly coincides with the Hebrew statement of an anterior unity, and of a subsequent confusion, abruption, and dispersion.' Abel-Rémusat, in his *Recherches sur les Langues Orientales*, treating of the manner in which ethnographical pursuits may be brought to bear on history, thus concludes:—'It is then we should be able to pronounce with precision, what, according to the language of a people, was its origin, what the nations with which it has stood in relation, what the character of that relation was, to what stock it belongs; at least, until that epoch when profane histories cease, and where we should find among languages that confusion which gave rise to them all, and which such vain attempts have been made to explain.' In one of the later editions of his history, Niebuhr admits that such a miracle as the confusion of tongues, at some given

he, 'offends not reason.' Balbi, who was assisted by the ablest ethnographers of Paris, says, in his *Atlas Ethnographique du Globe*, when treating of the classification of languages:—'The Books of Moses, no monument, either historical or astronomical, has yet been able to prove false; but with them, on the contrary, agree in the most remarkable manner the results obtained by the most learned philologists and the profoundest geometricians.'

The tenth chapter of Genesis gives us an account of the division of the earth among the nations descended from the three sons of Noah; and from the expressions made use of, it seems not an improbable interpretation that the confusion of tongues took place in such a manner as to make, not so much the individuals, as the descendants of each in the aggregate, unintelligible to each other; and this is in exact harmony with the fact of there being, in the widest generalization of existing languages, but three great families differing essentially in their grammatical rules, though retaining numerous fragments in their vocabularies of the original tongue. Be this as it may, and we offer it merely as a speculation, can there be a more rational explanation of the various lingual phenomena which have passed under notice, than the following historical statement from the sacred narrative:—'And the whole earth was of one language and of one speech.'

Go to, let us go down, and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech. So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of the earth. . . . By these (the sons of *Japheth*) were the isles of the Gentiles (Europe) divided in their lands, every one after his tongue, after their families, in their nations. . . . These are the sons of *Ham*, after their families, after their tongues, in their countries, and in their nations. . . . These are the sons of *Shem*, after their families, after their tongues, in their lands, after their nations.'—(Gen. xi. 1, 7, 8; x. 5, 20, 31.)

Such then are the facts, and such the authorities upon which this science is built; and we cannot imagine what more the most doubting sceptic would require.

The following passage, though long, is in itself so beautiful and so corroborative of some remarks that we made in our first article, that we cannot forbear to quote and gladly adopt it as our summary and epilogue:—

'It is in every one's power,' says Dr Wiseman, 'so to order his literary occupation as to render it subservient to his religious improvement, to the strengthening of his own solemn convictions, even though he be not blessed with talents sufficient to add unto the sum of general wisdom for the public benefit. For, if few are destined by Divine Providence to be as burning lights in his church, yet hath each one a virginal lamp to trim; a small but precious light to keep burning within his soul, by feeding it ever with fresh oil, that it may guide him through his rugged path, and be not found dim and clogged when the bridegroom shall come. . . . If once a pure and unswerving admiration of religion animate our efforts, we shall find ourselves inflamed with a chivalrous devotion to her service, which will make us indefatigable and unconquerable when armed in her service. Our quest may be long and perilous; there may come in our way enchantments and sorceries, giants and monsters, allurements and resistances; but onward we shall advance, in the confidence of our cause's strength; we shall dispel every phantom, and fairly meet every substantial foe, and the crown will infallibly be ours. In other words, we shall submit with patience to all the irksomeness which such detailed examination may cause; when any objection is sought, instead of contenting ourselves with vague replies, we shall at once examine the very department of learning, sacred or profane, whence it hath been drawn; we shall sit down calmly, and address ourselves meekly to the toilsome work; we shall endeavour to unravel all its intricacies, and diligently to untie every knot; and I promise you, that, however hopeless your task may have appeared at first, the result of your exertions will surely be recorded in the short expressive legend preserved on an ancient scroll:—'Religion thou hast conquered.'

GOVERNMENT OF THE TEMPER.

It is observed that every temper is inclined, in some degree, either to passion, peevishness, or obstinacy. Many are so unfortunate as to be inclined to each of the three in turn: it is necessary, therefore, to watch the bent of our nature, and to apply the remedies proper for the infirmity to which we are most liable. With regard to the first, it is so injurious to society, and so odious in itself, especially in the female character, that one would think shame alone would be sufficient to preserve a young lady from giving way to it: for it is as unbecoming her character to be betrayed into ill behaviour by *passion* as by *intoxication*, and she ought to be ashamed of the one as much as of the other. Gentleness, meekness, and patience, are her peculiar distinctions; and an enraged woman is one of the most disagreeable sights in nature.

It is plain from experience that the most passionate people can command themselves when they have a motive sufficiently strong—such as the presence of those they fear, or to whom they particularly desire to recommend themselves. It is therefore no excuse to persons, whom you have injured by unkind reproaches, and unjust aspersions, to tell them you was in a passion: the allowing yourself to speak to them in passion is a proof of an insolent disrespect, which the meanest of your fellow-creatures would have a right to resent. When once you find yourself heated so far as to desire to say what you know would be provoking and wounding to another, you should immediately resolve either to be silent or to quit the room, rather than to give utterance to anything dictated by so bad an inclination. Be assured you are then unfit to reason or to prove, or to hear reason from others. It is therefore your part to retire from such an occasion of sin; and wait till you are cool, before you presume to judge of what has passed. By accustoming yourself thus to conquer and disappoint your anger, you will, by degrees, find it grow weak and manageable, so as to leave your reason at liberty: you will be able to restrain your tongue from evil, and your looks and gestures from all expressions of violence and ill-will. Pride, which produces so many evils in the human mind, is the great source of passion. Whoever cultivates in himself a proper humility, a due sense of his own faults and insufficiencies, and a due respect for others, will find but small temptation to violent or unreasonable anger.

In the case of real injuries, which justify and call for resentment, there is a noble and generous kind of anger, a proper and necessary part of our nature, which has nothing sinful or degrading. I would not wish you to be insensible to this; for the person who feels not an injury, must be incapable of being properly affected by benefits. With those who treat you ill without provocation, you ought to maintain your own dignity. But, in order to do this, whilst you show a sense of their improper behaviour, you must preserve calmness, and even good breeding, and thereby convince them of the impotence as well as injustice of their malice. You must also weigh every circumstance with candour and charity, and consider whether your showing the resentment deserved may not produce ill consequences to innocent persons—as is almost always the case in family quarrels—and whether it may not occasion the breach of some duty or necessary connexion, to which you ought to sacrifice even your just resentments. Above all things, take care that a particular offence to you does not make you unjust to the general character of the offending person. Generous anger does not preclude esteem for whatever is really estimable, nor does it destroy good-will to the person of its object: it even inspires the desire of overcoming him by benefits, and wishes to inflict no other punishment than the regret of having injured one who deserved his kindness; it is always placable, and ready to be reconciled as soon as the offender is convinced of his error; nor can any subsequent injury provoke it to recur to past dissolutions, which had been once forgiven.—*Mrs Chapmans.*

THE LIFE OF MAN.

Some have no other business in the world but to be born that they may be able to die; others float up and down two or three turns, and suddenly disappear, and give their place to others; and they that live longer upon the face of the waters are in perpetual motion, restless and uneasy, and being crushed with the great drop of a cloud, sink into flatness and a froth—the change not being great, it being hardly possible it should be more a nothing than it was before; others ride longer in the storm, it may be until seven years of vanity be expired, and then, peradventure, the sun shines hot upon their heads, and they fall into the shades below, into the cover of death and darkness of the grave to hide them. But if the bubble stands the shock of a bigger drop, and outlives the chances of a child, of a careless nurse, of drowning in a pail of water, or of being overlaid by a sleepy servant, or such little accidents, then the young man dances like a bubble empty and gay, and shines like a dove's neck, or the image of a rainbow, which hath no substance, and whose very imagery and colours are fantastical; and so he dances out the gaiety of his youth and is all the while in a storm, and endures, only because he is not knocked on the head by a drop of bigger rain, or crushed by the pressure of a load of indigested meat, or quenched by the disorder of an ill-placed humour; and to preserve a man alive in the midst of so many chances and hostilities is as great a miracle as to create him; to preserve him from rushing into nothing, and at first to draw him up from nothing, were equally the issues of an Almighty Power. And therefore the wise men of the world have contended who shall best fit man's condition with words signifying his vanity and short abode. Homer calls a man a *leaf*—the smallest, the weakest piece of a short-lived, unsteady plant. Pindar calls him *the dream of a shadow*. Another, *the dream of the shadow of smoke*. But James spoke by a more excellent spirit, saying, *Our life is but a vapour*, viz. drawn from the earth by a celestial influence—made of smoke, or the lighter parts of water, tossed with every wind, moved by the motion of a superior body, without virtue in itself, lifted up on high, or left below, according as it pleases the sun, its foster-father. But it is lighter yet, it is but *appearing*—a fantastic vapour, an apparition, nothing real; it is not so vain, so unfixed, so perishing a creature, that he cannot long last in the scene of fancy; a man goes off, and is forgotten like the dream of a distracted person. The sum of all is this, that *thou art a man*, than whom there is not in the world any greater instance of heights and declensions, of lights and shadows, of misery and folly, of laughter and tears, of groans and death.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

ODDITIES OF GREAT MEN.

The greatest men are often affected by the most trivial circumstances, which have no apparent connexion with the effects they produce. An old gentleman felt secure against the cramp when he placed his shoes, on going to bed, so that the right shoe was on the left of the left shoe, and the toe of the right next to the heel of the left. If he did not bring the right shoe round the other side in that way he was liable to the cramp. Dr Johnson used always, in coming up Bolt Court, to put one foot upon each stone of the pavement; if he failed, he felt certain that the day would be unlucky. Buffon, the celebrated naturalist, never wrote but in full dress. Dr Routh, of Oxford, studied in full canonicals. An eminent living writer can never compose without his slippers on. A celebrated preacher of the last century could never make a sermon with his garters on. A great German scholar writes with his braces off. Reiseg, the German critic, wrote his Commentaries on Sophocles with a pot of porter by his side. Schlegel lectured, at the age of seventy-two, extempore in Latin, with his snuff-box constantly in his hand; without it he could not get on.—*Monthly Journal*.

ROSES.

The rose has been from time immemorial *the flower par excellence*; and it still retains the throne of its glory, notwithstanding the multitude of new flowers that have been imported, or bred out of the old varieties of art, and the extreme beauty of many of these; and one or other of its varieties or modes of treatment, it is a flower of all civilized countries; it is a flower accessible to people of all ranks, and generally possessed by them. They have even the smallest plot of ground. The rose is in great part won from grosser occupations in his leisure hours by attending to the rose trees which adorn his little patch of ground, or are trained with wild and luxuriant grace upon the rude walls of his cottage, making the rose appear like a favourite work of nature in one of the gayest of her sportive moods. Then, if the man of rank and wealth is in possession of a complete bed of roses, with their dwarfs, shrubs, standards, and pillars, all in the luxuriance of bloom, he has a collection of beauty and richness of perfume which no other production of art and nature can equal.—*The Florist's Journal*.

CHILDREN.

BY F. W. N. BAYLEY.

Harmless, happy little treasures,
Full of truth, and trust, and mirth—
Richest wealth, and purest pleasures,
In this mean and gaily earth:
How I love you, pretty creatures—
Lamb-like flock of little things—
Where the love that lights your features
From the heart in beauty springs!
On those laughing, rosy faces
There are no deep lines of sin—
None of passion's dreary traces
That betray the wounds within!
But yours is the sunny dimple,
Radiant with untutor'd smiles;
Yours the heart, sincere and simple,
Innocent of selfish wiles!
Yours the natural curling tresses,
Frattling tongues, and shyness coy,
Tott'ring steps, and kind caresses,
Pure with health and warm with joy!
The dull slaves of gain or passion
Cannot love you as they should;
The poor worldly fools of fashion
Would not love you if they could!
Write them childless, those cold-hearted
Who can scorn *Thy* generous boon,
And whose souls with fear have smarted,
Lest *Thy* blessing come too soon!
While he hath a child to love him,
No one can be poor indeed;
While he trusts a Friend above him,
None can sorrow, fear, or need.

'WHERE SHALL I DINE?'

One evening Sheridan, not knowing where to go for dinner, sat down by Michael Angelo Taylor in the House of Commons, and said—'There is a law question likely to arise presently, on which, from your legal knowledge, you will be wanted to reply to Pitt, so I hope you will not think of leaving the House.' Michael sat down with a little pleasure, while Sheridan slipped out, walked over to Michael's house, and ordered up dinner, saying to the servants—'Your master is not coming home this evening.' He made an excellent dinner, came back to the House, and seeing Michael look expectant, went to release him, saying—'I am sorry to have kept you; for, after all, I believe this matter will not come off to-night.' Michael instantly walked home, and heard, to his little consternation, when he rang for dinner, 'Mr Sheridan had it, sir, about two hours ago.'—*Life of Wilmot*.

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P R O G R E S S.

Motion or progress is a universal condition of created being. There is nothing in a state of rest; there is no standing still. The planets are in motion, and so are the suns round which they roll. We speak of the rest of the wind: it veereth about continually. The clouds rest not; the rivers rest not; the troubled sea—it 'cannot rest.' The problem of the perpetual motion is demonstrated every day in the great workshop of nature. Ascending from rude to organized matter, we meet with the same law or condition of being. The fluids of living creatures, the juices of plants, are never altogether dormant. When they cease to move there are dissolution and death—a change, but still no rest. The material elements, set free from their wonted channels, are thrown into the great laboratory of nature. They are dissolved—resolved into their constituent elements—and again thrown into new combinations. It is not a mere whim of fancy to suppose that the rose of last summer will reappear in the snow-drop of next spring, and that we shall again meet with the lily of the valley in the blooming heather-bell.

Passing from the material to the immaterial world, the same remarkable fact meets us. In the regions of thought and consciousness there is no repose. The man of to-day is different from the man of yesterday. On the wings of restless thought he has surveyed anew some provinces of the universe which he had before visited, and seen them as he had never seen them before; or has dived to depths, or soared to heights, profounder or higher than upon any of his former wanderings. In either case, he returns changed from what he was. Others of the shows and forms of nature have been mirrored upon his soul. His emotions and affections, his feelings and passions, have been stirred, agitated—tossed it may have been—into multitudinous commotion. He has been the scene of a moral storm, and a change has passed upon his moral nature. The body of the stout-limbed and strong-armed man, whose 'breasts are full of milk, and whose bones are full of marrow,' is not more different from that of the red palpy infant, or light-hearted boy, than is the mind of the one from that of the other. Progress is a universal condition of intellectual existence—with one exception; and that is in the case of Him who is 'the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.'

Looking more closely at this perpetual motion, we find that it is very irregular—not at all straight-forward. This peculiarity of it is as universal as is the fact itself. It prevails in the rude unorganized world; in the world

move in circles or ellipses. The growth of the vegetable world is intermittent; and not less so is the growth of our intellectual and moral nature. The ocean tides are in perpetual flux and reflux. From singing its hoarse tempest-tune, the wind proceeds to warble its breeze-melody. From racing on the skyey plains across the face of the moon, the clouds assemble together as if to celebrate their sabbath in peace. And in the motions and progresses of mind we can appeal to the experience of our intelligent and reflective readers whether this flux and reflux, this circular motion, this intermittent life, is not as strongly marked there as in the external world.

There is a moral significance in this great natural fact commensurate with the greatness of the fact itself. Does it not shadow forth the doctrine of human progress? And is not this one of the most important and pleasant doctrines which the mind can contemplate? We see the whole material universe in motion. The law of progress is upon it, and guided by that law it moves on towards some grand consummation, which, though ever nearing, it may never reach. In imagination's eye we see the worlds rising above the region of shadows, and emancipating themselves from those chaotic influences by which they are yet partially bound; and we can anticipate the time when 'the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun as the light of seven days.'

But by far the highest and most delightful aspect of this law of progress is that which has reference to rational life and its destinies. Here also, as in the material world, we meet with circular and intermittent motion, and sometimes with what appears to be retrogression. But it is impossible for a man to move round a circle of thought without increasing his intellectual vigour. His motion may not be directly upwards; but in spiral circles, each rising above the other. By this winding staircase he mounts to higher regions of intelligence, and at every succeeding step has a wider range of vision; until at length, though not at last, he gazes around him with the ken of an angel. And while the horizon widens, and the future brightens upon his eye; while he descends the far off mountain-tops, radiant with the suns of eternity, he does not lose sight of the past; but its joys, more joyful than ever—its brightness, still brightening—its songs of gladness attuned to more soothing melodies or harmonious concords—its cares and sorrows mellowed by distance—its yesterdays, hallowed by to-day, lie treasured up in his memory, and wander, a ceaseless music, among his heartstrings.

It is a blessed and bliss-giving doctrine this of human

esteem the priceless inheritance. We would blot it out from star and comet, from sun and moon, from the whole host of heaven, which, in their ceaseless motions, hymn it in our ears. We would blot it out from the million-fold objects on which it is written over all the earth. We would blot it out from our own heart and soul. For have we not regrets and longings for the past? Do we not sometimes say of the present, 'here would we make our rest for ever?' It is not difficult to explain those faithless and effeminate moods and wishes. When perplexities annoy us, and a host of difficulties surround us—when the battle of life waxes hot against us, and we seem to be losing ground—we would willingly take refuge in those early days when as yet responsibility was scarcely laid upon us, and others fought our battles; or when friends are around us, and health dances in every vein, we would fain cling to both, and rather make sure of the joys we have than risk the loss of them for others which we know not of. But reflection soon convinces us that there is no going backwards; a little more, that there is no standing still; and yet a little more, that it were not desirable to do either the one or the other; but that the doctrine of progress is as desirable as it is ennobling.

But, after all, the human heart sympathizes with this doctrine of progress. Schiller's sublime hymn upon hope can scarcely fail to agitate tumultuously yet delightfully the human breast:—

The future is man's immortal hymn
In vain runs the present a-wasting;
To a golden goal in the distance dim,
In life, in death, he is hasting;
The world grows old, and young, and old,
Yet the ancient story still bears to be told.
Hope smiles on the boy from the hour of his birth,
To the youth it gives bliss without limit;
It gleams for old age as a star on earth,
And the darkness of death cannot dim it;
Its rays will gild even fathomless gloom,
When the pilgrim of life lies down in the tomb.
Never deem it a shibboleth phrase of the crowd,
Never call it the dream of a rhyme:
The instinct of nature proclaims it aloud—
We are destined for something sublimer!
This truth, which the witness within reverends,
The purest worshipper dearest feels.

Seems it not as if an angel had sung it? and as if while he sung another angel had drawn aside—thrown to right and left—the curtains of futurity; and a flood of glory from the land that is afar off had spread around our path? Who would go backwards now? Who would stand still? What are all the perils that lie between us and those regions whither the bright inhabitants are inviting us? They are not 'worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed.' It eclipses the brightness of our midsummer sunlight; it blots out all the stars. It draws us with the cords of a sweet compulsion towards its own fountains; and we willingly leave behind us our dearly cherished earth, and go onwards to perfection.

This doctrine of progress is proclaimed, trumpet-tongued, by innumerable providential facts. History instructs us that the human race have gravitated, however little and however slowly, towards the centre of perfection. It is engraven on the human heart—it is entwined with our intellectual being; and hence those longings after immortality, those aspirations for something holier and sublimer, which we have all experienced in our better moods. That which external nature declares, and which our hearts long for, has had light shed upon it from the pages of revelation. There we are instructed to leave first principles and go on to perfection—are taught to expect a millenium for the world, and something more glorious than eye hath seen, or ear heard, or heart hath conceived, beyond it.

Contemplated in the light of this great truth all difficulties vanish. The enigma of human life becomes a thing which a child can understand. We are surrounded with evil and suffering. A moral chaos rages around us, in the vortices of which, we are sometimes apt to think, all beauty and goodness are in danger of being swallowed

up and lost. Thus it has been for nearly six thousand years. Nations have run the circle of crime and suffering; have lived unhappily and passed away ingloriously. Others have succeeded them, but to run the same fatal circle and to reach the same inglorious goal. As with nations, so with individuals; only they have played a briefer part. It is a dark and melancholy picture. But when surveyed in the light of this law of progress; when we are able to believe that in this moral chaos there has been a principle of order, ever tending to mould it into a harmonious and orderly system; and when we find from history that this principle has not operated altogether in vain—we see the possibility of a millenium for the world and when we think upon what individual men have become—when we remember that the law of progress is upon all, and that a moral gravitation attracts all towards its centre of inconceivable happiness and unseen beatitude—the seeming chaos ceases to send forth its discords; light flashes upon its darkness; it begins to rise, and soar, and sing—onwards, upwards, without rest, for ever and for ever!

Our brief article is suggestive rather than illustrative. But its leading idea radiates in all directions—backwards to the morn of time; forwards, through the cycles of eternity. We must read history with a faith in this law of progress; and, with the same faith, we must read the brief and feverish history of our own life. Note its small and feeble beginnings. Look at the hope in the cradle, the prattling child at its mother's knee. Is it not something worth thinking of, that that child has implanted within it faculties capable of expanding to the dimensions of those of the archangel—affections capable of loving with a love pure and warm as that of the seraphim? Not only so, but also of reaching the heights to which those great and pure beings have now attained? Here the optimist can revel and luxuriate; the great facts of nature, his own reason, and revelation, assuring him that his faith and rejoicing are well founded: And while a sound philosophy will teach him that the doctrine of human perfectibility is a fable, it will also teach him of another and more exalted doctrine—that of the eternity of human progress.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

JOHN LOCKE.

JOHN LOCKE was born on the 29th August, 1632, at Wrington, in Somersetshire, where his father, who had been a captain in the Parliamentary army during the civil wars, possessed a small estate. By him the young philosopher was educated with great care, and sent first to Westminster School, and afterwards, in 1651, to Christ Church, Oxford. Though early distinguished among his fellow-students for talents and learning, he yet seems to have regarded much of his time at the university as lost, and subsequently regretted that he had been sent there. To his studies at Oxford, he must, however, have been much indebted, though always pursuing a system of self-instruction, which he recommends as the most valuable and efficient means of improvement. Dr Owen, the Independent, was then dean of the college to which Locke was admitted; and he is supposed to have imbibed from his teachers that fervent piety and that ardent love of liberty for which he was distinguished. The great principles of religious freedom even then engaged his attention; and in 1660, soon after the Restoration, he wrote a tract on the power of the civil magistrate in matters connected with religion, but the circumstances of the time prevented its publication. Among the various departments of science, medicine had especially occupied his thoughts, and continued to do so throughout his whole life. Whether he had ever intended pursuing it as a profession is not ascertained; but Sydenham, the highest authority of his time, bestows high encomiums on his skill and acquirements.

In 1644, Locke was appointed secretary to Sir Walter

Vane, the envoy to the Elector of Brandenburg, and a new turn was thus given to his thoughts. He resided chiefly at Cleves on the Lower Rhine; and some of his letters give a curious account of his observations on the manners of the people. He complains much of their slow and dilatory habits, telling his friend that 'a pair of shoes cannot be got under half a-year; I lately saw the cow killed out of whose hide I hope to have my next pair.' Like many other travellers, he did not much relish their mode of dressing their victuals; the cooks, as he says, 'making their metamorphoses like Ovid's, where the change is usually into the worse.' In February of the following year he returned to England, and had an offer of going to Spain on some public employment, which, however, he did not accept. In 1660, similar offers were again made to him, but with a like result; and on the Duke of Ormond being appointed lord-lieutenant in Ireland, considerable inducements to enter the church were held out to him, but conscientious scruples prevented his yielding to them. He could not content himself with being undermost, or possibly middlemost in his profession, and would not consent to be lifted into a place which perhaps he could not fill, and from which there is no descending without tumbling. To these reasons, assigned by himself, perhaps others from his peculiar religious opinions might be added.

At the same time, he seems to have been occupied with chemical and physical studies, and began a register of the state of the air, which he continued with many interruptions till he left Oxford. In 1666 also, he became acquainted with Lord Ashley, afterwards the celebrated Earl of Shaftesbury, a man who, while he possessed talents of the highest order, and manners the most agreeable and fascinating, was at best an unprincipled politician, ready to embrace any side that best suited his ambition. Locke was first introduced to him on account of his medical skill, but his sagacity and talents for business led to a more enduring connexion. He accompanied this nobleman to London, and by his advice Lord Ashley underwent an operation which saved his life. Locke was thus introduced to many of the most distinguished characters of those times, who are said to have enjoyed the wit and good sense which pervaded his conversation. On one occasion, we are told, three or four noblemen met at Lord Ashley's, and almost immediately sat down to cards. Locke, taking out his pocket-book, began to write with an appearance of great attention. One of the company observing him, inquired what he was writing, when Locke answered, that having waited impatiently for an opportunity of enjoying the society of some of the greatest wits of the age, now when it had occurred, he was desirous of profiting by their lordships' conversation, and thought he could not do better than take down the whole verbatim. He then began to read his notes, but had not to proceed far when the card-table was deserted, and the evening was spent in a more rational and agreeable manner.

Locke continued frequently to reside at Exeter House, in the Strand, with Lord Ashley, who consulted him on all his most important affairs. He still, however, retained his chambers at Oxford, where, in 1670, he began the sketch of his great work on the Human Understanding. It arose, as he himself relates, from the meeting of five or six friends in his room, when, finding unexpected difficulties in some subject they were discussing, he was induced to examine what objects the understanding was or was not fitted to deal with. Though begun at this time, it was not completed without many interruptions, nor published till nearly twenty years afterwards. In 1672, Lord Ashley, now Earl of Shaftesbury, was declared Lord Chancellor, when he appointed Locke his secretary, with some office in the Council of Trade; but he lost both in the following year, when his patron quarrelled with the court and joined the opposition in parliament. In 1675, the bill imposing what was called the Bishop's test was brought in by the court party, but so vigorously opposed by the country lords, that the parliament was prorogued before it passed. To justify himself and friends on this occasion, Shaftesbury employed Locke to draw up a paper,

which was privately printed, under the title of 'A Letter from a Person of Quality to his Friend in the Country.' This paper was in the next session ordered by the lords to be burned by the common hangman—a proceeding which by no means lessened its influence in the country.

Locke had been for some time afflicted with asthma, for which a residence in the south of France was recommended. For this purpose he left England in December 1675, and as he did not return for more than three years, he escaped being implicated in those greatest blots on his patron's character, the trial of the regicides and the persecution of the Catholics in the affair of the Popish plot, in which Shaftesbury took a part, as Fox says, 'merely, as it should seem, because it suited the parties with which he was engaged.' During his absence, Locke kept a regular journal, describing the country and the many remarkable objects, whether of nature or art, which he observed. Some of these notes are very curious, from the contrast they present between the present prosperity of France and its former condition, where the extremes of splendour and misery were united. The roads and inns seem to have been miserable, and five days were spent in the journey from Boulogne to Paris, now generally performed in less than one. From Paris Locke proceeded to Lyons, and thence to Avignon, then belonging to the pope. He resided some time at Montpellier; and he has recorded the means used to induce the Protestants, then very numerous in that part of France, to renounce their religion. Their churches were frequently pulled down, and themselves excluded from all places of public trust. His account of parasols, which he seems to have seen here for the first time, is curious: 'Parasols, a pretty sort of cover for women riding in the sun, made of straw, something like the fashion of tin covers to dishes.' The philosophy of Des Cartes was then coming into favour, but it was forbidden to be taught in any school or university. After residing for fourteen months in this town, Locke left it and returned to Paris. Here he remained some weeks, and met Cassini, the celebrated astronomer, and Bernier, well known for his writings on the east. The chief sights were, however, the royal palaces, especially Versailles, where Louis XIV. was then residing. The prosperity of the country by no means corresponded with the splendour of the court; and on his return to Montpellier, Locke remarked the ruinous condition of the towns and the symptoms of decay visible on the gentlemen's houses. In the towns, the people complained of the soldiers quartered upon them, while the peasantry were crushed down by taxes and the privileges of the nobility. Speaking of their condition at Grave, near Bordeaux, where they were thought to be more than usually flourishing, he says: 'Their ordinary food is rye-bread and water; flesh seldom seasons their pots; they can make no distinction between flesh and fasting days; but when their money reaches to a more costly meal, they buy the inwards of some beast in the market, and then they feast themselves.'

At Montpellier Locke now remained only two weeks, having probably been recalled by Shaftesbury, then at the head of the English administration. He reached Paris in November, where he spent the winter, making many observations on science, and on the state of society. The French capital then contained about half a million inhabitants, or a tenth more than London. The rate of mortality was also greater in the former city, being one in twenty-five annually, whereas now, in all France, it is only one in forty. Locke left Paris in May 1679, and returned to London; but his asthmatic complaint prevented a protracted residence in the metropolis, and his winters were generally spent at Oxford or in the west. He was, however, much consulted by Shaftesbury, who, though at the head of the government, still adhered to the popular party. After the dissolution of the Oxford Parliament in 1680, this nobleman, who had left the ministry, was tried for high-treason, but acquitted. Finding it unsafe to remain in England, he made his retreat to Holland, where he died in the spring

of 1683. In the end of that year, Locke also thought it necessary to his safety to leave his native country. This voluntary banishment did not satisfy his enemies, and the king sent a peremptory order to Fell, bishop of Oxford, and dean of Christ-Church (the college to which Locke belonged), for his immediate expulsion. This order, though undoubtedly illegal, was at once obeyed, and Locke was deprived of a situation of some emolument, and of great convenience to a student, whilst the university, in the language of Fox, 'from the base principles of servility did cast away the man, the having produced whom is now her chiefest glory.' In the Earl of Sunderland's letter to the bishop, it is curious to see this great man described as 'one Mr Locke who belonged to the late Earl of Shaftesbury.' Persecution followed him even to his retreat, and the king's minister at the Hague demanded, that he, along with many others, should be delivered up. This request was not complied with, but Locke was forced to live very much concealed, only going out at night, in order to avoid observation.

His pursuits, however, were such as should not have given offence even to a jealous government. In the unfortunate expedition of Monmouth he would take no part, and he removed from Amsterdam, to avoid any suspicion of being connected with him. At this time, in May 1685, whilst living secluded at Utrecht, his *Letter on Toleration* was finished, and first printed in Latin, but without his name. It was subsequently translated into English, and printed at London after the Revolution. As Lord King states, this is in some respects the most useful, because the most practical of all his works. Its principles are now familiar to us as household words, and men wonder why Locke should have taken so much trouble to defend them; yet the treatment he himself experienced, and the numerous attacks made on his work, show how much it was then needed, and how greatly we have profited by it. About this time, Penn, the celebrated Quaker, and also the Earl of Pembroke, offered to procure a pardon for him from James II.; but Locke nobly refused to accept of this, as being conscious of having committed no crime. He continued therefore to reside in Holland, much occupied in scientific pursuits, along with M. Guenelon, the first physician of Amsterdam; with whom, Limborch, Le Clerc, and some others, he had formed a small society, which met weekly to discuss various questions. His journal, consisting for the most part of notes on and extracts from the books he was reading, shows that he led a very retired life.

Locke continued in exile till the Revolution of 1688, when he returned to England in the same fleet that brought over the Princess of Orange. This change in the government of the country he highly approved, and his principles being well known, he had soon after an offer made to him of the situation of envoy at one of the great German courts, probably either Vienna or Berlin. This he felt compelled to refuse; for though he accounted 'every Englishman bound in conscience and gratitude not to content himself with a bare, slothful, and inactive loyalty,' yet the weak and broken state of his health he felt unfitted him for the situation. 'I cannot,' he said, 'accept the honour that is designed me without rendering myself utterly unworthy of it.' To his declining this offer, which his friends very probably regretted, the world owes those invaluable writings, which far more than compensate for any loss which his country might sustain through want of his active services. There were many men in England who could fill the place of ambassador at Vienna, but one only who could write the *Essay on the Human Understanding*.

This, the greatest of his works, seems to have been finished during his exile in Holland, being published soon after his return to his native country. It has repeatedly been remarked, that the course of Locke's life and studies was highly favourable to the production of such a work; and many of its defects may be traced to the same cause. Stewart observes, that the study of medicine forms one of the best preparations for the study of mind; and the busy

and diversified scenes in which Locke lived, tended also to enhance the peculiar merit of his writings. As he says, 'I no sooner perceived myself in the world, but I found myself in a storm;' and this storm of contending parties and opinions continued throughout his whole life. Near enough the tempest to perceive its progress, deep enough involved to feel its dire effects, he was yet excluded by his delicate constitution from taking such an active part in it as would have prevented him from calmly watching its results, and coolly and impartially pointing out its remedies. Hence the practical character of even his most speculative writings, and that earnestness of purpose which pervades the whole, and gives them a charm to all classes of readers. Our limits will not permit us to enter on the plan of this essay, or the success with which it was followed out. Mackintosh has well described it as 'the first considerable contribution in modern times towards the experimental philosophy of the human mind;' and adds, that 'few books have contributed more to rectify prejudice, to undermine established errors, to diffuse a just mode of thinking, to excite a fearless spirit of inquiry, and yet to contain it within the boundaries which nature has prescribed to the human understanding.' Its style has been said to resemble that of a well-educated man, rather than of a recluse student; and though in general pure, apt, and various, yet it abounds in colloquial expressions, some of which seem to us now antiquated and scarcely suited to the dignity of the subject. The essay was not long of exciting very considerable attention, and the denial of all innate ideas was especially opposed. Among the most celebrated of his opponents was Lord Ashley, afterwards the third Earl of Shaftesbury, and author of the *Characteristics*, and Stillingfleet, bishop of Worcester. The latter not only attacked the book, but also the principles of the author, charging him with infidelity, because Taland in his writings had taken some arguments from the essay; and with Socinianism, because he had affirmed that Christianity contained nothing contrary to reason. Le Clerc observes, that 'never was controversy managed with so much skill on one side, and on the other part with so much misrepresentation, confusion, and ignorance, alike discreditable to the cause and the advocate.' The bishop, though distinguished for immense reading and learning, was by no means equal in philosophy or coolness of temper to his opponent, and is said to have died from vexation at the issue of the contest.

On his return to England, Locke had presented a petition to the king, as visitor of the college, to be reinstated in his studentship of Christ-Church. Some circumstances prevented this request from being complied with, though what these were is not very well ascertained. He continued therefore to reside chiefly in London, where he became acquainted with Newton and many of the most distinguished philosophers and statesmen of the time. His occupations, too, seem to have been of the most varied and opposite kind. He was at once a practical politician and a profound speculative philosopher—a man of the world, engaged in the business of the world—yet combining with all those avocations the purity and simplicity of a primitive Christian. We find him defending the principles of the Revolution and the political rights of men, in his *Treatises on Government*, and, at the same time, vindicating religious liberty in a *Second Letter for Toleration*, published in 1690, without his name, in answer to the attacks on the first letter. In his correspondence with Newton of the same date, optical experiments and mathematical demonstrations of the motions of the planets are interspersed with questions on the meaning of passages in the prophecies of Daniel, and notices of Newton's celebrated letters on the true reading of some disputed verses in the New Testament. This variety of research, this conjunction of the study of the word and works of God, was not peculiar to these two great philosophers, but is also found in many others of their most distinguished contemporaries. The most interesting letters in this series are, however, one from Newton, in which he begs Locke's pardon for having en-

terained false suspicions of him, and the reply Locke sent to it. This, as Stewart remarks, is written with the magnanimity of a philosopher, and with the good humoured forbearance of a man of the world; and breathes throughout so tender and unaffected a veneration for the good as well as great qualities of the excellent person to whom it is addressed, as demonstrates at once the conscious integrity of the writer, and the superiority of his mind to the irritation of little passions.

In 1690, Locke had published his *Treatise on Education*, and the following year his *Considerations on Raising the Value of Money and Lowering the Rate of Interest*. In 1695, he was consulted on the latter subject by Lord Somers, one of the ministry, to whom, in a season of national distress, it had been proposed to alter the standard value of the coin. In *Some Further Considerations*, Locke strongly condemned this measure as a fraud on all creditors, as the means of confounding the property of the subject, and disturbing affairs to no purpose. His advice was followed, and a new coinage in that year replaced the debased and mutilated money formerly in circulation. On the second subject, Locke states the question thus, whether the price of the hire of money can be regulated by law? and answers it, as almost all political economists have since done, by showing that the attempt 'to regulate the rate of interest will increase the difficulty of borrowing, and prejudice none but those who need assistance.' In the same year he was appointed one of the Council of Trade; a situation which he soon resigned, being unwilling to occupy a place whose duties the state of his health prevented him from performing. In 1698, King William again wished to employ him in the public service, but the same reason again made him decline the honour. He concludes his letter to Lord Somers on this occasion in the following words:—'He must have a heart strongly touched with wealth or honours, who, at my age, and labouring for breath, can find any great relish for either of them.'

For some years Locke, who found the air of London exceedingly injurious to him, especially in winter, had principally resided at Oates in Essex, the seat of Sir F. Masham. Lady Masham, a daughter of Cudworth, and a woman of great sense and most agreeable manners, had been long one of his most intimate friends, so that he was here perfectly at home. In 1695, he published his *Essay on the 'Reasonableness of Christianity'* as delivered in the Scriptures. This treatise was attacked, apparently with some reason, as favouring heretical opinions, and defended by its author in two *Vindications*. For the last four years of his life, increasing infirmities confined Locke to this retirement at Oates, where he employed his leisure in studying the epistles of St Paul and composing the *Commentary* on them, published amongst his posthumous works. Though labouring under a painful disease which he knew to be incurable, he continued cheerful to the last, interested in the welfare of his friends, and resigned to his own fate. In October 1704, his disorder greatly increased, and on the 27th of that month he was unable to rise from his bed. Next day, having been carried to his study, he listened, apparently with great attention, to Lady Masham reading the Psalms, until, perceiving his end to draw near, he stopped her, and expired a very few minutes afterwards. He was then in the seventy-third year of his age.

Le Clerc has given a long account of his character, probably derived from Lady Masham. His manners are said to have been very polite and engaging; his conversation agreeable, without austerity or dogmatism; and he was ever ready to converse with all sorts of people, thinking there was nobody from whom something useful might not be learned. To railery he had great objections, and never ridiculed a misfortune or any natural defect. He was charitable to the poor, often visiting those in his neighbourhood, relieving their wants, and prescribing to them when sick. 'He did not like anything to be wasted; which was in his opinion losing the treasure of which God has made us the economists.' His temper naturally was

rather violent, but he had brought it into subjection, and his demeanour towards others was uniformly gentle and kind. Civility he considered not merely as something agreeable, but as a duty inculcated by Christianity. In his habits he was cleanly, active, and fond of exercise, so far as his health would permit. He usually drank nothing but water, and to this abstinence ascribed the long preservation of his life, notwithstanding the weakness of his constitution. To the same cause he attributed the goodness of his sight in old age, so that he could read almost any book by candle-light, and never needed to use spectacles.

Locke lived in communion with the Church of England; and his writings show that, with an ardent piety and firm belief in Christianity, he had great charity for all who differed from him in opinion. He had seen and felt so much of the evils of religious intolerance, both at home and abroad, that he seems to have looked with great aversion on every thing favouring persecution. Hence he avoided all vain and idle disputation on religion; and though he wrote so much on this subject, his opinions on many points are not easily ascertained. Probably there is no sect at present existing with which he would altogether agree, but many parts of his writings show that it was not without good grounds that he was accused of having departed widely from the doctrines of the church. As Lord King, his biographer, remarks, 'those who rely upon his authority, and make use of his name, would do well to consider what manner of Christian he was; and when they bid others believe because he believed, let them also teach as he taught, and practise those virtues which he practised.'

Even the character and tendency of his philosophical writings have been the subject of much dispute. For the consequences deduced from them, or the systems which they have produced, he is of course not responsible. It cannot however be denied, that he sometimes uses unguarded expressions; and as Stewart declared, 'few books can be named from which it is possible to extract more exceptionable passages than from his *Essay on the Human Understanding*.' These errors were, however, those of inadvertence, and he himself would have been the first to condemn and reject them. His own words are, 'Whatever I write, as soon as I shall discover it not to be truth, my hand shall be the forwarder to throw it in the fire.' But instead of dwelling on his errors, or trying to palliate them, we shall quote the following eloquent description of the scope and extent of the improvements he introduced, from Sir James Mackintosh, whose authority on such a subject few will dispute:—

'An amendment of the general habits of thought is, in most parts of knowledge, an object as important as even the discovery of new truths, though it is not as palpable, nor in its nature so capable of being estimated by superficial observers. In the mental and moral world, which scarcely admit of any thing which can be called discovery, the correction of the intellectual habit is probably the greatest service which can be rendered to science. In this respect the merit of Locke is unrivalled: his writings have diffused throughout the civilized world the love of civil liberty; the spirit of toleration and charity in religious differences; the disposition to reject whatever is obscure, fantastic, or hypothetical in speculation; to reduce verbal disputes to their proper value; to abandon problems which admit of no solution; to distrust whatever cannot be clearly expressed; to render theory the simple expression of facts; and to prefer those studies which most directly contribute to human happiness. If Bacon first discovered the rules by which knowledge is improved, Locke has most contributed to make mankind at large observe them. He has done most, though often by remedies of silent and almost insensible operation, to cure those mental distempers which obstructed the adoption of these rules; and thus led to that general diffusion of a healthful and vigorous understanding, which is at once the greatest of all improvements, and the instrument by which all other improvements must be accomplished. He has left to posterity the instructive example

of a prudent reformer, and of a philosophy temperate as well as liberal, which spares the feelings of the good, and avoids direct hostility with obstinate and formidable prejudice. These benefits are very slightly counterbalanced by some political doctrines, liable to misapplication, and by the scepticism of some of his ingenious followers; an inconvenience to which every philosophical school is exposed, which does not steadily limit its theory to a mere exposition of experience. If Locke made few discoveries, Socrates made none; yet both did more for the improvement of the understanding, and not less for the progress of knowledge, than the authors of the most brilliant discoveries. Mr Locke will ever be regarded as one of the great ornaments of the English nation.'

A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

FRENCH boarding-schools, both for boys and girls, were, about thirty years ago, with a few exceptions, most melancholy places; and little were English parents then aware of the slatternly, dirty, and disorderly habits which their children were likely to acquire in such ill-conducted seminaries, whilst they imagined they were to gain the highest polish of manner in the refined metropolis of France. Still less did they entertain any suspicion of the sore privations which these helpless victims of parental vanity were frequently compelled to endure, without having the liberty to write home and represent their sufferings with truth. I do not deny that, even at the time I speak of, immediately after the peace, the most excellent masters could be procured in Paris for a very moderate remuneration; but what compensation could their instructions afford for the sacrifice of religion, morality, or health, which was too frequently the consequence of a continental education?

A friend of mine, deceived by the extraordinary commendations he had heard of a Parisian seminary, withdrew his second son from a worthy English tutor, and put him, in the year 1810, with his passport and his portmanteau, into the Dover coach, at the White Bear, Piccadilly, and giving him ten pounds and his blessing, sent him to find his way alone to Monsieur D'Enville's academy in the Chaussée D'Antin. The poor boy was only fourteen, knew no more of the French language than he did of his native tongue the day he was born, and felt, as might naturally be supposed, somewhat nervous at the idea of his continental trip. But he knew it would be of no use to say a syllable about his fears, for he would only have been laughed at; and with most doughty resolution, and no small share of curiosity, the little hero commenced his travels.

Children are proverbially lucky, and Charles Arnold was no exception to the adage. The artlessness and hilarity of youth make friends when age often fails to do so; they are not to be mistrusted by the most wary, and with these as his only letters of introduction, the solitary school-boy made his way from London to Paris, through a country of strangers, of whose language he knew not a syllable, without one accident or impediment. Monsieur D'Enville eagerly awaited his new pupil at the Messagerie; but of the welcome he gave him, or the comforts of his house, which had been previously described as a magnificent hotel, the poor boy, in his first letter, said nothing. He was delighted with the novelty of the scenes around him. The summer was in all its glory; and even a mean French house, with its crazy doors, crazier windows, curtainless or muslin-curtained beds, and carpetless brick floors, is a paradise in such summers, when coolness is the height of comfort. The Louvre, the Champs Elysées, Tivoli and its fire-works, the Palais Royal, the Tuilleries, and the Boulevards with their ever-varying amusements, to all of which he was taken in succession, were to him an enchanted world, and he thought his enjoyments cheaply purchased by the discomforts of his new abode.

The first thing which gave his parents the slightest idea of his privations, was at the beginning of winter, when, I suppose, as the weather became keener, the poor

fellow's appetite grew sharp in proportion, and he wrote over a request for an additional allowance to enable him to purchase a cup of chocolate for his breakfast, Monsieur D'Enville having refused to allow him anything but bread and water, though he was actually receiving above a hundred a-year for his board. A similar request was afterwards made for firewood to burn in his bed-room; and the curiosity of Mr Arnold, and the anxiety of his wife, being awakened by these extraordinary demands, he requested me, when about to leave England for Paris, in March, 1819, to visit his son, and give him a just account of his situation, though without intimating to me the suspicions he had already begun to entertain.

I had not been comfortably established in my hotel in the Rue St Thomas du Louvre more than four-and-twenty hours, when I sallied forth to execute my friend's commission; and leaving my *fiacre* at the end of the Rue Pigale, I proceeded on foot to the establishment of Monsieur D'Enville. About the middle of the street I espiéd the number of which I was in search, by the side of a heavy *porte cochere*, which, weatherbeaten and rotten, retained only a few vestiges of the paint which had once covered its panels. The high walls on either side of it effectually concealed the house within, and the tops of a row of lime-trees were all that was visible above the prison-like enclosure.

As such externals are common on the outskirts of the French metropolis, this gave me no disadvantageous impression of the interior; but I involuntarily drew a worse augury from the weary length of time I stood pulling, unanswered, at the awkward handle of a bell, which dangled from a square aperture in the wall. Perhaps my notions are particular on this point, but I have always thought, whilst driven to desperation by a nipping east wind, as I thundered for the third or fourth time at an impervious door, that it was an infallible criterion of mismanagement in the household; and in the present instance I had just breathed a most charitable wish that Monsieur D'Enville's pupils might be better taught than his servants, when the gate was thrown back upon its grating hinges by an invisible hand. Where no porter is kept, this is done by means of a rope communicating with the offices, and accordingly, when I stepped within the court-yard, I found no one to receive me. I imagined it was a school hour, for not even a stray boy was to be seen on the premises. Altogether, the place had a most desolate appearance, and by no means contradicted the promise of its portal. The pavement was almost hidden by the weeds and grass which had sprung up between the stones, except where a path was trodden in the middle; and the withered leaves of the preceding autumn still lay beneath an avenue of pollarded lime-trees on the right. On the left extended a long shed, partly open, and half filled with wood and rubbish, one end of which had probably once been used as a porter's lodge; but all was then fast falling to ruin. At about a hundred yards distance stood the house, elevated on a terrace above a garden of less than an acre, which spread before its southern windows.

Gardens any where, in the month of March, are not very beautiful; and in France, where trim grass-plots and smooth gravel-walks are utterly unknown, they are wretched to look upon at this chilly season. Monsieur D'Enville's, I saw by a hasty glance, was in miserable condition; both that and his house surpassed in external discomfort the most poverty-stricken academy I had ever seen. I vainly looked around for some sign of life, and knocked with my cane, for knocker there was none, against what appeared to be the principal entrance.

For some time no one answered my summons, and everything around was as silent as the grave, except when the melancholy hum of the poor labourers in the school-room occasionally reached my ears. Just as I was about to give up all hope of making myself heard, the door was at length unclosed by a remarkably pretty girl, not more than eighteen, who, in the sweetest voice imaginable, and most courteously and gracefully inquired what I sought.

handsome face always makes a way for its possessor directly to my heart, but in the one before me there was something even more than beauty to delight. The soft blue eyes, with their long silken lashes, had a gentle melancholy expression, as little French as the transparent skin and timid blushes of my fair portress. Her hair was beautifully arranged, and her dress and manner were equally those of a superior rank. But what interested me more than all the rest was, that though she smiled as she offered to conduct me to young Arnold's apartment, I saw the traces of recent tears on her countenance. I could not restrain a deep sigh when she left me alone in the chamber of the school-boy and went to acquaint him with my visit.

Though my mind for a few minutes after her departure dwelt upon her charms, and marvelled at her apparent grief, I did not forget to scrutinize the surrounding objects with an inquisitive eye. The floor was of brick, and very far from clean. A paltry table, and yet more paltry chest of drawers, broken and misshaped, though covered with marble slabs, stood under the windows; a bed without posts or curtains occupied a part of the opposite wall; and this, with two straw-bottomed chairs and a stool, composed the whole of the furniture. The fire-place was supplied by a china-covered stove, round which the ashes of the preceding winter still lay undisturbed, and in one corner of the room were a few logs of wood for its supply. The plaster on the walls was blistered and discoloured by damp, and the smoke had gathered on the ceiling till its original colour was left a matter of conjecture; the lock of the door had been turned till it would turn no longer; and I readily conjectured that a log of wood which lay at no great distance was commonly used to supply the place of better fastening.

The entrance of my young friend ere long put an end to my survey; and indeed from that moment my whole attention was so completely engaged by his altered appearance, and the melancholy details he gave me of his situation, that I forgot all minor matters. From a plump rosy-cheeked boy, as I remembered him before he left England, he was wasted to a shadow, his bloom was entirely gone, his clothes hung loosely upon him, and I was sorry to observe that he walked with great difficulty. The poor boy, delighted to find any one to represent the sufferings he endured to his father, and procure his recall home, eagerly replied to my inquiries, and opened to my view such a scene of iniquity and misery as confirmed all my former abhorrence of a continental education for the sons of Englishmen. Cow-cabbages were their ordinary dinner, with a miserable allowance of pottage or soup meat from which all nourishment had been previously extracted; but on fast-days, and in Lent, half of a hard-boiled egg was substituted for this miserable semblance of animal food, whilst their breakfast was literally bread and water, if their private purses afforded no means of ameliorating this hard fare. They were allowed neither towels nor soap; the pump was their only washhand-stand, and sand and dirty linen did the rest. Though now, he said, he was allowed, with his father's permission, to purchase wood, and have a fire in his bed-room, he had not made the request until an ulcer had been brought on in his right leg by sitting in the damp flagged school-room without a stove, in consequence of which he had been above a month confined to his chamber, and subjected at the same time to the discipline of a French physician and the hard fare of the establishment. I was perfectly shocked by the poor boy's recital; and declaring my intention of writing to his father by the next day's post, to state the necessity of his removal, I left him with a promise of returning the following morning.

My mind had been so completely absorbed by the miserable condition of my young friend, that I thought no more of my pretty conductress to his chamber till on leaving the house I saw her standing in most earnest discourse with an elderly female under the leafless avenue. She did not at first observe me, but when she did so I

hands of the woman, she pulled open the gate, and hurrying her through it, retreated into the ruined shed.

There was nothing in all this certainly to excite a stranger's curiosity; the paper might be a washing bill or a market order for anything I knew; but the agitated manner of the girl forbade me to think so; and to a keen observer like myself, an evident mystery lent these trifling circumstances an interest which, I must confess, was greatly heightened by her beauty.

Though I did not see her on the following day, when I repeated my visit to the school, I learned from young Arnold that she was the only child of Monsieur D'Enville, the suffering victim of his severity and ill-temper. Her mother, according to report, had been long separated from her husband, and lived with her own relations in Germany, leaving this poor girl to the neglect and ill usage she was herself unable to endure. All I heard justified the involuntary compassion I had felt for Mademoiselle Leontine. Her gentle manners made her a universal favourite with the boys, and the honest indignation of poor Arnold mounted to the highest pitch as he went on to detail the cruelty of her father towards her. Of this fellow I again saw nothing, for according to his usual custom he was abroad in the city, where, after he had heard the classical lessons of the morning, he usually spent the remainder of the day and a great part of the night. I did not regret the loss of his acquaintance; and as the day was beautiful for the season, I directed my cabriolet driver, when I left the Rue Pigale, to take me round by the outer Boulevard to the entrance of the Bois de Boulogne. I there left him to find his way back to Paris, and entering the gate of the wood, strolled onwards along one of the narrow forest roads, which, though little frequented, are a thousand times richer in natural and picturesque beauty than the ordinary track.

I had wandered above an hour without meeting a human creature, till, as I approached the wooden cross which marks the rendezvous of the huntmen, I was startled by sounds of contention from a road leading in a contrary direction from that I followed. As I hurried on, there was a momentary silence, and then the feeble shriek of a woman imploring mercy met my ear. On turning the angle of the road, the first object I beheld was a man lying apparently lifeless in the middle of the path, and weltering in his blood, whilst at some distance along the avenue, another of more advanced age, and equally well dressed, was dragging a young female forcibly towards a cabriolet. Though I could not accurately see the features of either the ruffian or his victim, I distinguished enough to convince me that they were no strangers to me, and the figure of the elder awakened remembrances in my mind which made me rush forward with renewed eagerness, in order to obtain if possible a nearer view. The instant the girl perceived me she screamed still louder for help; and I saw the monster, as she struggled to get free, lift his cane in the air and beat the feeble creature about the shoulders with inhuman violence, whilst I was at too great a distance to render her any assistance, and then lifting her into the vehicle, he drove off at such a furious rate as left me no hope of overtaking them.

The only thing now in my power was to assist the wounded man; and returning therefore towards him, I found with delight that he was fast returning to consciousness. I got water from a neighbouring ditch, and washed the blood from his face and temples, and before long had the pleasure of seeing him completely revived. He was young; and though it was no situation for a man's looks to show to advantage, I saw by his manner of thanking me for my kindness that he was a gentleman. His first inquiries were for the unfortunate female whom I had seen driven off by her persecutor; and forgetful of his own weakness, as I related to him the maltreatment inflicted on her, his indignation surpassed all words, till exhausted by his imprecations and threats of vengeance against the cowardly villain, who, not satisfied with having laid him senseless at his feet, had been vile enough to lift his arm

almost lifeless to the ground. The name of his enemy did not, however, escape him, even in the most unguarded moments of his passion, nor did I think myself justified in intruding so far on the confidence of a stranger as to inquire it; but many words he let fall tended to strengthen the suspicions I already entertained, and my curiosity (of which I have at all times a competent share) was so far excited that I resolved not to drop my companion's acquaintance until I was in possession of the whole story. I frankly, therefore, offered him my services, and being too feeble to move without assistance, and at a considerable distance from the frequented avenues of the wood, he gladly accepted my arm. Slowly and with difficulty we then directed our steps to the nearest cabaret, where we thought there might be a possibility of finding an empty vehicle on its return to Paris.

As we proceeded on our walk, my companion added, after again thanking me for my kindness, 'I presume from your accent, sir, that you are an Englishman; they are ever ready to succour the unfortunate, without pausing to consider whether they are in the right or the wrong; I am proud to owe and express my obligation to one of a nation I respect so highly. Accuse me not therefore of vanity if I am anxious to convince you that I am not utterly unworthy of the compassion you have so kindly manifested towards a stranger, and to do so I will give you, if not unpleasant, a brief outline of the circumstances which placed me in the somewhat suspicious situation from which you lately rescued me.'

'Pardon me, sir,' I replied, delighted with this opening, 'but I could entertain no suspicions of one whom I believed the victim of an infamous wretch, part of whose cruelty I arrived time enough to witness.'

'Mention it not, my good friend,' he answered, pressing my hand with agitation; 'the very thought makes me shudder. I will emancipate that poor girl from his tyranny, or die for her. But pardon me, sir,' he added, suddenly interrupting the current of his passion, 'you know her not, and cannot enter into my feelings.'

'I imagine you are mistaken in that particular,' I replied; 'for though not near enough accurately to distinguish her features, I feel convinced that her voice and person are familiar to me.'

'Can it be? Impossible!' exclaimed the young man eagerly; 'know you her name?'

'Leontine D'Enville.'

'And you are her father's friend?' inquired my companion with almost breathless agitation.

'Have no fears on that score,' was my reply; 'that is a title I reserve for those only whom I can respect; though if it was he whom I recognised this morning in the wood, I am likely to prove an enemy of whom he had doubtless little apprehension when he arose this morning from his bed.'

'You know him then?' said the Frenchman.

'In everything but his name,' I answered; 'and that is more changed than his person since we parted in England many years ago. But it will be time enough to talk of this when I have again seen him, and ascertained beyond all possibility of doubt his identity with my former acquaintance. I am anxious, sir, to hear your story, which you kindly promised to relate.'

'It is briefly told,' replied the young man with a sigh. 'My name is Barnave. I was unfortunate enough to be placed some years ago at this villain's school. He is plausible, and on the strength of that my friends believed him clever. It was not for me, then but a boy, to impugn their choice, but I soon found reason enough to regret it. Much more of his time was spent in the gambling-houses of Paris than with his pupils; we had bad instruction and worse fare. But a reason soon existed to make me silent at home as to these matters. Leontine was then only a girl, but she was the same gentle uncomplaining creature she is at this day, and the meekness with which she bore her father's cruelty ere long won my boyish regard. I delighted to do her any little act of kindness, and the tears of gratitude which often stood in

her eyes as she thanked me, repaid me tenfold, and made me forget all the deprivations of Monsieur D'Enville's establishment. Poor girl! She who had never known even the tenderness of a parent, was touched to the heart by my attentions, and I believe she returned my affection long before either of us was conscious of our feelings. Even her father was blinded for some time by our extreme youth, but at length the mist fell from his eyes, and never shall I forget the explosion of his wrath when his suspicions were first aroused. We were sitting, as was our habit in the summer evenings when my labours in the school were done, in a little arbour I had trained at the bottom of the garden, she busily plying her needle, whilst I read aloud a volume of Racine. We had spent many evenings thus, and they were the happiest of my life; for though we had never spoken of love, we were mutually conscious of affection, and our young hearts regarded each other with that trusting confidence which exists in no other relation of life. The hurried pace of Monsieur D'Enville, as he strode down the centre walk towards us, filled us with alarm, and Leontine, withdrawing her hand from mine, with a burning cheek and palpitating heart resumed her needle. He was not to be thus easily deceived; we were too young in the trade to be good hypocrites, and one glance confirmed all his suspicions of our love. He demanded no explanation, but seizing the arm of the resistless girl, he dragged her from her seat. His eyes flashed fire, his livid lips were whitened with foam, and his imprecations against me were tremulous and inarticulate from rage, as he shook the stick he held in the other hand furiously in my face, and then raised it to strike me. My anger was almost equal to his own; and though I had presence of mind enough left to elude the blow, all the respect due to the schoolmaster vanished in my indignation against the man. From that moment I ceased to be a boy; the feelings and energies of mature age burst up within me like a smothered flame, and forgetting everything but the fainting object of my love, and the meditated insult of her infamous father, I left him no time to repeat his effort, but rushed forward and closed instantly with him. Incumbered as he was with his senseless burden, his less athletic form was no match for my youthful and untamed vigour, and I wrenched the stick from his grasp as from the hand of an infant, and breaking it into a hundred pieces, flung it with scorn at his feet. I believe he was awestruck by the passion he had little anticipated, for I remember as distinctly to this day, as if it were but yesterday, the horror and amazement with which he gazed on me for a few moments.

'From that hour he never attempted a similar chastisement, for he felt that his power was gone; and it was only for the sake of poor Leontine that I tarried another day in his school; but for her I endured the instructions of this detestable fellow, sullenly indeed, but without an open rupture. I gained little, however, by my patience; she was too strictly watched thenceforward to allow of our meeting, except before witnesses, and it was seldom that she was even permitted to descend from her chamber; nor could she venture to breathe the open air in the garden for a few minutes without the certainty of incurring her father's displeasure. Indeed I have too much reason to fear that the punishment I escaped from his wrath was inflicted on his helpless prisoner. Night after night I have heard her weeping in the adjoining room, without the power of soothing her affliction; and day after day I met her at our melancholy meals, and beheld with indignation her tear-swollen eyes and faded cheek, yet was denied the liberty to speak comfort to her heart. All this, however, ere long drew to a close; and it was well it did so, for I am certain that such lingering agony must otherwise have proved fatal to one or both of us. My time of study under Monsieur D'Enville came to an end, my friends procured me a commission in the army, and the day was fixed for my departure.

'Strange to say, from the hour of our conflict in the garden, the subject of my love to Leontine had never

been alluded to either by her father or myself; but when the hour came for me to quit his house, and I felt entirely emancipated from his control, I requested an audience in his study, and there, without recurring to our former meeting, I plainly and circumstantially stated my prospects in life, and requested his daughter's hand. The fellow laughed in my face; bid me wait till I was older and wiser before I thought of wedlock; and finally informed me that his daughter was already better and more suitably engaged. I replied like a boy, that I knew her heart was mine, as if that old worldly-minded swindling scoundrel knew the meaning of the word, and requested the indulgence of a parting interview. This was of course denied; but in spite of all Monsieur D'Enville's vigilance I found means to send her a letter, and during the three years that I have been in distant quarters we have kept up a secret but uninterrupted correspondence.

'His aversion to our union is to me perfectly unaccountable. My family, though not noble, is highly respectable; and though I shall probably never have much riches to boast, my father, who died young, left me more than a competence, which I would joyfully have shared with his daughter, though he had not given her a farthing; whilst the wretch he long persecuted her to marry was a contemptible drawing-master, without birth, fortune, manners, or morality. Leontine, meantime, has resolutely withstood his commands; but though her letters spoke little of her sufferings, my heart bleeds to imagine their extent.

'Yesterday I returned to Paris for the first time since the commencement of my military career, and Leontine having permission to spend the day with a female friend in the Avenue de Neuilly, contrived to shorten her visit, and met me by appointment, two hours ago, on the outside of the barrier. By some means yet unknown to me, Monsieur D'Enville learned our secret, followed us to the Bois de Boulogne, and to the consequences of our meeting you were yourself a witness. I know not what plan I must now pursue; but happen what will I am resolved I will never return to my regiment till Leontine is mine.'

The young officer here ceased speaking, and deeply interested in this narrative of the sufferings of one whose beauty and distress had already excited my sympathy, I warmly proffered him my advice and assistance; and the latter, from circumstances which our arrival at the *cabaret* prevented me then disclosing, was likely to prove of more importance than he anticipated. We were fortunate enough to procure a return cabriolet, and I learned, by the directions he gave the driver as we mounted, that he was lodged in a hotel in the Rue Pigale, the windows of which overlooked the garden of Monsieur D'Enville. Before we reached Paris, it was settled between us that I should remove from the Rue St Thomas du Louvre on that very evening, and take up my abode in the same house with my new acquaintance. Nearly a fortnight I knew must elapse before I could receive an answer to my letter to Mr Arnold, and it was not only more convenient for me to be near his son's abode during that time, but it was of the utmost importance to myself individually to be acquainted with Monsieur D'Enville's movements in the interim, as well as to obtain a perfect view of his person, without his being aware that the eye of suspicion was upon him; and these motives, joined with my newly excited interest in his daughter's fortunes, made this arrangement highly agreeable to me.

On entering Captain Barnave's apartments we learned from his servant that the schoolmaster had reached home some time before us, visibly much agitated, though he paid little attention to Mademoiselle Leontine, who had been carried apparently lifeless into the house. All the rest of that day the blinds of a room, which her lover well knew to be hers, remained closed, and his own bruises were forgotten in his deep anxiety for the unfortunate girl. Half the night, I believe, he watched those windows; for he told me in the morning that lights had been

and feeble pulse denoted his lack of rest, though he professed to feel perfectly revived.

To my infinite disappointment, Monsieur D'Enville did not appear in the garden during that afternoon; nor did he, according to his usual custom, go forth into the city before the close of day. This increased the captain's suspicions that all was not well within the house; and though our acquaintance was of such recent birth, I felt the most sincere compassion for the poor fellow's sufferings. In the morning, however, as far as we could judge from our observatory, matters were going on better. The blinds were opened, and my companion persuaded himself that, with the help of a glass, he could distinguish Leontine moving in her chamber. Her father, too, as if inspired by the brilliancy of the fresh spring morning, sauntered forth at an early hour in his nightgown and slippers, and continued to walk up and down his garden above half an hour. During this perambulation, he passed several times immediately beneath my window, and the slowness of his pace gave me a full opportunity of accurately surveying his person and features. This examination convinced me, beyond all shadow of doubt, that I was not mistaken in the man. Though the eighteen years which had passed since I last saw him had somewhat thinned his hair, and deepened the wrinkles in his cheeks, he was otherwise little changed. His short robust person was as firmly knit as ever, his gait was as humble and submissive, his dark fallow visage and beetling brow wore a similar expression of selfish cunning, and his deep-seated quick revolving eye flashed with an equally malignant fire as when my suspicions concerning him were first awakened.

In fact, not a doubt was left on my mind that the self-styled Monsieur D'Enville was the former companion and professed confidant of my earliest and most esteemed friend the Marquis M—, a French nobleman whom I had known intimately at his own court before the Revolution, and subsequently in London, when, being disgusted by the tyranny of Napoleon, and his rapid strides to an imperial throne, he sought a residence in England during the short peace of 1801. I know not whether this fellow had been a tutor or confessor in the family, but in spite of his professions, and his favour with my friend, I disliked him from the moment of our introduction, and a dark cloud hung over the close of his career in England, of which his subsequent disappearance had hitherto prevented the elucidation. Unlike many of his countrymen, the marquis possessed considerable property in our funds; but though this provident store prevented him feeling the hardships and privations of poverty, his constitution was undermined by the horrors and calamities he had witnessed during the reign of terror, the successive murders of his friends and relatives, and above all, by the death of a beloved wife, who had fallen a sacrifice to the fearful vicissitudes of her early life. His heart was broken, and before the end of six months he expired in my arms.

He left an only child, little more than twelve months old; and my surprise was great, on opening his will, to find that the guardianship of this infant, and the care of her property, were left wholly to this D'Enville, or Camus as he was then called. My suspicions of fraud were very strong, but the whole was done according to law, and there was no redress. I afterwards discovered that, on the very day of his patron's funeral, this fellow sold out the whole of the funded money, and from that hour I was unable to gain the slightest trace either of him or the child. But in the mean time many circumstances of great importance had come to light, which made me doubly rejoice in my accidental recognition of this man, and the opportunity thus afforded of bringing him to justice for crimes of which I possessed undeniable proof.

It needed not a knowledge of his cruelty and unkindness to Leontine to convince me she was his daughter only in name; her age, and the strong resemblance to her father, which had struck me the first time I beheld her, were of themselves sufficient evidence, and I lost no

His surprise and delight were great, as he listened to my narrative; for though he had loved the gentle girl for herself alone, he did not deny that the prospect of calling Monsieur D'Enville father had at times given him great pain. It was agreed between us to avoid if possible an appeal to the law, to spare both Leontine and himself the expense and tedium of a trial; and in the hope of bringing our adversary to some private arrangement, I proceeded once more to his house a little before noon. I obtained admission as before, but instead of being welcomed by the pretty hostess, the door was opened to me by an ill-looking *femme de chambre*, who, on my desiring to speak with her master, sullenly conducted me to a paved and wretchedly furnished *salle à manger*, and left me to repose myself on a straw-bottomed chair whilst she went in search of him.

Some time elapsed before he made his appearance, and when he did, he came apparently fresh from the labours of the toilet. A smile of courtesy I well remembered was on his lips, as of old, when he entered, and he apologized for his protracted absence with a bland suavity of manner peculiar to himself; but his smile and his politeness deserted him equally when he caught a full view of my countenance. He started in an instant, and dismay and surprise distorted features which were seldom permitted to betray the secrets of their master.

'Mr B——!' he exclaimed, for once thrown off his guard; 'can it be possible?'

'It is indeed so, Monsieur Camus,' I replied; 'I am glad to find you have not forgotten me, though I suspect there will be little danger of your doing so in future.'

The fellow was too agitated to reply, and I saw that he was endeavouring to rally his impudence and duplicity to his aid; but it did not suit my purpose to leave him time to avail himself of such assistance, and walking resolutely up to him, I accused him, without further circumlocution, of having forged the will by which he gained possession of the property of the late Marquis M——, and of having subsequently assumed a false name and passed his orphan ward as his own child, that he might thus elude all possibility of being called to account for its disposition. He at first violently and insolently denied the whole of these charges; but when I produced the written confession of his accomplice, the marquis's valet, attested by two magistrates; when I drew forth the real will, purloined by the wretch at his instigation; and read the certificate of the infant's birth, and the description of certain marks on her person which rendered it impossible to conceal her identity, he saw that denial would avail him nothing. His cheek was pallid, and his lip quivered, as he admitted the truth of the first part of my accusation. 'But you are mistaken, sir,' he added, 'in suspecting that Leontine is not my child; were she not confined to her bed by sickness, I would at once convince you that she has none of these marks you describe on her neck and arms, as I well remember was the case with the poor infant, who died soon after my return to France.'

'Persist in this story,' I replied, 'and you may repent it when too late in the galleries.'

'Oh, my dear sir,' he exclaimed in visible perturbation; 'you would not persecute me to destruction. The very report of such accusations would ruin the school which now affords my only means of support!'

'Then at once restore your ill-gotten wealth to the real heir.'

'The faro bank has saved me that trouble long ago,' was his cool reply.

'I thought as much,' I rejoined in the same tone; 'but if you acknowledge in writing, and before proper witnesses, that Mademoiselle Leontine is the legitimate daughter and heiress of the Marquis M——; and as her guardian, which you are appointed in the real will jointly with myself, will give your consent to her marriage with Captain Barnave, I will venture to engage that the young people will never call upon you for your accounts.'

I saw that a sudden cloud gathered on his brow at the

pate the forbearance I promised on the part of Leontine's intended husband, and it was this feeling which had probably first made him desirous of matching her with a contemptible weak-minded wretch in preference to the spirited and gallant young soldier, as doubtless he was in continual dread of discovery. But his words betrayed nothing of all this, and he merely replied that it was an affair which required mature consideration.

'Till to-morrow then, sir, I grant you a reprieve,' I returned; 'and it will then depend on your own decision whether your crimes are to be forgiven or you are to be exposed to public reprobation as an ungrateful scoundrel.' So saying I bowed slightly, and leaving him to no pleasant meditations, returned to my own hotel.

When I acquainted Captain Barnave with the particulars of my interview, he was less delighted by the result than I had anticipated. He felt assured that the short reprieve I had granted the culprit would be used to some evil purpose, and he at length succeeded in making me participate in his apprehensions. That our windows overlooked Monsieur D'Enville's premises afforded us, however, some consolation, and we had, at the same time, no reason to fear that he was acquainted with the proximity of our abode. To prevent the possibility of his going into the city without our knowledge, my trusty English servant kept watch before his gate, whilst the captain and myself took post at different windows overlooking his house and garden.

We continued thus for several hours, till the daylight faded into night, at times earnestly conversing on the affair which most interested us both, at others sinking into that gloomy silence which left each to indulge his meditations. The daily masters departed from the school, hour after hour stole on, the stars shone out brightly in the sky, the hum of the city gradually died away, and light after light was extinguished, yet still we could perceive no movement which appeared to justify our suspicions. The passing shadows, which at first occasionally dimmed the glimmer from the windows of the school, were no more seen; every sound of life was hushed in the dark mansion; and feeling convinced that its inhabitants had at length retired to rest, we were about to follow their example, when a low rumbling as of a vehicle was audible from the street. It was two hours after midnight; and this unwonted noise, redoubled as it were by the universal silence of the city, appeared, in the excited state of our nerves, to be an evil omen. As we listened breathlessly to its approach, we distinctly heard it stop before Monsieur D'Enville's gate. Nor, as it quickly appeared, were we the only persons who caught the sound of its wheels; for scarcely had it died away ere the door of the school, opening upon the terrace in front, was unclosed, and two men were distinctly visible, in the light of the lantern held by one of them, carrying a heavy trunk towards the street. An angle of the wall soon hid them from our sight, but in less than five minutes they returned, re-entered the house, and in yet less time had emerged from it with a similar burden.

There now appeared little doubt that it was Monsieur D'Enville's intention to abscond, and almost at the same moment my servant, who had been on the watch, rushed into the room, and confirmed this supposition by the intelligence that it was the villain himself, assisted by his gardener, who had deposited two heavy chests in a cart which waited at his gate, and that he overheard him inquire, in a suppressed tone, how soon the *fiacre* would be there. The answer, he said, was given in too low a tone for him to be certain of its import; but whatever it might be it did not appear to afford Monsieur D'Enville satisfaction, for he muttered an angry oath as he turned away.

The last part of this information gave us some hope of being yet able to intercept the villain's escape; but it was clear there was not a moment to be lost; and whilst Barnave hastened to summon the guard to our assistance, I remained with my English servant under the shadow of the *porte cochère*, ready, in case of emergency, to rush forward and intercept the progress of the fugitive.

assistance arrived. A quarter of an hour would, I knew, bring back the young officer and the *gens d'armes* to our aid, and in the interim I continued to watch the proceedings of the enemy with intense anxiety. Box after box, bedding, linen, and wearing apparel were brought forth and thrust into the cart; but still the *fiacre* came not; and as he deposited every successive load I heard him curse the delay. As well as my agitation permitted me to count the lapse of time, more than ten minutes had thus elapsed, when the carriage wheels were audible from the farther end of the street, and it had nearly arrived at the gate before Monsieur D'Enville and his companion again appeared from the house with another burden. This was quickly thrust into the cart, and its driver, in obedience to his orders, mounted on a board in front and drove off at a round trot just as the hackney coach drew up in its place.

I was enraged by the fellow's punctuality, but that was of no avail; and a faint and quickly suppressed scream from the neighbouring garden soon warned me that there was something more effectual to be done. I had not a doubt that the rascal, determined to convey the unfortunate Leontine beyond the reach of our interference, was bearing her by force to the vehicle, and the blood boiled within me as I thought of the possibility of his success. In another minute we distinctly saw him, in the red light of the lantern, carrying forth his helpless victim from the shadow of the gateway; and though no sounds yet intimated the approach of the soldiery, I resolved to arrest him in his course, however great the hazard.

I allowed him unmolested to enter the *fiacre* with his prey; but when the coachman had carefully refastened the door, and was about to ascend to his seat of authority, I rushed forward from my hiding-place and snatched the reins from his grasp, whilst my sturdy attendant seized the heads of the horses. The fellow, though surprised at this sudden attack, struggled fiercely, and when he found that he had more than met with his match, cried most lustily '*à la garde*,' whilst Monsieur D'Enville, unable to extricate himself from the coach, began to swear furiously, and, probably prepared beforehand for the worst, thrust his head from the window and fired a pistol towards us. It fortunately, however, missed its aim, and by the time he succeeded in forcing open the door and leaping from the coach, I had brought my antagonist to the ground, and was thus left at liberty to meet my new assailant. Monsieur D'Enville apparently gave up all attempt at flight when he saw that I was his only adversary; and whilst he attacked me with fury he called loudly but in vain on his gardener, who had retreated at the first alarm, to come to his assistance.

My anxiety was now intense, for though singly I was superior to him both in strength and science, there was a momentary danger of the coachman's revival, and whilst Leontine remained in the carriage it was dangerous for my servant to leave the horses' heads; but fortunately, before the prostrate hero gave signs of animation, I heard the clatter of the soldiers in the street, and whilst Monsieur D'Enville flattered himself that they came in obedience to his cries for the guard, I knew a very different story. Under this impression, it needed very little effort of mine to detain him till they reached the scene of our contention; and never shall I forget the dismay and horror pictured on his countenance when he heard the well known voice of Barnave cry to the soldiers, as he pointed towards him, 'That is your prisoner.' If ever man felt that there is a retribution even on earth, he did so then.

He yielded himself without a struggle, for struggle was in vain; and leaving him in the charge of the military, I summoned the young officer to assist me in lifting Leontine from the coach. We carried her, apparently lifeless, into our hotel, the inmates of which were by this time aroused by the scuffle, and every proper means being used for her recovery, it was not long before she became conscious of her situation, and capable of understanding her lover's narrative of Monsieur D'Enville's villany and her

It would be vain for me to attempt a description of the joy of these young people at their unexpected reunion, and the prospect of happiness so wonderfully opened before them; and it would be equally so to enter into the details of the trial, by which the complicated guilt of Monsieur D'Enville was proved by incontrovertible evidence. He was condemned to ten years' solitary confinement—a punishment in my opinion surpassing death itself, when inflicted on one whose reflections, like his, are embittered by the remembrance of a life of crime; and I have since heard that a lingering but fatal disease released him from this fearful penance ere half its term was accomplished.

Before I left France I had the pleasure of being present at the marriage of the gallant Captain Barnave and the acknowledged daughter of my early friend; and though Leontine was unable to recover the property bequeathed to her by her father, and dissipated by his iniquitous trustee in the gambling-houses of Paris, it was not wanting to complete the happiness she enjoyed in a union with the object of her first affections.

On the morning after the arrest of Monsieur D'Enville, when I went at an early hour to take young Arnold under my protection, till I could make arrangements for sending him back to his parents, I found the whole school in the utmost surprise and dismay at the unaccountable disappearance of the head of the establishment, with the greater part of the scanty furniture, and every scrap of food. I soon acquainted them with the cause, and leaving the others to find their way to their respective homes as they best might, I returned with my young acquaintance to my hotel; and whilst he was engaged in an attack on a more plentiful breakfast than he had seen for some months, I sat down to write his father a detailed account of the character and conduct of the 'wolf in sheep's clothing' to whose care he had so incautiously committed his favourite child.

A VISIT TO THE COPTIC MONASTERIES OF THE LIBYAN DESERT.

CONSTANTINE TISCHENDORF, a German Catholic, well known in the learned world for his edition of the Greek New Testament, and for other works connected with biblical literature, lately undertook a journey to the East, principally in search of ancient manuscripts of the Scriptures. Since his return home he has been preparing an account of his travels, some extracts from which have been given in the foreign journals, though the work itself has not yet appeared. The following is a translation of one of these fragments on a subject of considerable interest:—

On the 18th April, about four o'clock in the afternoon, I rode with my Ali to Bulak, where the Austrian flag was already fluttering from a large Nile-boat, in which the consul-general, his family and servants were embarked on their way to Alexandria. I also hastened on board to accompany them a part of the way, as far as Terraneh, from whence I intended to visit the Coptic Monasteries situated in the Libyan desert.

Our voyage was pleasant, and we twice went on shore where the birds were numerous, and soon shot as many as formed an acceptable addition to our larder. Early on the 20th I parted from this amiable family, with the strongest recommendations of myself and my pursuits from the consul to the governor of Terraneh. The principal residence in Terraneh belongs to the Italian Cibara, who has purchased the monopoly of natron from the viceroy. It rises like a creation of magic beside the insignificant village. After walking some time in the fragrant gardens by which it is surrounded, I bathed in the Nile, but found that one might easily slick fast in the soft mud forming the bottom.

About five in the afternoon I set out with a strong caravan to ride to the establishment on the natron lakes at Castello Cibara. It was my first journey in the desert, and the

some score of buffaloes, a strong convoy of armed Arabs mostly mounted on asses, several women and children; thus began our march. I myself was armed with a double pair of spectacles, one of them with four blue glasses, intended to protect the eyes from the dangerous reflection of the sun from the sand, and had, besides, my head adorned with a huge straw hat with a green veil; so that I truly formed one of the strangest figures in the strange company. A powerful Arab carried me on his shoulders over the canal to a large stubble field where the caravan was assembled. The sun was setting as we began our journey, and we were soon riding in the twilight over the pale red sands of the immeasurable Libyan desert.

The night was wonderfully beautiful; the stars seemed to me to shine here with a purer light than in the European north; and the temperature was agreeably cool. My spirited ass, surpassing all his comrades in his stately pace and highly ornamented saddle and bridle, often carried me to the front of the caravan; but my careful guardians hastened to me with earnest objections, and I had to remain in the midst of the company. I had only to give heed not to come in contact with the herd of buffaloes, who often broke out in a fiery pace, whilst the camels, on the other hand, conducted themselves like honourable Philistines. Soon after midnight, the caravan indulged in a short halt, which was very acceptable to me, as the unusual fatigue had made me exceedingly sleepy. We encamped near some green bushes on which our cattle could regale themselves, whilst their keepers were grouped round a fire for a cup of coffee. I may have slept for two hours, wrapped up in my woollen coverlet, when I was awakened to start anew; and after a cup of coffee again bestrode my active charger.

When the morning dawned, we saw in the desert, to the left, a high stone building, and still farther away a second; they were two of the Coptic monasteries. Soon after one of the natron lakes flashed upon us with its dark reddish-blue waters, a flock of flamingoes rose from the reeds; on the right hand Castello Cibara appeared; and, behind all, the low Libyan mountains formed a bright red border to the picture. By nine in the morning we were at our journey's end, where, in the midst of the desert, I found a hospitable abode. An Italian, who, as chemist, conducts the manufacture of the natron, inhabits the residence, or rather the castle, of which, however, no very high ideas need be entertained. We, the two solitary Europeans among these sons of the wilderness, looked on each other almost as brothers. The castle goes back to an old edifice named Kassa, and is partly constructed of natron. It has been considerably improved by Cibara, and the buildings around it mostly owe their origin to him.

In the afternoon we made an excursion to the natron fields and lakes. What a wonderful appearance! In the midst of the sandy desert, rarely interrupted by grass or bushes, many long tracts occur where the natron springs like crystallized fruit out of the earth. It seems like a woody field, full of moss, plants, and bushes, covered with a thick hoar frost. Let any one but imagine this wintry prospect under the glow of an Egyptian sun, and he may conceive how singularly it strikes one. This natron, spread over the sand, is produced by the overflowing of the lakes. Where the water on retiring has left much salt behind, it appears of a dazzling white; where the deposit is thinner, it is tinged with the colour of the sand. The natron lakes themselves, I believe six in number, lying in a broad valley between two rows of low sandhills, formed, at least the three that we visited, with their dark blue and red waters, a beautiful contrast to the pale sand. From these shallow lakes the natron is extracted, in large square tables, formed of a thick crust of crystals, sometimes dirty white, sometimes flesh-coloured, sometimes dark-red. The Fellahs employed in this work stand quite naked in the water, armed with an iron pole. As the part removed is soon again renewed, this store of wealth seems inexhaustible. At any rate, almost all Europe appears to be supplied with natron from this place, and this may have continued for hundreds of years; at least Sicard, at

the beginning of the last century, relates that then thirty-six thousand hundred-weight of natron was annually obtained for the Grand Seigneur, which brought him in thirty-six purses.

Beside one lake lay the produce of the labour of several hundred Fellahs during the previous week, in great layers. My companion had occasion to be discontented with the performance of one of the villages. Its sheik was present. He found fault with him sharply, and to give greater impression to his words, struck him once or twice over the bare back with his whip of elephant skin. The sheik sprang quick as a gazelle into the lake, and received the rest of the instruction at a safe distance. Even these Italians, usually of such mild manners, thought this barbarous system of education necessary with the Fellahs.

The plates of natron, after being partially purified on the bank, are carried from the lakes to the castle, where it is reduced by various processes to a dazzling white powder. In this condition it is conveyed in large packages to Terraneh.

What my companion (Varsi was his name) related of the good water of this desert region is very remarkable. In many places he had caused pits to be dug, and found almost everywhere, at a small depth, water fit for drinking, with here and there mineral properties in various degrees. At that time he meant to send six different kinds of water to Mehemet Ali; and some of it that I tasted was remarkably fine. This appearance may perhaps be connected with the circumstance, that formerly the Nile sent a branch through the Libyan desert. And even should this arm of the Nile through the desert, to which probably the Bahr Belama, or river without water, of the Arabic geographers in this district refers, not be beyond doubt, yet it would receive confirmation from this phenomenon.

In the small natural history collection of M. Varsi, I was particularly struck by a beautiful quober, specimens of which were first brought to Paris by Leon de Laborde, but some years previously to Berlin and Frankfort by Ehrenberg and Ruppell. That which I saw here agreed pretty well with the coloured figure in Leon de Laborde's travels. It is probable, however, that none of the specimens in Berlin, Frankfort, and Paris, were procured from the Macarius desert, nor indeed from any part of the Libyan waste. Laborde says it is common in the peninsula of Sinai. Arabic authors place it between the cat and weasel; but the small tail, which Bochart in his Hierozoicon ascribes to it from the same authorities, is only to be found on the paper.

Early on the 22d April I set out from Castello on my visit to the Coptic monasteries in the vicinity. Beside my dragoman and the secretary of the castle, a Copt by birth, named Malem Saad, I had eight armed natron-keepers with me. Such a strong military guard was thought necessary on account of the wandering Bedouins, yet we saw none of them anywhere, and of quadrupeds only some graceful gazelles met us, and a wild sow with her young ones. In the beginning of our journey we repeatedly saw flamingoes, ducks, and other waterfowl rising from the lakes, but they were difficult to shoot.

The so-called Coptic monasteries are four in number, separated a few miles from each other. Ruins of monasteries, and still more frequently mounds marking where they had stood, were to be seen all round in abundance. It was told me that in former times about three hundred Coptic monasteries stood in this desert; and this report gains some probability from the historical fact that the Emperor Valens, towards the close of the fourth century, caused five thousand monks to be drafted for soldiers out of this region of the desert. Father Sicard was told by his companion, the superior of the Macarius monastery, that formerly in this desert, from Scete and on the mountains of Nitria, as many monasteries could be counted as there are days in the year. Sicard himself affirms that he could distinguish the ruins of fifty in a single district.

Both externally and internally these monasteries have a very uniform appearance. Sometimes in the form

of a square, sometimes in that of a parallelogram, they lie in the midst of the waste, enclosed with tolerably high walls, some hundred paces long. Within these walls a few palms shoot upwards, for each convent has a small garden in its environs. Each also has a tower with a bell rising a little above the walls. The entrance, a gate strengthened with iron, is so low that even the asses on which we rode could only creep in without their saddles. Besides this, at each gate there is placed a large upright block of sandstone, like a millstone, with which, in case of a hostile attack, the entrance is rendered still more secure. Within the walls nothing is seen except the old half-ruinous buildings in which the monks reside.

The above-mentioned tower is always put in a certain degree of isolation from the principal mass of building by a drawbridge, hung on chains, so as to form an asylum even against an enemy who may have forced his way into the monastery. It also generally commands the entrance. In the tower itself, besides a chapel, a well, a mill, an oven, and storeroom—everything required for a long defence against the enemy—is also the room for the library. The churches or chapels, of which each has three or sometimes more, are indeed more respectable than the cells; but even they have the character of mean simplicity. Here and there the walls, at the entrance of the cells or chapels, show a portion of a marble pillar, a fragment of a frieze, or something of that kind; so that even here the miserable present is built up on the ruins of former splendour and greatness.

It took us about eight hours to reach the monastery we visited first. We were received in a very friendly manner, the Copt who accompanied me being well known to the brethren. We exchanged our salam or salamalek with each other, placing the hand at the same time on our breast and forehead. This monastery in particular bears the name of the Holy Macarius. I say in particular, for the whole tract of the desert is named from the same saint, and all the four convents are those of Abn Macar. We met with fifteen brethren, whereas Sicard found only two monks and two lay deacons. Their countenances were all pale, and several of a sickly yellow. Most of them had some disease in the eyes, and the superior was entirely blind. The cells are dark, almost like rooms or closets hewn in the stone, on a level with the ground, with no window, and receiving light only by the door.

One of these cells was the chamber allotted me. After it became dark, I had a small lamp burning in a corner. I sat on the ground; at my right hand was my Coptic secretary, with a white turban; in his silk girdle a pair of pistols and his writing implements—war and peace; at my left hand was my small-eyed dragoman, buried in his long white garment, and covered with the red tarboosh. The circle was completed by six brethren of the cloister, in their dark raiment, with dark turbans, long beards, and suffering features. Our pipes were passed from hand to hand.

The cloister diet is more than meagre. Flesh is used on very few days in the year; in general nothing is consumed except bread, dipped in a soup of a very bad flavour, lentils, onions, and linseed oil. Besides this they drink coffee and smoke. I would have acted wisely to have provided myself for this journey with some fowls, rice, and other provisions.

Before sunrise the bell rung summoning us to mass. It continued above three hours. The lessons from the Scripture Lectionaries were partly in Coptic partly in Arabic. The singing seemed to me very discordant. The *kyrieleison* and *hallelujah* were frequently repeated. Devotional feeling I found exceedingly deficient. They whispered to the person officiating, in the very midst of his duty, and were answered by him. One would begin a wrong piece, another would put him right, and the correction was taken with all good humour. The Copt who accompanied me, on the other hand, was all seriousness and reverence. He fell down before all the images of the

merely on his knees, but so to the ground that his forehead touched the earth. On entering the church he went through the same ceremony. During divine service he remained in the most becoming attitude, and even read a portion himself. The mode of administering the Eucharist seemed to me very peculiar. Instead of wine, they made use of a thick grape-juice, which I at first thought was oil. The officiating priest first lifted some of it with the spoon out of a glass cup, took part of it himself, and gave part to the deacon opposite him; then he wiped out what remained with his bare finger and licked it off, and, after all, he poured water into the cup, and out of the cup into the glass saucer below, and drank all this with the deacon. Finally, he touched with his hands, still wet with what remained, all the other brethren on the forehead and cheeks. In this last ceremony I had my share. I stood, during the whole solemnity, with the monks outside the sanctuary, named *heikal*, within the trellis of the body of the church, leaning like all beside me on a wooden staff with a straight handle of the same thickness. This is named the *Macarius* staff, and I saw the saint himself always represented with a similar one. It would be difficult to say what edification I could receive from the whole solemnity, of which the burning of incense before the separate images of the saints, the kissing of hands by the officiating priest, the laying on of hands, and the walking round about with the Madonna, formed the principal part. Many proceedings seemed quite of an old Egyptian character; and the whole had a gloomy colour, to which the locality contributed. Only one circumstance had something impressive to me. That stone-blind patriarch of the convent, with his deep-scarred but venerable countenance, his long white beard, his head covered by the bluish-black turban, veiled in a cowl of the same colour, barefooted like all the others—this old man wandered three times round the altar, beating his little metal bells together with a sharp melancholy tone, and singing a joyful *hallelujah*. He seemed like a dead person risen from the tomb, and still dreaming of the dark visions he had seen in the solemn realms beyond.

I was struck by two peculiarities in the arrangement of the church. The one was the oven behind the sacristy, destined for the leavened bread of the supper, newly prepared for each mass. These loaves are round like a small cake, exactly the size of the hand without the fingers, not too white, and marked on the top with many crosses. One of them is eaten at the altar, the remainder are distributed after the mass among the brethren; and I too received one. The other peculiarity is a four-cornered stone basin in the foreground of the church, employed in a peculiar sacred bathing ceremony. Among the pictorial representations, in all the four cloisters, the principal ones were of Saint Macarius and Saint George. In the third, which bears the name of the Syrer or the Virgin of the Syrer, Saint Ephraim is also in high honour. I was also shown a tamarind tree that had grown up miraculously from the staff of Ephraim, which he stuck into the ground on the outside, before going into the chapel. In the second, Saint Ambeschun is represented as patron. In the fourth, beside Saint George, there was also Saint Theodore, on horseback, with the vanquished dragon below him.

In the second monastery I met only four brethren. The patriarch of the convent was an old man of a hundred and twenty years. He has been blind for a long time; in his narrow dark chamber he supports himself on a cross beam, and sings or prays aloud day and night, sleeping only for one hour. I visited him in his room: and as I took my departure from the convent he came out leaning on his staff, and gave us his parting blessing.

In the third convent, that of the Virgin of the Syrer, are above forty brethren. It is the neatest and richest of the whole; and therefore they gave me the fewest thanks for what I thought the handsome present, which, according to custom, I left behind on parting. My numerous guard, to which three other persons mounted on asses

the convent walls with a salute of fire-arms, had raised too great expectations. Besides, they are now accustomed to the gold of the English. A Madonna in the grotto-chapel of this monastery is accounted the workmanship of the Evangelist Luke. It is, like many others I saw in Egypt, of a dark brown complexion. With the same propriety in the land of the Moors they might represent her as a black. If, as is probable, the convent has obtained its peculiar name, that of the Virgin, from this image, it must be the work of an ancient artist. None of my Arabs were allowed to set their foot in this grotto.

In this convent I was consulted for all possible diseases of the body, some of them of many years' standing. I regretted that I had not at least my small travelling medicine-chest with me. Hence I could only give homœopathic prescriptions, and for all else refer them to my friend in Castello.

In the fourth monastery, named El Baramus, I met with twenty monks. Here the cells were the blackest and the narrowest. The patriarch had a singular custom. As often as in our conversation—he sat beside me in the cell—a short pause occurred, he shewed in as a kind of side dish, that first form of salutation, *salam, salam*, also going through the ceremony with the hands.

It was in vain that I everywhere made inquiry after some written documents concerning the history of the convents. Nothing of the kind was known. No doubt the inhabitants of each of these convents, if asked how old it was, would place its origin some fifteen centuries back. That may indeed be true of those on whose ruins they are built, but the present constructions appeared to me much more recent.

In all the monasteries, I was asked for counsel and assistance in reference to diseases of the eyes; and many of the inmates were on the sure road to become blind. If there is any mode of life certain to lead to this result, assuredly it is that of these monks. Their monasteries lie in the midst of the dazzling sand, under the hostile Egyptian sun. Their cells are dark rooms, in the evenings lighted only by a taper or small lamp. Even the linseed oil, which forms a part of their daily food, will in itself produce disease in the eyes. They almost all smoke tobacco, and in great abundance. In the dark chapels, last of all, with their constantly burning candles and lamps, and the unceasing vapour of the incense, they spend the greater part of the day and night.

In the nights of the 25th and 26th I rode with an excellent guard from Castello back to Terraneh. Of my friendly reception in the desert I retain a grateful remembrance. At midday of the 26th, a boat for Cairo, loaded with thirty women and children, passed Terraneh. I took possession, with my dragoman, of the cabin, which was still disengaged. The company was amusing enough; and on the 27th we were again hurrying through the gate of Cairo. Ever since, I look with increased interest on the Copts that come in my way. Few of those here look so sickly and miserable as the brethren of the Libyan desert, but they are fully as reserved and suspicious. There may be about ten thousand of them living in the capital, and perhaps a hundred and fifty thousand in all Egypt. One is disposed to regard them as the proper descendants of the ancient Egyptians. The greatest peculiarity of their Christian creed consists in their being followers of Eutyches and Dioscorus, a sect usually known as the Jacobites or Monophysites. In their confession they say that the Saviour united his earthly body with his divine nature without admixture or alteration, and that the divinity was never for a moment absent from the humanity. They are under their own patriarch, who resides in Cairo. What I heard especially noticed in reference to their religious and social life, was the ease with which they dissolved the bond of marriage. The custom of circumcision is more a peculiarity caused by their view of the historical entrance of the Saviour into the world, than an accommodation forced on them by the Mahomedan rulers of their native land. And yet this custom may easily have been handed down to them from their remote ancestors.

LAST MOMENTS OF BEETHOVEN.

FROM THE FRENCH.

In the spring of the year 1827, in a house in one of the *faubourgs* of Vienna, some amateurs of music were occupied in deciphering the last *quatuor* of Beethoven, just published. Surprise mingled with their veneration, as they followed the capricious turns of this whimsical production of a genius then exhausted. They found not in it the mild and gracious harmony, the style so original, so elevated, the conception so grand and beautiful, which had marked former pieces, and had rendered the author the first of composers. The taste once so perfect was now only the pedantry of an ordinary counterpointist; the fire which burned of old in his rapid *allegri*, swelling to the close, and overflowing like lava billows in magnificent harmonies, was but unintelligible dissonance; his pretty minuets, once so full of gaiety and originality, were changed into irregular gambols and impracticable cadences.

'Is this the work of Beethoven?' asked the musicians, disappointed, and laying down their instruments. 'Is this the work of our renowned composer, whose name till now, we pronounced only with pride and veneration? Is it not rather a parody upon the masterpieces of the immortal rival of Haydn and Mozart?'

Some attributed this falling off to the deafness with which Beethoven had been afflicted for some years; others to a derangement of his mental faculties; but, resuming their instruments, out of respect to the ancient fame of the symphonist, they imposed upon themselves the task of going through the work.

Suddenly the door opened, and a man entered, wearing a black greatcoat, without cravat, and his hair in disorder. His eyes sparkled, but no longer with the fire of genius; his forehead alone, by its remarkable development, revealed the seat of intellect. He entered softly, his hands behind him; all gave way respectfully. He approached the musicians, bending his head on one side and the other, to hear better; but in vain, not a sound reached him. Tears started from his eyes; he buried his face in his hands, retired to a distance from the performers, and seated himself at the lower end of the apartment. All at once the first violoncello sounded a note, which was caught up by all the other instruments. The poor man leaped to his feet, crying, 'I hear! I hear!' then abandoned himself to tumultuous joy, applauding with all his strength.

'Louis,' said a young girl who that moment entered, 'Louis, you must come back—you must retire; we are too many here.'

He cast a look upon her—understood, and followed her in silence, with the docility of a child accustomed to obedience.

In the fourth storey of an old brick house, situated at one end of the city, a small chamber, which had for its furniture only a bed with ragged coverlet, an old piano sadly out of tune, and a few bundles of music, was the abode of the immortal Beethoven.

He had not spoken during their walk; but when he entered, he placed himself on the bed, took the young girl by the hand, and said—'My good Louise, you are the only one who understands me. You think these gentlemen who perform my music comprehend me not at all. I observed a smile on their lips as they executed my *quatuor*; they fancy my genius is on the decline, whereas it is only now that I have become a truly great musician. On the way, just now, I composed a symphony, which shall set the seal to my glory, or rather, immortalize my name. I will write it down, and burn all my others. I have changed the laws of harmony; I have found effects of which nobody, till now, has thought. My symphony shall have for bass a chromatic melody of twenty kettle-drums; I will introduce the concert of a hundred bells; for,' added he, bending his head towards the ear of Louise, 'I will tell thee a secret. The other day, when you took me to the top of St Stephen's steeple, I made a discovery: I perceived that the bell is the most melodious of

instruments, and can be employed with the greatest success in the *adagio*. There shall be, in my finale, drums, and fusil-shots; and I shall hear that symphony, Louise. Yes," cried he, with enthusiasm, "I shall hear it! Do you remember," he resumed, after a pause, "my Battle of Waterloo? and the day when I directed the performance in presence of all the crowned heads of Europe? So many musicians following my signal—eleven masters of the chapel superintending—firing of guns—pealing of cannon! It was glorious—was it not? Well, what I shall compose will surpass even that sublime work. I cannot deny myself the pleasure of giving you an idea of it."

At these words, Beethoven rose from the bed, seated himself at the piano, in which a number of keys were wanting, and touched the instrument with a grave and imposing air. After playing a while, he struck his hand suddenly on the keys, and ceased.

"Do you hear?" said he, to Louise, "there is an accord nobody else has attempted. Yes, I will write all the tones of the gamut in a single sound; and will prove this the true and perfect accord. But I hear it not, Louise—I hear it not. Think of the anguish of him who cannot hear his own music! And yet it seems to me, when I shall have blended all these in a single sound, they will ring in mine ears. But enough. I have perhaps wearied you: I also am weary of every thing. As a reward for my sublime invention, I think I ought to have a glass of wine. What think you, Louise?"

The tears ran down the cheeks of the poor girl. She alone, of all Beethoven's pupils, had not forsaken him, but supported him by the labour of her hands, under pretence of taking lessons. The produce of her work was added to the slender income yielded by the compositions of the master. There was no wine in the house, there scarcely remained a few pence to buy bread. She turned away to hide her emotion, then poured out a glass of water and offered it to Beethoven.

"Excellent Rhenish wine!" said he, as he tasted the pure beverage; "'tis wine good enough for an emperor. 'Twas drawn from my father's cellar; I know it; it grows better every day!"

He then began to sing, with hoarse voice but with true tone, some words of Mephistopheles, in the *Faust* of Goethe; but returned from time to time to the mystic melody he had formerly composed for the charming song of Mignon.

"Listen, Louise," said he, returning her the glass. "The wine has strengthened me; I feel better. I would fain compose, but my head grows heavy again; my ideas are confused; a thick mist seems before my eyes. I have been compared to Michael Angelo, and properly: in his moments of ecstasy, he struck great blows with the chisel on the cold marble, and caused the hidden thought to leap to life under the covering of stone; I do the same, for I can do nothing with deliberation. When my genius inspires me, the whole universe is transformed for me into one harmony; all sentiment, all thought, becomes music; my blood revels in my veins; a tremour pervades my members; my hair stands on end. But, hark! what do I hear?"

Beethoven sprang up and rushed to the window, threw it open, and sounds of music, from the house near, were plainly audible.

"I hear!" he cried, with deep emotion, falling on his knees and stretching his hands towards the open window; "I hear! 'Tis my overture of Egmont! Yes, I know it. Hark! the savage battle-cries; the tempest of passion—it swells—it towers—it threatens! Now all is calm again. But, lo! the trumpets sound afresh; the clamour fills the world—it cannot be stifled!"

Two days after this night of delirium, a crowd of persons were passing in and out of the *salon* of W—, the councillor of state, and prime minister of Austria, who gave a grand dinner.

"What a pity!" said one of the guests, "Beethoven, director at the Theatre Imperial, is just dead; and they

His words passed unnoticed. The rest of the company were absorbed in listening to the discourse of two diplomatists, who were talking of a controversy which had taken place between certain persons at the palace of a certain German prince.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE—ITS POWER AND PREVALENCE.

THE circulation of our *languages* co-extensively with our power, will seem to us no slight advantage, when we think on its long consecration as the vehicle of religious ideas and of noble sentiments. In libraries, where now it is almost impossible to think of such a collection, the minds of our theologians and moralists will be preserved and embalmed. Suffering no injury from translation, the originals will be explored. Intercourse will find the benefit of such a medium. Of such a speech who but can be proud? In all the properties of a language it is great. Its thrilling vocables, its significant powers, its fine discriminations, its majestic compounds, leave us nothing to desire. Its tones stir like a clarion and soothe like a lute. There is a philosophic radix and a multitudinous expression. It has incorporated each image of nature, and attuned itself to every chord of sympathy. In it men have been accustomed to think with vigour and freedom, until it is only fit for the independent and the free. The treasures imbedded in it are confessedly unparalleled. It has not been unfashionable to depreciate it and to declaim against its uncouthness, asperity, and poverty. Of the justice of these charges we are very sceptical. Though it declines to admit, and perhaps is incapable of receiving, the trivial, the unnatural, and the unnatural—it loves to adopt some sterling dialect—magnificent stores—sumptuous tributes—such as Plato expounded and Cicero enunciated. The sciences grafted on it are quickly converted to its own temperament and fibre. At this moment science has made it her favourite hold, and our literature stamps upon it an undecaying permanence. It is 'married to immortal verse.' It must always be studied, should it ever become obsolete and dead: its poetry, its criticism, its legislation, its science, its ethics, ensure it an immortality. Commerce repeats it, new worlds invoke it as their parent speech, and we dictate it to our antipodes. Without an augury, we may predict its course. It bears with it a train of master-spirits. Wherever the emigrant wanders he will talk it, though it be only to the echoes. Wherever the lion-standard of this 'sceptred isle' sweeps the air and flaps to the wind, the settler loves to sing his native lays. Rivers unknown to song, forests which the axe is just beginning to thin of the trunks which centuries have rooted, deserts in which until almost now the beast of prey prowled unmolested and not a flower grew—resound to the words of our households, our exchanges, our temples! Who can but exult that the strong, the vivid, the flowing language, which in our infancy we lisped, seems destined to become the utterance of knowledge, of virtue, of freedom! the passport, through the nations, of generous and manly sentiment, of pure and exquisite emotion! the signal-cry to the desponding spirit of patriotism! the key-note of the uplifted chorus of liberty! the holy accents by which Christianity shall proclaim its message of peace and good-will to men! As from an urn, or rather a river-source, what blessings will our idiom pour out upon the world! *Edw. R. IV. Hamilton*

HOMAGE TO REVELATION.

The Bible is a book of facts at least as well authenticated as any in history—a book of miracles incontestably avouched—a book of prophecy confirmed by past as well as present fulfilment—a book of poetry, pure, natural, and elevated—a book of morals, such as human wisdom never framed for the perfection of human happiness. I will abide by the precepts, admire the beauty, revere the mysteries, and, as far as in me lies, practise the mandates of this sacred volume; and should the ridicule of earth and the blasphemy of hell assail me, I shall console myself by the contemplation of those blessed spirits, who in the same holy cause have toiled and suffered. In the 'goodly fellowship of the saints,' in the 'noble army of the martyrs,' in the society of the great, and good, and wise of every nation—if my sinfulness be not cleansed, and my darkness illumined, at least my pretensionless submission may be excused. If I err with the luminaries I have chosen for my guides, I confess myself captivated by the loveliness of their aberrations. If they err, it is in a heavenly region; if they wander, it is in fields of light; if they aspire, it is at all events a glorious daring; and rather than sink with infidelity into the dust, I am content to cheat myself with their vision of eternity. If I err, I err with the disciples of philosophy and virtue—with men who have drank deep at the fountain of human knowledge, but who dissolved not the pearl of their salvation in the draught. I err with Bacon, the great confidant of nature, fraught with all the learning of the past, and almost prescient of the future, yet too wise not to know his weakness, and too philosophic not to feel his ignorance. I err with Milton, rising on an angel's wing to heaven, and, like the bird of morn, soaring out of sight amid the music of his grateful piety. I err with Locke, whose pure philosophy only taught him to adore its Source, whose warm love of genuine liberty was never chilled into rebellion with its Author. I err with Newton, whose star-like spirit shot athwart the darkness of the sphere, too soon to reascend to the home of its nativity. With men like these I shall remain in error. Nor shall I desert those errors even for the drunken deathbed of a Paine, or the delirious war-whoop of those men who would erect their altar on the ruins of society.—*Charles Phillips.*

GOOD AND BAD NEWS.

Bad news weaken the actions of the heart, oppress the lungs, destroy the appetite, stop the digestion, and partially suspend all the functions of the system. An emotion of shame flushes the face; fear blanches, joy illuminates it; and an instant thrill electrifies a million of nerves. Surprise spurs the pulse into a gallop. Delirium infuses great energy. Volition commands, and hundreds of muscles spring to excite. Powerful emotions often kill the body at a stroke. Chilo, Diogenes, and Sappho, died of joy at the Grecian games. The news of a defeat killed Philip V. One of the Popes died of an emotion of the ludicrous on seeing his pet monkey robed in pontificals, and occupying the chair of state. Mulcy Moloc was carried upon the field of battle in the last stages of an incurable disease; upon seeing his army give way, he rallied his panic-stricken troops, rolled back the tide of battle, shouted victory, and died. The door-keeper of Congress expired on hearing of the surrender of Cornwallis. Eminent public speakers have often died in the midst of an impassioned burst of eloquence, or when the deep emotion that produced it had suddenly subsided. Lagrave, the young Parisian, died when he heard that the musical prize for which he had competed was adjudged to another. The case of Hill, in New York, is fresh in the memory of all: he was apprehended for theft, taken before the police, and, though in perfect health, mental agony forced the blood from his nostrils, and he was carried out dead.—*Harrison Flather.*

TRUE HAPPINESS.

There is no man really happy in this life who has not a well-founded hope of happiness in the next.

A SERIOUS THOUGHT.

'Why are you so melancholy?' said the Duke of Marlborough to a soldier, after the battle of Blenheim. 'I am thinking,' replied the man, 'how much blood I have shed for sixpence.'

THE DYING CHILD.*

What should it know of death?

'Come closer, closer, dear mamma,
My heart is fill'd with fears,
My eyes are dark—I hear you sob,
But cannot see your tears.

I feel your warm breath on my lips,
That are so icy cold;
Come closer, closer, dear mamma,
Give me your hand to hold.

I quite forget my little hymn—
'How doth the busy bee'—
Which every day I used to say,
When sitting on your knee.

Nor can I recollect my prayers:
And, dear mamma, you know
That the great God will angry be
If I forget them too.

And dear papa, when he comes home,
Oh, will he not be vex'd?
'Give us this day our daily bread':
What is it that comes next?

'Thine is the kingdom and the power?'
I cannot think of more;
It comes and goes away so quick,
It never did before.

'Hush, darling! you are going to
The bright and blessed sky,
Where all God's holy children go,
To live with him on high.'

'But will He love me, dear mamma,
As tenderly as you?
And will my own papa, one day,
Come and live with me too?

But you must first lay me to sleep
Where grandpapa is laid;
Is not the churchyard cold and dark,
And shan't I feel afraid?

And will you ev'ry evening come,
And say my pretty prayer,
Over poor Lucy's little grave,
And see that no one's there?

And promise me that when you die,
That they your grave shall make
The next to mine, that I may be
Close to you when I wake.

Nay, do not leave me, dear mamma,
Your watch beside me keep,
My heart feels cold—the room's all dark,
Now lay me down to sleep.

And should I sleep to wake no more,
Dear—dear mamma, good-bye:
Poor nurse is kind, but, oh, do you
Do with me when I die!

* These touching verses are taken from a volume of poems—a second edition of which has lately appeared—by G. W. FETTER, of Sudbury, Suffolk. The volume contains much exquisite poetry, honourable both to the genius and the heart of its author. The fine religious spirit which pervades it deserves our special notice and commendation. Several of the minor pieces in the volume present the reader of the sweet and simple style of Wordsworth; while there are passages in the larger poem, entitled 'The Village Paupers,' worthy of Coleridge, in its happiest mood. Externally, the book is got up with much care and taste.

THE LIVING TESTIMONY.

Celestial truth is a jewel in a pix, but which, unless it be worn by its possessor, might as well have rested in its quarry.—*Isaac Taylor.*

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POETRY OF FRANCE.

PIERRE JEAN DE BERANGER and Alphonse de Lamartine are perhaps the two most popular poets of France at the present day. It is somewhat remarkable that such should be the case, seeing that the character of their genius and works is widely different. Beranger is a song-writer, never having produced, to our knowledge, any single piece out of that department of poetry. He retains a good deal of the epigrammatic tone of the older French bards, and yet is far less artificial—a strain of tenderness pervading many of his productions, for which we should look in vain in the cold though polished effusions of the days of Louis XIV. and his successor. In his lyrical verse we discover the sentimentousness of Horace, enlivened at times by the sparkling vivacity of Moore, and not unfrequently refined by the deep pathos of Burns. Many of his songs are very gay in tone, and indeed carry French license to an extent which we on this side of the Channel would call licentiousness; but, such blots excepted, his pieces generally convey noble, patriotic, and valuable sentiments. Beranger is not a very old man, having, we believe, not yet passed his sixtieth year; and he now resides at Tours, where he is understood to be employed in composing a history of his times—the most stirring that the world has ever seen, since in them lived, and fought, and reigned Napoleon. On the poet, as will be seen by and by, the scenes which he witnessed under the empire left deep and ineffaceable impressions.

M. de Lamartine has departed to a greater extent than Beranger from the ancient cast of French poetry; however, he had one or two immediate predecessors in this innovation in his own country, Rousseau, Chateaubriand, and De Stael having commenced a marked revolution in the national imaginative literature, introducing something like *heart* and *passion* into what before had reference solely to the *head*. Satire and epigram, glare, glitter, and cold classicism, formed the staple of French verse in preceding days. Lamartine not only followed the three writers mentioned—whose compositions he avowed to be his models, along with the congenial writings of Job, Tasso, Milton, Ossian, and St Pierre—but he also moulded himself largely upon the great modern poets of England. Byron was his especial favourite, and the influence of the noble bard is visible in numberless passages of the French poet's writings. But, happily for his own peace, Lamartine did not copy either the misanthropy or the scepticism of Byron; on the contrary, he has been called a religious Byron; nor is the epithet without appropriateness. Though not man-hating, however, the tone of Lamartine is uniformly pensive, and even sombre in the extreme. His severe domestic trials, taken in connexion with the sensitiveness of his disposition, account for this. Born in 1792, and sprung from an ancient family of rank, he entered in youth into the military, and subsequently into the diplomatic service of France. He afterwards travelled in the Holy Land and Asia Minor; and, on that journey, of which he wrote a well known account, his greatest misfortune befel him, in the loss of his only child, a girl of fifteen, of fine talents and consummate beauty. On returning to his own country, he also lost his mother,

whom he almost idolized, by a deplorable accident. His poetry is full of sad recollections of these events. At present, Lamartine is a deputy of France, and noted as an eloquent speaker, though scarcely regarded as a sound practical statesman. His works consist of 'Poetical Meditations,' 'Poetical and Religious Harmonies,' 'The Death of Socrates,' 'A New Canto of Childe Harold,' 'Jocelyn,' and many minor poems.

Our present purpose is to lay before our readers a specimen or two of original versions from these authors, to whom we have thus briefly introduced them. One of the pieces of Beranger, most generally admired, is entitled—

THE FALLING STARS.

Thou sayest, shepherd, that a star,
Which shines aloft, rules each one's days.
'Yes, yes, my son; but such afar
Are veiled by darkness from our gaze.'
But, shepherd, men declare that thou
Canst read the secrets of the spheres;
What is the star we see just now,
Which shoots, and shoots, and disappears?
'A mortal is no more, my child;
His was the star you saw decline.
With friends who sat around and smiled,
He laugh'd, and sang, and quaff'd his wine.
He sank to sleep, happy so far
That, amid joy, his call he hears.'
Lo, shepherd, yet another star,
Which shoots, and shoots, and disappears.
'How pure and bright that light we view!
It bears a beauteous object's fate—
A daughter good, a lover true,
And soon to wed a tender mate.
The nuptial garland binds her brow,
And Hymen to the altar steers.'
Behold another star just now,
Which shoots, and shoots, and disappears.
'My son, that quick-descending light
A high-born infant represents,
Whose cradle, empty now, shone bright
With gold and purple ornaments.
Too oft with poison flatterers mar
Such whom for greatness fortune rears.'
Lo, shepherd, yet another star,
Which shoots, and shoots, and disappears.
'How baleful was that light, my son!
On a king's favourite it rose,
Who deem'd a statesman's laurels won,
When he but mock'd a people's woes.
Those to this idol went to bow,
Now toss aside his bust with jeers.'
Behold another star even now,
Which shoots, and shoots, and disappears.
'A rich man, on whom many lean'd,
Dies, and his loss must they bemoan;
From others' stores want only glean'd—
It harvested with him now game.
Sure of the rest it did allow,
His roof this night the poor man nears.'
Lo, yet another star, just now,
Which shoots, and shoots, and disappears.
'It ruled a mighty monarch's fate.
Go, child, guard thou thy innocence;
And on thy star may there await
No idle pomp or loud pretence.
If useless dazzle please alone,
At last the world will say with sneers
Of thee— His star was merely one
That shoots, and shoots, and disappears.'

There is in the poetry of Beranger a shade of Epicurean philosophy, for which we do not of course hold ourselves responsible, though, if it appears at all in such graver pieces as the preceding, it does so only to a slight and not

very annoying extent. It may also be remarked, by way of excuse for any deficiencies in translation, that no writer has laboured his expressions so carefully as Beranger, and hence that it is exceedingly difficult to do him justice in another tongue. He told Lady Morgan that he at times expended a week on a single stanza, ere he could turn it to his mind. His more sententious and axiomatic pieces are the most difficult to translate, for the reason given. However, we have attempted a literal version (retaining the measure) of the following little lyric, which is perfectly Horatian in the original:—

Fools make a great unrest
For nought,
Or what the wise a jest
Have thought.
So well the life of man
They know,
That nought their quiet can
O'erthrow.
Why stoop by cares to be
Cajoled?
Gaily our load should we
Uphold.
Evil and good both sweep
Soon by;
And soon the last great leap
We try.

Yon rich man, pall'd with all
He seeks:
The poor, who serve at call
His freaks;
Does he his lot prefer,
And strike
With envy them? Both err
Alike.
Equals, the wise maintain,
All are;
Equal at least the pain
They bear.
For all, Love on the gloom
Doth shine;
And still for us shall bloom
The vine.

Beranger was a boy when Napoleon rose to the zenith of his power, and all the associations of the young poet were in his favour. The power of Napoleon seemed to him the legitimate creation of the national will, and his imagination was exactly of the order to be dazzled by that brilliant being's genius. Besides, the emperor's brother, Lucien, was his first patron and friend. Hence we need not marvel at the strong Bonaparteism observable in the poet's works. He even carried it so far as to mourn over the Three Days of July, and to regret that France should have chosen Louis Philippe as king in place of Louis Bonaparte. This is proved by the subjoined piece, written just before young Bonaparte left Switzerland, to make those descents on France which ended in his imprisonment—a result so unlike what the poet here anticipates:—

THE AWAKENING OF THE PEOPLE.

They said to us, that peace was one with hope,
And bade us sleep and dream of good to be.
We slumber'd, and in France we gave them scope,
And charged them with the past's great memory
Awake we now, and lay their idol low!
No more vile perjuries—no covenants vain!
Rouse we, beneath Arcola's flag to go—
The vengeful eagle soars in air again!
Youths! on a day—a day of senseless glee—
The temple of our laws received a guest
Who vow'd to let the much-moved people see
A citizen in kingly purple drest.
From these brave words what fruits were seen to flow?
That man now wears the stranger's shameful chain!
Arcola's glorious banner to them show—
Let the old eagle tower in air again!
Let us awake, and our victorious chants
With joy the emperor's mighty shade shall thrill;
We shall replace our name 'mong history's vaunts,
With swelling shouts of 'France' and 'Honour' still!
Our martyrs in the capitol shall lie;
And the bright sun, when smiling on the fane,
Shall see Arcola's flag above them fly—
The vengeful eagle mounts aloft again!
From free Helvetia's mountains to our side,
Comes the bright chief for whom we daily pray;
Of that vast intellect—a nation's pride—
His young brow gives us a reflected ray;
This living symbol of our every right,
And of the days of France's glorious reign,
Beneath Arcola's flag shall bless our sight—
The vengeful eagle soars in air again!
Hark to the drum! and hark the cannon's sound!
Soldiers and citizens, let all arise!
In us a great example must be found—
Heaven calls us to this final enterprise!
Freedom, with coronal of triple glow,
To shield and shade our happy bands shall deign;
March we Arcola's glorious flag before—
Let the old eagle soar aloft again!

Our space now calls on us to produce a sample or two of the style of M. de Lamartine. He is more easy, fluent, and even harmonious than Beranger, but he falls far short of his cotemporary in force of expression. His great fault, indeed, is diffuseness of diction. He is redundant, too, in thoughts and imagery; but, as a counterbalance to

these defects, he is much more pure than his brother bard in the tone of his morality. Not an objectionable sentiment is to be found in all his writings. And, firstly, we give a sort of epigram, in the Greek style, on

THE BUTTERFLY.

Born with the spring-time, with the rose to die,
Through the pure air on zephyr's wing to fly;
Couch'd on the bosom of the half-shut flowers,
In perfumed light to bask away the hours;
Breath-like, on wind-swept pinion, from this home
To mount, yet young, to the eternal dome;
Such charmed doom to butterflies is given.
Like to desire are they, which, restless still,
And still unpleased, though rifling sweets at will,
Turns at the last to seek for bliss in heaven!

The next piece was composed after his return from the East, where he had left the remains of his beloved daughter. Very affectingly does he picture the impressions made by the rural scenes which he was wont to visit with her:—

THE RETURN.

Oh vale, with my lamentings fill'd,
Streamlet, made troublous with my tears,
Mountain and wood, whose echoes thrill'd
With lays of mine in other years!
Oh zephyr, by her breath embalm'd!
Paths, where my steps she led at will
To glades by shady boughs becalm'd,
And whither habit guides me still!
How all is changed! vainly mine eye,
Gazing through chilling tears around,
Asks whither all those charms could fly,
That once so plenteously were found?
The earth is not less fair to view,
And pure is still the arch of heaven:
But ah! sweet vale, to her, not you,
My joys I owed—my love was given!

The following 'lines, addressed to Madame Tasta, on receiving the last volume of her poetry,' though rather lengthy for our limits, are extremely touching:—

Within my native village clock
There is an instrument of sound,
Which to my youthful hearing spoke,
Like voice celestial, earthward bound
When, after absence sad and long,
Back to my parent roof I came,
From far I caught the airy song
That hallow'd metal wont to frame.
I fondly deem'd it to repeat
A voice of joy from all our vale—
That of a sister, kind and sweet,
And mother, moved my name to hail.
But now what time I chance to hear,
Over the waves, its tinklings low,
Each sounding stroke that meets my ear
Seems only fraught with sighs and wo.
And wherefore! in that lonely tower
Unchanged the silvery metal stands,
Still it salutes the morning hour,
And rings the same hymn o'er the lands.
Alas! it is that, since my birth,
The melancholy instrument
For those most dear to me on earth
Too oft a dirge to heaven hath sent.
It breathes not now of youthful prayers,
Nor rolls for me *Te Deum's* tones:
The cold slabs vibrate with its airs,
That veil my child's, my mother's bones.
Thus when thy voice, so long well known,
Return'd but yesterday to me,
I hoped that from their cloudy throne
Old memories would come back in glee.
But ah! from the delightful tone
Where thy sweet chants were open laid,
Something of bitter still would come,
Flowing from every verse I read.
Thy genius ever is the same,
The same the soul—that source of power;
But though it still can music frame,
How tears beneath thy hand now shower!
Sad wife! unhappy mother! none
Can wholly hide misfortune's smarts:
Verse speaks the soul in truest tone;
And fit words flow from breaking hearts.
With the bard's fate agrees the song.
All vainly would'st thou smile; I see
A tear steal every chord along,
And shiverings o'er thy fingers flee.
Farewell the paths of harmony,
Which we so long together trode!
The tears of genius to dry
What boots the lyre? It needs a God!

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

ISAAC TAYLOR.

CHRISTIANITY has been much indebted to its lay supporters and defenders. Without professing to give a complete list of the illustrious laymen who have either advocated its evidences or expounded its doctrines we may simply remind the reader of the names of Milton, Newton, Boyle, Locke, Addison, Lord Lyttelton, Charles Leslie, Soame, Jenyns, Dr Johnson, and Cowper, which belong to other ages than the present; while, as respects our own times, it may be enough to mention Coleridge, Southey, Douglas of Cavers, Robert Ainsley, Thomas Erskine of Linlathen, Bowdler, Wilberforce, and Isaac Taylor. Of this latter list, Coleridge, partly in his other writings, but chiefly in his Table-talk, illustrated the general and more remote bearings of Christianity, the points where it touches upon the other sciences. Southey has stood up bravely for its external bulwarks, and exemplified its consistent morals. Douglas, to use the language of another, 'eagle-eyed and eloquent, has anticipated time, and, surveying the world, has laid down the laws of general amelioration.' Ainslie has broken down the great leading principles of religion into simple, portable, and pathetic forms, and from the 'strong' has educed 'sweetness.' Erskine has admirably expounded the internal evidences of Christianity. Bowdler has strewn chaste flowers and Addisonian graces around its softer and more spiritual aspects. Wilberforce has laid bare its deep practical bearings. And Isaac Taylor has applied to the exposure of its corruptions and counterfeits, the vigour of a more original genius, and the splendour of a richer, more varied, and more dazzling eloquence, as well as entered with a firm yet gentle tread on some of its more mysterious provinces.

Isaac Taylor styles himself in the title of one of his own chapters, the 'Recluse.' He has long ago retired from the world into the sanctuary of his own family and his own soul. There aloft, but not aloof—apart, but not askance—separate, but not utterly secluded—regarding the distant crowd more in sorrow than in anger, and more in love than in sorrow—he passes the 'noiseless tenor' of his serene and busy days. 'He hears the tumult and is still.' His mind dwells habitually in a lone and lofty sphere. The cell of his soul is curiously constructed, elaborately adorned, hung with antique tapestry, decked with the rich paintings of the past, and steeped through its gorgeous windows in a pure religious light. There seated, he now muses with half-shut eye upon the history of bygone ages—now erects himself to lift the large folios of the fathers—now swells with righteous indignation as he remembers the corruption and degeneracy which so soon and so long supplanted the first faith and love of the primitive age—now analyses the palpitating heart of the enthusiast, and now turns to the sterner task of baring the flinty spirit of fanaticism—now maps out the future history of the church and world—and now sinks into sublime reverie, and in the trance of genius sees

'Hell, hades, heaven—the eternal bow and where—
The glory of the dead, and their despair.'

The leading power of Taylor's mind is not argument, though he reasons often acutely and energetically—nor is it imagination, though he has much of this faculty too—nor is it original and native thought, though he strikes out many sparkles of intuition on his way—nor is it eloquence, though his words are often quick and powerful: it is meditation—that refined action of the mind, which is softer than ratiocination, more sublime than thought, calmer than passion, and cooler than genius. He is inspired, not by the muses nor by the furies—is neither full of the demon nor of the god; but above him hangs the 'cherub contemplation,' and over him broods for ever her still but radiant wing. He evidently emulates that serene motion, or rather rest of intellect, in which Plato, under the skies of Greece, rejoiced, and which, beneath the profounder firmament of Palestine, 'unloosed its golden couplets' over

While keenly alive to, and indignant at, the errors and abuses of mysticism, he has very strong sympathies with its better spirit—with its voluntary solitude—its abnegation of self—its habits of still, spiritual communion with its own soul, and with the works and word of God. He is above most modern writers an orientalist. That 'land of the east—that clime of the sun,' is the country of his adoption. His learning has been collected in the gardens of eastern literature. His imagination has an oriental vastness and brilliancy upon its wings, and he strings his sentences with 'orient pearl.' His style too seems dyed in the colours of a hotter sun than that of his native land. His views of divine truth, often clear and definite, not unfrequently shade away into the dim, the unformed, and the obscure—into 'regions where light glances at an angle only, without diffusing itself over the whole surface.' He loves to linger, and it is only a stern sense of duty which prevents him from lingering always, in the dubious and debatable tracts which surround the clear and firm territory of Scripture truth. His piety too is peculiar. Though true and sound, it is not the simple fervid devotion of his father or sister. It is more that of the burning seraph than of the kneeling saint; it is the rapt contemplation of the divine attributes, rather than the awful abasement of a spirit overwhelmed in the view of its own guilt and misery. Blended, however, with this native tendency toward the lofty, the enthusiastic, and the dangerous realms of speculation—a tendency fostered, besides, by the course of his studies and the circumstances of his lot—there are counteracting and balancing elements in his mind, habits of deep submission to the divine testimony, a strong basis of solid judgment and varied knowledge, a distinct, though not very deep vein of sarcastic observation, added to all the advantages which natural good sense must ever derive from English blood, birth, and training.

It is a curious fact in literary history, that many writers have surpassed themselves, both in power and popularity, while writing under the shelter of the anonymous. Swift's 'Tale of a Tub,' which he never acknowledged, so far surpasses his other writings in fertility of invention, richness of humour, and force of style, that Dr Johnson refused to believe it his. Junius was strong only within the circle of that mysterious shadow which even yet rests on his name. Pascal's 'Provincial Letters,' the best of his works, were issued anonymously. So were those of Peter Plymley. The admirable newspaper criticisms of 'Jonathan,' and the eloquent diatribes of O. P. Q., owed not a little of their zest to the obscurity which rested on the names of the authors. Even the Waverley tales lost nothing from the doubt in which their authorship was for a season involved. We cannot tell how much of their power reviewers owe to their position—how much the masking adds to the momentum of their battery. And within a twelvemonth we have witnessed a book, written indeed in an easy and agreeable style, but developing an absurd theory, and swarming with blunders (the 'Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation'), rising into popularity upon the twin wings of the mischief of its intention and the mystery of its authorship. Whether this be owing to the greater liberty an anonymous writer enjoys—to the ideal position which, projected as it were out of himself, he for a season occupies—or to the twofold effect of mystification, in stimulating the mind of the writer and provoking the curiosity of the reader—we do not stop to inquire. And perhaps it was in order to take advantage of this principle, that the subject of the present sketch, after having to little purpose wooed the attention of the world in *propria persona*, determined to disguise himself, and walked forth at length in the graceful mask of the author of the 'Natural History of Enthusiasm.' The issue justified his most sanguine hopes of success. The book was fortunate in the time of its appearance. It came forth when the rage of Rowism and Irvingism was at its height—when in every corner of the land, our old men, and women too, were

dreaming dreams. To analyse the subtle steam of enthusiasm when it was rushing from the boiler—to detect and expose its distinct proportions of false and true—was an attempt daring, hazardous, but useful, and loudly demanded by the urgencies of the time. It required, too, peculiar qualifications, which seemed all possessed by the anonymous author: learning—he was manifestly a ripe and good scholar; piety—his work glowed with it; eloquence—it heaved in every sentence; a vantage-ground lifting him above sectarian bias—the most acute were unable to tell to what denomination he belonged; soundness of religious sentiment—the strain of the whole work was strictly evangelical; and last, not least, a sympathy with true enthusiasm, while he exposed and reprobated the false—and the book was no cold analysis, no stern and callous anatomy. The work, besides, was written in an elaborate and ornate style; and though some of the more fastidious objected to its taste, and some of the more lynx-eyed detected marks of a manner affected and a diction studiously disguised, yet, on the whole, the exclamation of the Christian church was—'Behold, a master risen in Israel!' And straightway the question rose and ran, 'Who is he?' Some bethought themselves of Douglas of Cavers as the probable author, in despite of the most marked difference in sentiment, style, manner, and cast of thought. Others, even less acute, fancied that here was Foster shaking off his giant sleep, and arising a new man—a new man indeed—with a new intellect, a new learning, a new temperament, and a new vocabulary. In certain circles, there were frequent rumours of some great Christian unknown—some gentler Junius—some wondrous young Titan—who was to astonish, if not revolutionize the religious world. And if here and there a solitary finger pointed to the 'recluse' of Stamford Rivers as the real author, the scornful rejoinder was, 'What has he done hitherto—what proportion is there between the 'Elements of Thought' and the 'History of Enthusiasm?' Such a lion-like man of God could never have issued from the still parsonage of Ongar.' Popular, meanwhile, the book became, particularly among students, who did their best to imitate its style, or with greater success to imbibe its spirit. Its main leading proposition, that the difference between true and false enthusiasm is a difference of kind not of degree—its rich and racy illustration—its familiarity with the primitive and darker ages of the church—its grand insulated pictures, as of the Romish hierarchy, and the monastic system—its cheerful, sanguine, religious spirit—the rose-coloured glow which rested on its every page—and not less, with some, its blazing faults and deliberate innovations of language—were among the elements of its first success; and even yet, we believe, in popular estimation, retain it at the head of its author's works.

Dearer to us, however, we confess, is his second work, the 'Saturday Evening.' It is a series of sublime meditations, bound together by a certain shadowy tie, involving a multitude of topics nearest and dearest to the author's heart, and tinged with the sweet and solemn hues of the approaching Sabbath. 'Dreams' they will be, they have been called by the sceptical and the cold; but such an epithet, while it fails fully to express, fails entirely to damage their character. They open up to the pious and imaginative tracts of thought, like golden furrows in an evening sea, or like those glorious vistas which endlessly expand in an evening heaven. They are dreams, but dreams of night, of heaven, of immensity, and eternity; and if the dream be there, the ladder whose top reached unto the sky is not far off. Philosophical views of the present and the past are not wanting; but the mind of the contemplatist is perpetually, as if on the wings of the evening, borne away up through the wilderness of worlds above his head—or on to those bright pages of the earth's story which remain to be read—or in amid the starry circles of the heavenly hosts—nay, at times, a step or two, but no more, up towards

'The sapphire throne—the living blaze,
Where angels tremble as they gaze.'

And yet, from the most daring of his excursions, he returns

undazzled, and with lessons of practical truth, to his native homeland of earth. We like especially his glimpses of the coming Sabbath of the world, which, like a red western heaven seen through trees, perpetually interposes its splendid terminus to the stages of his thought. Next to this, we like his 'Vastness of the Material Creation,' where to 'him the book of night is opened wide'—and where he finds that a page thick with suns is not more true or glorious than one leaf of his Bible, where 'voices from the depths of space proclaim a marvel and a secret'; but he discovers the marvel to be the old mystery of godliness, the secret to be only that of the Lord, which 'is with them that fear him.'

By a strange association, this book of 'Saturday Evening' suggests to us the Saturday papers of the Spectator. They are 'alike, but oh, how different!' Their subjects are the same: night, the stars, immortality, God and heaven. But since Addison's time, how much nearer have the stars approached? and yet, in another sense, how much farther off have they receded? At what a ratio of more than geometric increase has the universe been multiplying to our eyes! And with regard to the other topics, in what deeper channels do the modern's thoughts flow than those of the gentle Spectator! Their language is the same; but how different the classic coolness, the careless but inimitable graces, the modest but inestimable ornaments, the ease and sweet simplicity of Addison's English, from the feverish heat, and the rich tropical exuberance of Taylor's! Their religion is the same; but how different the faint though true glow of Christianity in Addison's page from that seraphic flame which burns in Taylor's! In what different ages written! The one a low and languid age—feeble in faith, feeblier in love, feeblest of all in hope—in which Addison's sanctified genius shines as a sweet solitary star; the other a 'juncture of eras'—a period of bustle, and heat, and hope, and progress, and anxious uncertainty, and listening silence: for do not all men expect, sooner or later, the crisis of the earth to be coming—and do not 'all creatures sigh to be renewed?'

We must permit ourselves a few observations upon 'Fanaticism' and the 'Physical Theory of a Future Life.' 'Fanaticism' was unfortunate in its subject. From the black and malevolent passions, even when portrayed by the hand of a master, men in general shrink. To dissect deformity is a thankless task. And although it is said that the laws of disease are as beautiful as those of health, yet few have the patience or courage to wait till they are initiated into that terrible kind of beauty. Fanaticism, also, was a topic too like enthusiasm to be susceptible of much novelty in the mode of treatment. And here and there you could detect traces of that mannerism and self-imitation which betray in authors their fear at least that their vein is nearly exhausted—a fear reminding us of the reluctance of the mariner to take soundings in a suspected shallow. The style too had not improved from the date of his former work, nay, it bore marks of great effort, was uneven and uneasy, and aimed perpetually against the laws of clearness, simplicity, and good taste. Something of the cloudy character of the theme seemed to have infected the writer; and the language was swollen, as if under the 'fanaticism of the scourge.' Still the book had bold bursts and splendid sweeping pictures; and it were worth while contrasting its estimate of Mahometanism with that of Carlyle, and wondering by what strange possibility a system which appears to the one a vast and virulent ulcer should appear to the other a needful and healthful volcano, and through what transfiguring magic Mahomet the monster of the one becomes Mahomet the hero of the other.

We hinted a little before, that there was in Taylor's mind a strong but subdued tendency toward the mystic and supernatural. In all his works, he seems standing on the confines of the spiritual world, leaning over the great precipice, and, with beseeching looks, essaying to commune with the tremendous secrets of the final state. Entirely satisfied with the declarations of Scripture, that there is immortality for man, he yet must 'ask that

dreafull question at the hills which look eternal'—at the streams which 'lucid flow for ever'—at the stars, those bright and pure watchers—at the deepest metaphysics of the human mind—and find in them something more than a faltering perhaps, in addition to the loud, confident, and commanding, 'Thus saith the Lord.' Nay, in the 'physical theory of another life,' he fairly bursts across the barriers, enters like a 'permitted guest' within the mighty curtain which divides the living and the dead, and with infinite ingenuity maps out the dim provinces and expounds the mysterious conditions of that strange world. The intention of the work has been often misapprehended. It is no dogmatic dream, like the visions of Swedenborg—no 'rushing in where angels fear to tread.' Nor is it the mere mechanical fancy disporting itself on the theme, as in the reveries of Tucker (to whom Taylor, however, is considerably indebted); it is a long philosophical, modest, and earnest conjecture—a trial, as it were, how far the human mind can go in that shadowy direction, and how far it is possible, by combining psychological principles with Scripture hints, to build up a probable and lifelike scheme of the future existence. How far he has been successful in this attempt we shall, of course, never know till we enter on that solemn state ourselves. But, in the mean time, it is curious to think of this writer's spirit, from the height of eternity, looking back and comparing the continent of glory he has reached with the meagre yet memorable map he drew of it, in the infancy of his being. And yet more curious it were to imagine an actual denizen of that sublime world smiling a gentle smile over this effort of the unborn child to conceive of the green earth, the gay sun, and the ever burning stars!

The reader would be richly rewarded who should sit down and compare the visions of heaven and hell ascribed to Bunyan with Taylor's theory of a future life. Both are rich, eloquent, and imaginative dreams—but how different in spirit, manner, style, and scientific construction! Between the two, what an interval has the religious mind traversed! What a difference between the 'melted gold' and coarse material torments of the one author, and the Ariel-like agonies of Taylor's supposed spirit, thrust out naked amid the quick agencies of an angry universe, where the silent light surrounds it as in a sea of fire, and where, through a thousand avenues, rushes in upon it the wrath of heaven. And yet the author of these visions (Bunyan he certainly was not) was not only a man of high genius, as some magnificent passages prove, but a thorough scholar; for its frequent literary allusions and use of scholastic terms sufficiently evince that he was quite up to, if not before, the spirit and learning of his times. How little, after all, do the revolutions of time and the advancement of the human mind add to our real knowledge, however they may modify our feelings and language, in respect to the awful futurity before us! The path of human progress, on one side so free and boundless, on another is soon met by its uttermost confine on earth, as by a wall of black, solid, and frowning marble!

Isaac Taylor is, as before hinted, of 'virtuous father, virtuous son.' The praise of Taylor of Ongar was in 'all the churches.' His daughter, Jane Taylor, a woman of a highly cultivated and most feminine intellect, authoress of several well known works, has been long dead. Isaac, at first designed for the Dissenting pulpit, became a barrister in preference, but has for many years resided in retirement at Stamford Rivers, educating his family, and prosecuting his own delightful and holy studies. A writer in the Edinburgh Review (we believe Henry Robertson), has given a description of his early feelings and his present habits of life, displaying at once the warmth of personal friendship and the sympathy of kindred intellect and kindred sentiments. We learn with interest from it, that Taylor is an expert and eager angler as well as the far-famed author of the 'Natural History of Enthusiasm'; that he spends his Saturday mornings in directing the sports of his dear children; while his Saturday evenings

are devoted to the loftiest meditations which can engross the soul of mortal. He is, moreover, a person of animated bearing, brilliant eye, and incessant and eloquent talk. Altogether, we deem him among the most accomplished of modern religious authors, and heartily wish him life and strength to fulfil that great work of his life, from which the tractarian controversy has for a season drawn him aside—the history of the various and flagrant corruptions of Christianity, which, if worthily completed, as it has been worthily commenced, shall more assuredly and honourably preserve his name, 'than though a pyramid formed his monumental fame.'

JOSIAH WEDGEWOOD, OR, THE SELFISH MAN.

A SKETCH, FOUNDED ON FACT.

JOSIAH WEDGEWOOD was one of those reputable and respectable men who case themselves in their rectitude as in a coat of mail, and defy the arrows of detraction to find a crevice. Patient, honest, and persevering, he did not indeed add house to house and field to field, because he did not like house property and had still less taste for farming; but he added bill to bond, mortgage to post obit, ground-rent to security, and gloated over the piles of parchment which accumulated in his closet with a feeling of ineffable satisfaction.

Well, but patient industry and persevering toil are highly honourable, and equally so that unwavering rectitude in a man's worldly dealings which earns for him an irreproachable character. Wedgewood, however, had contracted in his career a quality which, though by no means a necessary consequence, is too often an attendant evil upon worldly assiduity and success—he was intensely selfish.

Selfish in his tone of thought and habit of mind; selfish in his mode of life, in his walk and conversation; selfishness had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength. If it had been so in the freshness and vigour of his youth, it was even more so now, when the prime of manhood was past with him, and the infirmities of age were approaching. The man was incapable of feeling but as circumstances were more or less nearly related to the object of his idolatry—Josiah Wedgewood. Did he read of a disastrous fire? he thanked heaven that his house had stone stairs, his office iron safes. Was an extensive robbery committed? he had got the newest patent detector locks, and felt quite secure. Did he hear of a widow and orphans left destitute? thank goodness he had got neither wife nor children. Was a man run over on the street? he prided himself upon always looking well about him. Were there hundreds ruined by the failure of a bank? he always kept his money in the funds. In short, in what way soever his sympathy was demanded by the distresses of his fellow-creatures, that demand invariably suggested some motive to self-complacency. When called upon to commiserate another, he chose rather to congratulate himself. He looked upon the beauties of creation with a languid eye; he received the bounties of providence as his common and unquestionable right; he regarded the objects of taste with contempt. He had no ear for music, no eye for painting, no soul for poetry. His day dreams were of debts, annuities, and debentures; his night visions of monstrous combinations of figures, huge units for a head, and endless ciphers for a tail. His religion was comprised in the sentence 'godliness is profitable for the life that now is;' and if he thought of heaven at all, it was as a place where 'thieves do not break through and steal.'

Prudence is a virtue of so admirable a nature that it cannot be too highly applauded, but there is a happy medium between prudence and parsimony which it is most desirable to attain.

Parsimony was not indeed Wedgewood's characteristic, except in so far as that vice is one ramification of selfishness—one phase and aspect of his besetting sin—one rank and bitter germination of that noxious weed whose baleful root was deep in his moral nature. No, much as

Wedgewood loved money, he loved self-indulgence more, nor did he stint himself in his comforts. It was not then so much a positive parsimony that characterized him; it was an execrable coldness, not to say deadness, of heart to all around him.

A poor, miserable being is he who can find no object in this wide world for his affections to repose upon! Why, if it be but a bird to cherish and attend—a shrub, a flower to cultivate and to love, to rejoice when its verdant veins are full of sap, and its tender leaflets expand and flourish, and to pluck them off with a feeling of regret when they are sere, and dry, and withered—these are better than nothing; but Wedgewood seemed to love nothing. Children he professed to hate, dogs and cats to despise. What men could want with those execrable *pets* was to him a mystery; he never was so weak as to make a pet of anything.

At length Wedgewood realized a very large sum of money; and he gloated over his balance-sheet and reviewed his annual income with a gladness which it is a pity such men should ever feel, but which soon fades away when it has nothing but gold for its object.

We have said that parsimony was not the characteristic of Josiah Wedgewood. He was indeed penurious enough as far as any liberal or benevolent plans or purposes were concerned, and he deeply loved accumulation, yet he had at least the common sense to love his comfort more than mere aggrandisement.

It is not often, indeed, that a selfish man can break off his long-contracted habits of accumulation. Such people generally find a pleasure in that very habit, and go on groping wealth together to the end of their days; but Wedgewood knew better than this, and an irrepressible desire to place what he had got out of the reach of contingency, as well as the hope of personal enjoyment, made him resolve to retire from business. We say there was some sense and some spirit in this. But even in this matter Wedgewood's distinctive disposition tinged his conduct. It was not so much that he was satisfied with what he had got—not so much the conviction that he had enough—as the desire above alluded to of placing what he had beyond the danger of loss, the fluctuation and uncertainty of mercantile affairs. So he gave over *grasping* and took to *gripping*; by which we mean that he did not extend his bony fingers for *more*, but closed his iron hand firmly upon what he had. And as a common and natural consequence of his ceasing to acquire, he became more unwilling than ever to expend.

Then, with what cold-hearted indifference did he part with old and faithful servants—persons who had helped him to acquire his vast wealth—parties with whom an amiable man, nay, a man of ordinary sensibility and good feeling, must have parted with much regret! But when Wedgewood locked the office for ever, saw the warehouse closed for the last time, he witnessed the departure of his servants with the most perfect indifference. The scanty-salaried clerk, who had grown grey in his service; the pale-faced lad, who had lost his little stock of health in that unwholesome office, and who was to return to his poor parents to decline and die; the decrepit and crippled porter, who had been *cheap* on account of his infirmities, though they doubled the amount of his labour; these were all sent adrift without a pang of regret, a word of encouragement, a smile, or a present. To be sure, he punctually paid them their wages, and had ever done so, and what more could they expect? He subtracted the amount of the broken window from the lad's salary, and he mulcted the porter for the packet he had lost; but then it was their own fault, they had been so careless. His servants had never received a word of approval from his lips. With all his worldly wisdom, Wedgewood had never calculated the advantage of a little kindness; of course they were the obliged parties by his employing them, and what could they expect beyond their due? The world was well enough satisfied with all this. It was generally known that Josiah Wedgewood always paid his servants their due on the day that it became so, and therefore, as things went, he was an excellent master.

Out of business, Wedgewood became restless and dissatisfied. He had no resources in himself: he had cultivated no tastes, he had acquired no relish for the amusements of life, and it was too late to begin now. Business was the element in which he had lived, and out of business he was like a fish out of its element. He could command all the elegancies of life, but he could not command a taste and a desire for them. He could command all the luxuries of life, but with the exception of such as contributed to his mere animal enjoyment, he had no relish even for the luxuries which were within his reach.

Wedgewood had been a man of business, a mere man of business, from his youth upwards; he had indeed been brought up by parents well to do in the world, but they had taught him nothing but the main chance, to pursue nothing but what they profanely called 'the one thing needful.' Thus utterly restless and comfortless, a prey to languor and lassitude, discontented and dissatisfied with house and home, he found that he wanted something, and, by comparing himself with other men, he concluded that something was a wife. Selfishness had hitherto kept him from marrying, for he had looked alone at probable care, anxiety, and expenditure; his heart had never yearned for the tender joys of family affection. Selfishness, then, had hitherto kept him single; the same thing now urged him to matrimony. It was not that he fell a victim to the weakness of love, such a thing was utterly beneath so firm a man as Josiah Wedgewood. No, he wanted something to make his house less lonely, his walks less solitary; something to speak to when he was disposed to talk, and to sit quiet when he was inclined for silence; something to save him the trouble of carving, to scold his servants, purchase his provisions, and attend to his domestic affairs—that's what he wanted with a wife.

Resolved to marry, Josiah, as men of his character generally do, made a very unwise choice. He fixed upon a young, pretty, good-tempered woman, but one without any steadiness of mind, any habits of domestic management, any congeniality of disposition with himself. Singularly enough, he was not a little influenced in his choice by her personal attractions. Not that he cared anything about beauty; but since he was going to have a wife at any rate, something that was to be *his*, he would have that something a superior article. He did not choose his wife as a help meet for him but as a convenience, and he would have her to possess a charm which among men in general is prized. Such men as Wedgewood deserve to make unhappy matches, and they almost invariably do so. We wish them all the happiness they deserve.

As to the bride elect, she accepted his proposal simply for the sake of those red and black printed vouchers which represented the very large sums standing in the books of the Bank of England in the name of Wedgewood. Mrs Wedgewood was by no means a vicious or unprincipled woman. She was what the world calls quite correct in her life and deportment; but she was vain, frivolous, and inconsiderate, fond of dress and display, addicted to what is expressively called 'gadding about,' and sadly destitute of those fireside graces which are a woman's brightest ornaments. Above all, as she had little regard for her husband, she had little confidence in him, and no sympathy with him. Like most women of her class, she was fond of secrets; she had secrets with her servants, secrets with her neighbours, secrets with her friends, her family—with her husband none; her secrets were all *from* him not *with* him. Disgusted with his economical habits, fond of dress and display, she continually endeavoured to obtain money from him under 'false pretences.' Moreover, she kept him in an atmosphere, as it were, of petty mystery; indulged in paltry subterfuges and contemptible deception, and that about the most trivial matters. Even when she had nothing to conceal, she chafed and vexed him by an air of concealment. She was very fond of reading romances, and she endeavoured to make her domestic existence a 'romance of real life' by throwing around it a false and foolish air of mystery.

And now an event occurred which might have cemented the affections of this ill-matched pair, if they had entertained any affection for one another. This event was the birth of a son, an object for them both to love, and which it might be hoped would have made them love one another; but it was not so. Mrs Wedgewood was not indeed the cold-hearted churlish being her husband was; on the contrary, she was peculiarly susceptible to kindly feelings, had they been drawn out and reciprocated, and she loved her little son with all a mother's intensity. Wedgewood, too, at length was moved and melted, the fountain of his frozen affections was thawed, and they gushed forth as it were in a torrent of tenderness upon his infant son. He became foolishly fond of this the child of his old age, and as it proved an only child, who was well-nigh spoiled by the injudicious conduct of his parents. Yet, with all this, the son was so far from being a pledge of affection between them as to become rather a bone of contention—a cause of quarrel; and each was absurdly jealous of the child's affection for the other.

Still there was the old leaven of selfishness even in Wedgewood's love for his little son. It was evident that, much as he loved him, he loved himself still better. While yet an infant, the father could not endure a squalling child, and he must be removed to a remote part of the house. He would fondle, and dandle, and sport with the youngster when he was in the humour, but he never endured a night of broken rest, nor put down the newspaper to play with the boy if he was reading an interesting article. Nay, when one of those complaints to which children are liable attacked him, and the little fellow lay day after day and night after night upon his anxious mother's knees, the father, though really distressed, had his own chamber changed lest his rest should be broken.

Another effect of Wedgewood's love for his son was the perfect concentration of his affection upon that one object. The ordinary consequence of such a breaking up of stiff stern stoicism of a selfish man as that we have described, is a partial expansion at least of his soul's affections. Love is like the light of the sun, which does not shine the less on each because it has an infinity of objects to shine upon; or it ought to be and generally is so, but it was not so in the case before us. Whatever little feeling Wedgewood might have evinced before towards his fellow-creatures seemed now entirely absorbed and lost in his love for that one object. His son, indeed, was intensely dear to him, else cared he nothing for the sons of Adam. Chafed, too, by the injudicious and vexatious conduct of his wife, he became morose and sullen.

It must be admitted that he was in some degree to be pitied for the exacerbation of his temper at the hands of his wife; but why did he marry such a woman? or, having married, why did he not act wisely and affectionately towards her? For when a woman has a heart, there is a hold to be obtained of those exquisite feminine feelings of hers, which may lead her out of the paths of folly into the ways of wisdom; and Mrs Wedgewood, frivolous and foolish as she might be, was anything but heartless. Under her present treatment, however, she degenerated. From romances she took to reading plays; and the grand point with your old dramatists, your baleful and pernicious scribblers of comedies, was to make merry with an old husband, duped and dishonoured by a young wife. Well, she was a young wife with an old husband; and she adopted the tone of some of these paltry heroines who figure in the productions we have named. The woman was vain not vicious. There was no immorality in her conduct, but she affected an air of intrigue and mystery. The little paltry deceptions in which she indulged, and to which we have already alluded—matters connected with the mere trivialities of dress and household expense—gave rise to many a petty intrigue and equivocal, which to her vitiated taste were quite dramatic. This utter want of confidence between the couple—this evident mystery of manner on the part of the lady—this detection of idle and absurd subterfuges—the conviction of petty and ridiculous deceit—at length rendered Wedgewood suspicious, and

suspicion soon degenerated into jealousy. Thus did this indiscreet and frivolous woman create for herself and her husband the elements of unhappiness in mere whim and idle fitfulness.

The child, meanwhile, grew and flourished; it was indeed a beautiful child, and its father was proportionately fond of it. So far, however, as we have hinted, from being a bond of union between its parents, it was too often a cause of discord. They both loved their child, but both treated it improperly; and their various modes of treatment formed the subject of endless dispute. Thus, when the boy was about five or six years old, he became sensible of the spirit of his parents, and made that discovery so disastrous to a child's welfare, that each of its parents was a refuge from the displeasure of the other.

Wedgewood seemed to get daily more morose, selfish, and hard-hearted, and decaying health did not of course make him better in mental condition. Urged by his increasing infirmities, he sought the best medical advice, and was sent to the sea-side to try salt water bathing; for this purpose he went to Brighton.

Brighton! What a place for the display of Mrs Wedgewood's love of finery and gaiety. By the end of a week, the lady pronounced Brighton to be quite a heaven; the gentleman designated it as a region the very reverse. The seeds of suspicion which had been sown in the breast of Wedgewood now grew and flourished. Young and pretty, fond of admiration, open to flattery, and utterly tired of the company of the querulous invalid, the conduct of Mrs Wedgewood betrayed a levity and thoughtlessness which nourished the growing sentiment in his bosom, and from petty bickering and trivial disagreement, the ill-conditioned pair broke out into open quarrel and acrimonious dispute. As there are always an odious set of people who encourage such matters for the 'fun of the thing,' and a detestable knot of gossipers who disseminate and exaggerate reports, things went on so badly that, but for the interference of an aunt of Mrs Wedgewood, they would soon have come to the disastrous length of a separation.

Mrs Manners, though somewhat of a busy-body, and a gossiping, meddling old lady, was in the main a kind-hearted person, and not by any means deficient in common sense, a thing which often goes farther than uncommon genius. This she displayed in her interference and advice. She acted the part of peacemaker with tolerable success, and seeing that a fashionable watering-place was by no means an eligible situation for a testy, touchy invalid, who was a little disposed to be jealous of his giddy young wife, she recommended their removal to a quiet retired village on the sea-coast at which she resided, and where there was at this very time a pretty detached residence to let not many minutes' walk from her own.

Wedgewood took this advice, and the house was taken for him, to which he immediately removed. A more important piece of advice was also tendered, and, singularly enough, was taken too. This was, that the child should be sent to a preparatory school for some months at least. On this occasion Wedgewood displayed the only act of self-denial with which we are acquainted. He positively consented to the pain of parting with his son; but then it was exclusively for the purpose of plaguing his wife; and it is thought by those who knew him best that he would never have given his consent had not his wife been so clamorous against it. Howbeit, the child was sent to a preparatory school when his parents removed to Sandi-bay. At first the novelty of their abode charmed Mrs Wedgewood amazingly. The walks, though solitary, were pleasant; the rides, though dull, were not dusty; the sea-bathing was delightful; the garden beautiful; and the vicinity of her aunt's house charming.

For a full fortnight everything went on smoothly. Wedgewood having entirely his own way, could find fault with nothing in particular; and with the exception of a little bickering at meal times, which, by the bye, were the only times of meeting, the house was pretty peaceable.

But a fortnight had scarcely elapsed when the lady began to tire of everything. The walks were solitary and *not* pleasant, the rides were dull and dusty too, sea-bathing had lost its charms, and a garden was an insipid thing to be always looking at. Mrs Wedgewood began to sigh for that love of a London or that darling of a Brighton; her aunt's conversation grew tiresome in the extreme, and she longed for dress, display, fashion, and excitement. It must be confessed, too, that Wedgewood found himself much less happy than he had anticipated. A man of his stamp is by no means well fitted for a rural life. Without internal resources, without a relish for quiet rational amusements, without a natural love or an acquired taste for the beauties of creation, he soon came to confess that it was very tiresome to see the tide, eternally going out or coming in, wish-wash under the windows all day long. Wedgewood, however, dragged on some months at the seaside—firstly, because it annoyed his wife; and, secondly, because it was extremely beneficial to his health. He became, indeed, quite convalescent, but he longed for his quiet pint of port at the snug tavern over the newspapers; his stroll about the streets of London, where nobody knew him, and which he perambulated with his arm behind his back, partly from the habits of old gentlemen, and partly for the protection of his pocket-handkerchief. He missed the ducks in the park, and the swans in the Serpentine, and the soldiers at St James—all which, as he could see them for nothing, he made a point of seeing. Indeed, this was a principle of his; he cared nothing for pictures, yet he often dawdled about the national gallery; he cared nothing for natural curiosities, yet he frequently meandered about the British Museum. As to this latter place, so anxious was he to have all that he could have for nothing, that he procured a ticket for the reading-rooms, and often went to sleep there with a book in his hand.

Equally tired, then, of Sandibay, equally anxious to go to London, and have the child at home, Mr and Mrs Wedgewood were for once agreed, and they went home. The lady at least was delighted. She entered with new zest into all the gaities which she could command, and her life became an endless opposition to her husband's will—an endless alternation of open dispute and covert intrigue to obtain the means and opportunities of indulgence. Of course, Wedgewood was to a certain extent to be commiserated, but he had brought much of this misery upon himself by his churlish, morose, and bearish disposition. It may readily be supposed that under this course of moral discipline his temper did not improve, and he went about like many another dullard, railing against matrimony as an unmixed evil. Mrs Wedgewood was just one of those indiscreet and facile women who are much to be blamed and much to be pitied, but who may be much improved by kind, and firm, and reasonable treatment. Under the treatment that she experienced she daily became worse, not indeed to the extent, as we have said, of any gross immorality, but to an utter indifference to her husband's comfort. Somewhat perverting the words of the philosopher, we may say she was never less at home than when at home. An open rupture at length took place, and notwithstanding Mrs Manners' forcible epistolary expostulation, the vain and silly woman found, when it was too late, that she had brought upon herself the odium, which to a woman it always is, of a separation. She shed many bitter tears, she made many ardent supplications, but Wedgewood was inexorable. 'Might she not live with him?' 'No.'—'Might she not visit him sometimes?' 'No.'—'Might she not—not—keep her child?' 'No.'

Bent upon his purpose, Wedgewood deliberated but for a day or two upon the best means of putting it in execution, and he bethought him of the lady's aunt. Mrs Manners was the best person in the world to take charge of his young wife—so near a relative—so good a friend—so kind and discreet a person. He doubted not for a moment that she would do it, and he would go down to Sandibay and make arrangements immediately; he would part with his house at that place; he could not live out

of London but *she* should; he knew that she *hated* that dull place, what was that to him? she should board with her aunt, and might come up occasionally to see the child, but the child should never go down to be spoiled by her. He did not, of course, calculate upon the intensity of a mother's affection; such a calculation was quite out of his way; there is no such question in the 'ready reckoner.' He was a little matterer in the law, that is, as far as the laws of landlord and tenant, debtor and creditor, are concerned; but as to the 'law royal,' he had never studied that, nor thought of doing as he would be done by. Tenderly as he loved that child, it never crossed his mind how deeply she might love him. He never tried to estimate the amount of anguish that she might endure by putting the case to his own heart. True, his wife seemed to have other objects of regard, while his affections were all centred on that one; yet he might have known something of her feelings by his own. But no, this cold and callous-hearted being shut out every sentiment of pity, and when the idea of her anguish presented itself to his mind, he repulsed that idea with the conclusive sentence—'Serve her right.'

Wedgewood had seldom taken his wife to his counsels at any time; it was not likely that he would do so now. His resolution taken, she was merely informed that he was going from home for a few days. There was an air of dogged determination in the man's manner as he buttoned up his greatcoat and drew on his gloves that hinted to the apprehension of his wife some stern resolve. She hung about him with an air of anxious solicitude.

'You do not mean'—she muttered.

'What do I not mean, madam?'

'You do not mean—what you said?'

'I always mean what I say,' was his laconism.

'But you will not—you will not send me away?'

'I never change my purpose,' he coldly observed.

'I know,' she sobbed out, 'I know I have been foolish, very very foolish, but not wicked. I have been vain, and imprudent, and thoughtless, but not criminal. I am very very much to blame, but you might pity me!'

'I never pity those who are to blame.'

'But you must, you must forgive me!'

'I never forgive,' he said, and snatching away his arm, he brushed away the tear-drop which she had left upon the cuff of his coat with an exclamation of impatience.

Wedgewood went down and took his seat in the stage-coach, coated, and gloved, and *comforted* against the weather, for it was raining fast. He gave a glance at the outside passengers, among whom was a delicate-looking young woman with an infant in her arms, and as he put his foot upon the step, thought there was some comfort in a stage-coach after all. He shouldered himself into his corner of the vehicle with as much care as if he had been superscribed 'glass, this side upwards,' looked at the two ladies, who were his fellow-passengers, with as much suspicion as though they wanted to cheat him out of his due share of accommodation, rested his hands and his chin upon his cane 'à la Gibbon' in the prints, and shrunk into himself. One could have fancied him a species of thistle, with 'nemo me impune lacessit' written in every wrinkle of his brow.

Wedgewood reached his residence at Sandibay in the evening. He sent to request Mrs Manners to come and see him; this he did because it still rained heavily, and if he went to see her he should get wet; but his messenger returned with the intelligence that the good lady had left home that very morning for some days. This mightily increased his bad temper, and cost the old woman who kept the house a severe scolding; the old woman, however, being a capital cook, managed to mollify him by tossing up some little dainty with his tea. Then he sat down to write a letter to his wife, in which he told her where he was and what he had come for, detailing all his plans and purposes concerning her, all his cold-hearted schemes for the future, mingling all with stinging sarcasm and bitter innuendo. Somewhat soothed by this amiable employment, conscious that he had made her

eminently unhappy, he mixed himself a good stiff glass of brandy and water, smoked his pipe, and went to bed.

Two or three days passed over, and Wedgewood grew quite tired of Sandibay; yet he would not depart without seeing Mrs Manners. The loveliness of nature had no charm for him. The morning was one of those light balmy sunny ones which make a man who has got any vivacity in his veins feel thankful that he is in existence—one of those days in which it is a pleasure to live. But Wedgewood was unconscious of its charms. He had sauntered out upon the summit of the cliffs before breakfast. Buried in reverie, he had walked much farther than he intended, so that he was quite tired before he turned to retrace his steps. Hunger, too, added not a little to the acerbity of his temper. When such a man as Wedgewood is hungry and tired, avoid him as you would a stinging nettle. How he execrated his own folly; what a fool he was for his pains; how could he be such an idiot! Muttering and grumbling, he wended his weary way home again. He spurned a beggar girl away with an oath, adding insult to disappointment. He struck the blind old sailor's dog, though the animal turned a mute imploring eye upon him; he struck the dog so that it ran yelping to its helpless master. He saw a child playing down upon the sands, far from its attendant, a nursery-maid, who was sitting upon a rock reading a book. The child was far off upon the very verge of the lapping wave, the woman, occupied with her employment, seemingly reckless of her charge. Something struck Wedgewood that the position of the child was not without danger. At least there was no care bestowed upon it, that was obvious enough; but he was too distant to attract the woman's attention, and he walked on, mentally calling her a careless hussy. Any other man than Wedgewood, with the bare idea of a child being dangerously situated, could not have proceeded until at least he had watched the result. Probably, however, he reflected there was no danger at all; the child, no doubt, was used to play on the sea-shore; the servant, no doubt, would give an occasional glance at it. The case was one in which an amiable man would hardly know how to act. To descend the cliff by a road near at hand would have been something like a work of supererogation, and drawn upon the officious interposer such a stream of vituperation from the nursery-maid as sometimes falls from nursery-maids' lips. Any other man would have hesitated what to do, and perhaps done nothing; but still, we say, the very idea of a child being dangerously situated crossing another man's mind would have awakened too deep an interest to have allowed him to proceed. Wedgewood, however, wended his solitary way slowly and moodily, sitting to rest himself occasionally, and crawling home a prey to fatigue, hunger, and ill temper.

He had hardly arrived at his house when a report reached his ears that a child was drowned. Such reports seem to fly upon the wings of the wind, they spread with rapidity altogether unaccountable. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that the women who were standing in a group near Wedgewood's lane should have known all about it, and that the words 'a child drowned,' should have struck his ears as he passed them. 'I should not at all wonder if it's *that* child,' thought Wedgewood. To do him justice, he felt sorry that he had not stopped and endeavoured to direct the maid's attention to the perilous position of her charge; but then, we must repeat that it was but a passing thought that the child was in peril. We suppose it is not in human nature to display indifference to the danger of a child when there is any serious apprehension of the same. Again, we would not for a moment charge Wedgewood with indifference to the child's death; yet there arose in his mind something like a feeling of complacency in his own sagacity when he thought it probable that it was *that* child whose wandering he had observed, and of whose safety he had had his own fears.

It chanced that Wedgewood's house was the nearest

immediate means should be taken for its resuscitation, to Wedgewood's house the people were carrying it. A woman was in advance of the crowd, and she came running up to him as he stood at his garden-gate. 'Here's a child drowned; a child drowned, sir,' she cried.

'Was it out with a nursery-maid?' demanded he.

'Yes, sir, but the poor young woman is run away like a mad thing; quite distracted, sir.'

'Ah! I thought so; I knew that careless baggage would go and get the child drowned; I was quite right.'

'Please to let 'em come in with the poor babe, sir?'

'Come here! Is the woman mad?' cried Wedgewood, in a voice trembling with mingled surprise and indignation. 'What should they come here for? I'm not a doctor! What do they want to come here for?'

'Because it's so far to carry it to the Falcon, and the tender lamb may be recovered. It opened its little eyes once, and breathed hard, bless the tender life of it!'

'Nonsense and stuff, my good woman; it will be better attended, and nursed, and seen to at the Falcon. Confound the fools, they are coming here! Go, my good woman, tell them to take the child away; I have no room; that is—I mean—I cannot take charge of a dead body; I am going away; I am going to London. Hoy! you sirs, don't come here; are they going to make my house an hospital?'

'But, sir, it may be of the greatest consequence; five minutes—'

'Five fiddlesticks! Hang the woman! I tell you I will not have it here.'

'Do you call yourself a man?' began the woman, bursting with indignation.

'Now, don't be abusive, or I will call a policeman and have you off to Marlboro' Street,' said he, a little excited. 'Dead or alive, it shall not come here,' and slamming the gate, he bolted it in her face.

The woman returned to the crowd, which had been approaching by a small by-lane, which led alone to Wedgewood's house. He saw the woman return to the crowd; a pause ensued; a yell of execration reached the ears of the selfish man, and the crowd turned back. Before he had reached his front door they were out of sight.

A pang of conscience certainly smote him as he thought of the possibility that a few minutes might have been of the utmost importance in the child's fate; but what in the world could he have done with it there? Think of a dead body, a crowd of people, a shrieking mother, a frantic father, a coroner's inquest in his quiet, handsome, well-furnished house; and then, if resuscitation were possible, a few minutes could not surely make any difference. Think of the distance they had already carried it; but it was better not to think of that. And then the poor little thing, if really not dead, would be certainly so much better off at the Falcon, where remedial means, medical attention, everything was at hand; and if not, what place so proper as the village inn for a coroner's inquest?

So Wedgewood entered the house in a tolerable temper for him, and remained so until he found that the fool of an old woman had overdone the fish for his breakfast. It was indeed long past the breakfast-hour, as we have hinted; and the woman knowing that to wait for his meals, after a walk, always disturbed his temper for the day, had ventured to fry the fish before he came in. He called her a stupid blockhead, grumbled incessantly over his meal, turned over the newspaper in disgust, sipped his mocha with a sigh, broke his eggs with a vicious air, which seemed to say that he wished the woman's head was in their place, and as he scraped the salt from his anchovies thought what a miserable wretch he was. He never once thought of the parents of the poor child.

Wedgewood had finished his repast, he was toying with his egg-spoon, balancing himself upon the hind legs of his chair, and wondering what was become of his wife's aunt, when the door swung wide open and that lady stood before him. It was strange. She could only have returned last night, for he had sent to inquire in the after-

lady's demeanour. She did not speak, but there was something so inexpressibly *expressive* in her face that Wedgewood started immediately to his feet. The demeanour of the lady was the more remarkable, because Mrs Manners was ordinarily a very placid and even-tempered woman; but now her face was pale, her very lips were livid, and yet the dew of agitation stood upon her brow. 'My wife is dead! She has poisoned herself! I thought she would.' Such were the thoughts which rushed with whirlwind rapidity through Wedgewood's mind. A curious idea was that '*I thought she would,*' and one which it would be difficult to analyse. It showed, however, that Wedgewood was aware how deeply she must feel their separation.

'What in the world's the matter, ma'am?' he exclaimed.

The lady muttered some incoherent expressions. *What* she said has never been known, never will be known, for neither she nor he could ever tell; but those expressions had a wonderful effect upon Wedgewood, an effect very very different from the thoughts—'My wife is dead! She has poisoned herself! I thought she would.' His face grew pale as hers, his lips as livid, he trembled in every joint, but, quickly recovering himself, caught up from habit his walking-stick (his hat was not there), and rushed abruptly from the room. The lady had sunk upon her knees and tried to grasp him as he passed; but he dashed her away, and when the housekeeper came to see the cause of the tumult, she found the lady extended on the floor in a fainting fit. Meanwhile, Wedgewood has left the house, dashed back the gate, traversed the lane, and reached the high road. Breathless with exertion, feeling not a footstep as he goes, but bitterly feeling how far it is to the village, he hurries on. Yes, that is the conviction now that makes his heart sick and his head swim. He has toiled up the hill, and he is actually running down the descent. The cold methodical Wedgewood running. He passes the mile-stone, the finger-post, the pond, but from the latter he averts his face as though he loathed the sight of water. He is at the village at last, but he has been an age—yes, full five minutes—in getting there. The people stare at him; no wonder, so staid and sober a man as Wedgewood without his hat. He is at the Falcon, but he stops not on the threshold. There are groups of people about the door, in the hall, but he speaks to no one; no one speaks to him. He is evidently not a man to be interrupted; there is something in his eye, his demeanour, that says he must not be spoken to. Wedgewood paused for one moment with his foot upon the first stair. It was only to draw one deep convulsive gasp for breath, one sigh to tranquillize his mind and make him the better able to bear the heavy load that lay upon his heart. He could not otherwise have ascended. He now hurried up stairs, he knew which room to go to, for there was a knot of people talking in whispers, and a woman, with red eyes, was closing the door very gently. Closing the door very gently! Then there was hope for him. There must be an invalid in that room; people close the door quietly when there is any one ill. Alas! he knew not that men never slam the door upon a corpse. Wedgewood hastily entered the room, but his heart at once sunk within him, all hope was instantly crushed and annihilated in his breast, for on the bedstead lay the body of a child covered with a sheet. The face was covered as the face of the living is never covered; but he snatched away that covering, and, with a bitter groan, fell with his forehead upon the edge of the bedstead. The blow was severe, but he felt it not; his mental anguish was too great. Alas! he was destined to feel what he had not been at the pains to fancy, the anguish of that heart-broken father. It was his child, his only child, the child of his old age, that lay extended there a lifeless corpse. It was the only object that he had ever loved, now lost to him.

The mystery may be explained in a few words. Mrs Manners, unknown to him, had been summoned by his wife to London, to endeavour to make peace between the

unhappy couple. The good lady had obeyed the summons of her niece, but setting out on the very day that Wedgewood came to Sandibay she had actually crossed him on the way. His letter to his wife had informed both ladies where he was, and nothing remained but for Mrs Manners to return home to follow out her plan of pacification. She thought, however, and not unreasonably or unreasonably, that if there was one way of awakening his tenderness for his wife more likely than another, it was by bringing down with her his little son. The child, with its nursery-maid, had accompanied her to Sandibay on the day preceding the present, but as the lady was not an early riser, the woman had taken her charge out for a stroll on the beach; the event need not be described.

How far Mrs Manners was likely to succeed in her work of mediation may be left to the conjecture of the reader. We would spare that spirit-broken man, writhing beneath this terrible blow, but sunk at present into an unenviable state of insensibility. He remained for some time in that state in spite of the means which were employed to restore him; he was pale as a corpse, and nearly as cold; but at length the blood returned to his brow, his respiration became regular, and it was evident that insensibility had subsided into sleep. They left him to repose upon the bed where they had laid him, and for some time he slumbered—deeply, happily, slumbered. But when he awoke, alas, the agony of that awaking!—the peace at first, as coming back to consciousness from the beatitude of a tranquil sleep; then a confused remembrance of the past as of some troubled and distressing dream; then recollection—hideous recollection—memory putting forth her faculty in active power—clearer and clearer and more dreadful still—and the terrible conviction coming that it is no dream. Alas! for the thoughts of anguish that arose in Wedgewood's breast; but bitterness of all was that connected with the woman's words: '*It is so far to carry it to the Falcon.*' He slept no more that day nor the following night, and they heard him pacing his apartment in the dead silence and darkness of midnight, groaning with mental agony and muttering—'*It is so far to carry it to the Falcon.*'

Remarkably enough, Wedgewood had no desire to return home. No, though he durst not look upon it again, he could not quit the house where that dead body lay. A sleepless night was succeeded by a miserable day, but towards the evening of that second day he slept again. He was perfectly exhausted and fatigued by mental agony, and he sank into a feverish and troubled slumber. He was terribly awakened. A shriek, a wild appalling shriek, such as makes the ear tingle and the heart throb, awoke him. A shriek, so full of human anguish as to make the breast thrill with its deepest sympathies, caused him to start up in bed, and then came the piercing and most touching cry—'*I will see him—I will see him!*' I must—I must see him! Wedgewood started from his bed, and locked and double-locked the door, then drew against it a heavy chest of drawers, which at another time he could not have moved. The coward would as soon have met a lioness, would as soon have faced an eagle robbed of her young, as have encountered her who uttered that cry; but no one thought of him, no one wished to see him, and he lay and listened in an agony of fear.

There is a sort of ennobling influence in deep affliction, a kind of dignity in the endurance of uncommon distress which seems to exalt the sufferer in the eyes of the beholder. Mrs Wedgewood had been an object of contemptuous regard to her husband; in that hour he would have quailed beneath her glance. From that moment he felt a deep degree of fear for her, and, what is remarkable, that feeling never afterwards forsook him. We shrink, in conscious incompetence, from attempting to depict a mother's woe, and draw a veil over the scenes which followed.

All the particulars of Wedgewood's refusal to receive the sufferer came out upon the inquest, with a thousand

conjectures and probabilities; men shook their heads and sighed, and said they had got a lesson on the evils of selfishness enough to last them their lives.

Years rolled on, and Wedgewood became a miserable spectacle in body and in mind; a half imbecile paralytic, shaken in intellect and shattered in constitution. He dragged out a weary life, without an object or an aim, friendless and comfortless despite his ample wealth. He would have been reconciled to his wife, and cancelled his decree of separation, but she would not consent. He even went so far as abject and repeated solicitation, but *she* was now inexorable. We are happy to say that this did not proceed from a spirit of retaliation, but from a rooted antipathy and repugnance to the man, which she could not overcome.

We are still more happy to state that she entirely forgot her frivolous and foolish ways. She could not disguise from herself that her conduct, by giving her husband not too much reason for displeasure, had been in some degree the collateral cause of the disaster which had happened. She lived deeply and sincerely to repent of her indiscretions and to amend her life; *she* had a heart in her bosom. She resided with her aunt, on the scene of the misfortune, nursing her sorrow by the sight of that scene until the bitterness of that sorrow subsided into a tender and quiet melancholy.

Wedgewood, from a complication of feelings which it would be difficult to analyse, allowed her, yes, and insisted upon allowing her, a handsome income. He contracted his own expenditure until it became little better than beggary, but he insisted on settling a munificent sum upon her. Well, there are strange anomalies in human nature! Did the man think that money—but no matter. Mrs Wedgewood applied the whole of her income to the best possible purposes, so it was the only part of his abundant wealth that was well spent. He died long before her, leaving a sufficient sum to purchase her the same annuity which he had allowed her during his life, and the rest of his large property was bequeathed to public charities.

Mrs Wedgewood never saw the selfish man until he was on his death-bed. Indeed it would have been a useless and a painful meeting to both parties. He took no notice of her when she did come. Her presence only appeared to call up painful recollections, but she remained by his bedside, and wept upon his withered hand long after he had ceased to recognise any one. He was incoherent and wavering; his fugitive thoughts returned to different scenes and associations of his early life, but the last thing that they distinctly heard him say was—'*It is so far to carry it to the Falcon.*'

A GOSSIP ABOUT WELL PAID AUTHORS.

So much has been written and said about the sufferings and destitution of men of genius and learning, that we have resolved to have a few words upon the opposite side of the question, and to bring under the notice of our readers some instances of authors who have been *very well paid*. In an amusing article on the inconveniences attending the want of money, Hazlitt makes some very severe remarks upon the extravagance and want of economy which prevails among literary men. And it cannot be denied his strictures are far from being groundless.

The great father of our vernacular verse, Geoffrey Chaucer was by no means destitute of the good things of this life. He had not only the means of procuring a college education, but was, we know, throughout life in circumstances of independence, and enjoyed all the pleasures of honourable ease. Being a great favourite at the court of Plantagenet, he was appointed to the lucrative office of Comptroller of Customs, and was likewise occasionally despatched on missions to Genoa, Rome, and other places. Of Spenser—the immortal Spenser—it may be sufficient for our purpose to relate the following anecdote:—On the

author reciting the first canto of the 'Faerie Queen' to his amiable patron, Sir Philip Sydney, he became so entranced with the fascination of the verse, that he ordered his steward to pay him fifty pounds; and upon our author reading another portion of his poem, he quadrupled the amount, making it, to the great astonishment of his steward, two hundred pounds, desiring at the same time that Spenser would stop reading, as he would ruin him. His kind patron continued long to befriend him, by appointing him to several embassies, and giving him many golden tokens of his esteem. He was also, we believe, the possessor of a fine estate in Ireland for many years. The clouds which darkened the later years of his life were superinduced by political intrigue, rather than the neglect of his merits as an author.

Shakespeare, although in early life subjected to many privations, was, in his later years, in comfortable circumstances. We are told by Gibbon that his personal estate at the time of his death was three hundred pounds a-year. Malone, however, says that this is wrong, and that it did not exceed two hundred pounds; but whether the one sum or the other, it could not be said that he died poor, for as money was then valued, it was a large sum for one of his profession.

The Shaksperian age was prolific in great men—there being many master-spirits who contributed to its lustre, some of whom, like the great dramatist himself, rose from the humblest rank in life to the most eminent positions. Among these was Daries the poet, who was much thought of in his day, and was appointed to one of the highest situations in the kingdom. We are all familiar with the frailties of Rare Ben Jonson, as he has been called. Had it not been for his tipling propensities, and his incurable *penchant* for the convivialities of the coffeehouse, he might at least have been in comparatively affluent circumstances, for many a guinea he received for the productions of his pen, in addition to his pension of one hundred pounds per annum from the king.

Dryden likewise enjoyed an annuity from the government of two hundred pounds. He too might have been a rich man, but for his own extravagance; he was the first author in England who might be said to have received good payment for his writings. Thirteen hundred pounds were paid him for his translation of 'Virgil,' and upwards of three hundred for his imitations of Chaucer and Boccaccio, since called his fables. The last named work was written for a miscellany published by Torison, the great bibliophile of his day, who, though a very honourable man in private life, was but a poor patron of genius. We have somewhere read that Dryden complained bitterly of his having paid him with clipp money, which considerably lessened the value of the sums he received. Matthew Prior owed his advancement in life to the Earl of Dorset. Being present one day at his uncle's house, a dispute happened to arise about a passage in Horace, which Prior, although at that time a mere boy, satisfactorily explained. He did this so modestly and so readily, that the Earl ever after continued to be his staunch friend, sending him to Cambridge, and afterwards procuring for him an appointment, which, together with the proceeds of his poetical works, enabled him to live independently. This man had actually the conceit to leave part of his fortune for the erection of a monument to his own memory. Talk of the poverty of poets after that!

Pope, by means of the profit gained from his literary labours, could afford to live at the rate of five hundred pounds a-year. Lintot, the publisher, paid him, for the copyright of his translation of 'Homer' and other works, between five and six thousand pounds. We are told that he was at one time offered a pension of three hundred pounds, but it was honourably declined, although he would fain, it is said, have kept a carriage, which this sum would have enabled him to do. The remark which the production of the 'Beggars Opera' gave rise to is well known; its great success made Gay (its author) rich, and Rich (the theatrical manager) gay. The sum of sixteen hundred guineas was paid for this opera, and its

author had, a few years before its production, received upwards of a thousand pounds by the sale of his poems. In addition to the sums received for the above, he was in receipt of a salary from the government for an office which he held. Pope was such a very bad economist, and took so little care of his money, that his kind patrons, the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, with whom he lived for some years, thought it necessary to deprive him of the use of it, except in such sums as they thought proper. By this means he is said to have left at his death no less a sum than three thousand pounds.

Addison, the essayist, was equally well provided for, having a pension of three hundred pounds for a good many years, and likewise holding the office of secretary of state, which yielded him a handsome emolument. From this onerous post he retired with an annuity of fifteen hundred pounds. Congreve held a sinecure worth twelve hundred per annum, under Lord Halifax. Steele also received the patronage of government. Sir John Hill, a satirical writer of the last century, made fourteen hundred a-year by the produce of his pen alone.

Goldsmith, one of our most favourite writers, died nearly three thousand pounds in debt. He was remarkably improvident, and spent in one year the large sum of sixteen hundred pounds, which he had received from the booksellers. When quite unknown as a literary man, he received for his 'Vicar of Wakefield' the sum of sixty pounds. When he had obtained celebrity, he was remunerated upon a more handsome scale. For his various school histories of England, he was paid nearly eight hundred pounds; and for a very small collection of English poetry, hastily compiled, with critical notes, his publisher allowed him two hundred guineas. The sums stated as the payments for his 'History of Animated Nature' amount in all to eight hundred and fifty pounds.

Again, in Fielding, the English Cervantes, we have a further proof of the liberal patronage of genius. Six hundred guineas and odds were paid for his novel of 'Tom Jones,' though it was hawked about among the 'trade' for a long time, till at length it was purchased by Miller, at the price we have mentioned. For his novel entitled 'Amelia' he was allowed one thousand pounds; and for his other works he was as handsomely remunerated. Notwithstanding these large sums received by him for literary labour, and fifteen hundred pounds which he received as the marriage-portion of his wife, he was frequently in absolute want, always in debt, and often borrowing from his indulgent publisher; indeed, at his death he was indebted to him in the sum of twenty-five hundred pounds, which this very worthy man kindly cancelled. He contrived notwithstanding to keep a carriage, and maintain a large establishment.

The authoress of 'Evelina' (Miss Burney), although she only received a five-pound note for that work, rose so rapidly in public favour that she could afterwards procure the large sum of three thousand pounds for a single novel.

For the two first editions of 'Gulliver's Travels' Swift received six hundred guineas. Smellie received from the publisher of his work on natural history a bank-bill for a thousand pounds. Gibbon, the historian of Rome, received for the copyright of his 'Decline and Fall' six thousand pounds; but it was the work of a lifetime, and we have little doubt that the library of books used for reference in that work would cost a very large proportion of the amount. Dr Robertson, after he became known, obtained what might be called large sums for his works; although his 'History of Scotland' was sold for only six hundred pounds, his next work, 'Charles V.,' which cost him the labour of nine years, procured for him six times that sum. David Hume, for the first portion of his 'History of England' had only two hundred guineas, but then for the next portion of the same work he received the handsome sum of five thousand pounds. His annual outlay exceeded a thousand pounds; notwithstanding he left not less than fifteen thousand. Dr Hawkesworth was still better paid, having received for a 'Collection of

Voyages and Travels' six thousand pounds. Johnson was very well requited for his literary toils; for writing the biographical prefaces to the trade edition of the British Poets he had two hundred pounds; his dictionary procured for him nearly one thousand six hundred pounds; and for each of his papers in the Rambler he got a couple of guineas. He luxuriated for many years upon the emoluments derived from a sinecure situation which he was in possession of. For his amusing biography of the learned doctor, Boswell received one thousand pounds. Alexander Ramsay, the poet, at one time an apprentice to a hatter, by the publication of his early poems alone, got nearly five hundred pounds; and for the pastoral comedy of the 'Gentle Shepherd' he received about double the amount.

Perhaps of all the money received from literary labour none was more thoughtlessly squandered than the sum received by Sheridan. Although in receipt of a vast income, he was continually in want, always living from hand to mouth.

Among the female authors who have received large sums for their productions, we may instance Edgeworth, Porter, Hannah More, Trimmer, Sherwood, Clara Reece, Holland, and Ann Ratcliffe. The latter, we are told, got five hundred pounds for her romance of 'The Mysteries of Udolpho,' and for 'The Italian' eight hundred guineas. In her day these were immense sums for works of light literature.

Burns, poor erratic Burns! netted upwards of five hundred pounds by the first edition of his poems, which was published in 1782; and Currie's life of the poet brought to his family more than one thousand pounds. For his books of travels Sir John Carr was paid nearly two thousand pounds. Thomson, the author of the 'Seasons,' received for that work six hundred guineas, and was in possession of a sinecure situation in the Court of Chancery. The first volume of Blair's Sermons was sold by him for a hundred pounds, which was afterwards doubled by the publisher; and the price paid for the remainder of the work was stated by Mr Creech, who published it, to have been the highest sum ever paid for similar productions.

We had almost forgotten to mention Smollet. Anderson tells us, in his life of him, that for the first four parts of his 'England' his remuneration was fifteen hundred pounds, and for the subsequent part five hundred; he might be considered inferior labour to that of any other of the historians mentioned in this article; he was occupied fourteen months in the composition of his 'History of England.'

Mallet, the poet, was also richly remunerated; he lived and died in very opulent circumstances; and so did Glover, Wharton, and Hayley. Beattie, the author of the 'Minstrel,' had a professorship in one of the colleges of Aberdeen, a pension of two hundred a-year, and received large sums for his various works. Cowper, also, was a pensioner, and during the later years of his life had an annuity of three hundred pounds, and the sum he received for the sale of his copyrights were very liberal.

It has, however, been reserved for the present age to witness the climax of literary remuneration. The amount of money Sir Walter Scott received for his works was large beyond all precedent. For the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' he had six hundred pounds; for his poem of 'Marmion' one thousand guineas; and for some of his late poetical works so much as three thousand guineas were promised. From his life of Napoleon he realized twelve thousand pounds, being at the rate of one hundred and ninety-eight pounds per week for the time he was occupied in its composition. So far as we have been able to make out from his life, he must have at one time been gaining upwards of fifteen thousand pounds a-year from his writings alone, besides speculating largely in publishing and printing concerns. The extent of this great man's transactions with his publishers may be inferred from the nature of the presents they from time to time made

him. Horses, pipes of wine, and suits of old armour, were thought nothing of. Constable, the great Scottish bibliophile, gave him a cast-iron verandah or terrace for his pleasure-ground which cost a thousand pounds. Then look at the sum Byron received from that prince of publishers, John Murray—twenty-three thousand five hundred and forty pounds! He always used to make it a boast that he wrote for fame, not money, and would, in consequence, for some time receive no remuneration. Murray, however, prevailed upon him to receive the above sum.

Campbell, like Fielding, was indebted to the exquisite taste of a woman for his introduction to the world. It was Miss Mundell, the sister of his publisher, who first read his 'Pleasures of Hope,' and who induced her brother to publish it. For that poem he was paid thirteen hundred pounds; for his 'Gertrude' he received fifteen hundred; and for his small poem, the 'Pilgrim of Glencoe,' three hundred pounds. Crabbe and Campbell, although dissimilar in many respects, were alike in their pecuniary circumstances, which were always sufficiently ample to enable them to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate*. We are told that the former was very handsomely paid for his various poems. Besides various other sums, Mr Murray, his publisher, paid him in 1819 three thousand pounds for his collected poems. Moore, too, the most tuneful minstrel of modern times, has raised himself to fortune solely by his pen. For his 'Irish Melodies' he is in receipt of a yearly salary of five hundred pounds. For his epic poem of 'Lalla Rookh,' he received from Messrs Longman & Co. the magnificent sum of three thousand pounds. Elia (Charles Lamb), although never a rich man, always had more than the conveniences of life. The facetious Walcott (Peter Pindar), at the time of his decease, was found to have amassed considerable property. But of poets enough has been said; we may merely, in taking leave of them, mention the name of Samuel Rogers.

Among the female novelists and story writers, we believe the most popular, and of course the best paid, are Mrs Howitt, Mrs Gore, Lady Morgan, Mrs Trollope, Mrs Crowe, and Mrs Johnstone. The last named lady is in receipt of a very handsome income by her contributions to the periodical literature of the day. Mrs Howitt was very handsomely remunerated for her translations of the Swedish novels; and for her stories in the periodicals she is remarkably well paid: for one alone, forming a few sheets in one of the periodicals of the day, she was paid upwards of seventy pounds; for the series of little works published by Mr Tegg, she is said to receive sixty guineas each. Mrs Gore is a very voluminous writer; and contributes largely to most of the periodicals of the day. She occasionally writes plays also; and for one, the 'Quid pro Quo,' she was paid five hundred pounds. Lady Morgan, for one work, 'France in 1839,' received two thousand guineas. So much for the female novelists; a word in conclusion about those of the other sex. If our information be correct, James (G. P. R.) has long been making upwards of a thousand per annum by his novel manufactory. Bulwer makes a much larger sum; his 'Rienzi,' which we are told was written in two months, procured him sixteen hundred pounds. 'Peter Simple' produced the sum of two thousand pounds to Captain Maryatt. Last of all, we may mention Charles Dickens, who, it is said, has accumulated a fortune of full fifty thousand pounds by his admirable fictions.

Considerable incomes, too, are derived from writing for the reviews and magazines, and for the newspaper press. By some of the leading reviews one hundred and one hundred and fifty guineas are frequently paid for a single article, while the sums paid by the best magazines vary from eight to fourteen guineas.

Surely the above random facts are sufficient to convince us that much of the outcry made about the poverty of men of genius is not too well founded. For our own parts, we should be glad to hear less whining about the poor rewards of literary labour; it is, we think, as little warranted as it is unwarrantable.

THE LAST HOURS OF SIR WALTER RAWLEIGH.

THE close of the life of Sir Walter Rawleigh was as extraordinary as many parts of his varied history. The promptitude and sprightliness of his genius, his carelessness of life, and the equanimity of that great spirit in quitting the world, can only be paralleled by a few other heroes and sages. Rawleigh was both; but it is not simply his dignified yet active conduct on the scaffold, nor his admirable speech on that occasion—circumstances by which many great men are judged, when their energies are excited for a moment to act so great a part before the eyes of the world assembled at their feet—it is not these only which claim our notice.

We pause with admiration on the real grandeur of Rawleigh's character; not from a single circumstance, however great, but from a tissue of continued little incidents, which occurred from the moment of his condemnation till he laid his head on the block. Rawleigh was a man of such mark, that he deeply engaged the attention of his contemporaries; and to this we owe the preservation of several interesting particulars of what he did and what he said, which have been entered into his life; but all has not been told in the published narratives. Contemporaries writers, in their letters, have set down every fresh incident, and eagerly caught up his sense, his wit, and, what is more delightful, those marks of natural cheerfulness, and of his invariable presence of mind; nor could these have arisen from any affectation or parade, for we shall see that they served him even in his last tender farewell to his lady, and on unpremeditated occasions.

I have drawn together into a short compass every fact concerning the feelings and conduct of Rawleigh at these solemn moments of his life, which my researches have furnished, not omitting those which are known: to have preserved only the new, would be to mutilate the statue, and to injure the whole by an imperfect view.

Rawleigh one morning was taken out of his bed in a fit of fever, and unexpectedly hurried, not to his trial, but to a sentence of death. The story is well known. Yet pleading with 'a voice grown weak by sickness, and an ague he had at that instant on him,' he used every means to avert his fate: he did, therefore, value the life he could so easily part with. His judges there, at least, respected their state criminal; and they addressed him in a far different tone than he had fifteen years before listened to from Coke. Yelverton, the attorney-general, said, 'Sir Walter Rawleigh hath been as a star at which the world have gazed; but stars may fall, nay, they must fall, when they trouble the sphere where they abide.' And the Lord Chief-Justice noticed Rawleigh's great work:—'I know that you have been valiant and wise, and I doubt not but you retain both these virtues, for now you shall have occasion to use them. Your book is an admirable work. I would give you counsel, but I know you can apply unto yourself far better than I am able to give you.' But the judge ended with saying, 'Execution is granted.' It was stifling Rawleigh with roses; and it was listening to fame from the voice of death.

He declared that now, being old, sickly, and in disgrace, and certain, were he allowed to live, to go to it again, life was wearisome to him; and all he entreated was to have leave to speak freely at his farewell, to satisfy the world that he was ever loyal to the king, and a true lover of the commonwealth; for this he would seal with his blood.

Rawleigh, on his return to his prison, while some were deploring his fate, observed, that 'the world itself is but a larger prison, out of which some are daily selected for execution.'

That last night of his existence was occupied by writing what the letter-writer calls 'a remembrancer to be left with his lady,' to acquaint the world with his sentiments, should he be denied their delivery from the scaffold, as he had been at the bar of the King's Bench. His lady

visited him that night, and amidst her tears acquainted him, that she had obtained the favour of disposing of his body; to which he answered, smiling, 'It is well, Bess, that thou mayst dispose of that dead, thou hadst not always the disposing of when alive.' At midnight he intreated her to leave him. It must have been then that, with unshaken fortitude, Rawleigh sat down to compose those verses on his death, which, being short, the most appropriate may be repeated:—

'Even such is Time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who, in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days!'

He has added two other lines, expressive of his trust in his resurrection. Their authenticity is confirmed by the writer of the present letter, as well as another writer, enclosing 'half a dozen verses, which Sir Walter made the night before his death, to take his farewell of poetry, wherein he had been a scribbler even from his youth.' The enclosure is not now with the letter. Chamberlain, the writer, was an intelligent man of the world, but not imbued with any deep tincture of literature. On the same night Rawleigh wrote this distich on the candle burning dimly:—

'Towards fear to die; but courage stout,
Rather than live in snuff, will be put out.'

At this solemn moment, before he lay down to rest, and at the instant of parting from his lady, with all his domestic affections still warm, to express his feelings in verse was with him a natural effusion, and one to which he had been long used. It is peculiar in the fate of Rawleigh, that having before suffered a long imprisonment, with an expectation of a public death, his mind had been accustomed to its contemplation, and had often dwelt on the event which was now passing. The soul, in its sudden departure, and its future state, is often the subject of his few poems; that most original one of 'the Farewell,'

'Go soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless errand, &c.

is attributed to Rawleigh, though on uncertain evidence. But another, entitled 'the Pilgrimage,' has this beautiful passage:—

'Give me my scallop shell of quiet,
My staff of truth to walk upon,
My scrip of joy—immortal diet;
My bottle of salvation;
My gown of glory, Hope's true gauge,
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage:
Whilst my soul, like a quiet Palmer
Travelleth towards the land of Heaven.'

Rawleigh's cheerfulness was so remarkable, and his fearlessness of death so marked, that the Dean of Westminster, who attended him, at first wondering at the hero, reprehended the lightness of his manner; but Rawleigh gave God thanks that he had never feared death, for it was but an opinion and an imagination; and as for the manner of death, he had rather die so than in a burning fever; and that some might have made shows outwardly, but he felt the joy within. The dean says, that he made no more of his death than if he had been to take a journey; 'not,' said he, 'but that I am a great sinner, for I have been a soldier, a seaman, and a courtier.' The writer of the manuscript letter tells us that the dean declared, he died not only religiously, but he found him to be a man as ready and as able to give as to take instruction.

On the morning of his death he smoked, as usual, his favourite tobacco; and when they brought him a cup of excellent sack, being asked how he liked it, Rawleigh answered, 'As the fellow that, drinking out of St Giles's bowl, as he went to Tyburn, said, "that was good drink, if a man might tarry by it." The day before, in passing from Westminster-Hall to the gate-house, his eye had caught Sir Hugh Beeston in the throng, and calling on him, requested he would see him die to-morrow. Sir

Hugh, to secure himself a seat on the scaffold, had provided himself with a letter to the sheriff, which was not read at the time, and Sir Walter found his friend thus by, lamenting that he could not get there. 'Farewell!' exclaimed Rawleigh, 'I know not what shift you will make, but I am sure to have a place.' In going from the prison to the scaffold, among others who were pressing hard to see him, one old man, whose head was bald, came very forward, inasmuch that Rawleigh noticed him, and asked, 'whether he would have ought of him?' The old man answered, 'Nothing but to see him, and to pray to God for him.' Rawleigh replied, 'I thank thee, good friend, and I am sorry I have no better thing to return thee for thy good-will.' Observing his bald head, he continued, 'But take this nightcap (which was a very rich wrought one that he wore), for thou hast more need of it now than I.'

His dress, as was usual with him, was elegant, if not rich. Oldys describes it, but mentions 'that he had a wrought nightcap under his hat,' which we have otherwise disposed of; his ruffband, a black wrought velvet nightgown, over a hair-coloured satin doublet, and a black wrought waistcoat; black cut taffety breeches, and ash-coloured silk stockings.

He ascended the scaffold with the same cheerfulness he had passed to it; and observing the lords seated at a distance, some at windows, he requested they would approach him, as he wished what he had to say; they should all witness. This request was complied with by several. His speech is well known, but some copies contain matters not in others. When finished, he requested Lord Arundel that the king would not suffer any libel to defame him after death: 'And now I have a long journey to go, and must take my leave.' He embraced all the lords and other friends with such courtly compliments, as if he had met them at some feast,' says a letter-writer. Having taken off his gown, he called to the headsman to show him the axe, which not being instantly done, he repeated, 'I prithee let me see it. Dost thou think that I am afraid of it?' He passed the edge slightly over his finger, and smiling, observed to the sheriff, 'This is a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases,' and kissing it, laid it down. Another writer has, 'This is that that will cure all sorrows.' After this he went to three several corners of the scaffold, and kneeling down, desired all the people to pray for him, and recited a long prayer to himself. When he began to sit himself for the block, he first laid himself down to try how the block fitted him; after rising up, the executioner kneeled down to ask his forgiveness, which Rawleigh with an embrace did, but entreated him not to strike till he gave a token by lifting up his hand, 'and then, fear not, but strike home!' When he laid his head down to receive the stroke, the executioner desired him to lay his face towards the east. 'It was no great matter which way a man's head stood, so the heart lay right,' said Rawleigh: but these were not his last words. He was once more to speak in this world with the same intrepidity he had lived in it—for having lain some minutes on the block in prayer, he gave the signal; but the executioner, either unmindful or in fear, failed to strike, and Rawleigh, after once or twice putting forth his hands, was compelled to ask him, 'Why dost thou not strike? Strike man!' In two blows he was beheaded; but from the first, his body never shrunk from the spot by any discomposure of posture, which, like his mind, was immovable.

'In all the time he was upon the scaffold, and before says one of the manuscript letter-writers, 'there appeared not the least alteration in him, either in his voice or countenance; but he seemed as free from all manner of apprehension as if he had been come thither rather to be a spectator than a sufferer; nay, the beholders seemed much more sensible than did he, so that he hath purchased here, in the opinion of men, such honour and reputation, as it is thought his great enemies are they that are most sorrowful for his death, which they see is like to turn so much to his advantage.'

The people were deeply affected at the sight, and so much that one said, 'that we had not such another head cut off;' and another 'wished the head and brains to be upon Secretary Nanton's shoulders.' The observer suffered for this; he was a wealthy citizen, and great jewsmonger, and one who haunted Paul's Walk. Complaint was made, and the citizen summoned to the privy council. He pleaded that he intended no disrespect to Mr Secretary; but only spake in reference to the old proverb, that 'two heads were better than one.' His excuse was allowed at the moment; but when afterwards called upon for contribution to St Paul's Cathedral, and having subscribed a hundred pounds, the Secretary observed to him, 'that two are better than one, Mr Wiemark!' either from fear or charity, the witty citizen doubled his subscription.

Thus died this glorious and gallant cavalier, of whom Osborne says, 'His death was managed by him with so high and religious a resolution, as if a Roman had acted a Christian, or rather a Christian a Roman.'

After having read the preceding article, we are astonished at the greatness, and the variable nature of this extraordinary man, and this happy genius. With Gibbon, who once meditated to write his life, we may pause and pronounce 'his character is ambiguous;' but we shall not hesitate to decide, that Rawleigh knew better how to die than to live. 'His glorious hours,' says a cotemporary, 'were his arraignment and execution: but never will be forgotten the intermediate years of his lettered imprisonment!'—*D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature.*

THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN.

THERE is a spiritual element interfused through the whole material world, and which lies at the source of all action. It is this which lifts the world out of chaos, and clothes it with light and order. The most ordinary act springs out of the soul, and derives its character from the soul. It seems trifling only because its spiritual origin is forgotten. While on the surface of life all may be calm, it is starting to think what mysteries of passion and affection may be beneath.

We need not go far, if we will but open our eyes, to see how the most ordinary acts of man are penetrated by a spiritual element; and where this is, nothing can be tame or commonplace. Nothing, at first sight, is more worldly and unspiritual than a commercial newspaper. It deals solely with the affairs of the day, and with material interests. Yet, when we come to consider them, its driest details are instinct with human hopes, and fears, and affections; and these illuminate what was dark, and make the dead letter breathe with life. For example, in the paper of to-day, a middle-aged man seeks employment in a certain kind of business. The advertisement has, in substance, been the same for weeks. For a time, he sought some place which pre-supposed the possession of business habits and attainments. Then there was a change in the close of the advertisement, indicating that he would do anything by which he could render himself generally useful to any employer. And this morning there is another change. He is willing to commence with low wages, as employment is what he especially wants. All this is uninteresting enough. Yet what depths of life may lie underneath this icy surface of business detail. It is easy for the fancy to seek out and make the acquaintance of this man.

Could we but look through these long lines of advertisements into the hearts of those who have published them, what a revelation would there be of human life! Here are partnerships formed and closed; young men entering into business, old men going out of it; new inventions and speculations; failures; sales of household furniture and dwellings. These have been attended by the most sanguine hopes, by utter hopelessness, by every form of fear, anxiety, and sorrow. This young man, just entering business, looks forward with anticipations bright

as the morning to his marriage-day. This sale of furniture speaks of death, diminished fortunes, a scattered family. There is not a sale of stocks which does not straiten or increase the narrow means of widows and orphans. This long column of ship news—a thousand hearts are this moment beating with joy and thankfulness, or are oppressed by anxiety, or crushed down by sorrow, because of these records which to others seem so meaningless! One reads here of his prosperity; another of ruined fortunes; and the wrecked ship, whose crew was swept by the surge into the breakers, and dashed on the rocks—how many in their solitary homes are mourning for those who sailed with bright hopes in that ship, but who shall never return! And more than this—could these lines which record the transactions of daily business tell of the hearts which indited them, what temptations and struggles would they reveal! They would tell of inexperience deceived or protected, of integrity fallen or made steadfast as the rock, of moral trials, in which noble natures have been broken down or built up. Had we the key and the interpretation of what we here read, this daily chronicle of traffic would be a sadder tragedy than any which Shakespeare wrote. It is the same with all human labour. 'The spirit giveth life.' Were it not so earth would be a dungeon. If toil were only toil, or if it had no object but the supply of one's own bodily wants—to gratify hunger and thirst, or to minister to luxurious appetites—if this were all, the labour of man would be as the labour of brutes. But all the products of man's labour are but symbols of a spiritual life beneath. To the outer eye, what toilsome drudgery is oftentimes the life of a mother of a family! She labours by day, she watches by night; her years are worn out in disconnected, trifling occupations. And yet, could we look beneath, when the mind is right, we should find all these details bound together, elevated, hallowed by the spiritual element blended with them. While with housewifely care she goes from room to room, under the labour of her hands grow up, as under the sunshine and dew, the affections and virtues of a happy home.

Thus ever under the visible is the invisible. Through dead material forms circulate the currents of spiritual life. Deserts, rocks, and seas, and shores, are humanized by the presence of man, and become alive with memories and affections. There is a life which appears, and under it, in every heart, is a life which does not appear—which is, to the former, as the depths of the sea to the waves, and the bubbles, and the spray, on its surface. There is not an obscure house among the mountains where the whole romance of life, from its dawn to its setting, through its brightness and through its gloom, is not lived through. The commonest events of the day are products of the same passions and affections which, in other spheres, decide the fate of kingdoms. Outwardly, the ongoings of ordinary life are like the movements of machinery—lifeless, mechanical, commonplace repetitions of the same trifling events. But they are neither lifeless, nor old, nor trifling. The passions and affections make them ever new and original, and the most unimportant acts of the day reach forward in their results into the shadows of eternity.

Open but the eye, and we live in the midst of wonders. The enthusiastic and ardent pine for scenes of excitement. They fly to seek them in foreign lands; they bury themselves in the pages of poetry and romance; the everyday world around them seems to them stale, flat, and unprofitable. But it is only in seeming. At our very doors transpire realities, by whose side, were the veil taken away which hides them, the fictions of romance would grow pale. Around us, all the time, in light and in darkness, is going on the mighty mystery of life, and passing before us in shadow is the dread mystery of death. Want and prosperity, anxieties which wear out the heart of youth, passions which sink it to the dust, hopes that lift it to the heaven—hid by the veil of custom and the senses—these are alive all around us.—*The Token.*

WIT.

Wit is indeed a thing so versatile and multiform, appearing in so many shapes, so many postures, so many garbs, so variously apprehended by several eyes and judgments, that it seemeth no less hard to settle a clear and certain notion thereof, than to make a portrait of Proteus, or to define the figure of the fleeting air. Sometimes it lieth in apt allusion to a known story, or in seasonable application of a trivial saying, or in forging an apposite tale; sometimes it playeth in words and phrases, taking advantage from the ambiguity of their sense, or the affinity of their sound; sometimes it is wrapped in a dress of humorous expression; sometimes it lurketh under an odd similitude; sometimes it is lodged in a sly question, in a smart answer, in a quirkish reason, in a shrewd intimation, in cunningly diverting, or cleverly retorting an objection; sometimes it is couched in a bold scheme of speech, in a tart irony, in a lusty hyperbole, in a startling metaphor, in a plausible reconciling of contradictions, or in acute nonsense; sometimes a scenical representation of persons or things, a counterfeit speech, a mimical look or gesture passeth for it; sometimes an affected simplicity, sometimes a presumptuous bluntness, giveth it being; sometimes it riseth from a lucky hitting upon what is strange; sometimes from a crafty wresting obvious matter to the purpose; often it consisteth in one knows not what, and springeth up one can hardly tell how. Its ways are unaccountable and inexplicable, being answerable to the numberless roving of fancy and windings of language. It is, in short, a manner of speaking out of the simple and plain way (such as reason teacheth and proveth things by), which, by a pretty surprising uncouthness in conceit or expression, doth affect and amuse the fancy, stirring in it some wonder, and breeding some delight thereto. It raiseth admiration, as signifying a nimble sagacity of apprehension, a special felicity of invention, a vivacity of spirit, and reach of wit more than vulgar: it seeming to argue a rare quickness of parts, that one can fetch in remote conceits applicable; a notable skill, that he can dexterously accommodate them to the purpose before him; together with a lively briskness of humour, not apt to damp those sportful flashes of imagination.—*Dr Isaac Barrow.*

SPIRITUAL PERILS.

The present world may, with respect to the interests of our souls, be justly compared to an enemy's country, where we have not only to engage in open battle, but also to guard against secret ambuscades. Multiplied prejudices consecrated by antiquity; corrupt opinions strengthened in their march through a long succession of ages; groundless associations of ideas, consolidated and confirmed by all the power of habit and custom; delusive pleasures flattering the senses, and cherished with the warmth of appetite; bad example disguised under some splendid appearance; the contagion of wicked company; fraud and deception clothed in the specious colours of friendship and truth; generous and good principles turned from their objects and rushing to excess: these open or secret enemies surround us on every side, and either entice or drag us into the paths of folly, of vice, and of misery.—*Dr W. L. Brown.*

THE NETTLE.

The nettle is generally visited by exterminating warfare among agriculturists; nevertheless it has its uses, and the Dutch have contrived to make it serviceable and even advantageous. The young leaves are good eating, the stem is woven into coarse stuffs, and the jockeys mix the seed with the food of horses in order to give them a sleek coat; and the roots, when washed and mixed with alum or common salt, give a yellow die. It is a wholesome food for horned cattle when young; it will grow in the most arid soil, demands no cultivation, for it stands all weathers, and sows itself. It may be cut two or three times in the summer, and is one of the earliest of plants; when cut for hay, it must not be too old, for then the cattle refuse to eat the dried stalks.

HOPE.

You will scarcely find a man in all the ranges of our creation whose bosom bounds not at the mention of Hope. What is hope but the solace and stay of those whom most cheats and deludes—whisperings of health to the sick man, and of better days to the dejected—the fairy name on which young imaginations pour forth all the poetry of their souls, and whose syllables float like aerial music into the ear of frozen and paralyzed old age? In the long catalogue of human griefs, there is scarce one of so crushing a pressure, that hope loses its elasticity, becoming unable to soar and bring down fresh and fair leaves from some far off domain, which itself creates. And yet, whilst hope is the great inciter to exertion, and the great sower of wretchedness, who knows not that it ordinarily deceives mankind, and that, though it crowd the future with glorious resting-places, and thus tempt us to bear up awhile against accumulated disasters, its palaces and gardens vanish as we approach, and we are kept from despair only because the pinnacles and forests of another bright scene fringe the horizon, and the deceiver finds us willing to be yet again deceived. Hope is a beautiful meteor: but nevertheless this meteor, like the rainbow, is not only lovely because of its seven rich and radiant stripes; it is the memorial of a covenant between man and his Maker, telling us that we are born for immortality, destined—we sepulchre our greatness—to the highest honour and noblest happiness. Hope proves man deathless. It is the struggle of the soul breaking loose from what is perishable, and attesting her eternity.—*Rev. H. Melvill.*

POWER OF PRAYER.

Prayer is a haven to the shipwrecked mariner, an anchor unto them that are sinking in the waves, a staff to the limbs that totter, a mine of jewels to the poor, a security to the rich, a healer of disease, and a guardian of health. Prayer at once secures the continuance of our blessings, and dissipates the cloud of our calamities. Prayer is an all-efficient panoply, a treasure undiminished, a mine which never is exhausted, a sky unobscured by clouds, a haven unruffled by the storm; it is the rock, the fountain, and the mother of a thousand blessings. I speak not of the prayer which is cold, and feeble, and devoid of energy; I speak of that which is the child of a contrite spirit, the offspring of a soul converted, born in a blaze of unutterable inspiration, and winged, like lightning, for the skies. The potency of prayer hath subdued the strength of fire; it hath bridled the rage of lions, hushed anarchy to rest, extinguished wars, appeased the elements, expelled demons, burst the chains of death, expanded the gates of heaven, assuaged diseases, repelled frauds, rescued cities from destruction; it hath stayed the sun in its course, and arrested the progress of the thunder-bolt; in a word, it hath destroyed whatever is an enemy to man. I again repeat, that I speak not of the prayer engendered by the lips, but of that which ascends from the recesses of the heart. Assuredly, there is nothing more potent than prayer; yea, there is nothing comparable to it. A monarch vested in gorgeous habiliments is far less illustrious than a kneeling suppliant, ennobled and adorned by communion with his God. How august a privilege it is, when angels are present, and archangels throng around—when cherubim and seraphim encircle with their blaze the throne—that a mortal may approach with unrestrained confidence, and converse with heaven's dread Sovereign!—*Chrysostom.*

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THE KEY FAMILY.

I HAVE the honour to belong to an extremely ancient house. Everybody must have heard of the Key family, for, if not a large, it is a widely-spread one. There are, however, a good many tribes, or, to use the term which the world chooses to apply specially to individuals of our name, a good many *bunches* of us, scattered over the face of the globe. Whence we first came, is a point not yet determined; and for my part, having no paltry family pride about me, I do not care one single hair of my head about the matter—a form of asseveration which I would not use lightly, for every one knows that we keys have ever had a particular attachment to our *locks*. But I have a private opinion on the subject, and I don't mind telling it. My firm impression is that we came from Tur-key, and I think I could clearly establish this point by means of several aged members of our family; but I decline making the attempt, because I really don't care a straw about the matter.

But if it is not well known where we came from at first, it is quite well known where the various members of our family have been long settled. Every one is aware that one of the most illustrious Dons of Spain is the Don-key. And here I am sorry to say that folks usually all this member of our house dogged, obstinate, and azy; but ask himself and he will tell you that decision, firmness, and a contempt for low labour, are his real qualities. He should know best; but, to speak my own candid opinion, I do think my friend Don-key a little stiff, insolent, and self-willed. I have good reason to know that he is the Spanish Don, who once, as the story goes, tumbled on the ground and broke his nose, and, as he got up, exclaimed, 'This comes of walking upon earth!' sensible of the great importance of his house to their community, his fellow-citizens once tried to secure themselves from the perpetuation of his little foibles in his offspring, by effecting a mixture of his race. But the result was the production of a still more obstinate *set* of *rules*. My friend Don-key, notwithstanding all this, is not without good qualities. Though not active, he is extremely patient, and it is amazing how he will unresistingly bear. This makes him of no little use in society, where there must be sufferers as well as doers—otherwise what would be the use of wit? Hence I am glad that Don-key's family is so numerous, and that they have spread through all lands and countries; for though Spain was early a favourite settlement, every Don-key is not in Hidalgo. Hence, also, I avow that I am not ashamed of the relationship between this race and myself, though some people may think, after the description given, that

it makes me little better than *an ass* to say so. But if I were once to begin with such exclusions from the circle of my friends and kin, where would the thing end? Besides, I really feel pity sometimes for Don-key. He has had his difficulties in the world, and often, when his path should have been strewn with smiling verdure, he has found nothing but prickly *thistles*, and has been reduced to the basest *common* feeding, merely to keep himself in life.

Another of our house, who rejoices in the distinctive name of Mon-key, certainly settled at an early period in France. The name itself plainly shows this, Mon being nothing else than a familiar contraction of Monsieur. The right way to set down the name in print, therefore, is Mon. Key, or, at length, Monsieur Key. Though this relative of mine is a very famous personage, I have not much to say about him. It would be otherwise were he at my elbow to prompt me, or to speak for himself; for, to tell the truth, he chatters like an ape, and, go where he may or do what he may, never wants his *tail* to *back* him. He is a very dressy, showy personage; and therefore, as far as regards appearance, does no discredit to our genealogical tree. His tribe, indeed, cut a particular figure on *all trees* whatsoever. My friend Mon-key, among other characteristic qualities, has the faculty of imitation strong in him. Every fashion or shade of fashion he copies. He is very fond of nuts. Walnuts are what he prefers, and he usually takes them after dinner, or, to speak scholar-like, post-prandially. But why say more about my relative? Does not every body know him as well as I do?

There is a doubt about the ante-patronymical part of my friend Joc-key's name. This is usually spelled Joc, though those eminent Scottish families, with whom this elegant and euphonious name is chiefly a favourite, set it down Jock. In either way, however, the sound is the same; in either way the *joke* holds good. Some people think the first name should be Joe; and Joe being thoroughly an English designation, the supposition receives countenance from the fact that Joc-key is a character who flourishes most especially in England. He is a curious creature altogether. Like a certain *Assyrian king* of old, he *lives* upon the *turf*. Though he may be thus said, emphatically, to flourish on the English soil, Joc-key is understood to have been early settled in Greece, and he often shows a touch of the *Greek* in him still. Joc-key is a great anti-Malthusian, or at least he is perpetually *making matches*. He is a marvellously little fellow, and what is odd, while all other people are thinking how they may best rise and gain weight in the world, he *sweats* night and day to *keep himself down*. His main fear is, lest he

should attain to greater *weight* in life than his fellows. He lives, it has been said, upon the turf, but he has sometimes shown, as many grazing animals do, a strong taste for a bit of *hedge*. In fact, all *green* things are good food to him, and the *raiver* they are the better. Though so puny a fellow in strength and bulk, Joc-key settles the most of his disputes by *club law*. My relative, in truth, is noted as a lively, keen, dexterous fellow; and it is needless to say, for all the world knows it, that there is no body like him as a horseman. Mounted on one of his favourites, he would pass *Pegasus* like winking. He would not be two minutes in taking down that steed's great name a *peg*, and of course would leave it not *two-thirds* of what it was. To be brief, and to conclude, Joc-key is a clever one, and does honour to the intellectual character, at all events, of the Key family.

Between Joc-key and his *coach-box* friend Dic-key, there are both similarities and dissimilarities. Joc-key is as active as a *pulex irritans* (see Kirby's Entomology) in a piece of woollen manufacture, and is perpetually flying through the air on horseback. Dic-key, too, is never far away from horses, but then he gets stuck up perpetually on the front of a coach, and there he remains like a piece of wood, or a lump of inanimate matter as he is, submitting to be pressed under and trampled upon by every body. Yet he seems to be useful, too, in his way, and gives the coachman a snug easy *berth* of it. Dic-key used once to be about every coach, but, recently, a fellow of the name of *Car*, a *jaunty* rattling Irishman, along with a newfangled set like himself, have thrown Dic-key out of fashion, on pretence of his being clumsy and useless. Even Joc-key has ungenerously joined against his relative, and often rides *postilion*, merely to keep Dic-key out of employment. As to Dic's *name*, I have looked into all sorts of books to find where his tribe was settled long ago, and can only discover that there must have been a very knowing person of the name of Dic in ancient Rome. Anybody that looks into the Eclogues of Virgil, or the recondite works of Maturinus Corderius, will find people continually putting interrogatories to this same Dic. It is always 'Dic, *quæso*,' 'Dic, *obsecro*,' &c., meaning, I imagine, 'Dic, I entreat,' 'Dic, I conjure you,' to tell me so and so. Latin Dic does not seem to have been exactly one of our name, I admit; but he surely was connected with us in some way, for every one knows that, to this day, *secrets* are only to be unfolded by the help of a *key*.

There is a modern offshoot of the Dic-key branch of our house, who, under the same name, has set up, I am told (for I have no acquaintance with him), in the *linen line*. But he makes a poor job of it, if all be true that I have heard. Though he strives to get a reputation for peculiar decency and respectability, by assuming a *starched* look, it is whispered that he is so hard up that he *can't keep himself in shirts*. From another source of information I learn that he is a filthy fellow in his *private habits*, and that he is to be seen every *night* in the character of a member of the Dirty Shirt Club. It pains me thus to uncover the nakedness of relatives, but what is a historian if he speaks not the truth?

In the same impartial spirit will I deal with that surly dog Turn-key. I cannot away with him at all. Were it not known to be fact, people would scarcely believe that any body could behave so ill to his relations as this fellow does. He 'actilly,' as Sam Slick has it, keeps a number of them always about him, hung in chains, or strung upon viler cord. One would think that the Keys thus shockingly used would soon waste away, but they don't become *skeletons*. The ruthless Turn-key forces them to imbibe a kind of dirty oil, thus making barbarous *Russians* of an originally polished set, and at the same time preventing the usual wasting consequences in such cases. Many a hard *turn*, besides, these poor keys receive at his hands. He is perpetually twisting them about, and, however well *warded*, their bodies cannot escape his knocks. And all this cruelty seems to be perpetrated because his victims are of a poorer branch of the family, and have not

two names like himself and other modern puppies. This hard hearted Turn-key, moreover, makes his poor relations the instruments of confining other unfortunates, chiefly such as are criminally deficient in money. Many a plaintive and remonstrative *screech* do the oppressed Keys utter when he is forcing them to turn the bolts of such persons. But they cry in vain. Turn-key is an honour to our family.

Some people may think that I have pretty kin to boast of, when I tell them that there is one Lac-key, whom I don't exactly like neither. He is too servile, and is always to be found bowing, and scraping, and standing behind the chairs of great folks. But what I like worst about him is, that he is ashamed of his good old paternal name; and forsooth, in place of *Lac-key*, would fain be *Lac-quay*. Why, he might as well call himself *swick-cow* at once, for it is all one in the Latin. Quay indeed! Calf would be the more appropriate name. Then he must dress himself in clothes all colours of the rainbow, bringing contempt on an honest house. No more of him.

I am proud, on the other hand, of my relationship with the ardent spirit whose name comes next in my family roll, and who is certainly of our kin, though some would allege that a *letter* is wanting to prove it. I now allude to Whis-key. I got well acquainted with my friend Whis-key when I was a sporting youngster, and went to the Highlands to spend some time, like Mungo Park among the *Moors*. I found Whis-key to be a fine and excellent spirit, though with some odd points about him. He formed a curious proof of the doctrine of metempsychosis, it being a known fact, that, before arriving at his existing state, he had undergone transmission through the body of a *worm*. Certainly, considering his strength, there was amazingly little bulk of him; but I loved him the more for this, and, if I saw him again, I would love him all the better, if *small still*. Whis-key was a capital companion on the hills, and enlivened all about him wonderfully; but he was sometimes, I must say, roughly apt to knock the legs from us, and tumble us into ditches, and so on. I have seen him, too, when *swised up* in society, produce such fun, that he usually got the name of *Punch*. I could tell many good stories about him, but I have no more space or time to spare. So, like Neil Gow, I bid him farewell.

I am a most impartial historian, and I show it by admitting that I consider my friend and relative Tur-key to be little better than a *great goose*. I believe he came from the original settlement of our whole race. What can be a better proof of this than that the country bears his name to this day? But, though certainly from the east, Tur-key has adopted many northern habits since he came to these latitudes. Like a Highland chief, he appears always with a great *tail* behind him, spread widely to make as much show as possible. With this appendage displayed, he struts about, thinking that among all created things there is nothing like Tur-key. If any body is seen going about in this way, one may be sure he is of Tur-key's family. Pride and pretension are the characteristics of this branch of our house, and as these too often make their way in the world, we need not be surprised to find Tur-key very frequently at the *tables* of the great, and often, too, in the place of honour. This relative of mine is, in all conscience, vain enough, but there are some vanities which he discountenances. You never see his *crest* on the *plate* at table, though he has a fine family crest to boast of—as fine a one as ever was put upon silver. But Tur-key is a dandy out and out as regards the toilette. The *comb* is never off his *head*. It is natural for all Keys, however, as already said, to be attached to their locks. If people don't know Tur-key by this description, they may know him by his gabble. It is full of sound and pomposity, signifying nothing. Yet there is something diverting in it, too; and, upon the whole, I rather like my relative Tur-key.

This history has now included all the branches of the Key family, important enough to have a fixed ante-patronymic of their own. There are many more of our house,

however, who are merely known by kind of by-names, and are, as it were, simply varieties of one species. There, for example, is Pass-key; a sad dog, always out upon some play or another, and to be seen coming home at all hours of the night. He always *opens the door so softly*, that he thinks nobody hears him. And there is Braham-key, descended, they say, from a learned priest and devotee of the east, and a close, steady fellow, never to be diverted from duty or business, and a most faithful confidant. Then there is Skeleton-key, a character, unfortunately, of a very different kind, being the most inveterate and consummate *thief* that ever existed, and perpetually breaking into some money chest or other. And I should also mention Watch-key, a faithful creature, and one who well knows the value of time. He is worth his weight, one might often be justified in saying, in *gold*. There is another Key, who uses only our honourable patronymic, and who is famous in the musical way. In all kinds of music, vocal and instrumental, he is alike renowned. The Key-bugle is called after him. In such an extensive family as ours, it would have been odd had there not been a sea-faring character. There is indeed one personage of this description, but, strange to say, although all men call him a Key, he writes himself down a *Quay*. Although very industrious, and always over head and ears in business, he must be, I suspect, secretly very vain and proud, else he would not display such silly affectation. Perhaps his well known and close connexion with *keys* may be the cause of it, but I can only make a conjecture on the point.

I am not going to say any thing about the host of inferior personages of our house, who are known, like other business people, by their employments. In truth, I imagine the reader may have begun to think it high time that the key-note should be changed, and to say internally, that, however applicable to some of my house, I, at least, give no proof of the proverb, '*A fool's bolt is soon shot.*' I shall therefore bring my genealogical tree to a close. But, before I take my leave, the reader may have a curiosity to know what connexion I have with the illustrious house, whose historian I have presumed to become. Few, very few people have ever seen *me*, though I am one who has been much spoken of. The reader must have heard of me. I am Walker—the great Walker. Yes, I care not who knows it, I am—HOO-KEY.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

HENRY GRATTAN.

HENRY GRATTAN, one of the most illustrious men connected with the political history of the last century, was born in Dublin on the 3d July, 1746. His father, James Grattan, a distinguished member of the legal profession, was many years recorder and member of parliament for the city of Dublin. As legal adviser for the corporation he was respected for his sound judgment and professional knowledge. His political opinions were at variance with the popular feeling of that time; and his position as member of parliament exposed him latterly to the attacks of opponents so unscrupulous and keen as to embitter his temper, and bring him to a premature grave. Henry Grattan's maternal ancestors were also highly distinguished. His mother, Mary Marley, was the daughter of Thomas Marley, chief-justice of Ireland. He was grandson of Sir John Marley, one of the most celebrated Royalists of 1640. The members of this family were remarkable for great talents, and had at various times distinguished themselves in important situations connected with the church and the army. Thomas, Colonel Marley, a younger son of the chief-justice, was a man of extraordinary courage and sagacity. He was at the famous battle of Minden, where, at the head of a column of British infantry, he withstood the repeated shocks of the enemy with great bravery; and finding that his men fired without sufficient precision, he, in the heat of the conflict, sheathed his sword, and laid his

cane across their firelocks that they might aim with more success. After the battle he was presented with a sword, on which was inscribed in gold letters, '*Warranted never to fail.*' His residence, Marley Abbey, situated about ten miles from Dublin, was the favourite resort of Henry Grattan, who regarded Colonel Marley as a father, and sought his advice and counsel during the most important periods of his political life. Having passed through the elementary branches of education at a private school, Grattan entered Dublin College at the age of seventeen. Here he became acquainted with several of his future political friends and opponents; amongst others Foster, afterwards speaker, Boyd, Day, Doyle, and John Fitzgibbon. Grattan discovered great abilities in prosecuting his studies, and, along with Fitzgibbon, gained some of the highest honours at the university. His most intimate friend was a Mr Broome, between whom and himself there existed an ardent attachment, inspired by a strong similarity in tastes, dispositions, and habits. They both cherished a love for poetical literature, the country, and rural scenery. Grattan's love for rural retirement amounted to a passion. His letters at this time exhibit a tendency to melancholy and despondency, caused by the difference that subsisted between his father and himself in their political sentiments. He entertained a high admiration of Dr Lucas, his father's most violent opponent on all public questions. These unhappy differences appear to have induced the father to treat his son with neglect and even harshness. At his death he deprived him of the mansion occupied by the family; but he had a small patrimony which, by a special settlement, rendered him independent of his father's displeasure. His feelings at this time (June, 1766) are well expressed in the following letter to his friend Broome:—

'Dear Broome,—I am sorry that you always justify every neglect on my part by imitating it in yours. If I neglect answering your letter, you, by a greater neglect, make an excuse unnecessary, and always absolve me by your example. The death of my father I suppose you have heard of. In the greatest agony of body, in the extremest distraction of mind, unexpectedly and impatiently he expired. I am determined, upon the first occasion, to retire with you to some country lodging, where we may enjoy one another's society, poverty, and independence. I am at present as retired as possible; perfectly unconcerned about the time to come; very little concerned about the time present; melancholy and contemplative, yet not studious. I employ myself writing, reading, courting the muse, and taking leave of that place where I am a guest, not an owner, and of which I shall now cease to be a spectator. I tell myself by way of consolation, that happiness is not the gift of any one spot however ancient and native. Farewell! 'tis too late to continue my epistle; I am invited to the wood by the wood-guest, the thrush, and every circumstance that attends the evening. I shall walk there for an hour, borrow aid from imagination, and return preferring the solitude of my situation to the sport, the bustle, or even the opulence of that of my acquaintance.'

At the age of twenty-one Mr Grattan commenced his studies for the bar. He went to London in 1767, and entered as student of the Middle Temple. He soon became wearied of his legal studies, if indeed he ever commenced them seriously. The dissipation and amusements of London had no attractions for him. The galleries of the House of Commons, and the bar of the House of Lords, were his places of resort. There he passed his evenings listening to the debates, and studying the characteristics of the most celebrated orators. Lord Chatham's eloquence inspired him with admiration; and there is no doubt that his impassioned and striking addresses tended to form Mr Grattan's extraordinary style of oratory, which created such a sensation in the Irish Parliament.

The death of a beloved sister at this time induced him to retire from the busy scenes of London to the neighbourhood of Windsor Forest, where he indulged in his favourite

passion for solitude. Politics now became his principal study; his solitary walks were passed in imaginary debates and political reveries. His friend Day, with whom he occasionally resided, relates that his landlady thought he was deranged. She said 'that the gentleman walked up and down her garden, sometimes all night, speaking to himself; and though no person was with him, he was always addressing some one as Mr Speaker.' She begged that he would be taken away, and, on that condition, would forgive all the rent that he was due. The same friend of Mr Grattan relates that in rambling through the forest he would pause and address a tree in soliloquy. In one of his nocturnal walks he stopped at a gibbet, and commenced an eloquent appeal to the chains that were swinging backwards and forwards in the evening breeze. He was unexpectedly touched on the shoulder by a person, who accosted him with the following question:—'How did you get down?' to which our young orator replied, very calmly, 'Sir, I suppose you have an interest in that question.'

He was now seriously preparing for his future career by overcoming the natural defects of his voice, and studying the parliamentary history of England. In writing to his friend Broome regarding his studies, he says, 'I am reading at present the parliamentary debates, performances that abound with natural reasoning and easy expression, but cannot pretend to precision in eloquence. I have dipped a little into English history. Lord Clarendon is amusing and instructive, but culpable in his language, his method, his partiality. Burnet is vain and unclassical, his knowledge extensive, his understanding contemptible. Hume is the only author, who, from his abilities and compass, deserves the title of an English historian. Lord Bolingbroke has a rapidity that gives him sometimes a real, and always a seeming superiority over those he contends with; his language is strenuous, his censures presumptuous, his spirit prodigious, his affectation of language great, his affectation of despising it still greater.' These remarks show with what industry and care he had studied the history of England, and exhibit an intimate acquaintance with the peculiarities of the different historians. In November, 1768, Mr Grattan suffered a severe loss in the death of his mother, whom he loved with great affection. This event was sudden and unexpected, and his feelings on the occasion are well expressed in the following remarks, extracted from his letters:—'She was the only woman in the world who loved me. I blush that I bear her death with such tranquillity. The thousand kindnesses I have received from her—her tenderness and anxiety, and maternal concern for me, are affecting and wounding considerations. To remember these obligations with the gratitude they deserve makes her death insupportable.'

The political questions which were agitating the country during Mr Grattan's residence at the Temple, had a great influence in forming his opinions. The American war and Lord Chatham, the constitutional principles involved in the prosecution of Wilkes and the North Briton, were subjects which in his enthusiastic character and love of liberty found ample materials for contemplation and study. He wrote several essays on the state of parties and the principal political characters of the day, which were much admired by his friends in Ireland, to whom they were addressed. His description of Lord Chatham is perhaps the most correct and graphic sketch of that great statesman which has ever been written. As it is not generally known, the following extracts from that celebrated paper we think will prove interesting:—'He was a man of great genius—great flight of mind. His imagination was astonishing. I heard him speak several times—on the American war, on the king's speech in 1770, and on the privilege of Parliament. He was very great and very odd. He spoke in a style of conversation, not, however, what I expected; it was not a speech, for he never came with a prepared harangue; his style was not regular oratory, like Cicero or Demosthenes, but it was very fine, and very elevated, and above the ordinary subjects of dis-

course. He took a nobler line, and disdaining the low affairs of debate, his conversations were about kings, and queens, and empires. He appeared more like a great character advising than mixing in the debate. It was something superior to that—it was *teaching the lords and lecturing the king*. He appeared the next greatest to the king, though infinitely superior. His gesture was always graceful. He was an incomparable actor. Had it not been so he would have appeared ridiculous. His address to the Tapestry and to Lord Effingham's memory required a fine actor, and he was that actor. On one occasion, addressing Lord Mansfield, he said, 'Who are the evil advisers of his majesty? I would say to them, Is it you? Is it you? Is it you?' (pointing to the ministers until he came to Lord Mansfield). There were several lords round him, and Lord Chatham said, 'My lord, please to take your seats.' When they had sat down, he pointed to Lord Mansfield, and said, 'Is it you? *Melancholia Keliu trembles*.' In his speech on the Stamp Act, being abandoned by his friend, he said, 'My lords, I rise like our primeval ancestor—*naked but not ashamed*.' When it was proposed to call in the aid of the wild Indians against the Americans, Lord Chatham made an appeal to the bishops and the judges and the house. The appeal was not parliamentary, and it required a good actor, and the effect was great. 'You talk of driving the Americans, I might as well talk of driving them before me with this crutch.' He had studied action, and his gesture was graceful, and had a most powerful effect. Perhaps he was not so good a debater as his son, but he was a much better orator, a better scholar, and a far greater mind. Great subjects, great empires, great characters, effulgent ideas, and classical illustrations, formed the materials of his speeches. If he had come into power in 1777, I think he could have kept America. His idea was that it could be preserved. To him it was possible; to Lord North it certainly was not.'

Grattan now prosecuted his legal studies more seriously than he had ever yet done, though his dislike to the profession remained unabated. His correspondence at this period is free from that melancholy strain of feeling which pervaded his earlier letters, and occasionally exhibits him in the character of an exquisite humourist and delineator of character. His love of solitude led him to various retreats in the neighbourhood of London, where he prosecuted his studies without interruption. The following letter to his friend, while residing at Milbrooke, near Southampton, is inimitable; the description of his landlady is worthy of the pen of Charles Dickens:—'My dear Broome,—I am now becoming a lawyer, fond of cases, frivolous, and illiberal; instead of Pope and Milton's numbers, I repeat in solitude Coke's distinctions, the nature of fee-tail, and the various constructions of conflicting statutes. This duty has been taken up too late, not time enough to make me a lawyer, but sufficiently early to make me a dunce. I am now in the country, near the sea, and not far from a beautiful neighbourhood. I lodge in the house of an old seaman, whose means are comfortable, and whose wife therefore has all the arrogance of a gentlewoman, and all the coarse vulgarity of a dame. Her conversation, her temper, and her character, are curious as they are troublesome; her rising is denoted by noise and violence—maids and husband, children and grand-children, she abuses, reproaches, and tramples on, while she indulges in long anecdotes of her importance and her discretion, with all the volubility of a rhetorician, and all the composure of a historian; she reads law, studies physic, and hunts after scandal, and explains the gospel with the most uncommon industry: a deep divine, a knotty lawyer, a fortunate doctress, and an infinite narratrix; her life is a frenzy of law, medicine, and religion.'

'The death of the poet of this age, and the rival of the first muse in any other, Gray, you lament as much as I do. His works lie on the table; I weep over and revere them. We naturally wonder at the idle insensibility of Providence, that destroys a genius who has done her so

much honour. It is a childish and a wicked reflection, that cannot be immediately restrained. Your life like mine is devoted to professions we both detest; the vulgar honours of the law are as terrible to me as the restless uniformity of the military is to you. Our different studies will never divide us, our antipathy to these studies will be a bond of union. I shall see you next November or Christmas, to live and die with you.'

Mr Grattan was called to the Irish bar in 1772, and for a short time applied himself to the drudgery of analyzing reports and collecting decisions. He went the circuit and was retained in a cause in which his client was unsuccessful; he felt this so much that he returned one half of the fee.

Dublin was at this time one of the gayest cities in Europe, resembling Paris in this respect more than any other. The Irish people, indeed, have many peculiarities in common with the French; and a great proportion of the youth of the opulent classes having been educated on the Continent, the society of Dublin was impregnated with the glittering brilliancy and fashionable vices of the metropolis of France. Private theatrical performances were then much in fashion—they were the taste of the day. Mr Grattan was always a great admirer of the stage. He composed an epilogue for the Mask of Comus, which was acted at the seat of the celebrated La Touche family in the neighbourhood of Dublin. The parts were sustained by Mr Grattan, Mr Burgh, and Mr Bushe, along with the members of the family and several others. The epilogue was spoken by the beautiful Miss La Touche, afterward Countess of Laneborough. Politics was still, however, Grattan's principal pursuit; he formed one of the celebrated 'Society of Granby Row,' a club that numbered amongst its members the most brilliant names in Ireland. This society was headed by Lord Charlemont, one of the most accomplished men of the age. He was a profound scholar, and no mean poet. Possessing an exquisite taste for the fine arts, with the manners and address of a finished gentleman, his house was the great centre of attraction. Amongst his other associates were Chief-Justice Annaly, Mr Hussey Burgh, Mr Denis Day, Mr Forbes, Mr Daly, and several others afterwards celebrated in the history of the Irish parliament. At these meetings, where politics and literature were discussed and criticized by some of the most gifted men of his time, Mr Grattan passed many of the happiest days of his life.

In December, 1775, he entered the Irish parliament. He was returned for the borough of Charlemont, from his connexion and friendship with Lord Charlemont, under whose auspices he commenced his public life. Mr Grattan made his first speech in opposition to a grant of money proposed to be made to two vice-treasurers in compensation for the loss of official fees. He at once commanded the attention of the house, and the liberal party congratulated themselves in having such a promising auxiliary added to their ranks. In February, 1776, the government made an embargo by proclamation on the export of Irish provisions. This arbitrary proceeding was productive of great injury to the commercial interests of Ireland; and it was strenuously opposed by Mr Grattan and his party. This was the first occasion on which he really discovered that eloquence and energy displayed so frequently and with such effect on subsequent occasions. In November, 1777, he moved for a retrenchment in the expenses of government, and at the same time condemned in the strongest terms the policy of Great Britain towards America. The opposition party, though unsuccessful in their various measures, were daily gaining ground, becoming more united, and acquiring greater popularity. About this time Mr Grattan became acquainted with Mr Fox, who, in visiting the House of Commons, heard him speak on a question then before the house. He afterwards met him at Lord Molra's, where he complimented him highly on his speech, expressed his admiration of his manner and style, and quoted several passages which he recollected. This compliment,

combined with the most marked attention, made a great impression on Mr Grattan, and was the commencement of an attachment which lasted until the death of Mr Fox in 1806. The disastrous result of the American war strengthened the Irish opposition; and the impoverished state of the country, when tens of thousands were parading the streets of Dublin in a state of destitution, in consequence of commercial restrictions, embarrassed the government and placed them in a situation of extreme difficulty. The Earl of Buckingham assumed the government of Ireland in 1777. The resources of the country were in the most miserable condition. Trade had declined to such an extent that the usual resources for carrying on the government failed, and the lord-lieutenant was obliged to borrow £20,000 from Messrs La Touche, the private bankers. On the 16th of May the lord-lieutenant stopped payment; and on a second application for £20,000 to the Messrs La Touche, to enable him to encamp the army in the prospect of an invasion, it was refused. This disgraceful situation of the country roused the people, who now began to occupy a position in relation to the government from which they could not be driven or seduced. Such was the state of Ireland when Grattan's great powers and eloquence began to be felt and feared, and when he at once assumed the guidance of the public mind. Seducing offers, made to him by the government, were rejected and disregarded. He devoted himself to the great work of raising his country from a state of servitude to that of independence, and to remove those degrading restrictions to which she had so long been subjected. It is not our purpose to follow his career through its various stages until the recognition of Irish independence, by what is called the revolution of 1782; this portion of his life is amply recorded in the history of that period. In presenting our readers with a sketch of one of the greatest men of which Ireland can boast, we have laid before them in Henry Grattan, a name which, for virtuous patriotism, deserves a place along with those of Washington and Franklin. He guided the nation with caution and firmness through the most dangerous crisis of her history, and realized the great object of his exertions—the recognition of the national independence. The gratitude of his country, by a munificent gift, placed him in a situation of comparative opulence; but, like many other patriots, he outlived his great popularity, by refusing to join in the schemes of parties that ended in the overthrow of that independence which he had laboured so strenuously to establish.

Mr Grattan's health having been much impaired by his great exertions in parliament during the important session of 1782, he visited the Continent, where he met several of the most distinguished statesmen of the age, to whom his name was already familiar; and the cordial reception which he experienced, evinced the most ardent admiration felt for his talents and character. On his return to Ireland he married Miss Henrietta Fitzgerald, an elegant and accomplished young lady, descended from the Desmond family; a union which was the result of a long mutual attachment, and productive of great domestic happiness. He was, however, soon recalled from retirement to his parliamentary duties. It was during the interval between the recognition of Irish independence and his entrance into the Imperial Parliament, that Mr Grattan displayed those great powers of oratory and statesmanship for which he was distinguished. Amongst the measures which he introduced during the period referred to, the most celebrated is that on the tithe question, in the advocacy of which he displayed a degree of eloquence which astonished and eclipsed all his cotemporaries.

Mr Grattan entered the Imperial Parliament in 1805, and continued a steady and consistent supporter of the interests of his country until June 1820, when he died in London a few days after his arrival from Ireland. With the consent of his family his remains were interred in Westminster Abbey, and his funeral was attended by the members of both houses of parliament. The following letter, requesting that his remains might be

buried in Westminster Abbey, was signed by the leaders of the liberal party, and is as remarkable for elegance of composition, as it is honourable to the memory of Mr Grattan:—

'To the Sons of Mr Grattan.'

'Filled with veneration for the character of your father, we venture to express a wish, common to us with many of those who most admired and loved him, that what remains of him should be allowed to continue among us.

It has pleased Divine Providence to deprive the empire of his services while he was here in the neighbourhood of that sacred edifice where great men from all parts of the British dominions have been for ages interred. We are desirous of joining in the due honour to tried virtue and genius. Mr Grattan belongs to us also, and great would be our consolation were we permitted to follow him to the grave, and to place him where he would not have been unwilling to lie—by the side of his illustrious fellow-labourers in the cause of freedom.'

The following estimate of Mr Grattan's character and eloquence, from the pen of one of the most celebrated of modern writers, will form an appropriate conclusion to our sketch of this eminent statesman:—'Among the orators or among the statesmen of this age,' says Lord Brougham, 'Mr Grattan occupies a place in the foremost rank; and it was the age of the Pitts, the Foxes, and the Sheridans. His eloquence was of a very high order, all but of the very highest, and it was eminently original. In the constant stream of a diction replete with epigram and point—a stream on which floated gracefully, because naturally, flowers of various hues—was poured forth the closest reasoning, the most luminous statement, the most persuasive display of all the motives that could influence, and of all the details that could enlighten his audience. Often a different strain was heard, and it was declamatory and vehement; or pity was to be moved, and its pathos was touching as it was simple; or, above all, an adversary sunk in baseness, or covered with crimes, was to be punished or destroyed, and a storm of the most terrible invective raged, with all the blights of sarcasm and the thunders of abuse. And if he had some peculiarity of outward appearance, as a low and awkward person, in which he resembled the first of orators; and even of manner, in which he not like him made the defects of nature yield to severe culture; so had he one excellence of the very highest order, in which he may be truly said to have left all the orators of modern times behind—the severe abstinence which rests satisfied with striking the decisive blow in a word or two, not weakening its effect by repetition and expansion; and another excellence higher still, in which no orator of any age is his equal—the easy and copious flow of the most profound, sagacious, and original principles, enunciated in terse and striking, but appropriate language. To give a sample of this latter peculiarity would be less easy and would occupy more space; but of the former, it may be truly said that Dante himself never conjured up a striking, a pathetic, and an appropriate image, in fewer words than Mr Grattan employed to describe his relation towards Irish independence, when, alluding to its rise in 1782, and its fall twenty years later, he said, 'I sat by its cradle—I followed its hearse.' In private life he was without a stain, whether of temper or of principle; singularly amiable, as well as of unblemished purity in all the relations of family and of society; of manners as full of generosity as they were free from affectation; of conversation as much seasoned with spirit and impregnated with knowledge as it was void of all asperity and gall.'

THE RECTOR OF PRIEL.

A GERMAN CRIMINAL TRIAL.

THE following singular story, which certainly deserves to rank with the most interesting of the French *Causés Criminelles*, is extracted from an able paper in the Edinburgh Review for October on the Penal Jurisprudence of Germany. The scene of the crime and the trial is Ba-

vara, and the narrative has been translated from the History of Remarkable Crimes, by Von Feuerbach, late chief judge in that country, and the principal framer of its penal code. It strikingly exhibits a peculiar feature in the criminal procedure of Germany, where, contrary to the more humane and liberal practice of our courts, every endeavour is directed to extort from the criminal a confession of his guilt, which seems to be thought sufficient to supersede all other kinds of evidence, and without which, it would appear, a conviction can hardly be obtained. Our readers will easily perceive, however, from this case, that the persevering and protracted processes through which a confession is hunted out, leaves a real criminal very small chance of escape, though, at the same time, there is reason to fear that innocent persons, worn out by long imprisonment and tortured by solicitations of all kinds, may be forced into false admissions merely to escape the agony of suspense. When it is also borne in mind that all these inquiries and examinations are conducted in secret—even the prisoner and his accuser being only confronted when it suits the purposes of the judge—it will be seen that the present instance exhibits the results of the system in their most favourable aspect—the final conviction of a great criminal, whose consummate hypocrisy long baffled all the efforts of justice:—

The small farm of Thomashof, in the village of Lauterbach, between Ratisbon and Landsbut, was inhabited in the year 1807 by a family, consisting of Francis Riembauer, the Roman Catholic curate of the parish, and also the proprietor of the farm, and a widow named Fraueknecht, and her two daughters, Magdalena and Catherine, one aged nineteen, and the other eleven years. The Frauenknecht family had been the former owners of the farm, and had sold it to Riembauer; and being on terms of great intimacy with him, continued to reside there. All enjoyed in a high degree the esteem of their neighbours. The widow and her daughters were respected for their integrity and industry, and loved for the softness of their manners, and (we use the words of Riembauer) 'the angelic kindness of their dispositions.' The younger daughter, Catherine, showed an intelligence far beyond her age. Riembauer himself passed for a model of apostolic fervour, charity, and simplicity. He was born in 1770, and therefore was in his thirty-eighth year at the commencement of our narrative. He was the son of a day-labourer—a station lower in that country, where almost every one has some land, than that of an English farm-servant. The first years of his boyhood he passed as a shepherd's boy, but before he was thirteen he felt the power and the ambition to rise higher. With the assistance of some instruction from his clergyman, he obtained admission to the public seminary of Ratisbon, and in 1795 was ordained. For the ten following years he served in the ministry in several of the neighbouring parishes; and in 1805 became curate of Pirkwang, of which Lauterbach is a hamlet. He had a fine person, was an eloquent preacher, was zealous, active, and kind in his intercourse with his parishioners, and was honoured, says Feuerbach, as a half-glorified saint. It was believed, indeed, and he encouraged the belief, that he had strange communications with the spiritual world. Souls from purgatory visited his chamber, implored a mass from him, and were released as soon as it had been said. He saw them himself fluttering towards heaven in the form of doves. Sometimes, when he was abroad at night in the duties of his cure, they danced before him like fiery exhalations—in the hope, as he supposed, to receive his benediction; and ranged themselves on his right or on his left as he extended his hand. Until his purchase of the Thomashof farm he had avoided all worldly engagements, and dedicated his leisure to literature and spiritual exercises. After that period he devoted much of it to the labours of the farm, which he appears to have performed himself, with little assistance except from the widow and her daughters. Against the few persons who thought it unbecoming that a priest should act as a ploughman or groom, he defended himself by the decisions of the council.

of Carthage, and the authority of Saint Epiphanius; and his parishioners in general thought it a proof of apostolic humility. To his humility also it was attributed that he never looked any one in the face; and walked with a sunk head, downcast and half-closed eyes, and hands folded over his breast. In June 1807 he passed in Munich, with great distinction, the examination which candidates for ecclesiastical preferment undergo in Bavaria. In the beginning of 1808 he obtained the benefice of Priel, some miles from Lauterbach, sold the Thomashof farm, and removed, with the Frauenknecht family, mother and daughters, to his new parsonage. In June 1809, the mother and the elder daughter died within a few days of one another, after short illnesses.

The situation of a *pfarrköchin* (minister's cook) appears to rank in Bavaria above ordinary menial service. She is generally the only domestic of the priest; and in a country where, among those who are not noble, there is comparatively little inequality of rank or fortune, she is often his principal companion. Magdalena, the elder daughter, had filled this place in Riembauer's household; and on her death he earnestly endeavoured to persuade Catherine, the younger daughter, now about thirteen, to supply her place. She refused, left the parsonage, and lived as a servant, first with his brother, and afterwards in several other places. All those with whom she lived were struck with the contrast of her general cheerfulness and her occasional anxiety and gloom. As she grew older, her periods of disturbance became more frequent and more terrible. She could not bear to be alone. She spoke sometimes about a female whose recollection haunted her, and whose figure pursued her wherever she went. She could not sleep by herself; frightful appearances visited her if she attempted it. At length she confessed to one of her fellow-servants that she was oppressed by a dreadful secret, and was advised by her to consult her priest. She followed this advice, and revealed to her spiritual director that, some years before, Riembauer had murdered a woman; that the only witnesses were herself, her mother, and her sister; and that, since their death, Riembauer and herself had become the sole depositaries of the secret. The priest consulted several of his brethren, and, by their advice, directed her to be silent, and to leave Riembauer to the punishment of God. But silence was too painful, and she had recourse to another priest, to whom she repeated her story, and to whom she told also that Riembauer had appropriated the whole fortune of her family. His advice also was to say nothing. But he endeavoured to obtain restitution of the fortune, by sending to Riembauer an anonymous letter in Latin. The letter produced no result, but must have seriously alarmed Riembauer, since he was able, many years afterwards, to repeat its contents.

Catherine's intellect was too clear to be clouded by the sophistry or the *esprit de corps* which must have seduced her spiritual teachers. In 1813, when she was seventeen years old, she laid her statement before the tribunal of Landshut; but, as the Bavarian law did not allow her to be sworn until she was eighteen, no proceedings seem to have followed during that year. In 1814, having attained the age to which that law ascribes veracity, she repeated it on oath, and a regular judicial inquiry was founded on it. From the minuteness with which the details are related, and from the scenic effect given to many of the occurrences, we have no doubt that the *untersuchungs richter* was Feuerbach himself.

The following are the material parts of Catherine's deposition:—

'In June, 1807, when Priest Riembauer and my sister were in Munich, the one to pass an examination, the other to learn cooking, a woman, about twenty-two years old, of large powerful make, and exceedingly handsome, came to our house, and inquired for the priest, whom she called her cousin. Finding him absent, she went into his room, behaved there as if she had been mistress of it, and looked through all the drawers in search of money. She spent the night with us, and left a sealed letter directed to him.

When I mentioned the circumstance to him on his return, he said that she was his cousin, and that he owed her money. A few months after, on the evening of the 1st of November, 1807 (the day was ascertained as being that of the great Catholic Feast of All Souls), the priest and my sister were in the house, and my mother and I were returning from field-work. As we approached we heard a noise in the upper room inhabited by the priest, and scarcely knew whether it were laughing or crying, but it sounded more like crying. At the door we met my sister running down the stairs; and she told us that a strange woman had come to visit the priest, that they had gone into his room, that she had looked through the keyhole, and had seen him come behind the woman as she was seated, and draw her head backwards, and attempt to cut her throat. While my sister on the steps was telling us this, the crying continued, and we heard the priest say, 'My girl, repent your sins, for you must die;' and we heard another voice say, 'Frank, do not do it; leave me my life; I'll never come to you again for money.' My mother and sister ran into our room below. I ran up stairs, and saw through the keyhole a woman lying on the ground bleeding and convulsed, and Riembauer sitting or kneeling by her, and pressing her throat with both his hands. I ran down into our room, and told my mother and sister what I had seen; and while they were doubting whether they should call in the neighbours, the priest came down stairs to us, his apron covered with blood, with a razor also bloody in his hand. He told us that this woman had borne him a child; that she had asked him for between one and two hundred florins, and threatened, if he refused it, to denounce him to his ecclesiastical superiors; and that, as he could not furnish the money, he had killed her. I ran into his room, and found the woman, whom I recognised as our visiter in the summer, lying in her blood, her throat cut through, and lifeless. My mother protested that she would tell all; and when the priest fell on his knees before her, said that her silence would do no good, since the neighbours must have seen the stranger and heard the noise. He now threatened to destroy himself, took a cord from the stable, and ran into the wood. My mother and sister followed him; and believing that he really would hang himself, and that his suicide would only make the misfortune greater, they at length promised concealment. He proposed to bury the body in a small room adjoining an outhouse which he had lately built; and accordingly, between twelve and one at night, dug the grave there, dragged the body down stairs, threw it, clothed as it was, into the grave, and covered it with earth. One shoe fell off by the way, and I saw our house-dog tearing it the next morning. Riembauer did not begin to wash out the blood in his room until the next day, and then it had sunk in too deep to yield to water. I borrowed a plane, therefore, from the next cottage, and he endeavoured to plane out the stains. To the neighbours who asked what had occasioned so much noise and crying in our house all night, we answered, by Riembauer's order, that we had been lamenting our father's death, and some loss of property which had followed it.'

She went on to say, that after this event Riembauer did not live happily with her mother and sister, that her sister had often threatened to leave him, that he was in constant fear of their betraying him, and that finally he had destroyed their evidence by poisoning them. Her grounds for this belief were the suddenness of their deaths, his having suffered no priest or medical man to approach them, and her sister's death having immediately followed her taking a draught from his hand. She was sure, too, that he had intended to destroy herself. Her sister told her that Riembauer had said that he would give three or four hundred florins to get rid of Catherine, for she was getting cleverer every day, and in time there would be no buying her silence. He had promised her an enormous sum if she would stay with him; and when she told him, at her departure, that she had forgotten nothing, he had replied, 'You will not get the best of it if you betray me.'

Your mother and sister are dead, and I shall say that it was they who murdered the woman.'

Such a charge, brought by a mere girl against a man of Riembauer's respectable station and high character, obtained at first little belief. It was supposed to be the strange and frightful product of a diseased imagination. This accounts for the absence of any judicial inquiries during the long period between the first and second information. The accuser, however, showed so much calmness and intelligence; the story, with all its strangeness, was so clear, consistent, and detailed, that when, after the interval of a year, it was repeated, the court could not refuse to act on it. And as Lauterbach is at a considerable distance from Priel, the first steps could be taken without exciting the alarm, or affecting the reputation of the accused. The outhouse was found, the small room by its side, and in that room, very little below the surface, a female skeleton complete, except that the bones of the hands were wanting. All the teeth were perfect, and remarkably beautiful. No clothes, except a single shoe, are mentioned. Stains were found in Riembauer's room, which, as soon as they were moistened, showed themselves to be blood; and in many parts of the floor there were marks of a plane, which had been applied by an unskilful hand, and had pared away the planks unevenly.

Riembauer was now arrested, and taken to Landshut. On his first examination, he admitted his knowledge of the skeleton, and gave his own version of the murder and the burial. The bones, he said, were those of Anna Eichstaedter, a person whom he had known when he was curate of Hirnheim, who had deposited with him fifty florins, her savings, and whom he had promised to take as his cook when he should obtain a benefice. From the time that he left Hirnheim, until her death, he had never seen her, though he had corresponded with her about her money; and had understood that when he was in Munich, in the summer of 1807, she had visited Thomashof, and had grieved the Frauenknecht family by telling them that he had promised to make her his cook.

'One evening,' said Riembauer, 'in the beginning of November, 1807, I returned from a funeral, and went straight to my room. The door was open, and a figure was lying on the floor. I called out, received no answer, felt it, and, to my horror, found it to be a dead body. I ran below to the sitting-room, where the mother Frauenknecht and her daughter Magdalena were clinging to one another, and shaking like aspen leaves. They seized me by the hands, and half-crying, half-screaming, implored me not to betray them. Their story was, that the person who had visited Thomashof the preceding June (and whom I knew to be Anna Eichstaedter), had returned; had told them that she was to be my cook, and that they would have to remove; that this had produced a quarrel, in the heat of which Magdalena had seized one of my razors and cut the woman's throat. I told them that I must leave Thomashof; but they entreated me to stay with them, and promised to allow me any reduction which I might wish from the purchase-money, which I had not yet paid to them. I was persuaded to stay, and moved my bed down to the ground floor. The next morning I went out early, and when I returned in the evening, the body was still in my room. The mother and daughter said that they thought of burying it in the little room next the outhouse. I said that they might do as they liked, I would not interfere. They buried it that night. As the misfortune was remediless, and it might be hoped that, if they were allowed to live, they might atone for it by repentance, I thought it my duty, as charged with their salvation, to conceal the whole matter.'

We have seen that, until a late stage of the inquiry, a German prisoner knows nothing of the depositions against him. Riembauer, therefore, could not tell what had been Catherine's evidence. But Feuerbach remarks, that if he had heard every word of it, his own statement could not have been more skilfully framed. Ordinary criminals, when they are first examined, deny everything. Intel-

ligent ones endeavour to assume the frankness of innocence. In order to give credibility to their denials and explanations, they admit what they know must have been proved, so far, at least, as such admission does not amount to pleading guilty to the whole charge. There can be no doubt, indeed, that this story was ready prepared. For six years the chance of detection had been before him. He must have decided what he should do, and what he should say, in every contingency. And his decision had been, not to pretend anything so improbable as ignorance of the whole matter, but to admit both the fact of the murder, and that the widow, her daughter, and he himself, were privy to it. The catastrophe and the *dramatis personae* remained unaltered; all that he did was to transpose the characters. He converted Magdalena from a witness into a perpetrator, and himself from a perpetrator into a witness. He endeavoured also, but apparently without success, to suborn some of his friends to swear that Magdalena had confessed to them that she was the murderer. Most of his letters were intercepted. One of them is given by Feuerbach. It is addressed to a priest, and implores him to give the requisite testimony in consideration of their mutual affection, of the grief with which his conviction would fill his friends, of the reproach which it would throw on the clergy, and of the scandal which it would be to the believers among the laity.

The inquiry was now directed towards Anna Eichstaedter. It was soon proved that there had been such a person—that she had been remarkable for her tall powerful figure and handsome features, and particularly for the beauty of her teeth; that she had lived as cook in the parsonage of Hirnheim in 1803, when Riembauer was curate there; and that she had borne him a daughter, who was still living. Riembauer, it appeared, supported the child, and had contributed to the support of the mother until the beginning of 1807, when the purchase of Thomashof, and his buildings and improvements there, embarrassed him. This occasioned her visit to Lauterbach in June. In consequence of the letter which she left for him, Riembauer soon afterwards went to Ratisbon, gave her some money and promised more, but strictly enjoined her not to come near him at Lauterbach. He was unable, however, to keep his promise, and she engaged herself to a priest residing at P——, about fifteen or sixteen miles from Lauterbach; but requested leave, before finally entering his service, to visit her friends. In the afternoon of the 1st of November 1807, she left her new master's house, taking with her an umbrella with the priest's initials, P. D., engraved on the handle. From that time she had never been heard of. Until the discovery of her remains, it had been supposed that she had been drowned in one of the torrents which cross that mountainous country, and her body swept into the Danube; or that she had been destroyed by a notorious brigand, who at that time infested the neighbourhood of Ratisbon, and was executed the next year. A few days after her disappearance, the priest of P——, suspecting her to be at Thomashof, wrote to Riembauer, and begged him to tell her that, if she had changed her mind as to entering his service, he wished to have his umbrella returned to him. Riembauer's answer was, that he knew nothing about her or the umbrella. It was found, however, in his possession, still marked with the initials of its original owner. It was further ascertained that Riembauer had lived a very dissolute life, and that his profligacy, and the necessity of concealing it, had led him into expenses far exceeding his lawful means, and supplied therefore by fraud and extortion. One of Catherine's accusations, that he had been the active cause of the deaths of her mother and sister, was not substantiated. It was proved, indeed, that during their illness Riembauer had kept them secluded, and had allowed no priest or professional man to approach them, but when their bodies were disinterred no decisive traces of poison were found. The better opinion seemed to be, that they had caught from an Austrian soldier, whom they received and nursed in the parsonage, the military fever

hen raging in Bavaria, and had died naturally, though perhaps for want of attention and medical treatment.

In England the matter would now have been ripe for decision. That, on the 1st of November, 1807, Anna Eichstaedter was murdered at Thomashof would have been considered as proved. All that a jury would have had to decide was, whether they believed the statement of Catherine or that of Riembauer. There was no physical improbability in Catherine's story. Anna Eichstaedter was indeed a vigorous woman, but Riembauer was a powerful man, and probably exceeded her in strength as much as she exceeded the generality of women. It was, without doubt, morally improbable that a man of reputation for piety should have been guilty of a frightful crime; but against this were to be set far greater opposing improbabilities. In the first place, there was a physical difficulty in Riembauer's narrative. Magdalena was small and weak; it seemed impossible that she could have overpowered a tall strong woman. Then her mildness and softness of disposition were as remarkable as Riembauer's sanctity. In her case, too, there was almost an absence of motive. She could have had no hatred of Anna Eichstaedter, for she had never seen her before, and she could not have hoped to retain her place in Riembauer's household by committing a murder almost in his presence. On the other hand, Eichstaedter's death relieved Riembauer from an enemy who threatened to ruin his reputation, stop his advancement, and perhaps destroy his means of existence. The subsequent conduct of the parties, too, is consistent only with the theory of Riembauer's guilt. At first sight indeed it seems strange, on that supposition, that the widow and her daughter should have continued to live with him. But they had venerated him up to that time; he had subjected their minds by the ascendancy of his station, talents, and knowledge; he was their spiritual director, and he had made himself master of their property. On the other hand, if he were innocent—that he, a man, as he represented himself, of scrupulous piety, should have shielded a murderer and her accomplices, should have allowed them to bury in his own outhouse the body of his murdered friend, and should have retained them till their deaths as his sole domestic associates, is inconceivable.

He would probably have been tried at the first assizes after Catherine's information was laid; the proceedings could scarcely have outlasted one day; and unless there were some technical flaw, unless the copyist perhaps left out in the indictment the words 'then and there,' or wrote Eichstaedter's name Hannah, instead of Anna, or Mary instead of Maria, the judge would have summed up unfavourably, and the jury would have convicted him without leaving the box.

Such a decision, obtained by balancing conflicting improbabilities, however deeply the preponderating scale may incline, does not satisfy a German jurist. In the first place, the proof of the *that-besand*, the physical fact of the murder, was imperfect. The wound, which had caused death by dividing the arteries of the neck, had reached no bone. The skeleton, therefore—and, after six years, only a skeleton remained—showed no injury, and the *that-besand*, as we have seen, ought to be proved by inspection. And, secondly, Catherine was only a single witness, and her evidence, therefore, only a half proof. The *untersuchungsrichter*, therefore, who had no more doubt as to Riembauer's guilt than an English juryman would have had, directed his whole energy, and his whole skill, to the leading or drawing him to a full confession. But he had to deal with a man as determined, and perhaps as sagacious as himself, who had long meditated his defence, and was resolved that neither fatigue, nor shame, nor despondency, nor even the horrors of an indefinite imprisonment, should force him to assist in his own condemnation. For four years the contest continued. Riembauer endured ninety-nine formal examinations; besides confrontations with separate witnesses which Feuerbach calls innumerable. The depositions filled forty-two folio volumes. Still little progress was made. The accused generally acted

the part of a persecuted Christian, who hears with patience the falsehoods and the misrepresentations by which he is assailed. If he sometimes broke into the sudden anger of a calumniated man, he instantly apologized, and relapsed into the mild tone and half smile which marked his usual demeanour. Sometimes, indeed, in a confrontation, he assumed the dignity of a preacher, and rebuked the witnesses for their perjury; sometimes he burst into laughter at the absurdity of their inventions; and sometimes he wept over his own oppressed and defenceless state—a prey to all his own enemies and to all those of the church, inspired and directed by Satan himself; and sometimes he had recourse to the most vehement asseverations. 'If he stood on the scaffold,' he said, 'with a thousand devils before him, he could only repeat with his last breath his former story. His heart,' he assured the judge, 'was as spotless as snow. He only wished that his bosom were transparent. How was it possible that a priest could commit murder, and continue his priestly functions, knowing, as he must know, that the murder made him *ipso facto* irregular and excommunicated, and guilty of a fresh and mortal sin whenever he administered the sacraments? Was it conceivable that any man in his senses would touch the divine elements with hands stained with innocent blood, and incur the probability of temporal punishment and the certainty of eternal damnation?'

Feuerbach has given us, at some length, part of one of these examinations. It began at four in the afternoon of the 1st of November, the anniversary of the murder. From that time until midnight, the judge strove to convince his understanding, by showing the separate and the cumulative force of the evidence against him, and to rouse his conscience, by urging the wickedness as well as the folly of persisting in falsehood. For eight consecutive hours he remained apparently unaffected. At length the judge suddenly raised a cloth, under which lay a human skull. 'This,' he said, 'is the skull of Anna Eichstaedter, still remarkable by these rows of beautiful teeth.' Riembauer sprang up from his chair, looked wildly at the judge, but immediately resumed his composure and his fixed smile, placed himself so as to avoid looking at the skull in front, and answered, 'My conscience is at ease. This day eight years, as I returned from Pirkwang, I found that skull, and the body of which it formed a part, lying dead in my room. If it could speak, it would say, Riembauer was my friend, not my murderer. You see that I breathe freely in its presence. I am not a criminal, but a victim.' When the whole of that long day's examination had been read over and signed by him, the judge again led him in front of the skull, and again exhorted him to repent and confess. He was not unaffected, but soon resumed his tranquillity and his smile, and exclaimed, addressing the skull, 'Oh! if you could speak, you would prove my veracity.'

At length, on the 26th of October, 1816, the inquiry was terminated, and the papers were sent to Munich for the decision of the superior court; the court which inquires, and that which decides, being, as we have seen, always distinct. On the 1st of October, 1817 (the date is material, as showing the pace at which justice moves in Germany), the matter came on for discussion by the superior court. How long that discussion would have lasted, or what would have been the decision, we do not know; for on the eighth day it was interrupted by a communication from the court at Landsbut. On the 13th of October, the prisoner had asked for an audience, and had declared that he had prayed to the Holy Ghost to assist his memory, and was now convinced that the story in which he had persisted for four years was incorrect; and that in fact it was the widow Frauenknecht, not the daughter, who had committed the murder. It was obvious that his resolution was giving way; his appetite had begun to fail, and on the 26th he asked for another audience, on the ground that he feared his mind was becoming disturbed, and hoped that a frank confession might give him ease. In that audience he threw himself on his knees before the judge, implored that his trial might be

brought to an end, said that he was tired of life, and driven almost wild by spectral appearances. Visions of those whom he had known, and of others whom he had not known, appeared in his cell, and for three nights following, immediately after the Ave Maria, he had heard a dull awful sound, resembling that of a muffled drum. But still he could not bring himself to confess. When the judge remarked, that the length of the inquiry, and the consequent injury to his mind and body, were his own fault, he answered, that his misery arose not, as the judge seemed to hint, from consciousness of unrevealed guilt, but from sleepless nights—and that he had already told all that he knew, and all that he believed. But there was something in his manner that induced the judge to return to the attack. He again went over all the improbabilities, the inconsistencies, and the detected falsehoods of the prisoner's story—again reproached him with the folly, the wickedness, and the degradation of persisting in untruth—and again urged him to relieve his conscience by a full confession. Feuerbach was a man of great powers, both of reasoning and persuasion, and Riembaumer, broken down, both physically and mentally, now gave up the contest. 'Yes,' he said, 'Mr Commissioner, you are right. My health is sinking every day, and I feel that the best thing that I can now do is to admit my guilt. But while I take this decided step, let me implore the royal protection for my innocent children. And now you may take down my confession. Catherine's evidence is essentially true. It was I who deprived Anna Eichstaedter of life.'

The confession lasted through thirteen audiences. The material facts of that portion which Feuerbach has reported, are as follows:—

'The letters that I received from Anna Eichstaedter filled me with terror. Unless I would provide for the child, and receive her into my house, she threatened to denounce me to my ecclesiastical superiors. The result of my visit to her at Ratisbon increased my alarm. I explained to her my pecuniary embarrassments, and the impossibility of my receiving her; but she would listen to no excuses, and could be convinced by no arguments. My honour, my position, my powers of being useful, all that I valued in the world was at stake. I often reflected on the principle laid down by my old tutor, Father Benedict Sattler, in his *Ethica Christiana*—a principle which he often explained to his young clerical pupils—'That it is lawful to deprive another of life, if that be the only means of preserving one's own honour and reputation. For honour is more valuable than life; and if it be lawful to protect one's life by destroying an assailant, it must obviously be lawful to use similar means to protect one's honour.' My case appeared to me to fall precisely within this principle. I thought if this wicked woman should pursue me to Lauterbach, and do what she threatens, my honour is lost. I shall be disgraced throughout the diocese, the consistory will remove me, and my property will perish for want of my superintendence. Father Sattler's principle became, therefore, my *dictamen practicum*; but though, from the time of my return from Ratisbon until the perpetration of the act, it was never out of my thoughts, I had not arranged any plan for carrying it into execution.

'The day of payment of the allowance for the child arrived and passed, and I could not send it. I had it not, and was unable to borrow it; and I lived in constant terror of Eichstaedter's appearance. At length, on the evening of All Soul's Day, as I was returning to my house with Magdalena, I saw a woman enter before us, whom I recognised as Eichstaedter. I overtook her in the passage, and took her up stairs. Sattler's precept rushed on my mind; I was tempted to throw her down from the landing-place; and even now I cannot tell what prevented me. Perhaps it occurred to me that she might not be killed by the fall, and then matters would be worse than before. When we got into my room she renewed her demand, that the child's maintenance should be paid, and that I should take her into my house; and I showed to her again and again, that neither the one nor the other

was possible. Finding her deaf to all reasoning, I left her on some pretext, went down stairs, and armed myself with a knife and a razor. In doing this, I scarcely think that I was a free agent. Perplexity for the present, and terror for the future—horror at the necessity of acting as Sattler's principle, and inability to find any other means of extrication—so confused me, that I hardly knew what I was about. When I came back, she began again to stern and to threaten; and I came behind her as she was sitting, and tried to stab her in the throat with the knife. It was too blunt, and I let it fall and attempted to strangle her. It was then that I told her to repent, for that she must die, and that she prayed so earnestly for her life. I failed again, and then took the razor from my pocket, and made a deep cut in her neck. I immediately saw that this wound was mortal. She remained standing for an instant or two, and I said, 'Anna, I beg forgiveness from God and from you. You would have it so. Pray to God to forgive your sins, and I will give you absolution.' And I gave her absolution—this being a *casus necessitatis*. She was now beginning to fall, and I supported her under the arms, and laid her down softly on the floor. I knelt by her side, and gave her spiritual consolation until her breath was flown. Two days after, I buried her; and as the hands had stiffened in an attitude of entreaty, they rose above the grave, and I was forced to remove them. I have nothing more to relate about this melancholy event, except that I have frequently applied masses to her soul, and that her death has always been a source of grief to me, though the motives which led me to effect it were praiseworthy. These motives—my only motives—were to save the credit of my honourable profession, and to prevent the many evils and crimes which a scandalous exposure must have occasioned. Had I not stood so high with my people, I would have submitted to that exposure. But if the faults of a priest, revered as I was, had been revealed, many men would have thought that my example justified their sins—others would have lost confidence in their clergy—and some, perhaps, might have thought religion a fable. As these calamities could be prevented only by the getting rid of Anna Eichstaedter, I was forced to get rid of her. The end was good—her death was the only means. Therefore I cannot believe that it was a crime. The same motive induced me to endure, year after year, the misery of a dungeon. As soon as I had reason to believe it to be the will of God that I should myself reveal what I had done, I made a full confession.'

So corrupt, indeed, was Riembaumer's moral sense, that he believed even his hypocrisy to have been a virtue. 'My failings,' he said on another occasion, 'so far as they were failings, were the incidents of my position. They were the failings of celibacy (*caelibatus* and so on). They never disturbed my conscience; for I could defend them, both by reasoning and by examples taken from ecclesiastical history; and I think that I deserve credit for having so managed my conduct as to give no public offence.'

On the 1st of August, 1818, more than five years after the trial began, and about eight months after it might have been supposed to have terminated by Riembaumer's confession, judgment was pronounced. He was declared guilty of murder, and sentenced to indefinite imprisonment in a fortress.

INFLUENCE OF EXTERNAL AGENTS ON THE WELFARE OF THE PEOPLE.

LIGHT, STRUCTURE, AND INTERNAL ECONOMY OF DWELLINGS. The desolating influence of external pollution has already occupied our attention; and countless examples, forming an irrefragable body of evidence, have convinced us that, by its removal, the working part of the population would be relieved from much of that discomfort and disease to which they are at present subjected. We now more

* This accounts for the bones of the hands having been the only parts of the skeleton deficient.

step onward, and affirm that the measure of light enjoyed in dwellings, their structure and general appearance, and the whole of their internal arrangements, exert a powerful influence on the physical and moral well-being of the people.

However clean the locality, and comfortable the external appearance of a cottage, if it has a low ceiling and little light, these will have a depressing effect on its inmates. Still more will it injure their tastes and deteriorate their habits, and afford an almost certain indication of a mind already debased, if the greater part of the glass in the little windows is broken, and its place supplied with paper, old rags, and old hats—a sight which too often meets our view among the dwellings of the poor. Ludicrous and absurd though the sentiment may appear to the inconsiderate, we still hazard the affirmation, that such sights are not merely symptomatic of disorder, but a fruitful source of degradation and disease. The light of heaven is essential to the cheerfulness of the mind and the elevation of the moral feelings. It is well known to be a powerful stimulant, infusing activity and liveliness into the system, and producing a happy and exhilarating effect on the animal spirits. The Highland Society of Scotland, therefore, conferred a far greater boon upon him than the peasant may be willing to admit, when they offered a prize for the best form of a cottage-window, and when Messrs McCulloch of Glasgow produced one in small squares, which could be replaced, when broken, at twopence three-farthings each. There was thus little temptation either to the landlord or the labouring man to delay the replacing of broken panes, and to deform the windows, and shut out the light of heaven by unseemly substitutes.

Light is not only essential to cheerfulness and comfort—enlivening to the spirits and elevating to the mind—it is likewise conducive, in a high degree, to physical development, and the prevention and mitigation of certain kinds of disease. A variety of experiments have been made by eminent medical men, which prove the truth of our statement. It is well known that frogs, in passing from the egg to maturity go through an intermediate state, in which they are called tadpoles. Dr Edwards took a number of them in this state, divided them into two portions, and placed them under water in precisely similar circumstances, with this exception, that the one portion was exposed to light, and the other was not. This difference had the remarkable effect of retarding the transformation of the tadpoles into the state of perfect frogs. The same influence may be observed in the vegetable world. Keep a plant in total darkness, in proper soil, and with sufficient moisture, and a flower may spring from it, but it will be perfectly destitute of colour; while, on the other hand, we know that in tropical countries, where the light of the sun shines longest and most intensely, all flowers are distinguished by the extreme brilliancy and depth of their colours. The same physician has assured us, as the result of his experience, that persons who live in caves and cellars, or in very dark and narrow streets, are apt to produce deformed children; and that men who work in mines are liable to disease and deformity beyond what the simple closeness of the air would be likely to produce. Even healthy children of perfect development are apt to become deformed and rickety if kept in darkness during the early years of infancy. It is well known also to medical practitioners, that scrofula is most frequently met with in dark houses, and narrow lanes and alleys. Dupuytren, a celebrated continental physician, relates the case of a lady whose maladies had baffled the skill of several eminent practitioners. This lady resided in a dark room in one of the narrow streets of Paris, into which the sun never shone. After a careful examination, he was led to refer her complaints to the absence of light, and recommended her removal to a more cheerful situation. The change was followed by the most beneficial result, and her complaints soon after vanished. Sir James Wylie has also given a remarkable instance of the influence of light, corroborative of the one just cited. He states that the diseases on the dark side of an extensive

barrack at St Petersburg had been uniformly, and for many years, in the proportion of three to one, to those on the other side exposed to strong light.

Numerous other instances might be adduced to prove the usefulness of a liberal share of heaven's light to the human body; but enough has been said to make out a case against the abodes of darkness; and so very important does the writer reckon this point, and so impolitic does he deem any measure which prevents the poor from enjoying a full share of the sun's happy influence, that he is persuaded it will be a subject for wonder, a century hence, that any thing should have been done at this time of day to shut out the light of heaven from the dwellings of our peasantry and our industrious mechanics. Darkness, like sleep, is a symbol of death; and it is not a little remarkable that nearly two-thirds die during night, chiefly, it is believed, because the weakened body, deprived of even the slightest stimulus—the gentle stimulus of solar light—sinks fairly exhausted into everlasting rest! 'Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is to behold the sun.' 'God said let there be light,' and he said it for a wise and benevolent purpose; and why should men convert the light into darkness? Why should the forests and the fowls of heaven and the green earth rejoice in the light, and man alone shut out from himself the cheering rays of the great luminary of heaven?

And not only light, but the structure and internal appearance of a dwelling has its effect on the inmates. To use the words of the working people themselves, given in Mr Chadwick's report on their sanitary condition—they soon become 'a-piece' with their dwellings. If these are light, airy, and clean, they have a happy influence in elevating the taste of the tenants; while tenements of an inferior character and construction, apart altogether from the over-crowding of the inmates, have a down-bringing tendency. It may be said, that wherever good taste and cleanly habits exist, they will seek a cleanly and tasteful dwelling—and so undoubtedly they will; but what we contend for is this, that however small the share of these qualities generally possessed by the poor, they are often entirely deprived of it by the general aspect of their abodes, without being aware of the unhallowed influence which hangs over them; and, on the other hand, they have given ample and most unequivocal evidence that they are desirous of improvement in their habitations, by their willingness to pay for more abundant supplies of water, and other useful and indispensable accessories to health and comfort. That the structure and general aspect of a dwelling has a kind of assimilating influence on the inmate might be proved from many cases, not a few of which are scattered over the reports on the health of towns, and the one of Mr Chadwick above referred to. Let the following serve as a specimen:—'A female servant was married. Her attention to cleanliness before marriage was very great. Her bright hair was neatly braided beneath a snowy cap, she wore a smooth white apron, and her whole dress was kept in great order. On her marriage she was removed to a wretched hovel built of rough stones, and not sufficient to keep out the rain (as too many, especially of our farm cottages, are). I saw her there, but what a change! Her face dirty, her hair in confusion, and her whole appearance a picture of disorder. Both she and her husband, discontented with their home, became too frequent in their visits to the ale-house, and all threatened instant ruin, when circumstances put it in their power to remove to a new clean cottage, and she very rapidly became herself again.' Such facts speak volumes to the people, and tell them, in tones not to be mistaken, that they should not succumb to the influence exerted over them by these external causes, but courageously resist them, and they will gain the victory. Had the woman whose case we have quoted possessed as much energy and determination as good taste, she would rather have set her house in order, than yield to the depressing influence which it wielded over her. But finding it to be the case that men, and more especially females, in the lower walks of life, give

way to these influences instead of struggling against them, we plead with the philanthropic to put them in more favourable circumstances—to bring a hallowed and elevating bias to bear upon them, by putting it in their power on reasonable terms to occupy clean, cheerful, well constructed dwellings. The houses of the poor should be subject to certain public sanitary regulations, and be frequently inspected by a local board of health. Great improvement has been effected, by bringing stringent police regulations to bear on the public lodging-houses for the poor in our large cities; and we see no good reason why the dwellings of the poor and labouring classes should not be subject to a similar inspection. It does not necessarily imply inquisitorial prying into domestic matters, but has respect to comfort, and chiefly to the sufficiency and structural arrangements of the building. It is well known that, to landlords who will so far degrade themselves as to submit to the drudgery and meanness necessary for their management, low and ruinous houses bring a much higher rental, in proportion to their worth, than good houses; and this is one reason why so many of them exist. But why should avaricious landlords be permitted to let damp, crumbling, ruinous houses, to those whose necessities compel them to inhabit such hovels? Are not these the nurseries of vice and disease? And are the generous portion of the public to uphold hospitals, and prisons, and penitentiaries, to receive the miserable outcasts of these miserable dwellings, while the proprietors of them will do nothing to aid others in the work of benevolence? The same authority and the same benevolent philanthropy that puts down a smoky work, or a bone-dust manufactory, in one of our most public thoroughfares, should suppress, by Dean-of-Guild power, these wretched abodes, and point the poor to better dwellings. We rejoice to find the work of reformation begun. Much good has been effected in Edinburgh, though a vast deal still remains to be done; and in Glasgow, and other towns of the west of Scotland, public companies are in course of formation to root out these old and miserable abodes of which we have spoken—open up new streets for lungs to the great city—and prepare cottages for the labouring classes, which will make them more comfortable, and yield a fair remuneration to the proprietors.

It is somewhat difficult as well as delicate to enter minutely on the internal economy of habitations. We write chiefly of the houses of the working classes, and their apartments being generally few in number and small in dimensions—nay, often limited to a single apartment—it is not easy to bring such arrangements as might be thought desirable into active operation, from want of space and other causes. For the present, therefore, we waive any discussion on the location of beds and fire-places, which may perhaps receive some notice under the general head of Ventilation, in a subsequent paper, and shall confine our observations to the SUPPLY OF WATER.

Water, Air, and Food, are essential not only to man's comfort, but to his very existence; and in proportion to the deficiency of supply of any one of these to the working classes, will be the amount of their own deterioration, and the extent of the pernicious influence thereby reflected on society at large. If *duty* alone prompted us to furnish an abundant supply, we might find some cause for the neglect in the selfishness of man; but *interest* calls upon us with equal earnestness to look after these benevolent provisions for the humbler classes. We confine our remarks in this paper to the supply of water, as one of the most important elements in social and domestic economy. Let it be withheld from the many, for the purposes of personal, local, and domestic cleanliness, and the contagion thence arising will soon be found in the highest circles of society. Knowing this to be the case, it is astonishing to find the supply of water so insufficient in almost every part of the country. In some things, the present age has made advances on the past, and left the ancients far in the rear. But in the supply of water for the masses of the population, we are still far behind what the Romans were two thousand years ago. They thought

nothing of bringing in water to the people at the expense of the state, by twenty aqueducts, forming a total length of more than 200 miles! Taking the population of Rome as three millions, including children and slaves, every individual could command a supply of 100 gallons of pure water daily. What are our supplies compared with this? While London could be easily supplied from one modern river, and from a moderate distance, and Manchester by an aqueduct of ten miles in length, the former has less than thirty, and the latter not more than five gallons daily for each person! This may at first view seem abundant, but when the quantity which should be used for public purposes is subtracted, very little will remain for personal and domestic use. In casting our eyes over one of the abstracts furnished in the late government report, we were struck with astonishment to find the following remarkable cases of deficient supply in large towns:—Leicester contains 11,741 houses, and has no public supply of water. Nottingham has 11,617 houses, of which only 3500 are supplied by the water companies. Birmingham has 40,281 houses, and not more than 8000, or a fifth of the whole, are supplied. We can add to this a case in Scotland which has come under our own notice. The town of Dundee has a population of nearly 70,000, and there has hitherto been no proper public supply of water! There are a few wells open to the people, but these are not adequate to the supply of their domestic wants, far less to the cleansing of the streets and lanes of the town. The deficiency is partially made up by water sold at a high price in carts. The consequence of all this is great local impurity, notwithstanding the utmost vigilance of the police, and a constant and virulent prevalence of typhus fever. There is one modern city which forms an honourable exception to this too common rule: New York, by the Croton aqueduct, can furnish 180 gallons per day to each individual, if required. It gives us pleasure also to notice, that Glasgow is likely to form another example, ere long, when the new Gravitation Company have brought into that city the purest water of Loch Katrine.

It is important to inquire what is the probable reason of the stinted supply? Why have not the labouring classes a sufficient quantity of water for personal ablution, and for culinary uses? It has been alleged that they are not capable of appreciating the advantages either of personal or domestic cleanliness. This impression, if well founded, would certainly render nugatory all efforts to better their condition. But the allegation is groundless, or, at least, is only applicable to the very lowest and most vicious of the people. We are not very sanguine, indeed, that the cold bath will be very generally used in this country. The nature of the climate is a barrier to this, and there is not among us the same natural craving for the bath as in the warmer clime of France. Still we are persuaded that our artisans and mechanics can appreciate, and will cultivate comparative cleanliness when the means are within their reach. The chief reason why many of them have become indifferent, if not insensible to this virtue, is, because facility has not been afforded them. It is the deliberate opinion of her Majesty's commissioners on the health of towns, that the above allegation 'is a most erroneous view of the feelings' of the poorer classes. In proof of this, abundant evidence has been adduced. Several witnesses examined before the commission, who were owners of cottages, gave it in evidence, that the people warmly expressed their willingness to pay for a better supply; and that an increased rental had been obtained after the water had been introduced into their dwellings. Mr Smith, an owner of cottages at Preston, states, that his tenants agreed to pay him twopence a-week for a constant supply laid in to their dwellings, but that he has not charged it to them, as he found that he was sufficiently repaid by the improved demand for his houses. Medical witnesses too, have given evidence as to the marked improvement in the cleanliness, as well as the health of the people, where this important change has been made on their houses.

Notwithstanding such facts as these, it is still surmised

that the poorer classes would not *pay* for an abundant supply of water laid in to their dwellings. Even although this were true, still we would contend for its being furnished either at the public expense, or by the landlord, whose interest it would so plainly promote. But we rebut the charge of unwillingness to pay. In our large towns, the poor have hitherto paid a most extravagant price for water. In such places as Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where there are 'sale-pants,' or stand-pipes for the poor, they pay a price which is more than four times the rate charged for a private supply to a house. This arises from the water being doled out in small quantities, and by the lessee or superintendent of the 'sale-pant,' who receives a high commission for his trouble. And in addition to the high price, the poor are subjected to great loss of time, waiting to have their vessels filled, not to speak of the drudgery of carrying it a considerable distance to their houses. These facts are better than abstract arguments, and strongly incline us to the belief that the labouring part of the population are at once able to appreciate the value of cleanliness and comfort, and would cheerfully pay for a plentiful supply of water.

The best means for procuring such a supply has long been a difficult question. But light is now beginning to dawn on this point, and on the public mind. The whole of the evidence laid before the government commission goes to establish the position, that two or more companies professedly competing in one town, afford no real guarantee to the public that they shall be furnished with the purest water at the most reasonable price. Private individuals and joint stock companies embarking in any such enterprise, naturally seek the best possible return for the capital invested, and hesitate to supply the houses of the poor unless landlords become responsible. While the exposure to the evils of competition by a second company, in a locality where only one exists, imposes a salutary check on the conduct of managers—still the investment of a second capital in the same town, with its staff of officers, and maintenance and management of works, renders it necessary for the public to pay more for their water than they would do under one company properly constituted and well regulated. Under this conviction, the commission on the health of towns has issued several recommendations, which, if acted on, will secure to all classes a cheap and abundant supply of this first necessary to life, comfort, and cleanliness.

With these important recommendations, we close our observations for the present, reserving the influence of ventilation and food for future consideration:—

'With the view of ensuring a sufficient supply and proper distribution of water to all classes, we recommend that it be rendered imperative on the local administrative body, charged with the management of sewerage and drainage, to procure a supply of water in sufficient quantities, not only for the domestic wants of the inhabitants, but also for cleansing the streets, scouring the sewers and drains, and the extinction of fire. For this purpose, we recommend that the said body have power to contract with companies or other parties, or make other necessary arrangements.

'We recommend that, on the establishment of new companies, it be made a condition that the local administrative body be enabled to purchase the works after the lapse of a certain number of years, upon certain terms, and upon a rate of interest to be fixed; and that, with a view to economy, competition between water companies be discouraged as far as practicable.

'We recommend, that as soon as pipes are laid down and a supply of water can be afforded to the inhabitants, all dwelling-houses capable of benefiting by such supply be rated in the same way as for sewerage and other local purposes; and the owners of small tenements be made liable to pay the rates for water, as we have already recommended in respect to drainage.

'We recommend that every facility be afforded to furnish supplies of water to public baths and wash-houses

We could have wished that it had come within the province of this commission to suggest the abolition of the tax on soap. It would have formed an admirable corollary to these valuable recommendations.

AN ASCENT OF THE WETTERHORN.

BY PROFESSOR AGASSIZ.

THE natural history of glaciers has recently attracted the public attention in a high degree. The descriptions of Agassiz, and the theories he has proposed concerning these rivers of ice, in which they are regarded as one of the most powerful and universal agents in producing geological changes, have drawn many naturalists to study them in their native valleys. The controversies between him and our distinguished countryman Professor Forbes, have still farther increased the interest of scientific men in the true structure of the ice of which they are composed, and in the cause of their progressive motion. Every summer parties of naturalists have taken up their abode beside the glaciers, in order to watch their progress and chronicle the various phenomena they present. One of the principal stations is on a rising ground on the left side of Aar glacier, where a Swiss naturalist, M. Dollfus-Ausset, has erected a hut about eight thousand feet English above the sea. Here he was this summer visited for a few days by Agassiz, and at that time an expedition was undertaken to the top of one of the highest peaks of the Berner Oberland. This was the northern pinnacle of the Wetterhorn, 12,800 feet above the sea, two of the guides being the only persons who had ever previously ascended it. The preparations for the ascent were made on Tuesday the 29th July, and the party consisted of Agassiz and two others, with four guides. One of the party has given an account of their adventures, of which the following is a translation:—

On the 29th the weather seemed by no means propitious; but the barometer was rising, the dew-point fell, and a favourable wind blowing from the mountains towards the Grimsel, M. Dollfus assured us of a cloudless sky. Our design was to pass the night on the Col of the Lauter Aar, behind the glacier, and from thence to ascend the peak. On the morning of the 30th our impatience forced us very early from bed, but a thick mist seemed to have frustrated all our preparations. About nine o'clock, however, a favourable wind broke up the mass of vapour, and drove it in various forms along the walls of rock towards the Grimsel. Suddenly the white firn shone out from the clouds, as if giving us a friendly salutation, and inviting us by the magic splendour of the sunshine to visit its dangerous peaks. All were soon in motion, each hastening to his appointed destination. Our party, provided with veils and blue spectacles, to prevent the injurious effects of the snow on the eyes, proceeded with four heavily laden guides towards the top of the glacier of the Lauter Aar, whence our leader thought the Wetterhorn would be most easily ascended, and which, at any rate, was the shortest road. The farther we proceeded the more plainly could we perceive the much-discussed striped structure of the ice. Small perpendicular layers, which run in the direction of the axis of the glacier, are coloured alternately white and blue, and appeared particularly beautiful under newly removed stones, or on the walls of the yawning chasms, even to a great depth, where the evaporation of the ice had not obliterated the phenomenon, which proceeds from alternate layers, arranged side by side, of glacier ice, formed from frozen snow, and of pure blue ice, from congealed water. We had now almost left the region of organic nature. The whole horizon was shut in by snowy alpine summits, whose naked declivities showed no trace of vegetation, except a few lichens that here and there covered the walls of granite rock. The small black glacier-flea (*Desoria glacialis*), which is found in masses under the stones on the ice, was the solitary representative of the rich animal world we had left behind in the valleys. We soon reach-

higher up rests upon the firm (snow not yet consolidated into a glacier), and gradually passes above into the perpetual snows of the summit. The perilous nature of the surface was soon shown, when one of our guides, who had always boldly preceded the party in order to show us the way, suddenly sank down. He had broken through the snow over a chasm, which, however, was not broad enough to receive him with his voluminous burden. Laughing at the accident, he extricated himself with our assistance, and again took the lead, wholly unconcerned about the little adventure, as he named it, that had befallen him. These men, who have spent their whole lives in the high Alps, are so accustomed to such things, that no danger is urgent enough to deprive them of their coolness and self-possession. This coolness never forsakes them, even on the most dangerous paths; it preserves them from those false steps which the fearful almost inevitably makes, when the yawning abyss shows him the terrible consequences of a fall, and enables them to perform almost incredible feats. In clambering along the small projecting points of a perpendicular rock, descending to the most giddy depths below, they can calculate correctly where to place their foot, armed with iron nails, so that it will not slip, and are never seen to stumble where other persons would do so a hundred times. As securely as we could walk on a small path in a meadow, without treading on the grass along its sides, so surely do we see them walk along the narrow ridges, scarcely a foot broad, with huge precipices on each hand, or climb the perpendicular rocks, where a single false step would cost them their lives.

We felt too active and vigorous, and our expectations were too highly excited, to allow us to regard the misfortune of our guide as a bad omen; a feeling so ready to force itself even on the most intelligent men, when their strength is worn out and their physical confidence exhausted. We soon reached the middle of the semicircle formed by the chain of the Schreckhorn on the one side, and that of the Schneehorn on the other, and shut in behind by the Col of the Aar. A short halt was employed to mark out a line across the glacier, in order to determine its motion near its origin. From this place the road led, sometimes over, sometimes round, the chasms in the glacier to the foot of the Col, whose rising wall seemed to our eyes almost perpendicular, and which an inexperienced lowlander would have thought insurmountable. The plummet showed an inclination of 65 deg. on the wall of snow. A guide went first, cutting steps in the snow; we followed mechanically in his footsteps, using both our hands and feet, and towards evening reached the summit where the three peaks of the Wetterhorn—the Rosenhorn, the Mittelhorn, and the northern or proper Wetterhorn—saluted us. After a short rest, the guides went in search of night quarters, as the sun was now drawing near the horizon, and we preferred a dry bed of stones to the melting snow on which we sat. But they could not find anywhere an overhanging rock or hollow, to shelter us from the wind and mist; everywhere only snow and sharp-cornered fragments of rock. With much good humour, the guides collected the smoothest stones and laid them beside each other: 'There is a good pillow!' was the common remark, as one of them rolled a stone of a hundred weight into its place. A wall, of rather loose materials, two feet high, was designed to protect us from the wind, whilst the sky formed our only roof. Two buffalo skins were spread over the stones on the ground, and then our bed was ready. Each one, having first paid his respects to the provisions, rolled himself up in his woollen blanket, placed his hat for a pillow, and thus awaited the dark night, which drew on with wonderful splendour. A dark black cloudless sky, such as is never seen in the plains, was adorned with stars of unusual splendour; and the white spectral summits of the Alps stood out in bold relief on the black background. Sleeping was out of the question, for the cold (the minimum thermometer fell below 20 deg. during the night) compelled us to draw close together, and we were thus forced

to remain always in the same position, which often became almost unendurable when a sharp corner of a stone pressed on the sides. Yet no one ventured to wake another from his supposed sleep. The contemplation of the heavens was thus our only amusement, where many splendid shooting stars, with fiery paths, crossing in various directions, employed our eyes.

Long, long, it continued till the morning dawned, and the sunbeams gilded the peaks of the Schreckhorn. Every one sprang up, not loath to quit their uneasy couch, and prepared to prosecute our journey. A great part of our baggage was left behind here. The snow field, presenting a hard frozen surface to the foot, promoted our progress over the crevices of the Grindelwald glacier, which has its source in this place. We soon reached the foot of the Mittelhorn, along which our road led. The rugged wall of vertical beds of slaty gneiss, which divided us from the next snow field, formed a very dangerous passage, where points of rock, scarcely projecting an inch, had often to bear the whole weight of the body. It was here of some consequence to preserve one's balance. The great caution with which we proceeded step by step, fixing our hands at the same time in the crevices of the rocks, and the undaunted demeanour of our guides, enabled us to reach in safety the snow field, which, readily receiving the impression of our feet, was easily ascended notwithstanding its abruptness. The horizon now expanded; we had reached a plateau that was nearly level, covered with the most dazzling white snow, and from which our view extended over groups of hills and valleys to the Jura. The consistence of the snow, which no longer formed into balls, the dryness of the skin notwithstanding the great exertion, and the force of the wind, showed that we had reached a very considerable elevation. This lofty plateau of the Wetterhorn, connected with the Col of the Aar, is not laid down on the maps, because only its edges being seen from below, they were supposed to be ridges of rock. The three peaks of the Wetterhorn, Mittelhorn, and Rosenhorn, sprang up like rocky islands out of the sea of snow that covers this small mountain plain. The proper Wetterhorn is the most imposing of the three, rising up like an obelisk, with walls that exceed in steepness the roof of a church tower. Some of us looked dubiously upwards, considering whether it was possible to clamber up such acclivities; yet no one ventured to express this feeling, but trusted implicitly in our guides, and without further question followed the first of them, who cut steps with his axe in the places where the snow covering was frozen. In the middle of the cone we made a short halt, as the rock was here visible, which was to us a matter of great interest. On the Mittelhorn we had left the crystalline primary rocks, which rose in vertical beds to the very summit without being covered by any other species of rock. Here we found a bluish-grey limestone composing the summit, in thin layers, perfectly horizontal, whilst this rock is wholly wanting on all the surrounding mountains. The compass showed the inclination of the wall on which we stood as 68 deg., which many may consider fabulous. Yet we reached the highest point in safety, having been drawn up by the guides with a rope, the last six feet of the wall being almost perpendicular.

The summit, which we reached about ten o'clock, forms a ridge from fifteen to twenty feet long, entirely covered with loose snow. On the one side the drifting of the north wind makes it overhang about two feet, on the other it forms a roundish hollow passing suddenly into a perpendicular wall. This, from its position, was entirely hid from our view, since no one ventured to approach the sloping side, where the slippery snow would have infallibly borne him down with it over the precipice. We also carefully avoided the projecting snow on the other side, which yielded even to the pressure of the hand. We felt most secure in a sitting posture. Thus we sat close together, 12,300 feet above the sea, and looked down with a feeling somewhat like that of Munchausen in his journey to the moon, when he saw the diminutive earth below his feet. Who can describe the panorama

that stretched itself out before us to the far horizon! The mountain-land of the Swiss, with its silver lakes, lay below us like a bas-relief. Behind the Jura, whose summit, though by no means strongly marked, was yet easily recognised, a bright green band pointed out the plains of France, from which the Vosges Mountains rose up and were continued on the right hand in the Schwarzwald. The condition of the atmosphere was peculiarly favourable for a view, since, purified by the showers of the previous day, it was remarkably transparent, and brought all objects very near. The immeasurable horizon was removed to such a distance, that one almost fancied that the curvature of the earth was visible. Immediately below us lay Grindelwald, where we could count the panes of glass in the windows of the houses, which looked out from below the green trees. How much might we not have discovered with the telescope in this immense panorama? But no one thought of using it, for the majestic impression of the whole was worth more than the satisfying of a minute curiosity.

We remained a full hour above. The guides had employed the interval in hoisting a red flag, as a signal of the success of our undertaking. Our watches admonished us that short enough time was left to enable us to reach the hut before evening. We began our return without hesitation, though well knowing that a difficult road is much more dangerous in the descent than the ascent. The steepest part was passed over by aid of a rope which one of the guides held above; then we sought out our old footsteps and descended them slowly like a ladder. Arrived at the middle of that precipitous wall of snow, the foremost guide sat down and slid to the bottom, giving himself the right direction with his stick. He rushed down like an avalanche, enveloped in a cloud of snow. No time was left us for consideration; the other guides sat down and we behind them, with our legs spread out, and away we went with a loud huzzah. We looked up delighted from below on the road which had cost so much labour in the ascent, but which was now accomplished in a few seconds. We then followed our old track, and soon crossed the plateau of the Wetterhorn. In order to avoid the steep declivity covered with snow, which I mentioned above, we now crossed the gneiss rocks of the Mittelhorn higher up; this being the most dangerous and giddy path we had yet attempted. One of our party, whose physical powers began to fail him, lost courage at the sight, and affirmed it to be impossible to reach the opposite snow-field in safety. On this, one of the guides, well known to us as a bold chamois hunter, went up to him, put a belt round him, and twisting the rope attached to it on his arm, encouraged him to proceed. With the laconic words, 'Now, both or none;' that is, either both of us must fall or neither, he cautiously followed his insecure steps. We again breathed freely when this, the most dangerous part of our road, lay behind us. The chamois hunter had twice held up our companion when slipping, and brought him safely over. About evening we again reached the Col of the Aar, wearied by the exertions which our return had cost us; for the snow, which in the morning was hard frozen, was now soft, so that we sunk sometimes to the middle. But a short rest soon restored us, for in these Alpine regions one never feels that complete exhaustion which is common in pedestrian journeys in the low country. Our guides packed up the things left here in the morning and waded through the snow before us. We slid down the wall of the Col of the Aar, as we had done before on the Wetterhorn. We gave no heed to the glacier crevices which in ascending we had stepped over or gone round about, for at the word of command, 'Feet up,' the velocity of our motion carried us over them, almost without being aware of their existence. With the setting sun we again stood on the level of the Aar glacier. The glacier-fleas attracted our attention, as they were scattered here and there by millions over the whole surface of the snow; whereas in general they are found collected in masses under the stones on the ice. Further down they more and more disappeared,

and instead of them we found large spots of red snow, which is well known to be chiefly occasioned by microscopic animals. At the Hotel de Neuchatelois M. Dollfus met us with his guides, rejoicing to hear of the fortunate issue of the expedition. Before the relation of our adventures was finished, we arrived, about nightfall, at the pavilion. Who knows not the feeling of satisfied delight with which the wanderer, hungry and weary, crosses the threshold of his resting-place for the night? How much greater was ours, when we were again united round the hospitable board, after finishing a dangerous journey, without having to lament the slightest misfortune, which might so easily have overtaken us.

CUTTING DOWN AN ARTICLE.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN AN EDITOR AND HIS AMANUENSIS.

Editor: Let me see. We have to fill a vacant space of half a page. What articles have we to select from?—Amanuensis (reading titles): 'Lines written to King Charles the night after his execution;' 'Stanzas addressed to a young lady on her having asked the author whether he danced the Polka? when he said he did not, and she recommended him to take some lessons, when he replied he certainly would.'—Editor: The title of that would have answered the purpose, if it had been a little longer. Proceed.—Amanuensis: 'Love and Madness, by one who has known the one and is still suffering from the other;' 'The Bell Ropes, a sequel to the Chimes;' 'A Sonnet.'—Editor: Ah! Let us hear the sonnet. That will give the required quantity if the quality happens to suit. Read it out, if you please.—Amanuensis (reading):

'TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Thou art a famous general indeed.'

Editor: Every body knows that; cut it out.—Amanuensis (reading):

'To thee the wreath of glory is decreed.'

Editor: Very true; but as that forms the rhyme to the first line, it must come out.—Amanuensis (reading):

'Not Hannibal, not Soult, not Marshal Ney;
Not Blucher, not Napoleon, not Dossaix—'

Editor: The reader will never take the trouble to untie all those knots; cut them out.—Amanuensis (reading):

'Not Alexander when he fought and won,
Did do the noble deeds that thou hast done.'

Editor: That *not* being as it were tied to the other *knots*, the first line must be omitted; and the second, being dependent on it, must go too; cut it out.—Amanuensis (reading):

'Who conquer'd on the field of Waterloo?
Does not judicious echo answer, 'You?''

Editor: As echo could only answer 'o-o,' which means nothing, it would be more judicious on the part of echo to make no answer at all; cut that couplet out.—Amanuensis (reading):

'Great in the senate, greater in the field,
In neither wert thou ever known to yield.'

Editor: Poetically pretty, but historically false; he yielded in the senate once or twice. Cut it out.—Amanuensis (reading):

'A grateful nation, prostrate at thy feet,
Comes forth with joy the warrior to meet.'

Editor: What? how? why? where? what warrior? Cut it out.—Amanuensis (reading):

'Mercy, 'tis known, has ever been thy creed,
Though none so well can make a people bleed.'

Editor: Capital! excellent! an admirable article!—Amanuensis: It's all cut out.

Editor: Yes; but we can restore some of it. I have it. Begin with the first line and end with the last, commencing the latter with 'for' instead of 'though.' Prefix as a title to the article, 'Epigram on General Tom Thumb,' and read it to me.—Amanuensis (reading):

'EPIGRAM ON GENERAL TOM THUMB.

'Thou art a famous General indeed,
For none so well can make a people bleed.'

Editor: There! that reads very well. Let it be put into type.—(Exit Amanuensis. Editor falls asleep over a pile of correspondence.)

A WORD TO THE YOUNG.

The time of life which is now passing over you is of immense and inconceivable importance. I cannot think of your entering on the busy scenes and numerous temptations of the world without feeling for you the greatest solicitude. Every step you take is decisive—every action you perform is critical—every idea you form is likely to become a principle, influencing your future destiny; God knows the consequences and results. You remind me of what I have often witnessed with inexpressible delight in the days of my youth—a fine vessel launched upon the waters, its streamers waving in the wind, acclamations rending the air as it passed triumphantly along, expectation and delight beaming from every countenance. But who could tell its future story—the storms that were to pass over it, the rocks that were to endanger it, or the unknown sighs and lamentations that were to fill the minds and awaken the solitudes of its inhabitants? And often have I heard of the wreck of the very vessel which I had seen launched; others have returned shattered and almost wrecked by the dangers which they had encountered. Of such thoughts and anxieties it is natural to be possessed on the present occasion. You, my young friends, are just launched; the gale of hope swells your sails; you are looking forward to years of happiness and delight. Oh, let me ask you a few questions of infinite moment to your peace. Who is your pilot? what is your chart? how will you steer your course? what is your destined haven? You would deem him ill fitted to superintend maritime or nautical concerns who was not possessed of all skill, and foresight, and prudence—who did not anticipate what was likely to happen, and aim to make suitable preparation. What, then, must be the folly of that youth who is thinking only of the passing moment, only of immediate provision—the delight of the day which is fleeting over him? who manifests no anxiety in reference to the future—the eternal concerns of his soul!—*Fletcher.*

HALF OF THE PROFIT.

A nobleman, resident at a chateau near Pisa, was about to celebrate his marriage-feast. All the elements were propitious except the ocean, which had been so boisterous as to deny the very necessary appendage of fish. On the very morning of the feast, however, a poor fisherman made his appearance with a large turbot. Joy pervaded the castle, and the fisherman was ushered with his prize into the saloon, where the nobleman, in the presence of his visitors, requested him to put what price he thought proper on the fish, and it should be instantly paid him. 'One hundred lashes,' said the fisherman, 'on my bare back is the price of my fish, and I will not bate one strand of whipcord on the bargain.' The nobleman and his guests were not a little astonished; but our chapman was resolute, and remonstrance was in vain. At length the nobleman exclaimed, 'Well, well, the fellow is a humourist, and the fish we must have; but lay on lightly, and let the price be paid in our presence.' After fifty lashes had been administered, 'Hold, hold!' exclaimed the fisherman, 'I have a partner in this business, and it is fitting that he should receive his share.'—'What! are there two such madcaps in the world?' exclaimed the nobleman; 'name him, and he shall be sent for instantly.'—'You need not go very far for him,' said the fisherman; 'you will find him at your gate, in the shape of your own porter, who would not let me in until I promised that he should have the half of whatever I received for my turbot.'—'Oh, oh!' said the nobleman, 'bring him up instantly; he shall receive his stipulated moiety with the strictest justice.' This ceremony being finished he discharged the porter, and amply rewarded the fisherman.—*Youth's Monthly Visitor.*

DRESS.

There is not in the world a surer sign of a little soul than the striving to gain respect by such despicable means as dress and rich clothes: none will depend on these ornaments but they who have no other.

GENTLENESS.

Years may pass over our heads without affording an opportunity for acts of high beneficence or extensive utility. Whereas not a day passes, but, in the common transactions of life, and especially in the intercourse of domestic society, gentleness finds a place for promoting the happiness of others, and for strengthening in ourselves the habit of virtue. There are situations not a few in human life, where the encouraging reception, the condescending behaviour, and the look of sympathy, bring greater relief to the heart than the most bountiful gift.

TO A CHILD SLEEPING.

Soft be thy slumber and peaceful thy rest,
No care to encumber thy infantine breast.
Sleep on, gentle babe; may thy innocent brow,
By sorrow unshaded, be ever as now!

Thou know'st not the sadness, with bitter alloy,
That, seeming all gladness, o'er mingles each joy;
To thee all is sunshine, no cloud dims thy sky—
All gladsome the light is that beams from thine eye.

Some spirit thou seem'st from the regions of light
To this, our dim world, to gladden our sight
With a glimpse of their brightness, sent down from above
To tell that, like thee, all is joy there and love.

Or a rosebud thou seem'st, in blushes array'd,
To the fresh breeze of morning in beauty display'd.
Sweet flower, may thy beauty be ever as bright,
Nor death rudely pluck thee away from our sight!

When I gaze on thee, gentle one, bathed in sweet rest—
The light of pure love on thy features imprint—
And see the soft bloom on thy smooth rounded cheek,
And thy close curtain'd eyes in their slumber so meek,

I think of the Babe that, in beauty disclosed,
In Bethlehem's manger all lowly reposed,
While, with love's holy radiance his face brightly gleaming,
The peace of a world now ransom'd was beaming.

And the fair Virgin Mother, in fancy I see,
On the holy babe smiling in wrapt ecstacy,
As fondly she looks with a mother's delight
In his face with the radiance of heaven beaming bright.

Yet the mother's sweet smile on her babe, gently sleeping,
Thus gazing in fondness, was turn'd to weeping,
When the mantle of sorrow that holy one shrouded,
And with griefs not his own his pure spirit was clouded.

And though, gentle babe, all unconscious of care,
Like a sweet blooming flower, in thy slumber so fair—
In beauty thou sleepest so peacefully now,
Yet sorrow shall shade, too, thy innocent brow.

For pilgrim ne'er pass'd through this valley of tears,
Where sadness with mirth ever mingled appears,
Whose heavenward path by the beacon was lighted
Of joy ever bright'ning, by sorrow unlighted.

Then soft be thy slumber, and peaceful thy rest,
No care to encumber thy infantine breast!
Sleep on, gentle babe, while no cloud dims thy sky,
And the light of pure innocence beams from thine eye!

e.

MUSINGS.

The ashes of the commonest fire are melancholy things, for in them there is an image of death and ruin—of something that has been bright, and is but dull, cold, dreary dust—with which our nature forces us to sympathize. How much more sad are the crumbled embers of a home—the casting down of that great altar where the worst among us sometimes perform the worship of the heart, and where the best have offered such sacrifices and done such deeds of heroism as, chronicled, would put the proudest temples of old time, with all their vaunting annals, to the blush.

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ILLUSTRATIONS OF LONGEVITY.

NO. I.

ONE hundred, or one hundred and twenty years upon this earth, appear a long time—almost three times that of the mean duration of the generations of men. How much of vicissitude is crowded into a term of this extent; and what a slow, winding, intricate, and obscure labyrinth it appears to look back on such a period! Instances of extreme longevity, then, always have their interest—we grasp with avidity the succession of events as detailed by a living chronicler who has seen, and felt, and experienced all that he relates; and we are led to speculate on all those circumstances which have accompanied and which seem to have conduced to such a protracted existence. The deductions of experience, however, have failed to establish any practical rules for the attainment of long life. It seems a free gift of nature—a hereditary patrimony entailed on the possessor. The histories of those who have lived to an extraordinary age form the best elucidation of this. In the first place, longevity appears to be decidedly hereditary; and in the next place, we find that various modes, both of activity and indolence, of excess and temperance, have been practised by those who have lived long, with seemingly equal results; a few exceptions, indeed, of which the celebrated *Lewis Cornaro* is an example, exhibit the fact of rigid adherence to a particular regimen producing a decided effect on the prolongation of life. This should not, however, lead any to suppose that to the great mass of mankind temperance and regularity of life are not virtues of the greatest importance. The shortest term of life may be rendered happy and profitable by the good conduct of its possessor, while the longest life may be made wretched and miserable by misconduct. It is of daily observation, too, that the most robust constitutions are frequently destroyed, and prospects of long life cut short, by intemperance and folly. As it is our object to elucidate these remarks by examples, we shall begin with the following narrative:—

Some ten years ago, in a glowing summer afternoon, we passed by a lonely country village—a few sheep were nibbling the green sward on the sloping side of a hill under which a few scattered hamlets were placed; two cows were standing midway in a pool of water formed by the circling flow of a small brook; several groups of children were playing on the banks of the stream; and by the side of a green knoll, near me, sat an old man, sunning himself in the full blaze of the now descending sun. He appeared to me, in the words of the poet, to be the 'oldest man that ever wore grey hairs': the few scant locks that hung from beneath his ample bonnet, were thin and

bleached to most venerable whiteness; yet his countenance was fresh, his eye lustrous and intelligent, and his frank salute and the movement of his bonnet with his slender palsied hand, convinced me that in him I should find no repulsive or uninteresting companion. I sat down beside him, and in little more than an hour I had his whole history of upwards of a hundred years. He was, indeed, a hundred and three. It contained little or nothing of adventure: he had never in his life been more than twelve miles from his native village; his sphere of recollection embraced little of the doings of the great world around him—its political struggles, its commercial enterprises, its arts or its philosophy; yet, as a simple detail of human life, it interested me; and, as it embraced a state of manners and of living in a remote county of Scotland, totally different from any thing likely to be known to the generality of readers, it perhaps may interest others also. I do not pretend to give the words of the old man, nor his particular remarks, which oftentimes were extremely quaint and expressive; I merely give a summary of the information which my repeated questionings elicited.

David Smith was the ninth child of a cottar in the village. His father lived to upwards of eighty; several of his brothers and sisters died before the years of manhood, others lived to a considerable age, but they were scattered over distant parts of the country. My informant always understood that he was a seven months' child,* or, at all events, born before the regular period. Until his seventh year he was delicate. After that period he gained health and strength every year, and at twenty was a strong well-formed man, nearly six feet in height. His father's cottage was built of turf, in which were interspersed several rows of the large round stones so abundant in the valley; the frame of the roof was formed out of rude unshaped trees, many of which were dug from the neighbouring peat-moss; turf was again laid over these to the thickness of two feet, in order effectually to keep out the rain. The floors of the apartments within, of which there were three, were formed of a blue clay, also procured in the neighbourhood. The fuel consisted of dried turf, dried cow-dung, and the roots and stems of the broom and furze, which grew abundantly around. The general routine of diet was the following:—The dinner consisted of brose made of oatmeal and water, or *sowens*, a preparation of the bran or seeds of oatmeal steeped in hot water and fermented for a few days, then drained and boiled into a pulp or pudding, which was taken with milk. Supper consisted of porridge or of *kail*,

* In the records of longevity this is not an unusual circumstance. Several other very old people are said to have been delicate in their earliest years.

that is, greens boiled in water, then mashed and thickened with oatmeal into a soup. The remainder of this soup, boiled next morning and thickened into a porridge with oatmeal, served also for breakfast, with the occasional addition of a little milk or butter. Beer was sometimes a winter luxury—strong ale being drank only at great feasts or on fair days. Animal food or even eggs were rarely eaten, these luxuries being reserved to the laird for rent, or sold at the neighbouring burgh town. The clothing, both woollen and linen, was spun by the females at home. The land around the village was portioned out into small strips or *rigs*, each cottar holding two, or three, or more, according to his means. The grazing grounds were common to the whole inhabitants of the village, and here a few sheep and cows were kept by each. There were then no turnips, or potatoes, or sown grass, or what are commonly called green crops. All the spare animals were either sold or killed at the end of autumn, and the remainder were with difficulty kept alive during the long winter. When about nine years of age, David was sent to tend the cattle of a neighbouring farmer, that is, one a degree above the cottars of the village, for nothing like the large farms of the present day then existed. In the winter evenings he learned to read and almost to write at school. He also acquired the art of rude basket-making, which he turned to some account in after-life. As he advanced in years, he drove the plough. That great implement of husbandry then consisted of a rude heavy structure of wood, to which were yoked four or five small horses, or four oxen, and sometimes a mixture of oxen and horses, fastened together with rude adjustments of horse-hair ropes and twisted bands of heather. A ploughman was necessary to guide this plough, besides one or two lads to direct the ill-disciplined animals. At the age of twenty-two our hero married. It was a match of pure love. His wife was eighteen, a native of the hamlet, a lively, affectionate, and industrious helpmate, with whom he lived for nearly thirty years, and whom he yet cannot think of without a sad heart. At the period of their marriage their united fortunes fell somewhat short of twenty shillings. The furniture of their cottage consisted of a bed, a table, three chairs, a few horn spoons and wooden bowls, a chest of drawers, and a cradle, the heritable property of his wife's aged mother. The old man dwelt with complacency on his marriage and marriage feast. It was the practice then to invite the whole country side to a wedding; young and old turned out, food and drink were prepared for the consumpt of two or three days, and the guests paid a small sum for their entertainment, which went to defray the expense, and generally left some surplus to the young married couple to begin life with; hence they were called 'Penny Weddings.' A few years, and David found himself the father of a family of four sons and three daughters. His occupation consisted in digging and preparing peats in the neighbouring moss in summer, and carrying them to the burgh twice a-week in winter, on panniers slung on each side of a horse's back. The steep pathway across the hill to the town would not have permitted of a wheeled cart. Indeed, in those days, carts in that part of the country were as yet unknown and unheard of. They had a sort of sledge, which was trailed along the ground; and the more wealthy began to use the *kelloch*, a conical wicker basket set on a frame, with wheels made of two circular boards joined together, and a hole in the centre for the insertion of the axletree. In the winter nights he, assisted by his young family, wove small baskets, which were sold at fairs in the neighbouring burgh. The responsible charge of a family now also rendered him more thoughtful about sacred things; after leaving his father's roof, at an early age, his conduct became rather heedless, but now that he was a father himself he resumed the evening prayer and the evening psalm, and these always crowned and concluded the labours of the night. A block of fir wood, dug from the moss, blazed in his chimney corner, and by its peculiarly resinous nature afforded an ample light for the labours of the family. Often a

neighbour or two joined the fireside circle, and thus, in discussing the news of the district, the long winter nights were beguiled. 'If I were asked for the blithest blink on life's changeful scene,' said the old man, 'I would point back to that period of my life.' A few more years passed, and his family were grown up and dispersed in various ways. The recruiting drum and the busy notes of war reached even their remote district; two sons became soldiers, and one fell in the American war; others of his family dropped off. His wife, too, the partner of his joys and sorrows, died, and he was left almost a solitary being. At the age of sixty he a second time entered into the state of matrimony, and again became a family man. This second wife he also outlived, and but for the society of a grandchild, who, left an orphan, found a home in his cottage, he would have been a second time reduced to solitude. Like most old people, he clung to the recollections of the customs of his early years and the friends of his youth. The world had grown no better in his estimation, and the times and customs, though changed, were scarcely allowed to have improved. His recollections were full of the past, but the occurrences of the present seemed to have little interest for him. His hero was old Sir Robert, a Jacobite laird of the year 1745. Those of a more modern date were Washington and Lord Cornwallis, while of Bonaparte or Wellington he made small account. His life, on the whole, had been a temperate one, yet he did not let the ale cup pass untasted when occasion put it in his way. Continued daily occupation rather than hard toil had been his lot. He had been much in the open air and still loved the blue sky and cheering sun. His temper was evidently cheerful and well balanced, and he was disposed to view every thing in the most favourable manner. Though resigned to depart, yet he confessed he was not altogether tired of existence. Although he had survived not only the friends of his youth but those of his old age, he had a pleasure in looking upon the offspring of many whom he had loved and respected, and these were not slow in kind offices to him. He was the patriarch of the village, and as such respected. Neither did time hang altogether heavy on his hands. 'When young,' he said, 'years and months seemed to have no end, and there was a time when sorrow and vexation made me think they sped too slow; my soul then longed to reach the end of all trouble; but now the sun rises and goes down almost ere I wist, and months and years slip away like the water which is ever running; I have to thank the Lord for health of body and peace of mind.' As he said this, a little maiden about fourteen years of age, with a rosy face and ringlets nearly as white as lint and as soft, came gently up and proffered her hand to lead her grandfather home. With slow and painful motion he got up, and as he bade me farewell his infantile feelings could scarcely be restrained from downright weeping at a separation from this our short acquaintanceship. Both proceeded slowly onwards, and I stood gazing for some time on this interesting picture of youth and age—the extremes of our common nature—thus meeting on the two great limits of existence.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

PETER THE GREAT.

THE first Roman emperor boasted that he had found Rome built of brick and left it marble. To the Tzar of Russia, Peter the Great, a far higher meed of praise must be given. He found a great empire in a state of lawless barbarism and profound ignorance; he left it, by his own incessant and noble personal exertions, endowed with liberal institutions, with arts, sciences, and commerce. The character and career of such a man cannot fail to be full of deep interest.

Alexis Michaelovitz, the father of Peter the Great, was one of the best princes that had sat on the throne of Muscovy. He began the system, adopted by his successors and pursued up to the present day, of encouraging the resi-

dence of foreigners in his dominions and employing them in his service. Thus the first rays of enlightenment darted upon the people of Russia, and the way was paved for their adoption of more civilized customs under the auspices of his successor Peter. Alexis was twice married. By his first wife he had two sons, Theodore and John, and four daughters, Sophia, Catherine, Mary, and Sediassa. Two children, Peter and Natalia, were the offspring of his second marriage. All these children were alive at the death of their father, the Tzar Alexis, in 1677, and to appearance, Peter, the seventh of them, was at a great distance from the throne. It was not so, however, in reality. Theodore, indeed, ascended the throne, but his bodily constitution was so weak, that his life was considered likely to be of short duration. The second brother, Prince John, was still more grievously incapacitated for a throne, so that Peter's ascension of it at an early date was from the very first rendered exceedingly probable. And so it happened. Theodore died in 1682, and, passing over John on account of his infirmities, nominated Peter, then ten years of age, as his successor. This would have been peacefully assented to by all, but for the intrigues of the Princess Sophia, a woman of a daring spirit, who, enraged at Peter's elevation over her full brother John, excited an insurrectionary spirit among the Strelitzes, a royal guard resembling the Janissaries of Turkey, and contrived by her address to get John nominated joint Tzar with Peter. The one being almost fatuous, and the other a child, she was appointed regent, which was the darling object of her ambition.

The boyhood of Peter was spent under the care of a Scottish gentleman, termed Menesius (most probably *Menzies*), who is said to have been admirably qualified for his office. Some writers represent the regent Sophia as having endeavoured, by surrounding Peter with debauched companions, to break his health and weaken his capacity. Whether with this design or not, it is certain at least that she dismissed Menesius, because he would not join in her views respecting the prince. Until the latter passed the age of seventeen, the whole power of the empire was in the regent's hands, and in those of her able but unprincipled minister Galitzin. While Galitzin was absent on an expedition to the Crimea, Peter was married to a lady named Ottokesa Lapouchin, daughter to the Boyar Feodor Abramavitz. When this lady was announced to be pregnant some time after, the minister, who had returned from his campaign, saw that the end of his power was approaching. The Princess Sophia partook of this fear, and the two conspired to raise the Strelitzes a second time, and to murder the young Tzar Peter. The plot, fortunately, was discovered, and all concerned in it were most severely punished. Galitzin escaped with banishment, and Sophia was shut up in a convent, from which she was never emancipated. Peter was now the real and only sovereign, as John did nothing but attach his name to public documents, up to the time of his death, which took place in 1696.

Peter was now eighteen years old, tall and handsome, with a countenance of the most pleasing cast, yet capable of expressing great severity. The ardour of his mind speedily shone forth, and even at this early period of his life his plans for reforming his country and subjects were resolved upon and matured. He instituted inquiries into the laws, and encouraged foreigners and manufacturers. With a little Dutch-built boat, he frequently spent days on the river which passes Moscow, managing the vessel himself, and revolving his schemes regarding commerce and naval affairs. He engaged Dutch shipbuilders to construct five vessels for him on the lake Peipus, and when tired of the mimic sailing of a lake, went to his port of Archangel, where he made excursions into the Arctic Sea. Sometimes danger attended these trips, and the Tzar showed himself commonly the most intrepid of the party. 'Never fear,' was his exclamation, 'the Tzar Peter cannot be drowned.' Such was his passion for navigation, that he performed all the offices of a common sailor, swept the decks, and went through all the grades

and duties from ship-boy to captain. He had a purpose, however, in doing this; he wished, by his example, to exhibit the course of training which he was resolved that every officer in his service should undergo.

Nor was he less attentive to matters on land. The Tartars of the Crimea had long annoyed his predecessors, and with a large force he undertook to reduce them. General le Fort, an able Frenchman, to whom Peter and his empire were much indebted, went with him, as did also Menzikoff, who, from the situation of a pastry-cook's boy, was rapidly rising in the Tzar's favour. The city of Asoph was the key of the Black Sea, and before it the young monarch sat down, with the fixed determination to become its master. His first attack was unsuccessful, but on the second attempt the city was obliged to capitulate. The conqueror took measures immediately to increase the fleets in the harbour, and at Voronitz on the Don, by which means he had perfect command over the Euxine. On his triumphal return to Moscow, he discovered a conspiracy against him among the Strelitzes, and put many of them to death.

His empire was now at peace, and the people were inspired with a love for his person, and a salutary dread of his justice. Several Scottish officers had been with him in his late campaign, and to the advice of one of them, General Gordon, he owed the reduction of Asoph. This, and many other circumstances, begot in him an admiration of the nations of the west, and he resolved to bring his people, if possible, up to the same standard. For this purpose, he despatched, in 1697, more than two hundred young Russians to learn their arts and sciences, and he himself took the resolution of going in person to the capitals of Western Europe. No ambassadors from Russia had as yet visited foreign courts, and the Tzar thought fit at this time to remedy the defect. Two of his favourites were selected for this mission, and he himself went as a private gentleman in their train. The embassy went by Riga and Konigsberg to the Rhine, and from this to Zaardam in Holland. At this little town Peter, who had separated from his party, entered himself in the dockyard, with one or two companions, as common shipcarpenters. He worked unsparingly, and adhered to all the ordinary duties of the employment. His true character soon became known, and great numbers came to see him, which annoyed him not a little at first. But long before the nine months which he spent here were expired, he had visited openly every thing worth seeing in the country. He attended lectures, and made himself well acquainted with anatomy, medicine, and engineering, besides many other branches of art. To his ship-building he paid most attention, and became an expert workman. On the news reaching him of a great victory gained over the Turks and Tartars by his army, he gave a sumptuous entertainment at Amsterdam to the principal men of the Dutch nation. At the Hague he had an interview with King William of England, who engaged to send two ships of war to convey Peter and his suite to England.

On the 18th of January, 1698, the Tzar arrived in the Thames. A large house was hired for him near York Buildings, from which, on account of his desire to be near Deptford Dockyard, he removed to Saye's Court, the celebrated domicile of Evelyn. He paid frequent visits to the king, and went to all the places of public amusement. Bishop Burnet was appointed to be his cicerone, and has given some notices of the Tzar's manners and behaviour far from complimentary. The bishop says he was much addicted to the use of brandy, and it is generally believed that this was the case in his youth. Altogether, he appears to have been too overbearing and passionate for the bishop, though every candid man will admit that the unlimited power possessed by the monarch of Russia ought to plead strongly in excuse for the vagaries of Peter; and it should never be forgotten that his faults were common to his nation and his age, while his virtues were rare, and peculiar to himself.

Inquiry was the characteristic of the Tzar's mind. On

some occasions, his observations were of a curious order. 'Who are all those people flying about in black gowns and white wigs?' said he, on being taken into Westminster Hall. 'Lawyers, sire,' was the reply. 'Lawyers!' cried Peter, in astonishment, 'why, I have only two in my whole dominions, and I believe I shall hang one of them the moment I get home.' He evinced a strong dislike to mix in large assemblies, and always preferred being placed in a quiet corner by himself, where, unobserved, he might mark all that passed. At this time he had formed a grand scheme for joining the Black Sea, the Caspian, and the Baltic, by canals, for which service he took out with him several able engineers. The news of a fresh insurrection among the Strelitzes hastened his departure from England; and after seventeen months' absence he arrived again in his own dominions.

General Patrick Gordon had succeeded in quelling the mutinous soldiers, and had thrown the ringleaders into prison. It is difficult to find any excuse for the dreadful punishments inflicted on these unhappy wretches by the Tzar; they were most barbarous. To destroy these men, it is admitted by every one, was necessary to his reign and existence, but the form of punishment, generally breaking on the wheel, was savage in the extreme. This was Peter's first appearance in the light of a stern avenger, and it cannot be denied that his judgments assisted greatly in maintaining the future peace of the kingdom. Voltaire says that the Tzar himself played the part of the executioner; an assertion wholly uncorroborated by any good authority. This affair broke up the body of the Strelitzes for ever. Those who remained were drafted into the ordinary service, in which Peter introduced a reform which met with greater opposition than many of his more important changes. This was the shortening of their coat-skirts and the shaving of their beards; an innovation which he ordered all his subjects shortly after to submit to under the penalty of a heavy fine. In numberless instances the fine was paid in preference to adopting the change.

The Tzar now founded schools, established printing presses, and introduced the Gregorian Calendar, with many other admirable improvements upon the old state of things. He also endeavoured to make his subjects sensible that the prosperity of nations consisted, as Napoleon in after times declared, 'in ships, colonies, and commerce.' To obtain these objects, the Tzar determined to provide for his navy an easy access to both the Baltic and the Euxine Seas. On the latter he had Asoph, but not possessing the countries around it, he felt himself to be insecure in his hold of the advantages the port gave him. To remedy this, he caused to be built, under his own eye, a large fleet on the Don, at Voronezh, to protect effectually his rising commerce on the Euxine. On the Baltic he had no port but Archangel, a place so far north as to be inaccessible for half the year. Riga was the city on which he fixed his desires, and he had no slight claim to it, as the province in which it lay had been not long before in the possession of Russia. To recover this, he joined with the Kings of Poland and Denmark in a league against the young Swedish monarch, Charles XII., who at that time held the provinces in question.

For a time Charles of Sweden appeared likely to overthrow all his foes. He appeared before Copenhagen, and the Danes saved their capital only by submission. He then marched into Poland, and the weak Augustus was forced to raise the siege in which he had been engaged, and to disband his army. Charles then marched to meet the Russians, and in the great battle of Narva overthrew them entirely. Had he marched straight onwards after these successes, Peter, who was not present at the battle, might have been in a situation of great danger; but Charles never thought of the consequences of his victories, and the Tzar, to whose great nation the loss of a few thousand men was as nothing, was left to discipline men and to build ships at his leisure. At this very time Peter was carrying on the greatest internal improvements; introducing Saxony sheep, erecting linen and paper factories,

encouraging foreign artisans, and, in short, cultivating all the arts of peace. He was overseer of all himself. He recruited his forces besides, and, under Marshal Scheremiatoff, the Russians obtained several important advantages over divisions of the Swedes, in Livonia and other districts. On one of these occasions it was that Peter's future empress, then a poor girl of the lower ranks, was observed by General Bauer among the captives at Marienburg, and taken, on account of her beauty, into his establishment. Peter's favourite, Menzikoff, saw her in the general's house, and taking a fancy to her, was presented by his friend with her. In Menzikoff's house, Catherine was seen by the Tzar, and was subsequently married to him. To this beautiful and extraordinary female much of Peter's happiness through life was owing. He had repudiated his first wife three years after their marriage.

In a journal written by Peter himself, and published by Catherine the Second, he details very accurately the events of the Swedish war. He bore with great equanimity the defeat at Narva, saying, 'the Swedes will teach us by-and-by how to beat them.' The provinces on the shores of the Neva were then in the possession of Sweden, and to these Peter directed his attention. He drove the enemy from a post called Nanshantz, at the mouth of the Neva; and seeing that it was the proper quarter for a port on the gulf of Finland, he selected an island in the river, on which he founded a city, and gave it the name of St Petersburg. This city, now one of the finest in the world, rose, under the energetic superintendence of the Tzar, more rapidly than can well be conceived. It is said that more than one hundred thousand men worked at its erection during the first year. Within five months after it was commenced, a ship appeared in the harbour; the master of which was discovered by Peter to be his old Dutch landlord at Zaardam, and was royally entertained by him. Other vessels speedily followed, and the monarch's favourite wish was gratified. Charles of Sweden, meantime, was occupied in deposing Augustus, and placing Stanislaus on the Polish throne. He was aware of the work on which the Tzar was engaged. 'Let him amuse himself building,' said the Swede; 'I shall find time to set his wooden houses in a blaze.' The Tzar sent letters of remonstrance to the Polish diet, but confined his personal operations to the siege of Dorpt, in which he was successful, and to engagements by sea with the Swedish fleet, where he likewise was a conqueror. At the same time, he sent a strong body of men to assist Augustus in Poland. That monarch, however, entered into a private treaty with the Swede, so that the Tzar now stood out alone, against the warlike Charles.

The battle of Pultowa, after several minor skirmishes, at last brought the Tzar and the Swede in front of each other, for the first and last time. Nearly two hundred thousand men were engaged in this great contest, where fortune deserted Charles, once and for ever, and declared for the Russian monarch. The Swedes were routed with immense loss, and it may justly be said that Peter's triumph changed the destinies of empires. Every European state felt the consequences of it, more or less; and Sweden, in particular, sunk from the station she had long held as the greatest power of the north, giving up the title to her mighty competitor. Charles now looked for assistance to the Ottoman Court, which was the power, of all others, most likely to be alarmed by the successes of the Tzar. The Turks entered into no compact with the Swede, though, on the representations of a Tartar Khan of the Crimea, as to the danger from the encroachments of Russia on the Black Sea, the Porte did declare war against that country. Peter, on being apprised of this, immediately made preparations for a campaign in Turkey. Before setting out, he openly proclaimed his marriage with Catherine, styling her the Tzarina of Russia. After this he departed, accompanied by her, to Turkey, with his army. The vizier at the Porte chanced to be an Englishman; he collected an army much larger than that of Charles, and though the latter was for some time successful, he

Turk ultimately hemmed him in at Pruth, and for three days kept up a fight in which he had great disadvantage. All seemed to be lost; the Tzar shut himself up in his tent, when by an exertion of Catherine, the vizier was induced to accede to terms of peace.

The anxiety and fatigues of this unfortunate campaign undermined the health of Peter, who found himself obliged to go to Carlsbad to drink the mineral waters there. At the same time, he married his son Alexis, by his first wife, to a German princess, and on his return to St Petersburg, he also made a public festival to solemnize anew his own marriage with Catherine. After this event, which took place in 1712, his attention was again directed to his old enemies, the Swedes, with whom he had several engagements both by land and sea. In particular, his fleet, under his own command, gained a great victory over the Swedish armament off the island of Alan. He made a triumphal entry into St Petersburg, and was gratified, at the same time, with the addition to his family of a daughter. He was now universally popular; his city had become a great capital; many foreigners of distinction came to see it, and received in every instance a royal welcome from the Tzar. He still directed his constant attention to his people's improvement in every respect; and though many tales have been told of his severity, it is asserted, by those who knew him personally, and were aware of the nation's character, that he was stern only from circumstances, not cruel in heart. He had long before this become strictly temperate in his habits, and, excepting in one particular, his domestic happiness was complete. This exception arose from the profligate conduct of his son, Alexis, who speedily broke his young wife's heart. She gave birth to a son, afterwards Peter the Second, and shortly after died. The Tzar regretted the loss of his daughter-in-law deeply, and his son soon felt the measure of his father's resentment. Before this happened, however, several events worthy of notice took place.

Catherine bore him a son, which was the signal for a general rejoicing throughout his empire. Peter took advantage of this time of joy to abolish the office of Patriarch of the Church, a sort of national pope, who interfered both in things spiritual and temporal. He told the grumbling clergy that he was their patriarch and head. A college was founded by him, in which the higher branches of learning were taught; maps of his vast dominions were for the first time made; ambassadors from many lands, both European and Asiatic, were sent to him; and, in short, the world now recognised in him a great warrior, legislator, and prince. The important change which this evinced in the opinions of men, can only be fully appreciated by those who recollect that Russia and its people were before his time regarded, and justly, as in a state of utter barbarism, and were not looked upon by the rest of Europe as entitled to a place among nations.

All Finland, Poland, and Pomerania were now in Peter's possession; and leaving his generals in their with large forces, he set out once more with the Tzarina on a tour through Europe. They went to Zaardam in Holland, where the homely greeting of his old friends gave much pleasure to the Tzar. On entering the little cottage where he had lodged, and which is to this day kept standing as a monument of a monarch's devotion to his country's good, he exhibited strong emotion, for the good people had retained many little memorials of his stay. The party proceeded next to Paris, where great preparations were made to welcome them. Medals and portraits of Peter met his eye wherever he went, and he was enrolled a member of the Academy of Sciences. On visiting the tomb of Cardinal Richelieu, he is said to have exclaimed, 'Thou great man! I would have given thee one half of my dominions to learn of thee how to govern the other.' As usual, he engaged many artists to accompany him home, which he reached after seeing Berlin and revisiting again his favourite Holland. The Tzar's return was followed by an event which attracted the notice of all Europe, and indeed was solemnly notified to every part in it by the chief actor in the affair. Peter, as his

letters show, had often solemnly warned his son of the consequences of his vicious courses, of the loss of the succession that would inevitably ensue. and, in short, he tried every method that the most attached father could take to reclaim him. Alexis was incurable, and at length renounced his allegiance and made his escape into Germany. He was brought or came back, and his father solemnly removed him from the succession, and instituted an inquiry into his conduct before the highest courts of the nation. The judges found him guilty by his own confession of disaffected if not treasonable practices, and condemned him to death. Before the Tzar's resolve on the subject was divulged, the unhappy youth, who was ill at the time, died. His father, in his letter to the European courts, declares that it was not his purpose to execute the judgment; but some writers have asserted that Alexis was privately dispatched by Peter's orders. This rests upon no other foundation than that of a gossiping lady, and is borne out by no evidence. Had the Tzar been determined upon his death, it is probable that he would have made his execution as public as the sentence.

A short time after this affair Charles XII. perished, and by the mediation of France peace was at length established between Sweden and Russia. The event was celebrated with great rejoicings by the Tzar's subjects, and the senate of the land, with great ceremonies, conferred upon him the title of Peter the Great, Emperor of all the Russias, and Father of his Country! At the same period, Peter ordered all the exiles of Siberia to be emancipated. He then set about establishing a police in all his cities; he settled weights and prices, founded orphan institutions, and paved streets; pursuing ceaselessly his career of improvement. To religion and literature he was particularly attentive; he erected churches and established literary assemblies. He also took a strange step with regard to the succession. Catherine's son having died, Alexis's child was the natural heir; but Peter made all the people throughout the empire take an oath to obey the successor he might appoint, without naming any person. This was unquestionably done with the view of naming another person should the boy turn out unworthy.

The Persians had inflicted a long series of injuries on Peter's subjects for some years bypast. Peter determined on an expedition to punish these enemies, and the prospect of obtaining command of the Caspian was a strong additional motive for this journey. By the treaty of Pruth, he had bound himself to quit the Euxine, and the Caspian seemed to him the next best place for establishing a naval armament. The expedition, however, did not succeed, chiefly by reason of the Tzar's respect for the Turkish treaty, which the Porte, after the campaign had been fairly entered upon, declared it to be an infringement of. He returned to St Petersburg, and remained, throughout the rest of his life, in peace at home, continuing to promote the arts of peace. He founded an Imperial Academy of Sciences in his capital, and with splendid ceremonies crowned his excellent wife as Empress and Autocratix of all the Russias. His eldest daughter, also, he gave in marriage to the Duke of Holstein-Gottorp. In the summer of 1724, his health, which had been infirm for some time, began to fail altogether; stragury being the disease which afflicted him. He recovered, however, so far as to be able to travel to Lachta, on the Gulf of Finland, where the death-stroke awaited him in a manner becoming his life. A small boat, full of soldiers and sailors, chanced to be dashed, under his observation, upon the rocks. He ordered people instantly to their assistance, but becoming impatient at their delay, he himself rushed into the water, and by his exertions saved the poor creatures. A severe attack of inflammation followed on the same night, he was conveyed to his capital, and expired in great pain on the 28th of January, 1725.

The Empress Catherine was his successor, and ably seconded the reforms and projects of this wonderful prince, who, says one who knew him well, 'certainly deserved the epithet Great as much as any prince that ever lived.'

APPEAL TO THE VOTARIES OF SCIENCE.*

MIGHT I but hope that the sons of science would be persuaded to give to the noblest objects of contemplation a portion of their attention *correspondent* to that which they have devoted to objects valuable indeed, but infinitely inferior, happy should I be beyond expression!

The philosophers, whose names form a wreath of honour to our own and other nations, cannot but be objects of regard, with feelings of interest and solicitude to which no words can give full utterance. Illustrious men, we look up to you with more than respect; we admire and reverence you. Your early acquisitions in mathematics and the exact sciences—in all that could lay the foundation of an enduring edifice; your separation from the frivolity and vice, to the temptations of which you have been exposed; your devotement of youth and manly age, of fortune, health, labour, and peril, and severe studies; your generous readiness in giving to the public the fruit of your toils; the debt which physical science owes you; the benefits which you have conferred upon society for economical and national purposes; the excitement and encouragement which you have so readily given through wide circles of influence—all entitle you to our honour and affection.

But these reasons add to the justness and warmth of our wishes, that you would adorn all other excellence with the pearl of greater price. Your penetration into the vastness of space and time has made you familiar with the sublimest ideas in nature. Those ideas have brought you into a contact, incomparably closer than that of ordinary men, with the *ETERNAL* and the *INFINITE*. Is it then possible that you do not meditate on eternity and infinity as subjects in which you have the highest interest? The powers of intellect which you so exercise, must have given to you a more than probable conviction that those powers are not extinguished by the stroke of death. Knowing that not an atom of material existence is destroyed, or even fails to come into beneficial uses, *you* above all men cannot suppose that moral powers and susceptibilities sink into annihilation. Witnesses as ye are to the demonstrations of forecast, wisdom, and design, upon the grandest scale, in the connexions and adjustments of unintelligent matter, and to the disclosures of the same qualities, in forms of still higher magnificence, through all organized nature—as well the dead memorials of ancient life as the wonders of actual animation—*you cannot* but see the evidence that an all-presiding *MIND* exists: nor can you think it reasonable to suppose that *HE* is not the possessor of all perfections—of all that is lovely and all that is awful. You contemplate the laws and you calculate their results, by which you show us that the Infinite Being has bound together all the parts of his material universe; that, through their complexity, divine simplicity reigns; and that *one* fundamental law exercises its sovereignty over the mighty whole. And has it never occurred to you, that the Lord of the world must also love every other kind of *order*; and must rule by fixed laws, in his *highest* domain, the *minds* which he has created? Is it not a reasonable presumption that he has made known his moral laws to the beings from whom it is right that he should expect gratitude, love, and voluntary obedience? Is it not possible that there may be an intercourse between the human mind and the glorious Deity? Are there even now no incipient communings of your spirits with the Infinite Being—no aspirations after a greater good than nature yields? Are there no means of securing the favour of the All-Sufficient, and so of looking forwards to the immortality which awaits you with something better than vague hopes—with rational joy and confidence?

There are such provisions made by the Being of supreme goodness on behalf of rational and therefore accountable

creatures. Christianity presents them. She opens a portal into the palace of undying purity and happiness, and she invites you to enter.

Astronomers, geologists, and microscopic observers have peculiar facilities for acquiring the most sublime conceptions of the Deity, from their deep, extensive, and accurate acquaintance with his works. Can they gaze at the wondrous mechanism with which they are familiar—can they calculate its workings, based upon the most recondite mathematical truths—can they predict the results on the greatest scale and with infallible certainty—and yet cherish no admiring and affectionate thoughts of the *FORMER*? You disclose to the astonished view the animalcules of the living world, or the shells and habitations of those which peopled their proper stations in the long past conditions of creation: you witness their exquisite beauty, their especial adaptations, and the appropriate places which they fill in the ranks of organized being: and you show us many species, of which millions of the individuals do not weigh a grain: and does not this impress upon you the weakness of scepticism with respect to the doctrines of a Divine redemption, as if they gave to mankind too much importance in the view of the Almighty God? Your science carries you back to periods of past time, the review of which is overwhelming to even your well-trained understandings: and do you not hence gather a presumption of credibility to the plan arranged from eternity, of holiness and wisdom, for the highest welfare of human beings?

There are indications of a thought latent in some minds, that the Deity cannot be expected to take that notice of the human race, still less of an individual man, which the Christian religion affirms. But is it possible that a philosopher, a mathematician, a true student of nature, can entertain such a thought? Accustomed as he is to the demonstrations of wisdom and power, which he cannot but call infinite, in the farthest regions of the microscopic world, he must grant that every unit in the aggregate of creation, let it be more minute than can be expressed, has a share as complete in the regards of the Infinite Mind as if that unit were the universe. Can it be thought unworthy of the Supreme Majesty, or on any ground improbable, or indeed any other than a *necessary* truth, that *HE* should require the affectionate attachment and the zealous obedience of each rational creature, and that he should govern the intelligent world and every being in it by a system of the purest moral law?

Can such men as you be enslaved to the prejudices of little minds? Can you be satisfied with a knowledge of Christianity so meagre as to be a parallel to that ignorance on scientific subjects which provokes your pity? When large expatiating and thorough research upon all other objects are esteemed indispensable, and are nobly achieved by you, can you be contented with fragments of knowledge about religion, picked up in childhood, or accidentally and carelessly in the course of life, and which have no coherence, no completeness, no standing upon well-studied proof—which are often indeed nothing but vulgar prejudices?

Did the religion of Dr Turner, who so long and meritoriously filled the office of Secretary to the Geological Society, impede his exertions in the field of philosophy, or in any way depreciate their value? The testimony of his friend Mr Dale should be inscribed upon the heart of every man of science: 'He received the Bible with implicit deference, *not as the word of man, but, as it is truth, the word of God.* Blameless, excellent as he was, to outward appearance, in every relation of life, he knew that he could not abide the scrutiny of one who looked upon the heart; and he joyfully took refuge in the *comfortable* doctrine of an Almighty Saviour, one able to *save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him.*'

When Dr Turner knew that death was near, he adverted to the perfect calmness of his pulse, and asked, 'What can make it so at such an hour? What, but the power of religion? Who, but the Spirit of God? I could not have believed (he said) that I could be happy on my

* From Dr J. P. SMITH'S Discourses on the Relation between the Holy Scriptures and some parts of Geological Science.

death-bed. I am content my career should close.' The question was put to him by an anxious relative, Is not Christ as good as his word? Yes, he faltered, *quite*. And when he had said these words he fell asleep.

In a word; suffer one to intreat you who puts forth no claim but that of the sincerest regard, and the warmest desire for your enjoying happiness of the most exalted kind and in the most perfect degree. Suffer him to intreat, that you would effectually resolve to yield to religion its rightful place in your minds and your hearts: that you would give the just proportion of your studies to the facts and evidences of Christianity, its doctrines and duties, its promises, its invitations, and its faithful warnings.

RAMBLES IN LONDON.*

LONDON is growing larger every day. This may seem a truism so broadly palpable as to render its enunciation superfluous if not absurd; but the remark is that which occurs, we will venture to say, to nine-tenths of those who revisit the Great Metropolis of Britain after any considerable interval of absence; and, if so far ridiculous from its statistical undeniability, it at least excites a train of reflections of the most deeply interesting nature. The uniform sequence in the current of thought on the occasion is—Where is all this to end? Is the increase of this already enormous city to be limitless? Is the concentration of wealth, power, and population in this one spot to go on till Britain becomes London, and London but another name for all Great Britain? The accumulation of the national business within its bounds, so much furthered of late years, and yet so much more to be furthered by the progress of hundreds of railways, all converging to the same point, would really lead one to anticipate such an issue of things—that is to say, if no check or change should supervene. And if any check or change were to supervene, of what description can we guess it as likely to be? Terrible would be that convulsion, certainly, which should produce even a pause in the workings of this vast city, not to speak of any permanent stoppage. Look which way one will, indeed, he is startled on considering the condition of London—startled alike at the idea of its present rate of progress being continued, and at the thought of any cessation taking place. In the mean time, it must be confessed that such reflections, though they may be natural and unavoidable, can lead to no satisfactory conclusions. The mystic future cannot here be penetrated, not even for an instant. The history of the world presents no case parallel to that under consideration. Great cities—Nineveh, Babylon, and many more—have flourished, it is true, have passed away, and have left at last even their sites in doubt; but the totally altered condition of the globe and its inhabitants renders it impossible to found any argument at this time of day on the fate of these ancient cities. The Press alone has caused such a revolution in human affairs, that the memory of our wondrous metropolis—should a natural convulsion destroy even the whole island—could only pass away with the earth and race to which we belong.

The reader may here see, that our first sensations on revisiting London have been all absorbed in one overwhelming consciousness of its rapidly increasing magnitude; and we hope that, after the explanation given, he will not smile too sarcastically at our simple truism—'London is growing larger every day.' It is a fact which is impressed on one, too, not merely by reflecting on things

in the mass, but by all the details of modern London life and experience. The first step which was made by ourselves (forgive the convenient though seemingly vain plural good reader!) on the streets of the city gave us serious warning of the veracity of our truism. So innumerable are the omnibuses and other vehicles passing along the thoroughfares, that to stand still for one moment, in mid-street, is an act fairly justifying a passport for Bedlam, or our own Morningside. Now we, though not covetous of any such place of retreat, did chance to stand still for one second, while receiving change for a fare, and, during that one second, received a blow from a coach-pole which staggered our physical frame mightily, but made us all alive mentally to the fact that we were not on the quiet Macadamizations of Auld Reekie, but in the heart of ever 'enlarging' London. After muttering something hastily about taxing the driver before the Lord Mayor with inflicting this new *pole-tax* upon us, we remembered just in time that it was a Lord Mayor who killed Wat Tyler for resisting the old *poll-tax*; and this reflection, combined with the approach of some hundreds of other vehicles at full speed, made us pocket up our wrongs (along with our change), and leap hurriedly to the side-pathway. Seriously, one of the most singular spectacles of the great 'wen,' as Cobbett called it, is the vast multitude of carriages, cabs, cars, carts, and the like, to be seen in any given space in the leading streets at any one moment. They crowd so on each other, as positively to endanger life perpetually. And such waggons as the Londoners use, too! Machines vast as Van Amburgh's menagerie, with nine or ten horses in a string, and these horses large as elephants! Doubtless, as regards cabs and omnibuses, an immense advantage is obtained by all classes, from the cheap facilities for transit hither and thither; and the system could not endure or be endured, did not the public give it hearty and continued support. They do so to such an extent, that a vast proportion of the Londoners must spend some hours daily in street carriages. They have learned the grand secret, that the saving of time far more than counterbalances all the expense. A merchant of the city will tell you that he cannot afford to walk on foot. But for our own part, we do feel this everlasting vehicular bustle to be a most vexatious feature in walking the streets of London. You not only see legions of vehicles hurrying this way and that way on the main business streets, making you shudder to attempt a crossing; but you will act very unwisely if you do not peep cautiously down every alley and lane, be the width but a dozen feet, ere you attempt to pass its inlet, because some cab or carriage may be at the moment dashing towards an egress, unheard by you amid the noises of the leading line. Though the natives get well accustomed to these matters, and take them comparatively coolly, strangers are thrown into a perpetuity of nervous perplexity; and we are tempted, on our own account, to parody a scene which occurred betwixt the famous Hoby (the bootmaker to aristocratic London for so many years), and a young ensign, who had just come to the city on receiving his commission, raw and green to excess, yet overpoweringly impressed with a sense of his own newly acquired dignity. Think of such a person telling Hoby, the patronized of royalty, and wealthy as a prince, that if he, Hoby, did not choose to come himself, and try the fit of his (the ensign's) boots, he, the ensign, would 'withdraw his custom!' We are afraid that we may be as much laughed at, when we tell the city of London, and all the people therein, man, woman, and child, that if they frighten us with their wheeling, whirling, and dashing cab-omnibus system as they have done daily for some time, we shall 'withdraw our custom,' and countenance their city 'never no more'—to use one of their own beautifully grammatical idioms.

As it is scarcely our purpose to give the readers of the *Instructor* any thing beyond a few loose introductory hints just now, we may continue to remark on these vehicular peculiarities of modern London. The men connected

* We have much pleasure in informing our readers, that a gentleman of high standing and repute in Scottish periodical literature, has been engaged by us to transmit a few articles on the more recent novelties of London, comprising the results of his own

degrees into a class, as singularly idiosyncratic as the cabriolet-drivers of the Faubourg D'Antoine in Paris, as the carmen and quaymen of Dublin, or as the fisherwomen of Newhaven. They have a language of their own, and seem to spend their lives between constant moving, constant bantering, and constant liquoring. Our Edinburgh cabmen are shrewd enough, and can be saucy enough, too, but they have not the keen and redeeming, though often coarse wit of their London brethren. For example, on stepping after arrival here into an omnibus, it was our chance to hear a slight quarrel betwixt the driver and the *touter*, who swings on the footboard behind. 'Lie!' cried the touter, in answer to an accusation of the kind. 'I never tell a *single lie*!', 'That is true for once,' retorted his adversary; 'for *one* lie is no sooner out, than another comes rattling behind to keep it company.' Such quicknesses of talk lead one to reflect on the curious differences in our national characters, as English, Irish, and Scotch. Well does the old jest-book discriminate, when it represents the replies of one of each nation, on being asked what they would *take* to spend a winter night on the top of a certain monument. 'I will take five pounds,' says the Englishman. 'By jakers, I will take a cold,' is Paddy's replication. And 'What will you give me?' is the canny Scot's observation. Whether true or not, this anecdote is really founded on a just distinction betwixt the characters of the three nations. But, added to a certain native and blunt downrightness of the English manner, the London cabmen and drivers generally have got their wits so sharpened by continual collision with their fellows, and the world at large, that they may be risked against even the Irish for a smart reply. Undoubtedly, they are often impertinent, and also exorbitant when occasion serves, but let us not judge them here harshly, and simply regard them as a strange class, forced by the necessities of this great city into the form and aspect which they now wear. On one point, by the way, we must caution visitors to London, ere we quit this subject for the present. Let no man hold up his finger, either in the heat of talking, or to scratch his periwig, or for any similar purpose. All the cabmen within half a mile will be at him at full gallop, and the innocent man will get a volley of objurgations for holding up his finger without wanting a cab.

Among our desultory remarks in this paper, we may give the reader a little adventure which may amuse him, though not bearing on the subject of cabs and omnibuses. It is curious how soon a Scotsman attempts, almost unconsciously, to suit his talk and accent to those he speaks to. Going to Drury Lane the other evening, we had some doubts, on entering a narrow street, if the way was the right one, and asked a respectable passer-by, 'Which street leads to Drury Lane?' The instant answer was, 'Yezzir' (yos, sir). This was unintelligible, but, as everybody is in a hurry here, we sought for no solution from our informant. We put the very same query, however, to a second party, and, to our surprise, received the same 'Yezzir' in reply. A third person gave the identical answer on application, and our astonishment was unbounded till we discovered that we were in *Wyck Street*, and that the parties must have fancied we were asking—'Does Wyck Street lead to Drury Lane?' We own that our conclusion was, that we must have been imitating the Londoners in annihilating the *h* in 'which.' But we assert it to have been an involuntary *inspiration*.

We have had a satisfactory rove through the Thames Tunnel to-day, and shall probably begin our actual notices of the recent wonders of London with a sketch of that great undertaking. Many may have seen accounts of it before, but every new-comer usually sees something new on his coming. In our eyes, the tunnel is one of the chief marvels of modern science and enterprise. Men talk of the Adelaide Gallery, the Polytechnic Institution, the Museums and Academies, the Vauxhall and Cremorne Gardens, the New Houses of Parliament, and the like, as sights of supereminent interest; and, no doubt, they must form attractive spectacles; but, as a grand and suc-

cessful monument of the scientific energies of our age, commend us to the Thames Tunnel.

However, we may allow our readers, as far as description goes, to judge of many such exhibitions all in due time.—*Val.*

A PASSAGE IN HUMAN LIFE.

In my daily walks into the country, I was accustomed to pass a certain cottage. It was no cottage *ornée*—it was no cottage of romance. It had nothing particularly picturesque about it. It had its little garden, and its vine spreading over its front; but beyond these it possessed no feature likely to fix it in the mind of a poet, or a novel-writer, and which might induce him to people it with beings of his own fancy. In fact, it appeared to be inhabited by persons as little extraordinary as its self. A good-man of the house it might possess, but he was never visible. The only inmates I ever saw, were a young woman, and another female in the wane of life, no doubt the mother.

The damsel was a comely, fresh, mild-looking, cottage girl enough; always seated in one spot, near the window, intent on her needle. The old dame was as regularly busied, to and fro, in household affairs. She appeared one of those good housewives, who never dream of rest, except in sleep. The cottage stood so near the road, that the fire at the further end of the room showed you, without being rudely inquisitive, the whole interior, in the single moment of passing. A clean hearth, and a cheerful fire, shining upon homely, but neat and orderly furniture, spoke of comfort; but whether the dame enjoyed, or merely diffused, that comfort, was a problem.

I passed the house many successive days. It was always alike—the fire shining brightly and peacefully; the girl seated at her post by the window; the housewife going to and fro, catering and contriving, dusting and managing. One morning as I went by there was a change: the dame was seated near her daughter, her arms laid upon the table, and her head reclined upon her arms. I was sure that it was sickness which had compelled her to that attitude of repose; nothing less could have done it. I felt that I knew exactly the poor woman's feelings. She had felt a weariness stealing upon her; she had wondered at it, and struggled against it, and borne up, hoping it would pass by; till, loth as she was to yield, it had forced submission.

The next day, when I passed, the room appeared as usual; the fire burning pleasantly, the girl at her needle, but her mother was not to be seen; and glancing my eye upwards, I perceived the blind close drawn in the window above. It is so, I said to myself, disease is in its progress. Perhaps it occasions no gloomy fear of consequences, no extreme concern; and yet who knows how it may end? It is thus that begin those changes that draw out the central bolt which holds together families—which steal away our fire-side faces, and lay waste our affections.

I passed by, day after day. The scene was the same. The fire burning; the hearth beaming clean and cheerful; but the mother was not to be seen; the blind was still drawn above. At length I missed the girl; and, in her place, appeared another woman, bearing considerable resemblance to the mother, but of a quieter habit. It was easy to interpret *this* change. Disease had assumed an alarming aspect; the daughter was occupied in intense watching, and caring for the suffering mother; and the good-woman's sister had been summoned to her bedside, perhaps from a distant spot, and perhaps from her family cares, which no less important an event could have induced her to elude.

Thus appearances continued some days. There was a silence around the house, and an air of neglect within it; till, one morning, I beheld the blind drawn in the room *below*, and the window thrown open *above*. The scene was over—the mother was removed from her family, and one of those great changes effected in human life, which commence with so little observation, but leave behind them such lasting effects.—*William Howitt.*

HELEN MAXWELL.

It is not easy to imagine a scene of deeper domestic distress than that to which, at the commencement of our narrative, we have to introduce our readers. A dimly burning lamp faintly illuminated a small and scantily furnished apartment of a house in a very populous quarter of the great southern metropolis, where, collected around a pallet-bed, stood three children, a girl and two little boys, the eldest not exceeding sixteen years of age, watching in silent grief the emaciated form of a dying parent. They were the children of Walter Maxwell, the man who lay on the bed around which they stood, and who appeared to be in that sunk and unconscious state which frequently precedes dissolution, when the mortal strife, the bitterness of death, is past. A few words will suffice to explain the condition of the dying man and his desolate family.

Walter Maxwell was respectably connected. He was the second son of a professional gentleman of high reputation but small fortune, who had died several years before. Shortly after his father's death his elder brother had gone abroad, and for a length of time all correspondence between them had entirely ceased. Having vested his small patrimony in business, Walter for a season enjoyed a considerable share of worldly prosperity, and married the daughter of a wealthy London merchant, named Russell; but unfortunately this lady, though not of unamiable disposition, was but slenderly gifted with that economy and power of management which were desirable in the helpmate of a man who had no resource excepting his own industry and prudence. Almost unconsciously he found himself involved in a style of living to which his means were inadequate; by unforeseen casualties he met with several heavy losses; and when he had been married for eight or nine years, and found himself the father of three promising children, he also found that his capital was not only reduced, but his business, owing to various circumstances which it was difficult to trace to any cause, greatly diminished. In this juncture, Mrs Maxwell, who was of delicate constitution, died, and Walter felt himself by this severe stroke even more urged to make every exertion in behalf of the children who were now cast exclusively on his care. His efforts, however, were unavailing. Any advantage which he had formerly enjoyed from his connexion with the family of his deceased wife, was now withdrawn; his business continued to retrograde; his credit became low; and, to crown the sum of his calamities, his health, weakened by toil and anxiety of mind, began to fail. Struggling with disease, Mr Maxwell soon became quite incapable of attending to his duties, and was compelled to leave his comfortable home for one less expensive; and, declining from one stage of poverty to another, he felt himself under the necessity of disposing of different articles of furniture to procure the means of subsistence, till nearly all that remained was collected in the room to which we have already alluded. Mr Maxwell, although in his various vicissitudes he had preserved an unblemished moral reputation, was not strictly a religious character, and consequently he was destitute of the best sources of comfort amidst the afflictions of his lot. His spirit sunk, his temper became quick and irritable.

Never was the character of woman as the angel of life more beautifully displayed than by Helen Maxwell, the only daughter of this unhappy man! Not so young but that she could both perceive and feel the privations to which step by step the family were reduced, she carefully abstained from uttering a word to imply that she experienced a hardship, or had a wish unsatisfied. To watch with maternal care over her young brothers, and to attend with unceasing assiduity to every wish, and even every look of her father, had been, young as she was, for years her constant study. When again and again their residence was changed for one less agreeable and commodious, it was her object to render the alteration as little perceptible as possible; and as one favourite piece of furniture after another was disposed of to meet exigencies which could

not otherwise be provided for, she tasked her ingenuity to arrange what remained in such a manner as might spare her father's eye from witnessing the deficiency. But this was little. At a Sabbath school at which she had been a regular and exemplary scholar, and latterly a teacher, she had obtained much spiritual instruction; and in the most sweet and humble manner, rather like one that suggested than instructed, she endeavoured to lead the mind of her dying parent to those great truths which she experimentally knew to be an unfailing source of comfort under the trials of the present world. She had also requested Mr Anderson, the head-teacher of the Sabbath school, and one of the agents of the city mission, to visit her father; and the attentions of this pious man, together with the unwavering and affectionate kindness of his daughter, did much to bring the mind of Mr Maxwell into a frame more becoming the solemn situation in which he was placed. Kindness and sympathy, however, could not arrest the progress of his malady. To resign himself, and especially his children, anxiety for whom chiefly weighed upon his heart, to the providence of God, was a lesson he had newly learned; and he had recently manifested a measure of peace and submission which Helen could not witness without thankfulness and delight.

It was with chequered feelings, therefore, that this amiable girl watched the latest moments of her only surviving parent. The hour was drawing late, and her little brothers had retired to bed, to enjoy that repose of which scarcely any event can deprive children, the eldest of whom was not more than eleven years. And now Helen was entirely alone in one of the most trying and painful positions which a human being can occupy—that of watching another, and that other a parent, on the threshold of eternity. All was still as if the chamber were already that of death. Faint breathing, scarcely audible, was all that announced that the separation between the soul and body of her father had not yet taken place. Helen, strengthened as she was by high religious principle for the exigencies of the moment, could have wished that some friend had been with her in this hour of desolation; but, although dwelling in a crowded district, she was unacquainted with any one who resided in the immediate vicinity; and amidst the urgent personal interests of a poor neighbourhood, none had ever spent a thought on the sickly merchant and his three young children. But Helen was able to realize the presence of an all-sufficient Friend; and as, in the confidence of prayer, she cast herself upon his care and protection, she felt that in this season of loneliness and bereavement, God had given his angels charge concerning her. While engaged in this exercise a slight movement attracted her attention to the bed upon which her father lay. A rapid change had passed over his countenance, his breathing for an instant was more laborious, and with a faint sigh his spirit fled.

At this moment a low knocking was heard at the door, and Mr Anderson, accompanied by his wife, who had shown great kindness during her father's illness, entered the apartment. A glance showed them that all was over. 'I intended,' said Mrs Anderson, 'to have requested you to allow me to sit up to-night, as I am sure you are quite worn out with fatigue; but death, I perceive, has been here before me. God's will be done. He is the Comforter of the distressed, and the Father of the fatherless.'

Helen made no answer; her heart was too full to speak. She felt that Providence had been kind in so unexpectedly sending friends to be present with her at a moment to which she could not look forward without a fainting heart; and, throwing herself on a chair, she gave vent to her varied emotions in a flood of tears. Mr Anderson, an humble and judicious Christian, neither chided nor restrained her natural expression of sorrow, but from time to time uttered such words of heavenly consolation as were most calculated to soothe and support the mind of a pious mourner.

It was necessary that the connexions of the family should be soon made acquainted with the event, and Mr Anderson proposed to call next morning on Mr Russell,

brother to the late Mrs Maxwell, who, with his family, were the only relatives the young orphans had in London, and inform him of the decease of his poor friend. Mr Russell was quite aware of the circumstances of Mr Maxwell and his children. He had once made a hurried visit, and on several occasions sent presents of soups, jellies, and other articles necessary for one in Maxwell's situation. This, however, had been the whole amount of kindness evinced by their nearest relative to the distressed family, and it afforded but little prospect that much consideration would be shown to them in their present position. Helen, ignorant of the real difficulties of her condition, had scarcely cast a glance into the future, or, if she did, supposed that the earnings of her needle would suffice to supply the slender wants of her youthful charge and herself; but Mr and Mrs Anderson, better acquainted with life as it was, knew that no situation could be more helpless than that of so young a female, burdened with the support of two children, friendlessly struggling to obtain the means of subsistence in a place such as London, surcharged with multitudes in an almost similarly destitute state, who were thankful to toil night and day for even the scantiest remuneration. Frequently had Mr Maxwell, in earnest conversation with Mr Anderson, expressed his hope that (although he personally shrunk from making any application to Mr Russell), in the event of his death, his children would not fail to meet with sympathy from one so well able to assist them. Mr Anderson, therefore, left the house of mourning with the intention of waiting on the wealthy merchant early on the ensuing day, while his wife, who could not prevail upon herself to leave Miss Maxwell at such a season, much to the comfort of the latter, remained.

Mr Anderson, on the following morning, was faithful to his appointment. Between ten and eleven o'clock, he reached the elegant square in which Mr Russell resided, and found a carriage waiting at the door to convey the proprietor to his place of business in the city. Knowing he must be within, he requested a servant to announce that he wished to see his master; when he was ushered into a handsome room fitted up as a library, and requested to wait a few minutes till it could be ascertained whether Mr Russell had leisure to see him. Mr Anderson had studied for the church, and, like most students, esteemed it a pleasant thing to spend a few minutes in deciphering titles, the only part of the majority of the richly bound volumes with which the shelves were loaded which appeared ever to have been read. While thus employed, Mr Russell, a portly, red-faced man, a few years on the north side of forty, scrupulously attired in glossy black, and well hung with gold chains, and a due proportion of seals and rings, bustled into the apartment.

'John, get my hat, and tell William to put the newspapers into the carriage, as I'm coming directly,' he cried; then turning to Mr Anderson, continued, 'Beg your pardon, sir, but the horses are waiting. You've come, I suppose, about that vacant clerkship, but the place is filled up—can't tell you the number of applications—hope you may hear of something else to suit you. Good morning.'

'My business is of another nature,' said Mr Anderson; 'I have come from Miss Maxwell to intimate to you the death of her father. Mr Maxwell died last night.'

'Ay, indeed; so Maxwell is dead,' said the merchant. 'Well, I'm really very sorry to hear of it. I ought to call; but Miss Maxwell will have her friends with her at present, and it may not be convenient. But you will do me the favour of expressing my sympathy and regret. Obligated to you for your attention. Good morning.'

'I have to remind you,' said Mr Anderson, not a little disgusted with the unfeeling flippancy of this thorough-going man of the world, 'that the late Mr Maxwell had no friends in London, and it is even doubtful if he had any in life. You are yourself the only known relation of the orphan children.'

'Relation, eh!—well, I never thought of that,' said Mr Russell, rubbing his hand through his stiff wiry hair, like a man who finds himself suddenly in a dilemma. 'Well, I

believe something must be done. Let me see: do me the kindness to tell Miss Maxwell I will call in the course of the day. But ain't you a friend of some sort yourself, eh?'

Mr Anderson briefly explained by what means he had become acquainted with Miss Maxwell, and the nature of his intercourse with the distressed family.

'Well, well,' said Mr Russell, in his gravest manner. 'I suppose I must thank you for your kindness to my niece, as it seems the girl is. Religion is a good thing for dying people—a very good thing, indeed; but I must really be off. Compliments to Miss Maxwell, and I will be sure to see her. Good morning.'

Mr Russell did not wait to ascertain the effect of the third good morning with which he had saluted his visitor, but immediately bolted out of the room; and before Mr Anderson, in his more deliberate pace, had reached the hall-door, the carriage with its worldly inmate was full drive on its way to the city.

Mr Anderson now directed his steps to the humble residence of the bereaved orphans. His wife had by this time returned home to her household duties, and Miss Maxwell was alone with her brothers in the apartment employed as a kitchen; the bed-room, which, with a small closet, constituted the whole house, being now the still and deserted domain of death. What a change a few hours had made! He whose every look and word she had for years so sedulously watched, now lay silent and motionless. Mr Anderson, after having recounted the reception he had met with from Mr Russell, and prepared Miss Maxwell for his promised visit, went out to engage for some hours in his usual avocation, after which, in obedience to her request, he returned to assist in writing intimations of the recent event to such of her father's acquaintances as it was considered proper to invite to the funeral. These were few in number, and had for a considerable time entirely lost sight of him of whose death they were now to be reminded. We are not, however, to judge altogether uncharitably of the world. The proverbial saying, 'Out of sight, out of mind,' is less a sarcasm on humanity than the statement of a simple truth. When Maxwell formed a section of a certain circle, he was of course recognised and appreciated within its bounds; but when, pursued by misfortunes, he dropped out of it, it was perhaps too much to expect that the busy, bustling, and anxious portion of the world in which he had moved, engrossed with banks, joint stocks, and railways, should find leisure to follow him in his downward course, or even perhaps to perceive that he had disappeared from the place which he was wont to fill. There were, however, some who, had they known his real condition, would not have been slow in making some effort to repair his circumstances.

Rather sooner than was expected, the carriage of the busy merchant dashed through the narrow street in which the Maxwells resided, and Mr Russell, with the promptitude of a man swift to act, and who placed on every moment a commercial value, ran up stairs, and, without knocking, entered the house, and immediately bounced into the room in which Walter Maxwell lay a shrouded corpse. How different this scene from those he had just left! He had spent a busy and active day. In his counting-house he had transacted a mass of business; he had stood on change, nodded to Rothschild, cracked city jokes with a multitude of portly burghers, almost terrified certain poor debtors into suicide by throwing out dark hints of law proceedings and sheriff-officers, taken the chair at a committee meeting of a new joint-stock company; and now he stood in the presence of Death! How calculated is this solemn spectacle to lead the worldling to serious consideration, and induce him to reflect whether buying and selling and getting gain are really the chief objects of the existence of a rational and immortal being! Some such thoughts did fall like a shower bath over the excited mind of the prosperous merchant. He had certain dim suspicions that he was himself somewhat of an apoplectic subject, and was therefore more prone to such impressions than those men of iron constitution, who have

never learned to regard themselves as parties with whom disease or death can have any possible connexion. His meditations, however, were little more than momentary. Miss Maxwell immediately appeared, and invited her uncle into the still humbler apartment which was at present occupied by Mr Anderson and the children. There was something in the extremely youthful but saddened appearance of Miss Maxwell which excited the sympathy of even this man of little sentiment. She was of the middle height and exquisitely proportioned. Her features were beautiful and regular, and the natural delicacy of her complexion was increased by the fatigue and anxiety which she had recently undergone. The expression of her countenance, naturally pensive, was now that of deep but chastened sorrow; and brought up as she had been, in the most retired and private style, she had but one manner for all persons and all occasions—that of natural simplicity and unaffected modesty. Mr Russell, on his entrance, recognised and exchanged salutations with Mr Anderson, and with an unusual degree of warmth and affection in his manner extended his hand to his niece.

'I am sorry, exceedingly sorry, to hear of your loss, my dear,' said Mr Russell, seating himself in an easy chair, and gathering up his features into what was intended for an expression of feeling and condolence; 'but you must not allow yourself to be altogether cast down neither. Such things will occur. You know what Shakespeare says,

Your father lost his—his grandfather—his father lost—a-hem! some other relation, no doubt; so you perceive these things are all in the common and unavoidable course of nature.'

Mr Russell had frequently sat with patience to witness Kean's representation of Hamlet, and had always esteemed the speech of the usurper, of which, however, he had carried away a very confused notion, as a perfect masterpiece of worldly wisdom. Failing to carry out his quotation, and his singular attempt at the consolatory eliciting no rejoinder, he again started on a new and more congenial strain.

'Your father, Miss Helen, was rather in embarrassed circumstances, was he not?'

'My poor father,' replied the young lady, 'was unfortunate in business, and his health failing, rendered him incapable of attending to his affairs, so that latterly he was much reduced. One of his chief earthly consolations, however, was, that he was enabled to preserve himself from debt.'

'Well, well, my dear,' responded Mr Russell, 'the world does not flow upon every one, and wealth, as the parson says, cannot purchase happiness. Am I not right, Mr Anderson?'

'Certainly,' replied Mr Anderson; 'but wealth at least gives the means of exercising benevolence, and of being extensively useful; and this, to every well regulated mind, is a source of pure and exalted happiness.'

'That is precisely my opinion,' said Mr Russell, 'and I have been just thinking, in coming here, what is best to be done in the present distressing juncture. You must come and live with us, Miss Maxwell. Your aunt and cousins, I dare say, will be well enough pleased to have you for a companion, so that point is settled. But as for these boys, I have no notion what to make of them. Had your father no relations at all, miss, who would take charge of the youngsters?'

'I have heard him speak of a brother,' said Miss Maxwell, 'who went abroad when a youth, and of whom he had heard nothing for many years. Otherwise I know of no relations. But we are not altogether destitute. I can work, and do not doubt that, by the blessing of Providence, I shall be able to provide the means of supporting myself and my brothers till they are old enough to learn to do something for themselves.'

'You would make shirts for the slop shops at a few farthings a-day, I suppose?' said Mr Russell. 'No, no, my dear; female labour is worth nothing, and we must

'If I may venture to express an opinion, Miss Maxwell,' said Mr Anderson, 'I would recommend that in the mean time at least you should accept the invitation of your uncle. As for the boys, I have two children already, and the addition of two more for a few years, by the blessing of God, will not be burdensome. If you will trust them with me, be assured they shall enjoy every care that Mrs Anderson and myself can bestow.'

'You are a good, kind soul, I do believe,' said Mr Russell, rising and cordially shaking hands with the humble servant of God, and looking as if he felt himself most unexpectedly relieved from a painful burden. Nor did the wealthy merchant advance any objection to a plan which devolved the chief burden of an orphan family on a man whose slender income was scarcely equal to the wages of his cook, and on whose kindness they had no claim beyond that of common humanity. But Mr Anderson was a Christian, and his heart was expanded by the influence of a love which cannot be felt without assimilating to its own nature. In the gratitude beaming from Miss Maxwell's countenance he already experienced a reward. Mr Russell was a mere worldling, whose life was regulated by the selfish principles of a world lying in wickedness.

After a few inquiries, privately addressed to Mr Anderson, connected with arrangements for the funeral, the merchant, kindly shaking hands with his niece and caressing the children, hurried out of the room, and in a few minutes was rolling rapidly towards his own house, to enjoy a luxurious dinner, and the still greater luxury of reflecting that an abundant opportunity of doing good had not been altogether neglected. In a few days more the projected changes took place. The body of Maxwell was committed to the dust. Helen, with many tears, and with a faithful promise soon to pay them a visit, confided her little brothers to the charge of Mr and Mrs Anderson; and Mr Russell having intrusted the worthy pastor with the slender effects which still remained in the house, conveyed Miss Maxwell in his carriage to his own home. Much has been written regarding the pain experienced on leaving the place invested with the memorable associations of home, but of this, on this occasion, Helen Maxwell felt little. Young as she was, she had already undergone many mortifying alternations. To remove from one dwelling to another, and always to find the new one more cheerless and desolate than the preceding, had been her experience for years; and the recollections blended with the place which she was about to leave only formed a record of self-denial, disappointments, and privations. But she could not without emotion quit the spot where her beloved father had breathed his last; and the thought that, with a home no longer, she and her brothers, to part with whom was a bitter struggle, were cast upon the compassion of strangers, fell chillingly upon her heart. But in all these events she recognised an overruling Providence, and this consideration inspired her with confidence and peace.

In the way to Grosvenor Square, Miss Maxwell had no conversation with her uncle. Scarcely was he seated in the carriage when his capacious head was half buried in the folds of a newspaper, and he was instantly involved in the profundities of East India bonds and railway speculations. The carriage soon stopped, and Miss Maxwell speedily found herself in a splendid drawing-room in the presence of Mrs and Miss Russell.

'This is Miss Helen Maxwell,' said Mr Russell, thrusting forward the retiring young lady. 'You must be very kind to her and all that, since she has come to stay with us. Now don't be bashful, my dear, but endeavour to make yourself quite at home.'

Miss Maxwell looked at the cold, haughty, and supercilious countenance of the elder lady, and felt herself chilled to the heart. To make herself at home in the vicinity of such a visage, she felt at once to be impossible. Glancing timidly at the daughter, she saw a lively, pretty, and good-humoured face, and was a little reassured.

dear cousin Helen,' and embraced her in a very cordial and affectionate manner. This conduct, however, called forth a pointed rebuke.

'Miss Maxwell, I hope you are well,' said Mrs Russell. 'Miss Henrietta Louisa, how can you be so forward, especially with absolute strangers? How often have you been told that there is nothing more vulgar, more unlady-like, than such boisterous behaviour? Did you ever witness anything of the sort in your companion Lady Elinore Aubrey?'

'But, dear me, mamma,' rejoined the young lady, 'Lady Elinore is called an incarnate icicle; and surely near relations ought to know and to love each other.'

'Let young people know each other first, and love each other afterwards,' replied Mrs Russell. 'Miss Maxwell, Miss Henrietta Louisa's maid will show you the nursery, and you need not take the trouble of dressing for dinner, as I daresay you will find yourself very happy with the children.'

The bell was rung, and Miss Maxwell was conducted by a servant to a large apartment filled with hobbyhorses, dolls, drums, and all the other important trumpery of juvenile humanity, in the midst of which four rosy children, varying in ages from three to seven or eight, were exercising to the utmost pitch their diversified powers of noise-making. She thought on her poor brothers and sighed, but had no time for meditation, for, with the usual penetration of children, her little cousins immediately detected the sweetness and gentleness of her disposition, and directly claimed her as a playmate. Just relieved from the chilling presence of Mrs Russell, Miss Maxwell, dejected as she was, felt it refreshing to join in the amusements and listen to the vivacious prattle of the children.

The cold reception which she had received from Mrs Russell was not altogether premeditated. She was a proud and ambitious woman, vain of her wealth, children, and her own family connexions, which distantly allied her with some faded if not extinct branch of the aristocracy. In the pecuniary means of supporting state and grandeur, surpassing many of the nobility, there was nothing for which she so devoutly sighed as easy admission into titled circles; and the hope of her daughter forming an aristocratic alliance flitted incessantly before her mental vision. To such a woman it was natural to hate and shun poor relations, and therefore she had carefully abstained for several years from any intercourse with the Maxwells. The arrangement, therefore, which introduced her niece-in-law into her family was the very reverse of agreeable to her; but as Mr Russell was in the habit of taking his own way, she made little opposition to it, designing that, at the best, Miss Maxwell should only be an humble companion or foil to her own daughter. But in spite of maternal partiality, a single glance showed her that the reverse was likely to be the case. In every natural quality Miss Maxwell was immeasurably superior. She instantly resolved that the latter young lady should be chiefly confined to the nursery, and make up any expenditure which she might cause by filling the station of a nursery governess.

Besides those junior members of the family to whom allusion has been already made, there was a son about twenty, engaged in the study of law, with the view of practising as a barrister. With her family thus dispersed, with servants enough to relieve her in a great measure from domestic cares, and with means sufficient to enable her to indulge in her expensive habits, Mrs Russell gave large dinner parties, balls, and musical entertainments; and yet contrived to keep her expenses within a secure medium. With these matters Mr Russell never interfered. He moved in a world of his own, and yet greatly enjoyed the parade and magnificence which was to his wife the prime element of existence. Having introduced his niece into the family, he gave himself no further concern, leaving all the rest to Mrs Russell's management.

Miss Maxwell's life was for a time sufficiently monotonous. She seldom saw Mrs Russell; and although she

frequently dined with the family, she by no means regretted that, on the occasion of parties or assemblies, she was never requested to be present. At Miss Russell's solicitation, she was permitted to attend in the class-room for a few hours in the morning, when her cousin was engaged with her governesses, and she was greatly profited by the instructions which were communicated. We need not forget to add that, whenever she could find an opportunity, she walked out to visit the Andersons, to spend an hour or two with her little brothers. These were delightful seasons; and as she witnessed the kindness and humanity which, amidst their own comparative poverty, the worthy couple displayed towards the orphan children, her earnest prayer was that she might yet have it in her power to make a practical return for liberality so good and spontaneous.

Alexander Russell, the eldest son of the family, dark and exquisite as he was, liked nothing better than to make an occasional dash into the nursery, and enjoy a little romping with the younger children. But it was remarked, that after Helen Maxwell was so often found in that region, his visits became much more frequent, and his attention to the children a great deal less. Her beauty, simplicity, and gentleness of demeanour, made a powerful impression upon his heart. As a relation, he claimed the privilege of conversing with her freely; and she, in her guileless innocence, neither courted nor avoided his attention. With something of the frivolity and vanity natural to a youth in his position, with great vivacity of character, and abundant means of pursuing the phantom pleasure, he possessed a substratum of good sense and genuine warmth of feeling which did not appear to be inherited from either parent. Admiring the natural modesty and sweetness of Miss Maxwell, struck with her fine mental qualities, and touched by the friendliness of her condition, he first felt that pity which is akin to love; an emotion which speedily ripened into strong and ardent attachment. More than once he expressed, with a vehemence which both startled and alarmed Miss Maxwell, the indignation which he felt in witnessing the neglect and unkindness with which she was treated; and it was only in consequence of her urgent request that he was prevented from declaring to his mother his opinion upon this point. Mr Russell was slow in suspecting the existence of the attachment to which we have referred, but at random embraced every opportunity of reminding Miss Maxwell of her dependent station, and the immeasurable superiority of her own children in point of position and prospects. Miss Russell, on the other hand, was the confidant of her brother's secret, and, herself strongly attached to her cousin, looked forward with satisfaction to a union which she conceived would be eminently conducive to the happiness of both parties. Miss Maxwell, with a prudence above her years, refused to give any countenance whatever to the addresses of her impassioned lover, feeling that the circumstance was calculated to render her situation even more painful than otherwise it would have been. She therefore resolved to embrace the earliest opportunity of finding another home, and had requested her faithful friend, Mr Anderson, to make inquiries after any situation for which her acquirements, now considerably increased, might qualify her.

In the mean time, the assiduities of young Russell became daily more ardent. On every possible occasion he contrived to obtain interviews with Miss Maxwell, and with the most earnest entreaties urged her to allow him to address her in the capacity of an accepted lover. She mildly but firmly declined. She reminded him of his youth, of her own humble condition, of the obstacles which she knew the wishes of his parents would present to their union, but she spoke in vain. With a lover's heat, he met, and, as he conceived, triumphantly refuted, all her objections; and, as a *dernier resort*, urged his sister to undertake his cause. Thus besieged, Miss Maxwell intimated to Miss Russell her determination to leave a residence in which she apprehended her stay would only be productive of mischievous consequences, to lodge with some

respectable family, and support herself by her needle, till Providence might open up for her an eligible situation. Circumstances, however, brought the matter to a crisis sooner than she anticipated.

Mrs Russell had issued invitations and made all due arrangements for a splendid dinner party. Always manoeuvring, she designed at this high festival to promote, to the utmost of her ability, the matrimonial interests both of her son and daughter. As an eligible catch for the former her eye was fixed on a Miss Burstall; the only daughter of an old stockbroker, whose fortune, at the lowest figure, was estimated at a hundred thousand pounds. To this young lady she had repeatedly endeavoured to direct the attention of her son; and at one time, by whatever motive actuated, he seemed to regard her with considerable partiality. But the star of the evening was expected to shine forth in the person of a young baronet, of excellent character, distinguished talent, and great wealth, who had been for two or three seasons an object of much attraction and vast scheming to many dutiful mammas in the world of fashion. The hopes of Mrs Russell were peculiarly sanguine. Sir Charles Arlingford had danced with Miss Russell at several assemblies, had frequently conversed with her at public places, and paid her what, in the eyes of an anxious and speculative mother, appeared to be marked and singular attention. It was true that, on certain occasions, he happened to drop into the drawing-room when Miss Russell and Miss Maxwell were practising duets together, and that the latter young lady drew forth some glances of rather warm admiration; but as Mrs Russell invariably recollected some duty which demanded Miss Maxwell's presence in another quarter, and as the baronet's eyes could not follow farther than the door, the circumstance caused no apprehension. In fairness, we must remark that Miss Russell herself never perceived in the behaviour of Sir Charles anything more than the ordinary civilities of a well bred man of fashion, and regarded him with no other sentiment than she did the crowds of young, glittering, and polite personages with whom, in the course of her gay existence, she came into casual intercourse. All these matters, however, together with the innumerable anxieties and perplexities connected with the set-out of a magnificent entertainment, kept Mrs Russell's mind for several days in a state of feverish turmoil and excitement.

The eventful day arrived. Carriage after carriage—and amongst others, those containing the city heiress and the stylish baronet—drove up to the door. A crowd of unexceptionably dressed ladies and gentlemen assembled in the drawing-room, and speedily filed off to the dining-room, to enjoy *real* turtle-soup and the various efforts of genius on the part of an illustrious French cook, hired for the occasion. The dessert, with its flood of the richest foreign wines and loads of beautiful fruit, succeeded; the ladies withdrew, the gentlemen followed; the music-room attracted all ears. Miss Russell played on the piano, Sir Charles turned the leaves; and Miss Burstall, the city heiress, chattered briskly away with a dashing officer of the guards—for *Mr Alexander was nowhere to be seen*. Mrs Russell was amazed; anger succeeded to astonishment; but, in order to explain the matter, it is necessary that we should change the scene.

Forgotten and neglected, like Cinderella in the fairy tale, Miss Maxwell sat quietly in the nursery alone, with those of the children who were not yet in bed, the maids being called to aid in the operations going on above stairs, now playfully chatting with her little friends, and now inditing a fragment of a simple epistle, with which she designed to favour her youngest brother. The proceedings of the upper regions scarcely cost her a thought; and in her comparative quietude she felt herself almost happy. While thus innocently engaged, the door opened, and Alexander Russell entered the apartment.

'Miss Maxwell, and alone!' exclaimed the youth, rapidly advancing, and before she was aware, seizing her hand and pressing it to his lips. 'This is indeed a pleasure infinitely greater than that of playing my part

amongst the heartless triflers congregated above. Oh, Miss Maxwell, if you only knew how it tortures me to exchange fine words and hackneyed compliments with these thoughtless revellers, while you, fitted to shine in an incomparably brighter sphere, are thus lost to society! But I feel I am acting a weak and unmanly part. Only say that you consent to be mine, and before another day passes, it will be my happiness and triumph to claim you openly in the face of the world.'

'Mr Russell,' said Miss Maxwell, disengaging her hand, 'you have already received my answer. I came a stranger and an orphan into your father's house, and I would feel myself to be indeed acting unworthily, were I to afford the slightest encouragement to your desire for a union which, by your parents, could only be regarded with the utmost disapprobation. If you value my peace, my good name, I beseech you to leave me instantly.'

'Never,' he exclaimed, vehemently, 'till you give me the pledge I have so often sought. Promise to be mine, and you cannot form a wish I will not hasten to obey.'

'That,' replied Miss Maxwell, 'I will not—I cannot do.'

'But you will permit me to hope?' exclaimed Russell.

'I will not add to what I have so frequently said,' answered Miss Maxwell. 'Once more I entreat you to leave me. Your absence will be observed.'

'Observed! no,' said Russell; 'but, hear me, Miss Maxwell. Do not suppose that I am altogether dependent on the favour of my parents. I have adequate means left by an uncle, over which, in a few months, I shall have the sole control. Forgive me for mentioning this; it is to show you that my imprudence, as you have termed it, is not so great as you may imagine. Why not, then, this very night fly together, and present ourselves to-morrow united by a bond which no human laws can sever?'

'Situated as I am, unable to shun your importunities, I can only regard such a proposal as deliberate and unfeeling insult,' said Miss Maxwell; 'my determination is fixed and unalterable.'

'I beseech you to recall these words, dearest Miss Maxwell,' exclaimed the impetuous youth, as he spoke casting himself at her feet, and again seizing her hand; and while he was in this position the door once more opened, and Mrs Russell, elegantly attired and glittering with jewels, entered the apartment.

With a countenance absolutely livid with rage, she gazed on the scene before her. Miss Maxwell sunk back nearly fainting on her chair; while young Russell, on whom strong emotion had wrought the work of years, appeared to gather fresh energy from the interruption.

'Mother,' he exclaimed, 'I am rejoiced you have come so opportunely. You have come to hear me swear that Miss Maxwell, whom, in your foolish jealousy, you have treated so ungenerously, is the object of my heart's warmest affections. Had she but consented, this very night she should have been my wedded wife.'

The indignant lady gave no reply to the speech of her son, but turning on Miss Maxwell a look of fury, exclaimed—'Base, designing, unprincipled wretch!—'

'I implore you to permit me to explain, madam,' cried Miss Maxwell, 'and you will perceive I am unworthy of such reproaches.'

But Mrs Russell would hear nothing. Assuming that the scene she had witnessed was the result of a special assignation, she poured forth on the unoffending girl a torrent of the most bitter sarcasm and invective. Miss Maxwell, with neither nerves nor spirits to support her part in such a encounter, fainted away; and it is needless to dwell on the rage of the son, or the calm contemptuous scorn of the mother. Suffice it to say, that Miss Maxwell was committed to the charge of a waiting-maid, and conveyed to her room. Young Russell sought his apartment; and Mrs Russell, with a face dark as a thunder cloud till she reached the drawing-room door, entered with a brow as unruffled, and a smile as radiant, as if no shadow had ever swept across her countenance. Mr Russell, senior, busily discussing the comparative merits of two rival insurance companies with a knot of sagacious

cronies, never perceived that his son was absent. No one made it the subject of remark; and in due time the entertainment closed, much in the manner that such things generally do.

Early next morning, Miss Maxwell, still faint and exhausted, was presented with the following note:—‘Mrs Russell’s compliments to Miss Maxwell. Friendless and a beggar, Mrs R. received Miss M. into her house. Miss M.’s requital has been, in the most mean and dishonourable manner, to endeavour to entrap her son, an inexperienced youth, into a low and disgraceful marriage. Having lost all confidence in Miss Maxwell’s character, Mrs R. requests that she will immediately provide herself with another home.’ An intimation of this nature Miss Maxwell expected, and it affected her less than the scene of the preceding night. She dressed herself for walking, and after writing a few lines, in which she merely referred Mrs Russell to either her son or daughter for an explanation of the whole circumstance, she told a servant that her parcels would be sent for presently, and having gently kissed the blooming cheeks of the sleeping children, she speedily found herself in the open streets, in the cold grey of a winter morning. Without hesitation she directed her steps to the quiet dwelling of Mr Anderson, to whom, in the presence of his wife, she fully explained the whole circumstances we have just related. From these kind people she received a cheering welcome, and Mrs Anderson promised to procure her employment from a neighbouring milliner, the produce of which would more than discharge the expense of her board. Distressed as she was, she found abundant reason to join in the morning thanksgiving of this pious family.

A few hours after Miss Maxwell had left Grosvenor Square, a splendid equipage with four richly harnessed horses drove up to Mr Russell’s door. The black livery servant, as well as the more than English style of grandeur, indicated that it was the carriage of some wealthy foreigner. Mrs Russell, after another fiery altercation with her son, in which, however, she secretly came to the conclusion that she had judged very erroneously of Miss Maxwell’s conduct, stood at the window, and gazed with admiration on the elegant vehicle and the beautiful horses. ‘Probably some nabob, on business with Mr Russell,’ she said to her daughter, who, grieved and dejected, stood at her side. A gentleman of dark complexion, wrapped in a fur cloak, not far advanced in life, but apparently in a very weak state of health, descended from the carriage and inquired for Mr or Mrs Russell. In the absence of the former, he was ushered into the drawing-room.

‘Mrs Russell, I presume?’ said the stranger. The lady bowed.

‘I am a stranger to you,’ said the gentleman, ‘but when I tell you that I am brother to the late Mr Maxwell who formed a marriage connexion with the family of your husband, you will understand who I am. I have been for many years in the East Indies, and have newly returned to England. Since coming to London, I have been informed of my poor brother’s death, and also that you have had the kindness to take charge of his orphan children. I presume, madam, I am rightly informed?’

With a countenance, the varying expressions of which it would be difficult to describe, Mrs Russell replied—‘Miss Maxwell, sir, has been an inmate of this family since her father’s death.’

‘And in her father’s stead, allow me to express my gratitude for the kindness which you have manifested. Had I only known of my brother’s circumstances, I might have been the happy means of preventing much distress; but as I am deprived of the happiness of conducting to his comfort, I rejoice that Providence has allowed me the opportunity of providing for his children. I trust, madam, your benevolence will not prevent you from admitting my claim to assume the care of my young relatives?’

Mrs Russell, vain and arrogant as she was, could not appear composed in the circumstances. Scarcely able to articulate, she said, ‘Miss Maxwell no longer resides here.’

‘Indeed!’ said Mr Maxwell. ‘I have then been misinformed. But you can, of course, direct me to her present residence?’

‘Really, sir,’ rejoined the lady, ‘I am sorry I cannot give you information on that point; Miss Maxwell left the house this morning without informing any one of her place of destination.’

‘This is a singular matter,’ said Mr Maxwell, excitedly. ‘I hope no disagreeable circumstance has occasioned Miss Maxwell’s abrupt departure?’

‘The circumstance is one which Miss Maxwell can herself best explain,’ said Mrs Russell; ‘and I have no doubt that when you meet with her she will do so satisfactorily.’

After a few more fruitless inquiries, which added to the stranger’s perplexity, he rose to depart, fortunately at the moment that a messenger arrived at the house for Miss Maxwell’s parcels. Mr Maxwell directed his servant to obtain the proper address, and in a few minutes more the carriage stopped at the retired tenement occupied by Mr Anderson. The sequel is soon told. The wealthy stranger announced himself as the long absent brother of whom Miss Maxwell had so frequently heard her father speak, and with great delight he clasped to his breast the children to whom alone of all the world he was bound by consanguineous ties. Having heard the whole history which we have recounted, he expressed in the warmest manner his admiration of the noble and disinterested conduct of Mr Anderson and his worthy partner; and with equal warmth denounced the unfeeling and ungenerous behaviour of Mr and Mrs Russell. His own history was that of many who have spent years in the same regions. He had accumulated wealth to excess, but his constitution was broken and shattered. His niece and nephews removed with him to a residence of princely magnificence, and soon became a constituent portion of the highest circle of London society. But to Miss Maxwell, no delight was equal to that of being able practically to express her deep sense of the kindness of the excellent missionary, and of aiding in schemes of a useful and charitable nature. Mr Alexander Russell, by letter, resumed his addresses; but Miss Maxwell, who could never bring herself to feel towards her cousin any other sentiment than that of friendship, in respectful and kind terms, but, at the same time, firm and decided, sent a negative reply.

Could she not love him? ‘Curious fool be still: Is human love the growth of lunian will?’

The disappointed lover soon after went abroad.

In a morning paper which Mrs Russell accidentally took up, about a twelvemonth after these events, it was announced that Sir Charles Arlingford had led to the hymeneal altar, the beautiful and accomplished Miss Maxwell, niece to John Maxwell, Esq., one of the wealthiest commoners in England.’ And in another column of the same paper, it was also stated that the young baronet just named had presented Mr Matthew Anderson to a valuable living on his estate in —shire.

OLD PARR: AN IMAGINARY BIOGRAPHY.

FROM PUNCH’S POCKET-BOOK FOR 1846.

Of the childhood of Old Parr nothing particular is known. It has been proved, however, that at the age of six years and three months he was very fond of unripe fruit, and that he was always ill in consequence of indulging his inordinate appetite for early gooseberries. On these occasions he was physicked at home by his grandmother, who, no matter what was his complaint, used invariably to give him a pill she prided herself in making, and threatened to whip him if he did not get well. The consequence was, Old Parr was always out of bed the following day; though his cure was, it must be confessed, owing more to the dread of the whipping than the virtues of the pill; for he always gave the latter to a favourite dog. The dog at last died; and though his grandmother wept its loss, fancying her ‘Cæsar’ had died of old age, yet Old Parr knew too well the cause of its death. On this secret turned the whole fortune of this extraordinary man; for his

grandmother soon followed her dog to the grave, and Old Parr became the sole inheritor of her pill. This wonderful pill has baffled all the researches of the old women and historians as to its origin. Some say it was found in Ireland, the recipe having been accidentally discovered under the celebrated Blarney Stone. Others declare it was imported from the Scilly Islands, and was first introduced into England about the time of Charles the First, and that the Plague of London broke out soon after its introduction. There is no doubt the Spanish Inquisition was acquainted with the powers of this pill, as a small box of them was found, with other instruments of torture, at the bottom of an *oubliette*, in a state dungeon of Madrid. In an old book, now very scarce, called 'Humbugge Delusions of y^e Daie,' mention is made of these pills, and a sort of receipt given, from which it would appear that one thing only is necessary to make these pills and them—and that is a plant of very rapid growth in England, called 'Simplex.' The quaint author prophesies, if any one will only cultivate assiduously the plant, he may be sure, in a very short time, to realize a large fortune from these simples. Old Parr, having the only receipt of this pill in England at the time—for it seems it had been lodged with his great-grandmother by one of the prisoners of the sixteenth century, as a security for a heavy mortgage—began to work it, and soon made it into a snug little property. He gave advice gratis from nine to ten every morning; and as he prescribed his pill for every complaint under the moon and the sun, he pocketed a handsome income in no time, for he took good care to charge a shilling for every box he sold. He increased the price afterwards to a shilling and three-halfpence, as he had been told by an Irish poet that there was luck in odd numbers. The first five pounds he made, he spent in advertisements; and this answered so well, that he devoted, for the future, always one half of his profits to continual puffing. He engaged, at an enormous salary, the Irish Poet above mentioned, to write 'Testimonials' for him, and the best writers of Fiction were paid large sums to sing the praises of his Life Pill. The King sent for Old Parr, and was so tickled with his long beard, that the Merry Monarch allowed him, as a special mark of favour, to put upon his boxes a certain stamp, which made people imagine that they were sold under the sanction of Government; and the pills, in consequence, sold all the more. In return for this favour, Old Parr sent his Majesty every year a large sum of money, which King Charles was always graciously pleased to accept. This homage is still kept up, with undiminished loyalty, at the present day, and redounds equally to the credit of both parties.

Old Parr gradually grew richer and richer, for every one in the kingdom took his pills. He was the first who started a General Mourning Shop; and having bought up all the black cloth and crape in England, he made so much money he did not know how to spend it. Accordingly he married, though he could not have been less than eighty. He then could not make money fast enough; and he began to complain bitterly of the extravagance of his wife. But he set his wits to work, and sent out agents to put up posters on the North and South Poles; the Pyramids were pasted over with large bills challenging the whole world to 'TRY PARR'S LIFE PILLS.' But though the pills were in everybody's mouth, still their proprietor was paying so dearly for the folly of having married a young wife, that he was just on the point of going through the Insolvent Court, when the death of his wife enabled him luckily to stop in time at the very threshold of it. There was great scandal at the suddenness of this event; but those were happy times for doctors, for there were no officious coroners in the year 1642, when England was so justly called 'Merry.' So Old Parr laughed quietly in his beard, and began advertising the miracles of his Life Pills all the more. They would cure everything, he declared, from a smoky chimney down to a lawyer's conscience. The threepence-halfpennies came rolling in, and Old Parr was again a rich man. But knowing the

uncertainty of riches, he bought an annuity, so that he might be comfortable in his second old age. He grew fat by laughing in his sleeve at the folly of mankind. He was courted by the rich, run after by the poor, and dreaded by all. The wise would doubt at times, and give loud vent too, to their misgivings; but then there must be wisdom, all the English were agreed, in such a long beard!

Now Old Parr was happy. He had his troubles at times—for he married twice more—but as soon as any infirmity of this nature began to annoy him, he would put it in his pipe and philosophically smoke it; for he knew he had a remedy for all things in his own hands. His wives, too, could not squander his money, for he had taken good care to have his annuity payable only to himself. So he lived to a jolly old age, drinking and smoking all day; for Old Parr enjoyed his pipe, no matter whether it consisted of tobacco or port. His favourite tipple, however, was brandy—not the stuff that is now sold as British, which he knew was only good enough for bruises, or at the best to season mince pies—but the real genuine liquor that came direct from Cognac. This he prized so much, that, for fear of any one touching it, he always had the bottle labelled 'Poison.' This precaution was necessary, for the only person who lived with him was a crone of all work, who was a regular drunkard.

The persons who paid him his annuity paid him regularly a half-yearly visit, to see if he really were alive. They swore lustily at the bad bargain they had made. They certainly had known annuitants live to an extreme old age, but an instance of one living to the age of 150 had never been upon their books before. It showed tenacity of life, that, to say the least of it, was dishonest. They commissioned a Scotch accountant to draw out a new table of averages of life for them, and meanwhile lived in the hope that the next winter would be severer than the last. But the innocence of Parr's old woman came to their rescue, otherwise the annuitant Parr might have been living at the present day, instead of having died at the premature age of 152. One morning, upon going in to call Old Parr, to her horror she found him speechless, and lying, apparently dead, in bed. The fact is, Old Parr had been drinking over night much deeper than usual, and was in a glorious state of insensibility; but the old woman, seeing the Cognac bottle, with its suspicious label, on the ground, immediately concluded that her master, in a rash moment, had poisoned himself. She knew only one medicine in the world, and that one was warranted to cure all accidents and diseases. So she made Old Parr a warm cup of tea, and putting three of his own Life Pills into it, made him drink it. The effect was instantaneous. He opened his eyes, shook his fist at the old woman, and fell back a corpse! He was buried in a cross road, because, as he had taken his own medicine, it was considered he had committed suicide. Over his grave the ducks of the neighbourhood delight even now in hopping about, crying to a few old ravens, who hover like mutes about the spot, 'Quack! quack!! quack!!!'

After his death, his place was searched. Under his pillow were found two pieces of paper. The one was labelled, 'Y^e Secrette of Longe Lyfe;' the other, 'Y^e Secrette of Good Health.' Inside the first was written, 'BOIE ANN ANNUITTIE;' inside the second was scribbled, in large letters, 'YOU MUSTE REVRAYNNE FROM ALLE LYFE PYLLES.' Round his neck was suspended a black ribbon. This held a little key, which his servant gave testimony Old Parr had worn for years nearest to his heart. It opened an iron chest. A deadly smell issued from it. A number of curious herbs filled the chest, but at the bottom of these was a piece of paper, rolled up like an ancient MS., and sealed with a lump of soft soap instead of wax. On the soap was sunk a curious device of Fortune on her wheel, going into the Bank of England. Outside the paper was written 'Recyppee for ann Infallibelle Pylle.' The ingredients, upon being opened, turned out to be nothing but 'HUMBUGGE.' And this is the reason why Life Pills are always warranted to answer in any climate.

LOVE OF GOD.

'God is love.' All his perfections and proceedings are but so many modifications of his love. What is his omnipotence but the arm of his love? What his omniscience but the medium through which he contemplates the objects of his love? What his wisdom but the scheme of his love? What are the offers of the gospel but the invitations of his love? What the threatenings of the law but the warnings of his love? They are the hoarse voice of of his love, saying, 'Man! do thyself no harm.' They are a fence thrown round the pit of perdition to prevent rash men from rushing into ruin. What was the incarnation of the Saviour but the richest illustration of his love? What were the miracles of Christ but the condescension of his love? What were the sighs of Christ but the breath of his love? What were the prayers of Christ but the pleadings of his love? What were the tears of Christ but the dew-drops of his love? What is heaven but the Alps of his mercy, from whose summits his blessings, flowing down in a thousand streams, descend to water and refresh his church situated at its base?—*Dr Waugh.*

'I THINK SO.'

'I think so' is the whole residuum that can be found after evaporating the prodigious pretensions of the zealot-demagogue. What is this 'will of the Lord,' this 'authority of Heaven,' this 'sacred cause of truth and righteousness?' Nothing, absolutely nothing, more than 'I think so.' Strip the schismatic's declaration of its finery and its sublimity, of its thunder and its fire, and there remains just this meagre and scarcely visible particle, the intrinsic value of which it would be impossible to express.—*Isaac Taylor.*

DUELLING.

In the fantastic times of chivalry, when, in the impotence of other laws, the laws of honour might be of some service, arose the barbarous custom of private combat. Legislation seems as though it could do little; I think it might do much. I would not prohibit the duello. If these gentry are so pugnacious, let them fight. All I would prohibit is the *use of weapons*. As they came down from lances to swords, and from swords to pistols, I would say, let them come down from pistols to the weapons with which nature has furnished them. Yes; vulgarity would annihilate the thing at once: vulgarity would be more effectual than morality: vulgarity more weighty than religion. One doubled fist would beat the fantastic notions out of a man's head most effectually; and one black eye go further with these parties than the laws of man and the commandments of God.—*Challoner's Lecture on the Phenomena of Modern History.*

EXTRAORDINARY DREAM.

In 1813, there were 7000 prisoners of war confined at Rochester Castle, in Hampshire. One of them, an Italian, was celebrated among his companions as a discoverer of hidden treasure. The place where they were confined was surrounded by a very high wall, and occupied nearly two acres of ground. The Italian dreamed one night, that if he should dig, near the middle of the enclosure, to the depth of twenty-four feet, he would find coins of immense value. The captain was a Scotsman, and, believing in dreams, readily granted permission to dig. Many of the prisoners who knew the Italian, declared that, to their knowledge, he had often found out concealed treasure by dreams, and eagerly volunteered their services. When they had dug to the depth of eighteen feet, a quantity of female's hair was found in perfect preservation, and nearly three feet long; at the depth of twenty-two feet, a large key, fourteen inches long and three inches in circumference, was dug up; and at the depth of twenty-four feet, a bag containing several thousand coins was found. The Italian, however, declared that the money he had dreamed of was not found, which was generally believed. The communicator of this curious circumstance was not only an eye-witness, but is the actual possessor of part of the hidden treasure.

HYPOCRISY.

Hypocrisy is, of all vices, the most hateful to man: because it combines the malice of guilt with the meanness of deception. Of all vices it is the most dangerous, because its whole machinery is constructed on treachery, through the means of confidence, on compounding vice with vice, on making the noblest qualities of our nature minister to the most profligate purposes of our ruin. It erects a false light where it declares a beacon, and destroys by the very instrument blazoned as a security.

SONGS OF LIFE.*

What say the woods when soft winds sigh
Their gentle evening lullaby—
When every leaf on every spray
Catches the zephyrs as they stray—
What is their language, poet say?
They sing of life,
They sing of life.

The thrush and linnet in the thorn,
Raising their song to greet the morn;
The skylark, as he shakes the dew
From off his wings, and flies from view,
To sing his lays in ether blue—
All sing of life,
All sing of life.

The soft sweet breath of gentle Spring,
Calling the earth to blossoming;
The nectrous drops of summer showers,
Opening the leaves of lovely flowers,
To smile upon this earth of ours—
Doth sing of life,
Doth sing of life.

The bees, which store their waxen cells
With homied spoils of foxglove bells;
The flies which, on the sun's bright ray,
Wanton their thread of life—a day—
In restlessness and sport, away—
All sing of life,
All sing of life.

The gentle ripples of the sea,
Its mountain waves, in madd'ning glee,
Dashing their foam-wreaths o'er the shore,
Calling on cliff and rock so hoar
To echo their tremendous roar—
Doth sing of life,
Doth sing of life.

What saith yon bright-hair'd happy boy,
With bounding step and look of joy—
Dreams he that aught but joy can be?
His loud mild laugh of artless glee,
His gladsome voice, is sweet to me—
It sings of life,
It sings of life.

All things which meet the wand'ring eye,
From flowery earth to starry sky:
The joy of morn, the calm of even—
All on the earth, in air, in heaven—
All which a bounteous God hath given—
Doth sing of life,
Doth sing of life.

G. H.

* Suggested by a poem which appeared in the *Instructor* (vol. II. p. 64), entitled 'Whisperings of Death.'

THE MORNING.

The sweetness of the morning is perhaps its least charm. It is the renewed vigour it implants in all around that affects us—man, animals, birds, plants, vegetables, flowers. Refreshed and soothed with sleep, man opens his heart; he is alive to nature and nature's God, and his mind is more intelligent, because more fresh. He seems to drink of the dew like the flowers, and feels the same reviving effect.

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GRAMMATICAL IDIOMS.

THERE are a number of minute points connected with the structure of the English language which have not received the notice they deserve from professed grammarians, but attention to which is absolutely essential to correct writing. Some of these it is proposed to bring under review in the present paper. The examples have been selected in the course of reading, with the exception of a few for which we are indebted to the excellent grammar of Mr D'Orsey.

I. NEITHER.

This word is the opposite of *either*, and is simply a contraction for *not either*. As *either* refers to one of two, *neither* assumes the negative form, and means *not either* of the two. We say, without being called in question, '*Either* of us is right;' but many authors, when the negative form is assumed, would write '*Neither* of us are right.' Now, it is surely an anomaly that *either* should be disjunctive, and the mere negative form of the same word have the power of conjoining—the first thus requiring a singular and the second a plural verb. Mr Macculloch, in his Grammar, says—'The predicate may be applied to the different subjects, and therefore may contain a plural verb. Thus, we usually say '*Neither* you nor *I are* in fault—not *is* or *am*.' With all respect for Mr Macculloch, this is an error. The copula *are* cannot apply to the two predicates, since we could not say '*I are* in fault.' The proper form of such an expression is that given above, and indeed, such is the form given by Mr Macculloch a few pages beyond the last quotation (p. 141), where he uses the expression—'*Neither* James nor John *is* fit for it' as correct. Authors vary with each other and with themselves in the use of this form of expression, as the following quotations will show :—

'*Neither* Wolsey nor his master *were* wise enough to profit,' &c. —TITLER's *Henry VIII.*, p. 916.

'In one from whose impiety *neither* God nor man *was* exempted.' —*Ibid.* p. 193.

'But this apology *neither* Caesar nor Pompey *was* entitled to make for himself.' —FERGUSON's *Roman Republic*, p. 394.

'Yet *neither* his own heart nor the nature of Vanessa's violent attachment, *permit* him to suppress,' &c. —Scott's *Life of Swift*.

These examples might be multiplied without number, but could serve no useful purpose, except to show how little the most popular and even the purest writers have been guided by philosophical propriety in their compositions. In confirmation of the view here given of the proper use of *neither*, it may be mentioned that the French Academy have given their sanction to the use of a singular verb with this word in the French language.

II. NONE.

followed by a singular verb. It would be plainly improper to say '*No one* are free from faults;' and it seems to follow that what is improper in the full form cannot be correct when contracted, the meaning remaining precisely the same. Nevertheless, many of our best authors, judging apparently more by the ear than the meaning of the word, use the plural after *none*: for example—

'Tis with our judgments as our watches—*none*

Go just alike, yet each believes his own.' —Pope.

'And press the weary couch where *none attend*.' —CAMPBELL.

'None of these individuals *were* heard in their own defence.' —TITLER's *Henry VIII.*

'And *none* are left to please when *none* are left to love.' —BYRON.

'None need my help, and *none* relieve my woe.' —CRABBE's *Village*.

'Alone to be where *none* have been,

Alone to see where *none* have seen.' —ELLIOTT.

'We have ladies who sometimes lay down the needle and take up the pen. I wonder *none* of them *have* attempted some reply.' —FRANKLIN.

It may be held by some readers of this paper that the examples of these and other good writers should be sufficient to settle the use of the word under notice. We would admit the force of the remark if these authors were anything like consistent in the use of this word themselves; but the truth is that you will meet with *none* followed by a singular verb in all of their works, and that probably in the same page with the above examples—thus showing how little grammatical propriety in the use of this and other phrases has formed the study of professed authors.

III. TWO OR MORE NOUNS JOINED BY *and* REQUIRE A PLURAL VERB.

This is one of the simplest and best-established rules in the language, but some modern grammarians would so far encroach on it as to sanction the use of a singular verb when the nouns are of *similar* or *cognate meanings*. For example, Napier writes—'In every quarter there *was* great *rage* and *cruelty*;' and Mr D'Orsey thinks that this form of expression may be admitted as an exception. It appears, however, that an exception of this nature is unnecessary, if not inadmissible, in the language. Words are scarcely ever so much alike in meaning as to be perfectly identical; but should this occur in composition, a correct writer would simply lop off one of them as unnecessary. We find Shakespeare writing 'Wherein *doth* sit the *dread* and *fear* of kings;' and Milton 'The *mind* and *spirit* *remains* invincible;' but it would surely be improper to found an exception to a grammatical law on such examples. The want of grammatical exactness at the time these writers flourished, as well as a certain licence of speech accorded to poets, should go far to explain such violations. These and similar variations, it would seem, had their origin in the prevalent use of the Latin tongue at the time our language was forming. The singular verb

Latin, scholars naturally inferred that the peculiarity might be transferred to their own tongue. Hence probably such deviations as the following from Clarendon:—‘In his clothes and habits, which he had minded before with more *neatness*, and *industry*, and *expense*, than is usual to so great a soul,’ &c. ‘And it cannot be denied that his *familiarity* and *friendship* for the most part *was* with men of the most eminent and sublime parts.’ The same error is one often committed by Scott, but generally avoided by correct writers, though Franklin has—‘*Luxury and extravagant living has* never suffered much restraint in these countries.’

Mr D’Orsey also contends that a singular verb may be justified by ellipsis, thus—‘There *was racing and chasing* on Canobie lake’—*there was* being understood before the second verb. The ellipses here and in the other examples given are entirely supposititious. Given two actions—*racing* and *chasing*, a word is needed to express their relation to something else. It will not do to take each separately, and use a singular verb, else where would such a rule lead us? Would it then be improper to say—‘Buying eggs is a troublesome affair, and bringing them home is a troublesome affair?’ Will this form of words compete in elegance with ‘Buying eggs and bringing them home are troublesome affairs?’ or would we excuse a writer who first enumerated the two particulars, and then summed up—‘is a troublesome affair,’ on the ground that the explanatory clause was understood after the first-mentioned particular? Yet this example seems exactly analogous to those brought forward by Mr D’Orsey.

It is occasionally difficult to discover whether the nominative is singular or plural. When the words *with*, *as well as*, *added to*, are used, the nature of the nominative is rendered doubtful, and consideration is necessary before determining either way. Some authors would write—‘He with his friend *was* at the meeting;’ while others would use the plural, and say—‘He with his friend *were* at the meeting.’ If we attend to the sense, the latter appears to be the correct form, since we find that the verb must answer for more than one, and that *with* merely stands for the conjunction *and*. Dickens, generally a correct writer, errs here—‘The vintner’s house, *with* half-a-dozen others near at hand, *was* one glowing blaze’ (*Barnaby Rudge*); while Scott, who is in general remarkably careless of these proprieties, is right—as, for example—‘The prince, *with* his train, advanced, and *were* near the place,’ &c.—(*Fortunes of Nigel*.) ‘Whose influence, *as well as* his talents, *were* not a little to be dreaded.’—(*Life of Swift*.) ‘He displays an extraordinary power and delicacy of comprehension, which, combined with his inexhaustible, sprightly imagination, *render* him one of the most entertaining writers of the day.’—(*Lives of the Novelists*.)

The question to be asked, in these and similar cases, is simply this:—Are more things than one intended to be included in the verb? and the distinction between the above examples and such sentences as the following will be apparent:—‘Christ, with his chosen disciples, *was* transfigured on the Mount.’ Here only one party is concerned in the action, *with* being used to denote the accompanying agents.

IV.—COLLECTIVE NOUNS.

The attempts to systematize this division of grammar have hitherto proved complete failures. The only rule generally agreed in by grammarians as to the use of col-

lective nouns is this—that where the noun conveys a plural idea, a plural verb should be used; and that where a singular idea is conveyed, a corresponding verb is necessary. This definition is so far fallacious, that the very meaning of a collective noun includes the idea of plurality. In the examples given by Mr Macculloch (*clergy* and *army*), it is not easy to perceive the metaphysical propriety of using the first word in the plural, and the second in the singular, since the same idea, namely, associated bodies of men, is substantially the same in both. Fashion, therefore, must determine what grammarians have failed to define. Mr D’Orsey gives the following peculiarities, which should be carefully noted:—

| People, meaning inhabitants, persons, | has a plural verb |
|---|-------------------|
| People, .. a nation, | .. singular .. |
| Youth, .. a young person, period of life, | .. singular .. |
| Youth, .. young people, | .. plural .. |
| Horse, .. an animal | .. singular .. |
| Horse, .. cavalry, | .. plural .. |
| Portion, .. a piece of a substance | .. singular .. |
| Portion, .. part of a number, | .. plural .. |
| Bulk, .. size, | .. singular .. |
| Bulk of, .. large portion of a number, | .. plural .. |

One common error in the use of collective nouns may at least be avoided; which is to use indiscriminately singular and plural verbs with the same collective nouns. We sometimes find this inconsistency in the same sentence, as for example in the following, which may be taken as a usual form of the error:—‘The number of real and historical characters who *have* been decorated by nature with golden hair, *appears* to be very limited indeed.’ The translators of the Bible have been often guilty of this inconsistency. ‘The number of the names together *were* about an hundred and twenty.’—(*Acts*, i. 15.) ‘And the number of the men was about 5000.’—(*Acts*, iv. 5.) Collective nouns form one part of our grammar in which the authority of a learned body similar to that of the French Academy would be found of service in settling rules.

V.—FROM WHENCE.

Though Johnson nearly a century ago pronounced this ‘a vicious mode of expression;’ and though its impropriety is obvious on slight consideration, it is nevertheless true that many of the best writers have used, and still continue to use, this expression. Indeed, there is scarcely a work even now issuing from the press, which does not indulge more or less in this proscribed form of speech. To show its incorrectness, it is not necessary to do more than re-state the ordinary definition. *Whence* being an abbreviation of *from where*, as *hence* is an abbreviation of *from here*, it is consequently improper to use either of the original words with the shortened form.

VI.—VICIOUS CONSTRUCTION OF SENTENCES.

The error here alluded to is that of disjoining one part of a sentence from another with words which destroy the proper grammatical connexion. The following are the more common forms:—‘Latin, or words slightly modified from the Latin, is used.’ ‘The moving particles descend through the tissue of the style, until *one*, or sometimes *more than one*, finds its way.’ Here a singular verb is made to answer for both a singular and plural nominative. The disarranging clauses should be brought to the end of the sentence. The following examples show another class of errors arising from bad arrangement:—‘Their conversation is *more intelligent*, and their manners greatly superior to that of English farmers generally.’ ‘We hear of an afflicting number of instances, in which the higher waged workmen are considered as securing little, if any *more*, and perhaps not so much comfort to their families, *than* the other class.’ Here the word *than* is correct enough in relation to *more*, but *much* requires *as* to follow. ‘The storming and capture of Chin-Kiang, has been one of the most important, as it has been the most sanguinary engagement we have yet had in India.’—(*Dispatches from China*.)

We shall here conclude this short paper, in the hope that some part of it may be found of service to those readers of the ‘Instructor’ who would fain write the English language with perfect accuracy.

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.*

'He was,' says some one of Rousseau, 'a lonely man—his life a long soliloquy.' And the same words may be applied to the 'sole king of rocky Cumberland,' the lord of Rydal Mount, the sultan of Skiddaw, the warlock of Windermere, William Wordsworth. He has indeed mingled much with men, but reluctantly; and even while amidst them, his spirit has preserved its severe seclusion. He has strode frequently into society, but with an impatient and hasty step. It is this lofty insulation which marks out Wordsworth from the eminent of his era. While they have been tremulously alive to every breath of public praise or blame, and never so much so as when pretending to despise the one and defy the other, he has maintained the tenor of his way, indifferent to both. While his name was the signal for every species of insult—while one Review was an incessant battery against his poetical character, and another, powerful on all other topics, returned it only a feeble reply on this—while stupidity itself had learned to laugh and sneer at him—while the very children of the nursery were taught to consider his rhymes as too puerile even for them, he remained unmoved; and leaving poor Coleridge to burst into tears, the majestic brow of Wordsworth only acknowledged by a transient frown the existence of his assailants. And now that his name is a household word, and that his works have found their way to the heart of the nation, we believe that he has never once been betrayed into an expression of undue complacency—that he feels himself precisely the man he was before—that he moves in his elevated sphere as 'native and endued' unto its element—and that the acclamations as well as the abuse of the public have failed to draw him forth from the sublime solitudes of his own spirit.

And we do think that this manly self-appreciation is one of the principal marks of true greatness. We find it in Dante, daring, in his gloomy banishment, to make himself immortal by writing the 'Inferno.' We find it in Milton, 'in darkness, and with dangers compassed round,' rolling out nevertheless the deep bass notes of his great poem as from some mighty organ, seated in his own breast. We find it in Burns, confessing that, at the plough, he had formed the very idea of his poems to which the public afterwards set its seal. We find it *not* in Byron, who, while professing scorn for the finest contemporary specimens of his species, nay, for his species in the abstract, was yet notoriously at the mercy of the meanest creature that could handle a quill, to spurt venom against the crest of the noble Childe. But we do find it in Wordsworth, and still more in Scott, the one sustaining a load of detraction, and the other a burden of popularity, with a calm, smiling, and imperturbable dignity. The author of the 'Excursion' has indeed been called an egotist; but while there is one species of egotism which stamps the weak victim of a despicable vanity, there is another which adheres to a very exalted order of minds, and is the needful defence of those who have stout burdens to bear, and severe sufferings to undergo. The Apostle Paul, in this grand sense, was an egotist when he said, 'I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith.' Dante was an egotist. Luther was an egotist. Milton was an egotist; and in this sense Wordsworth is an egotist too.

But what, it may be asked, is his burden and his mission? It is seen now not to have been the composition of pedlar poems—the sacrifice of great powers to petty pur-

poses—the indulgence of a weak though amiable eccentricity; or the mere love of being singular at the expense of good taste and common sense. But many still, we fear, are not aware of its real nature and importance. Wordsworth's mission has been a lofty one, and loftily fulfilled—to raise the mean, to dignify the obscure, to reveal that natural nobility which lurks under the russet gown and the clouted shoe; to extract poetry from the cottage, and from the turf-fire upon its hearth, and from the solitary shieling, and from the mountain tarn, and from the grey ancestral stone at the door of the deserted mansion, and from the lichens of the rock, and from the furze of the melancholy moor. It is to 'hang a weight of interest'—of brooding, and passionate, and poetical feeling, upon the hardest, the remotest, and the simplest objects of nature—it is to unite gorgeousness of imagination with prosaic literality of fact—it is to interweave the deductions of a subtle philosophy with the 'short and simple annals of the poor.' And how to the waste and meaningless parts of the creation has he, above all men, given a voice, an intelligence, and a beauty! The sweet and solitary laugh of a joyous female, echoing among the hills, is to his ear more delightful than the music of many forests. A wooden bowl is dipped into the well, and comes out heavy, not merely with water, but with the weight of his thoughts. A spade striking into the spring ground moves in the might of his spirit. A village drum, touched by the strong finger of his genius, produces a voice which is poetry. The tattered cloak of a poor girl is an Elijah's mantle to him. A thorn on the summit of a hill; 'known to every star and every wind that blows,' bending and whispering over a maniac, becomes a banner-staff to his imagination. A silent tarn collects within and around it the sad or terrible histories of a sea; and a fern stalk floating on its surface has the interest of a forest of masts. A leech gatherer is surrounded with the sublimity of 'cloud, gorse, and whirlwind, on the gorgeous moor.' A ram stopping to see his 'wreathed horns superb' in a lake among the mountains, is to his sight as sublime as were an angel glancing at his features in the sea of glass which is mingled with fire. A fish leaps up in one of his tarns like an immortal thing. If he skates, it is 'across the image of a star.' Icicles to him are things of imagination. A snowball is a Mont Blanc; a little cottage girl a Venus de Medicis, and more; a water-mill, turned by a heart-broken child, a very Niagara of wo; the poor beetle that we tread upon is 'a mailed angel on a battle day'; and a day-dream among the hills, of more importance than the dates and epochs of an empire. Wordsworth's pen is not a fork of the lightning—it is a stubble stalk from the harvest field. His language has not the swell of the thunder, nor the dash of the cataract—it is the echo of the 'shut of eve.'—

'When sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eye.'

His versification has not the 'sweet and glorious redundancy' of Spenser, nor the lofty rhythm of Milton, nor the uncertain melody of Shakspeare, nor the rich swelling spiritual note of Shelley, nor the wild, airy, and fitful music of Coleridge, nor the pointed strength of Byron—it is a music sweet and simple as the running brook, yet profound in its simplicity as the unsearchable ocean. His purpose is to extract what is new, beautiful, and sublime, from his own heart, reflecting its feelings upon the simplest objects of nature, and the most primary emotions of the human soul. And here lies the lock of his strength. It is comparatively easy for any gifted spirit to gather off the poetry creaming upon lofty subjects—to extract the imagination which such topics as heaven, hell, dream-land, faery-land, Grecian or Swiss scenery, almost involve in their very sounds; but to educe interest out of the every-day incidents of simple life—to make every mood of one's mind a poem—to find an epic in a nest, and a tragedy in a tattered cloak—thus to 'hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear'—to find 'sermons in stones,' and poetry in everything—to have 'thoughts too deep for tears' blown into the soul by the wayside flower—this is one of the rarest and most enviable of powers. And hence

* This portrait of the Poet-Laureate we copy, with permission, from a volume entitled 'A Gallery of Literary Portraits,' published a few weeks ago by our townsman Mr Tait. Its author, the Rev. George Gillilan of Dundee, is a devout and enthusiastic worshipper of genius; and there is not a little in his 'Gallery' to show that a portion of this rare boon has fallen to himself. As we intend to notice Mr Gillilan's volume at greater length in an early number, we shall refrain from saying more respecting it now. The work, we may just add, is got up in a style highly creditable to its spirited publisher.

Wordsworth's song is not a complicated harmony, but a 'quiet tune'—his instrument not a lyre, but a rustic reed—his poetic potation not Hippocrene, but simple water from the stream—his demon no Alecto or Tisiphone, but a sting-armed insect of the air—his emblem on earth not the gaudy tulip nor the luscious rose, but the bean-flower, with its modest yet arrowy odour—his emblem in the sky not the glaring sun, nor the gay star of morning, nor the 'sun of the sleepless melancholy star,' nor the 'star of Jove, so beautiful and large'—it is the mild and lonely moon shining down through groves of yew upon pastoral graves.

The mind of Wordsworth is a combination of the intellectual, the imaginative, and the personal. His intellect, though large and powerful, does not preside over the other faculties with such marked superiority as in the case of Milton, the most intellectual of all poets; but it maintains its ground, and, unlike the reasoning faculty of many men of genius, never submits to a degrading vassalage. Destitute of Milton's scholastic training, it has evidently gone through the still severer crucible of a self-taught and sublime metaphysics. His imagination, again, is not rich and copious like Spenser's, nor is it omni-verse and omnific like Shakespeare's, nor uniformly gigantic like Milton's, nor is it the mere handmaid of the passions like Byron's, nor voluptuous and volatile like Moore's, nor fastidious like Campbell's, nor fantastic like Southey's. It is calm, profound, still, obscure, like the black eye of one of his own tarms. The objects he sets before us are few; the colours he uses are uniform; the tone is somewhat sombre, but the impression and intensity with which they stamp themselves on the view are immense. A sonnet with Wordsworth often goes as far as an ordinary epic; a single line does the work of an ordinary canto. This power of concentration, however, is only occasional—it is spontaneous, not involuntary, and alternates with a fine diffusion, so that, while at one time he compresses meaning into his words as with the Braham press of Young, at another his poetry is as loosely and beautifully disspread as the blank verse of Wilson or Graham. But that which undoubtedly gives to the poetry of Wordsworth its principal power is its personal interest. His works are all confessions, not of crimes (unless to love nature too well be a sin), but of all the peculiarities of a poetical temperament. He retains and reproduces the boyish feelings which others lose with their leading-strings—he carries forward the first fresh emotions of childhood into the powers and passions of manhood—he links the cradle to the crutch by the strong tie of his genius. Nothing which reminds him of his own youth—which awakens some old memory—which paints on an airy canvass some once familiar face—which vibrates on some half-forgotten string, comes amiss to Wordsworth. His antiquity may be said to begin with his own birth; his futurity to extend to the day of his own funeral. His philosophy may be summed up in the one sentence, 'the child is father of the man.'

If we were to try to express our idea of Wordsworth's poetry in a word, we might call it microscopic. Many apply a telescope to nature, to enlarge the great: he employs a microscope to magnify the small. Many, in their daring flights, treat a constellation with as much familiarity as if it were a bunch of violets: he leans over a violet with as much interest and reverence as if it were a star. Talk of the Pleiades! 'Lo, five blue eggs are gleaming there,' to him a dearer sight. He turns to the works of nature the same minutely magnifying lens as Pope to the works of art. The difference is, that while the bard of Twickenham uses his microscope to a lady's lock, or to a gentleman's clouded cane, the poet of Windermere applies it to a mountain daisy or a worn-out spade.

In speaking of Wordsworth's writings, we must not omit a juvenile volume of poems, which we have never seen, but which we believe is chiefly remarkable as showing how late his genius was of flowering, and how far in youth he was from having sounded the true depths of his understanding. We have somewhere read extracts from

it, which convinced us, that at an age when Campbell wrote his 'Pleasures of Hope,' Pope his sparkling 'Essay on Criticism,' Keats his 'Hyperion'—Wordsworth, so far from being a like miracle of precocity, could only produce certain puerile prettinesses, with all the merit which arises from absence of fault, but with all the fault which arises from absence of merit.

The 'Lyrical Ballads' was the first effusion of his mind which bore the broad arrow of a peculiar genius; the first to cluster round him troops of devoted friends, and the first to raise against him that storm of ridicule, badinage, abuse, and misrepresentation, which has so recently been laid for ever. And, looking back upon this production through the vista of years, we cannot wonder that it should so have struck the mind of the public. Poetry was reduced to its beggarly elements. In the florid affectation of Darwin, and the tame yet turgid verse of Hayley, it was breathing its last. Cowper, meanwhile, had maddened and died. It was not surprising that in the dreary dearth which succeeded, a small bunch of wild-flowers, with the scent of the moors, and the tints of the sun, and the freshness of the dew upon them, shot suddenly into the hands of the public, should attract immediate notice—that, while they disgusted the fastidious, they should refresh the dispirited lovers of truth and nature; that while the vain and the worldly tore and trampled them under foot with fierce shouts of laughter, the simple-hearted took them up, and folded them to their bosoms; and that, while the old, prepossessed in favour of Pope and Voltaire, threw them aside as insipid, the young, inspired by the first outbreak of the French Revolution, and flushed by its golden hopes, caught and kissed them in a transport of enthusiasm. Such a bunch were the 'Lyrical Ballads,' and such was their reception. Destitute of all glitter, glare, pretension, they were truly 'wildings of nature.' Not that they mirrored the utmost depth or power of their author's mind—not that they gave more than glimpses of the occasional epic grandeur of the 'Excursion,' or the Miltonic music of the 'Sonnets'—but they discovered all the simplicity, if not all the strength of his genius. They were like droppings from the rich honey-comb of his mind. Their faults we seek not to disguise or palliate—the wilful puerility, the babyish simplicity which a few of them affected—but still, as long as Derwentwater reflects the burning west in her bosom, and Windermere smiles to her smiling shores, and the Langdale Giants 'parley with the setting sun,' shall men remember Harry Gill, chattering for evermore; and Ruth, with the water-mills of her innocence, and the 'tumultuous songs' of her frenzy; and Andrew Jones, with his everlasting drum; and the Indian mother, with her heart-broken woe; and last, not least, glorious old Matthew, with his merry rhymes and melancholy moralizings.

The next poetic production from his pen was entitled, 'Poems, in two volumes.' And here, interspersed with much of the childishness of the Ballads, are some strains of a far higher mood. Here we meet, for instance, with the song of Brougham Castle, that splendid lyric which stirs the blood like the first volley of a great battle. Here, too, are some of his sonnets, the finest, we think, ever written, combining the simplicity without the bareness of Milton's, the tender and picturesque beauty of Warton's, with qualities which are not prominent in theirs—originality of sentiment, beauty of expression, and loftiness of tone.

Passing over his after effusions—his 'Peter Bell' and the 'Wagoner,' two things resembling rather the wilder mood of Coleridge than the sobriety of their actual parent, and his 'Ecclesiastical Sonnets,' a production scarcely worthy of the subject or author, though relieved by gleams of real poetry, and the 'White Doe of Rylstone,' with this single remark that, of all the severe criticisms inflicted on Wordsworth, the review of this particular poem in the *Edinburgh* stands *facile princeps* for glaring injustice; and his series of 'Sonnets on the River Duddon,' a most original and happy thought, which we would like to see applied to other streams, as the Tay, the Earr, the

Nith, the Dee, &c.—passing over one smaller poem of exquisite beauty on the 'Eclipse in Italy,' and with still more reluctance 'Laodamia,' the most chaste and classic of his strains, and which, says one, 'might have been read aloud in Elysium to the happy dead,' we would offer a few remarks upon the huge half-finished pile called the 'Excursion,' the national monument of its author's mind.

It professes to be part of a poem called the 'Recluse.' So many witty, or would be witty things, have been said about this profession by so many critics and criticsasters, that we have not a single joke to crack on the subject. The magnitude of the entire poem is to us, as well as to them, a wonder and a mystery. Its matter is a topic more attractive. We remember asking De Quincey if he had seen the 'Recluse,' and why it was not given to the world? He answered, that he had read, or heard read, large portions of it; that the principal reason for its non-publication as yet was, that it contained (who would have expected it!) much that was political, if not personal, and drew with a strong and unflattering hand some of the leading characters of the day. He added, that it abounded with passages equal to anything in the 'Excursion,' and instanced one, descriptive of France during the Revolution, contrasting the beauty and fertility of its vine-covered valleys and summer landscapes with the dark and infernal passions which were then working like lava in the minds of its inhabitants, as magnificent.

So much for the 'Recluse,' which the people of the millennium may possibly see. The 'Excursion,' professing to be only part of a poem, was, nevertheless, criticized as a finished production, and condemned accordingly. A finished production it certainly is not. Cumbersome, digressive, unwieldy, abounding with bulky blemishes, not so witty as 'Candide,' nor so readable as 'Nicholas Nickleby'—these are charges which must be allowed. But after granting this, what remains? Exquisite pathos, profound philosophy, classic dignity, high-toned devotion, the moral sublime. The tale of Margaret opens new fountains in the human heart. The account of the first brilliant sunburst of the French Revolution is sublime. The description of the churchyard among the mountains, with its tender memories and grass-green graves, would float many such volumes. But far the finest passage is that on the origin of the Pagan mythology. And yet we never feel so much, as when reading it, the greater grandeur which our system possesses from its central principle, the Unity of the Divine Nature; a doctrine which collects all the scattered rays of beauty and excellence from every quarter of the universe, and condenses them into one august and overpowering conception; which traces back the innumerable rills of thought and feeling to the ocean of an infinite mind, and thus surpasses the most elegant and ethereal polytheism infinitely more than the sun does the 'cinders of the element.' However beautiful the mythology of Greece, as interpreted by Wordsworth—however instinct it was with imagination—however it seemed to breathe a supernatural soul into the creation, and to rouse and startle it all into life—to fill the throne of the sun with a divine tenant—to hide a Naiad in every fountain—to crown every rock with its Oread—to deify shadows and storms—and to send sweeping across 'old ocean's grey and melancholy waste' a celestial emperor—it must yield, without a struggle, to the thought of a great One Spirit, feeding by his perpetual presence the lamp of the universe; speaking in all its voices; listening in all its silence; storming in its rage; reposing in its calm; its light the shadow of its greatness; its gloom the hiding-place of his power; its verdure the trace of his steps; its fire the breath of his nostrils; its motion the circulation of his untiring energies; its warmth the effluence of his love; its mountains the altars of his worship; and its oceans the 'mirrors' where his form 'glasses itself in tempests.' Compared to this idea, how does the fine dream of the Pagan mythos tremble and melt away—Olympus, with its multitude of stately celestial natures, dwindle before the solitary immutable throne

of Jehovah—the poetry, as well as the philosophy of Greece, shrink before the single sentence, 'Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord'—and Wordsworth's description of the origin of its multitudinous gods looks tame beside the mighty lines of Milton:—

'The oracles are dumb
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arch'd roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine,
Can no more divine
With hollow shriek the sleep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance or breathed spell
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.
He feels from Judah's land
The dreadful Infant's hand,
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyne.
Nor all the gods beside
Dare longer now abide;
Nor Typhon huge, ending in snaky twine.
Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling-bands control the damned crew.

Shall we rob ourselves of the varied beauties of the 'Excursion,' because one of the *dramatis personæ* is a pedlar, and because the book was originally a quarto of the largest size? No. Wordsworth is like his own cloud, ponderous, and 'moveth altogether, if he move at all.' His excursions are not those of an ephemeron, and disdain duodecimos. We dare not put this *chef-d'œuvre* of his genius on the same shelf with the 'Paradise Lost;' but there are passages in both which claim kindred, and the minds of the twain dwell not very far apart. Having no wish to sacrifice one great man to the manes of another—to pull down the living that we may set up the cold idol of the dead—we may venture to affirm, that if Milton was more than the Wordsworth of the seventeenth, Wordsworth is the Milton of the nineteenth century.

Among his later and smaller poems, the best, perhaps, is his 'Ode on the Power of Sound.' It is a little laboured and involved, but the labour is that of a giant birth, and the involution is that of close-piled magnificence. Up the gamut of sound how does he travel, from the sprinkling of earth on the coffin lid to the note of the eagle, who rises over the arch of the rainbow, singing his own wild song; from the Ave Maria of the pilgrim to the voice of the lion, coming up vast and hollow on the winds of the midnight wilderness; from the trill of the black-bird to the thunder speaking from his black orchestra to the echoing heavens; from the

'Distress gun on a leeward shore,
Repeated, heard, and heard no more,'

to the murmur of the main, for well

'The towering headlands crown'd with mist,
Their feet among the billows, know
That ocean is a mighty harmonist;

from the faintest sigh that stirs the stagnant air of the dungeon, to the 'word which cannot pass away,' and on which the earth and the heavens are suspended. This were, but for its appearance of heaving effort, a lyric fit to be placed beside Shelley's 'Ode to Liberty,' and Coleridge's 'France.' Appropriately, it has a swell of sound, and a pomp of numbers, such as he has exhibited in no other of his poems. And yet there are moods in which we would prefer his 'We are Seven,' or one of his little poems on Lucy, to all its laboured vehemence and crudded splendour.

We have never seen the 'old man eloquent,' but can well picture him to our fancy. Yonder he stands, under the shadow of the fine wood near his cottage, reading a portion of the 'Recluse' to the echoes!

'Ah, Bard, tremendous in sublimity,
Could I behold thee in thy loftier mood,
Wandering alone, with finely frenzied eye,
Beneath some vast, old, tempest-swinging wood,
Awhile with mute awe gazing I would brood,
Then weep aloud in a wild ecstacy.'

He has a forehead broad and high, and bent under the weight of brooding thought; a few grey hairs streaming over it; an eye which, when still, seems to 'see more in nature than the eyes of other men,' and when roused beams forth with preternatural meaning; a face furrowed with

thought; a form bent with study; a healthy glow upon his cheek, which tells of moorland walks and mountain solitude; a deep-toned voice—he excels in reading his own poetry; is temperate in his habits; serene in his disposition; has been fortunate in his circumstances and family connexions; has lived, and is likely to die, one of the happiest of men. His religion is cheerful, sanguine, habitual; and we need not say how much it has done to colour his poetry, and to regulate his life.

It is much to have one's fame connected vitally with the imperishable objects of nature. It is so with Burns, who has written his name upon Coila's plains, and rivers, and woods, in characters which shall never die. It is so with Scott, who has for monument the 'mountains of his native land,' and the rustling of the heather of Caledonia as a perpetual pibroch of lament over his ashes. So we believe that the memory of the great man whose character we have been depicting, is linked indissolubly with the scenery of the Lakes, and that men in far future ages, when awed in spirit by the gloom of Helvellyn—when enchanted by the paradisaical prospects of the vale of Keswick—when catching the first gleam of the waters of Windermere—or when taking the last look of Skiddaw, the giant of the region—shall mingle with every blessing they utter, and every prayer they breathe, the name of William Wordsworth.

APPLICATIONS OF SCIENCE.

ORIGIN OF SPRINGS AND ARTESIAN WELLS.

THE circulation of water on the globe is one of the most interesting departments of natural science. 'All the rivers run into the sea,' said the wise man of old, 'yet is the sea not full,' and hence he draws the natural conclusion, that, 'to the place whence they came, thither they return again.' How this is accomplished long remained one of the doubtful questions in science; and whilst some few maintained the sufficiency of the rains to supply all the springs and rivers, the greater number asserted the necessity of some underground communication with the sea, by which its waters filtering through the sand, and thus deprived of their saltiness, were returned to the surface of the land by capillary fissures in the rocks. The improvement of physical science showed the impossibility or absurdity of this hypothesis; but so long as it was believed that the rain did not furnish a sufficient supply of moisture for the rivers, this rather added to than diminished the difficulties of the question. And indeed, on a superficial view, one might well doubt if the rains could yield all that mass of water which the Rhine or Po, the Thames, the Tweed, or the Tay, not to mention the mightier streams of the Asiatic and American continents, are incessantly pouring into the ocean. And some springs, too, seem wholly independent of the rains, flowing equally at all seasons, and not failing after the most long-continued droughts.

An important step to the resolution of this question was made, when, instead of disputing on the subject, men set themselves to determine by experiment the amount of rain that falls throughout the year in any district; and the quantity of water that rivers actually convey to the sea. The result was very different from what had been expected, and the rains that fell over various river basins were found amply sufficient for their supply. Thus Dalton estimated the average amount of rain over all England as equal to thirty-three inches depth in the year, whereas that needed to supply the rivers did not exceed thirteen inches. M. Arago too has calculated, that the Seine does not convey immediately to the sea more than a third of the rain that falls in its basin—that is, in the district of country drained by the river. The remaining moisture is all evaporated directly, or consumed in the processes of vegetation, and thus returned to the atmosphere whence it originally was derived.

There can be no doubt, therefore, that the rain is suf-

ficient to supply all the springs and rivers of a country. Many curious instances of the direct dependence of the one on the other might be noticed, but a few only can be given. The destruction of forests, whilst it increases evaporation by exposing the surface, also tends directly to render rain less frequent. In Spain, as the wood has been cut down, the rivers have diminished or been dried up; and in many of its colonies the same thing has been observed. In Mexico, the mines had caused the country to be gradually deprived of wood, and along with this the lake which surrounded the city became greatly diminished. But since the revolt from the mother-land, the mines have been neglected, the forests have grown up anew, rain has become more frequent, evaporation diminished, and the lake has resumed its former dimensions. In the Azores, too, the imprudent destruction of the forests has rendered rain rare, and in consequence the springs have failed, and water become very scarce. This connexion of forests with rain and springs has been equally noticed in many parts of northern Europe; so that no doubt can be entertained, that the supply of water on the earth is derived from the atmosphere, and that the moisture raised by evaporation from the ocean, and condensed over the land, forms the link needed to complete the circulation of the waters of the globe.

Of the rain which falls on the earth, but a small part finds its way directly into the rivers, and by them to the sea. The greater part is absorbed by the ground, sinks into the soil, penetrates among the strata, and accumulating in cracks and cavities, finds its way back to the surface slowly and regularly. This regular, continuous flow of springs is a point of very great importance; and hence the natural means by which it is secured are well worthy of notice. Had the waters been confined simply to the surface of the earth, or depended immediately on the supply of rain, many inconveniences would have occurred. The water on the surface is exposed to numerous impurities, from which that filtered through the earth is free, and is thus less fit for the use of men. It is also soon dried up, and, without subterranean stores, there would have been a constant liability to a deficiency of this important element, as happens in those parts of the country where the springs are merely superficial. But as it now is, the case is very different, and far more beneficially ordered. The strata, especially in the mountain regions where rains are most abundant, have been broken and set up on edge, so that the rain finds a ready passage among them, down into the interior. The soil there too is thinner and more open than in the low grounds, and hence the rain will sink more freely, and a greater proportion of it be preserved. Among the strata the water descends slowly, percolating through the various fissures and collecting in hollows and cavities. There is no need of supposing the latter to be large, and indeed the reverse seems rather the case, their immense number supplying any deficiency in individual capacity. The descent of the water among the strata will, however, be checked at last, by the occurrence of some impervious bed or mass. In this case the water will be forced again to the surface, flowing out at the lowest opening, where it will form a spring. Springs therefore may be looked for where some impervious bed or massive rock comes to the surface. In districts where the strata are much disturbed, springs generally arise on the lines of faults. Faults, in the language of geologists, are those cracks or fissures by which the continuity of strata is broken, and they are often filled either with masses of rock or clay impervious to water. Where such is the case, the water that has flowed down to them from the higher ground is arrested and forced to return to the surface, forming springs. This also renders them of much importance in mining, as they often cut off the water contained in one part of the mine from the others, and thus render them easier wrought. In many districts, it is chiefly along such lines that springs occur, particularly where limestone prevails; this rock being generally very open, and traversed by numerous caverns and subterranean water courses.

The rain which falls at more or less distant intervals from the heavens is thus conveyed into the interior of the earth and there preserved, as in sealed cisterns, for the use of man and the other organic beings that inhabit the earth. Man, especially, has thus a constant regular supply of this essential element, without those inconveniences which daily or oft recurring rains would have produced. It is also a beautiful arrangement of things, that rains are most copious in the mountains, where they are least apt to be injurious, whilst the disposition of the rocks is such as to convey the water thence, as in natural pipes, to the low grounds, where it is most required. The strata which are often horizontal in the low grounds, are raised up as they approach the mountains, and one of them after another crops out, or comes to the surface. They may not inaptly be compared to a number of dishes placed one within another, and with the edges of the lower ones rising as high, or even higher than those of the inner ones. Now, were these dishes irregular, so as not to fit closely, or sand or some other porous substance interposed between them, we should have an exact representation of the disposition of the strata, with reference to water, in many valleys or basins, as they are often named. Water poured on the edges of these dishes would evidently find its way between them, and fill the whole cavity, whilst none would rise into the centre vessel. So the rain that falls on the edges of the strata on the mountains, percolates between them in the open or porous beds, and fills these in a more or less continuous sheet. There may thus be below a valley, several alternations of rocks with sheets of water, without any springs rising to the surface. Any fissure in the rocks extending down to one of these reservoirs would, however, allow the water to escape and form one or more springs. But where no such natural fissures occurred, plains and valleys were often in great want of water, though with a copious supply of it shut up in the earth below. To reach this store, wells or pits have been dug, principally through the loose soil, but often at a great expense of time and labour. Hence in eastern countries, where water is less abundant and more valuable than in our own land, such wells were highly important, and often formed a cause of quarrel between neighbouring tribes, or pastoral chiefs, as may be seen in several parts of the early Scripture history.

The copiousness and permanence of springs will evidently depend on the nature of the rocks from which they arise. Where the rocks are close, and the water flows through a simple channel, springs will be small and apt to fail in dry weather. Where, on the other hand, they take their rise in open porous rocks, and run through long and complicated channels, they seem less immediately dependent on the atmospheric supplies. Limestone rocks, probably on account of the great solubility of their material in water, are distinguished for the numerous cavities and extensive fissures they contain. Some beds seem almost like a half excavated coal-pit, the mass of the rock being removed, and only a few pillars left to support the roof. Almost all the large caves are found in rocks of this character, and some of them have been traced for many miles in various directions. Thus, that of Adelsberg, in Carniola, is about seven miles long, and contains a large lake supplied by a river which runs into the cavern. Similar subterranean lakes and rivers are not unfrequent in limestone caves, and many must exist which have never been explored. In these the water collects from a wide district, and accumulates as in great natural reservoirs. Hence the springs in such countries are few in number, but very copious, as the celebrated fountain of Vaucluse, which forms almost from its source a river capable of floating a boat. In ordinary occasions, it produces thirteen thousand cubic feet of water in a minute, increasing, on extraordinary occasions, to forty thousand cubic feet, or six thousand four hundred gallons in a minute.

In passing through the rocks, water often acquires peculiar properties. It is filtered from many impurities.

stances. All spring water contains a certain proportion of these, which render it more palatable, by taking away the insipidity of rain water, in which far less of them are found. Of these mineral substances, the most common are the carbonate and sulphate of lime, which render water hard, as it is usually termed. Where more mineral matter occurs, springs are named mineral springs, often very valuable for medicinal properties. In passing through the earth, water also acquires a higher temperature than that of the surface. This seems very common in springs, but where it only amounts to one or two degrees, is seldom observed. Some of the more remarkable mineral, and warm or thermal springs, may be noticed in another paper.

The simple well has been known, and used from the earliest periods for procuring water. In ancient times it was raised from these pits by means of a vessel let down by a rope or chain, and hence the expression of drawing water. Modern science has greatly improved this simple machinery by the introduction of pumps of various kinds. But a still more remarkable application of science has been made in the general introduction of what are named Artesian wells. They are so designated from the province of Artois, in France, where they have been in use from the twelfth century. They have also been long known to the Chinese, who employ them in some of the central provinces for procuring salt water, from which they condense the salt by fires of natural gas which rise from other similar holes. The principle of Artesian wells will be readily understood from the illustration lately used. Were we to suppose two bowls, one within the other, and the interval between them full of water, it is evident that on a hole being pierced in the bottom of the inner one the water would flow up through it, and as fluids in connected vessels always stand at the same height, or, as it is commonly expressed, seek their level, were a tube placed in the hole, the water would rise to the same elevation in it as between the vessels. Now, as formerly mentioned, valleys or extensive basins occur, in which the rocks and the water contained in them are disposed in a similar manner. Thus London stands in a basin of tertiary rocks, consisting of beds of sand, and clay, nearly horizontal in the centre, but rising up all round to the chalk hills in Surrey, Hants, Berks, Buckingham, and Hertford. The chalk itself forms somewhat of a similar basin, and, like the beds of sand, is very pervious to water. When, therefore, the London clay is penetrated to one of the reservoirs of water, it rises up sometimes to the surface, at other times even above it. Many wells of this kind have been formed of late years, in which water has been found at various depths. At Sheerness it was obtained at three hundred feet in the London clay or tertiary beds, and rose above the surface; but at Fulham the bore had to be carried seventy feet into the chalk before a successful result was attained. In the gardens of the Horticultural Society at Chiswick, a plentiful supply was secured at three hundred and thirty feet. But in the grounds above Chiswick no water was met with in the tertiary strata, nor until the chalk had been penetrated to a great depth; but at six hundred and twenty feet a source was reached which rose to four feet above the surface.

It is thus evident that success in such undertakings is by no means certain, and that the probability of it depends very much on the geological structure of the district. Where the rocks, as round London, form a basin, towards whose centre they dip from every side, the probability of finding water in some of the inferior beds is very great, though, as the sheets of fluid do not seem continuous, it is likewise possible to continue the bore to a great depth without success. On the other hand, where the rocks are not thus regularly disposed, and no high ground occurs in the vicinity, though water may be met with in making a bore, yet there is little or no prospect of its rising to the surface. It thus requires an accurate knowledge of the geological structure of any district to

all, success may be the result of accident rather than of skill. One of the most remarkable examples of the accuracy of scientific prediction is furnished by the fountain of Grenelle, at Paris, of which a short account may be given.

At Grenelle, in the southern suburbs of Paris, is one of those large abattoirs or slaughter-houses for which that city is remarkable. For this establishment a plentiful supply of water is required, which the government were advised to procure by means of an Artesian well. None of these had hitherto been carried to a greater depth than 1000 feet, but here it was estimated that the green-sand, in which a supply might be first expected, was probably 1200 or 1500 feet from the surface. The work was commenced in 1834, and the bore had at first a diameter of about a foot, but was reduced at various depths till, at 1300 feet, it was only about six inches wide. It penetrated first the sand, clay, and lignite beds of the tertiary formation, and then the upper and lower divisions of the chalk, without success. At last the calculated depth of 1500 feet was reached with no more favourable result, when the patience both of the government and public was exhausted, and it was only by the urgent representations of M. Arago, that they were persuaded to continue the works. At last their perseverance met with its reward, a copious supply being met with at the depth of 548 metres, or about 1800 feet English measure. The first rush upwards of the liberated water was very violent, carrying with it sand and mud, and even injuring the boring rods, which could not be removed in time. When the shaft was cleared, a regular flow of water at a high temperature, and rising above the surface, took place. Tubes have now been inserted in the aperture, and carried to a considerable height above the ground, and a constant supply of pure water is obtained. This has a temperature of eighty-two degrees of Fahrenheit, or about thirty degrees above the mean temperature of Paris, and almost twenty above the average of its warmest month. The water is supplied partly at the surface of the ground, and partly at the height of 112 feet above it, a tube being carried directly upwards to this elevation; the column of water being thus nearly 2000 feet long, or twice the height of Arthur Seat. The average supply is about 500,000 gallons in the twenty-four hours, but nearly twice as much would be furnished at the surface as at the top of the pipe.

This fountain is a good example of the class to which it belongs, and illustrates many of their peculiarities. The height to which it rises is very remarkable, being sufficient, it is said, to convey the water to every part of the city. Its high temperature is also very striking, as it feels sensibly hot to the hand, even in the warmest days of summer. The temperature of these springs seems to depend on the internal heat of the earth, as it regularly increases with their depth. In some places advantage has been taken of this heat for economical purposes. Thus at Erfurt, it is said that £12,000 per annum is procured from a salad ground which has a regular high temperature secured to it by such a spring. In Switzerland, also, the warm water has been used to melt the ice, so that water-mills might continue to be wrought during the winter. It has been said that the French government have it in contemplation to sink a well, of still greater depth than that of Grenelle, in the Jardin des-Plantes, in order to warm the conservatories and menageries of that establishment.

That these springs communicate with the surface even by wide openings has been shown in some cases. Thus, one at Tours, 335 feet deep, has brought up portions of vegetables, as branches of thorns an inch or two long, different kinds of grain, the stems, roots, and seeds of marsh plants, and even fresh water and land shells, all showing marks of having been for some months in the water. These, as a matter of course, could not have percolated with the water through sand or clay, but must have been carried in at some open fissure. That large open cavities occur in the earth has been shown in the progress of some

of these bores, when the auger, instead of proceeding slowly, sunk at once to a considerable depth. In one case, at Paris, it is said to have slipped down twenty feet at once, and to have been followed by a rapid rise of the water. In some cases, several sheets of water have been met with, as at Dieppe, where no less than seven are recorded to have been penetrated. This is also seen in coal mines, as in the very deep pit of Monk Wearmouth where, at 330 feet, a spring yielding 3000 gallons in a minute was tapped, and another, also very copious, at 1000 feet from the surface.

In coal pits, springs, which were very abundant at first are often found gradually to decrease, as the reservoir whence they were supplied are exhausted. It has also been supposed that this might be the case with Artesian wells, and the immense expense employed on them be a great measure thrown away. In some cases this may happen, but is less likely to do so as their depth is greater. Many of them have now been known to flow regularly for years; and one at Lillers, in the north of France, has continued for seven centuries to furnish a constant and uniform supply. In most instances this does not seem to vary immediately on the occurrence of rain, or to diminish sensibly during long-continued droughts; the numerous and intricate channels serving to regulate the amount. At Nismes, in the south of France, however, a curious example of the contrary occurs—a fountain there which produces 145 gallons a minute in dry weather, increasing suddenly to 1000 gallons after heavy rains on the high grounds six or seven miles distant from the town on the north-west. Another question, of some practical importance, regards the influence which one of these wells may have on others in the vicinity. In places like London and Paris, where a constant supply of pure water is of such immense value for many purposes, the number of these wells is constantly increasing, and a question arises how far these new fountains are likely to affect the supply furnished by those already existing. This cannot be answered on theoretic grounds, though there must evidently be a limit to the quantity of water that can be derived from any stratum. In many cases, however, this must be very great, and though springs or rivers may be occasionally diminished or dried up, yet the advantages derived from these wells far overbalance any injury that may be thus produced. It is indeed probable that many of these fountains are supplied from sheets of water which only flowed out below the sea, and thus occasion no diminution whatever of former springs.

Though so long known, the application of this principle to practical purposes is still in its infancy. It is only since the facts taught by geology regarding the disposition of strata were generally understood, that any certain data for proceeding in these researches for subterranean stores of water were attainable. Previously, it was mere chance or guess work, and no reason could be assigned why they were successful in one place and not so in another. They now stand on higher ground, and a geologist, from the disposition of the beds and structure of the country, can often tell at once how far it is expedient to engage in them. They may thus be expected to become more and more general, and in some cases even to produce great revolutions on the condition of the earth's surface. Thus it has been supposed that water might be found below many parts of the great African desert; and, by wells properly arranged, the means of reclaiming large tracts of that inhospitable wilderness be attained. Should this opinion be realized—should the rain and melted snows of the Atlas mountains be in reality dispersed in subterranean but accessible channels throughout that vast region—it is almost impossible to conceive the changes which the discovery and use of these fountains might make on the physical and moral condition of that continent. The desert might then be literally made to blossom like the rose, and the barrier that stood in the way being destroyed, commerce, civilization, and Christianity flow in refreshing streams over the whole of that benighted land.

HESTER MALPAS.*

THERE is a favourite in every family; and, generally speaking, that favourite is the most troublesome member in it. People evince a strange predilection for whatever plagues them. This, however, was not the case with Hester Malpas. The eldest of six children, she was her father's favourite, because from her only was he sure of a cheerful word and a bright smile. She was her mother's favourite, because every one said that she was the very image of that mother herself at sixteen. She was the favourite of all her brothers and sisters, because she listened patiently to all their complaints, and contributed to all their amusements; an infallible method, by the by, of securing popularity on a far more extended scale.

Mr Malpas was the second son of a prosperous tradesman in Wapping—a sickly child. Of course, he shrank from active amusement. Hence originated a love of reading, which, in his case, as in many others, was mistaken for a proof of abilities. Visions of his being a future lord chancellor, archbishop of Canterbury, or at least an alderman, soon began to stimulate the ambition of the little back-parlour where his parents nightly discussed the profits of the day, and the prospects of their family. The end of these hopes was a very common one:—at forty, Richard Malpas was a poor curate in Wiltshire, with a wife and six children, and no chance of bettering his condition. He had married for love, under the frequent delusion of supposing that love will last under every circumstance most calculated to destroy it; and secondly, that it can supply the place of everything else. Many a traveller paused to admire the beauty of the curate's cottage, with the pear-tree, whose trained branches covered the front; and the garden where, if there were few flowers, there was much fruit; and which was bounded on one side by a green field, and on the other by the yet greener churchyard. Behind stood the church, whose square tower was covered with ivy of a hundred years' growth. Two old yews overshadowed the little gate; and rarely did the sunset glitter on the small panes of the Gothic windows without assembling half the children in the hamlet, whose gay voices and ringing laughter were in perfect unison with a scene whose chief characteristic was cheerfulness. But as whoso could have lifted up the ivy would have seen that the wall was mouldering beneath; and whoso could have looked from the long, flower-filled grass, and the glad and childish occupants of the rising mounds, would have seen the dust that lay perishing below; so who could have looked into the interior of that pretty cottage would have seen regret, want, and despondency. Other sorrows soften the heart—poverty hardens it. Nothing like poverty for chilling the affections and repressing the spirits. Its annoyances are all of the small and mean order; its regrets all of a selfish kind; its presence is perpetual; and the scant meal, and the grudging fire, are repeated day by day, yet who can become accustomed to them? Mr and Mrs Malpas had long since forgotten their youth; and if ever they referred to their marriage, on his part it was to feel, too late, what a drawback it had been to his prospects, and to turn in his mind all the college comforts and quiet of which his ill-fated union had deprived him. Nor was his wife without her regrets. A woman always exaggerates her beauty and its influence when they are past; and it was a perpetual grief to think what her pretty face might have done for her. As the children grew up, discomfort increased; breakfast, dinner—supper was never attempted—instead of assembling an affectionate group, each ready with some slight tale of daily occurrence, to which daily intercourse gives such interest, these meals were looked forward to with positive fear. There was never quite enough for all; and the very regret of the parents took,

as is a common case, the form of scolding. When Hayley tried Serena's temper, he forgot the worst, the real trial—want; and want, too, felt more for others than for yourself. The mother's vanity, too—and what mother is without vanity for her children?—was a constant grievance. It was hard that hers should be the prettiest and worst dressed in the village. In her, the distress of their circumstances took the form of perpetual irritability—that constant peevishness which frets over everything; while in Mr Malpas it wore the provoking shape of sullen indifference.

In the midst of all this, Hester grew up; but there are some natures nothing can spoil. The temper was as sweet as if it had not breathed the air of eternal quarrellings; the spirits as gay as if they had not been tried by the wearing disappointment of being almost always exerted in vain. She had ever something to do—something to suggest; and when the present was beyond any actual remedy, she could at least look forward; and this she did with a gaiety and an energy altogether contagious. Everybody has some particular point on which he piques himself; generally something which ill deserves the pride bestowed upon it. Richard Malpas particularly prided himself on never having stooped to conciliate the relations, who had both felt, and very openly expressed, the anger of disappointed hope on his marriage. His brother had lived and died in his father's shop; perhaps as his discarded relative formed no part of his accounts, he had forgotten his very existence. On his death, shop and property were left to his sister Hester, or, as she was now called, Mrs Hester Malpas. After a few years, during which she declared that she was cheated by everybody—though it must be confessed that the year's balance told a different tale every Christmas—she sold her interest in the shop, and, retiring to a small house in the same street, resolved on making her old age comfortable. It is very hard to give up a favourite weak point; but to this sister Mr Malpas at length resolved on applying for assistance; he had at least the satisfaction of keeping the step a secret from his wife. Hester was his confidant; Hester the sole admirer of 'his beautiful letter.' Hester put it in the post-office; and Hester kept up his hopes by her own; and Hester went every day, even before it was possible an answer could arrive, to ask, 'Any letter for my father?' for Mr Malpas, fearing, in spite of his sanguine confidant, the probability of a refusal, had resolved that the letter should not be directed to his own house. Any domestic triumph, that the advice of writing, so often urged, had been taken too late, was by this means averted.

The day of the actual return of post passed, and brought no answer; but the next day saw Hester flying with breathless speed towards the little fir-tree copse, where her father awaited her coming. She held a letter in her hand. Mr Malpas snatched it from her. He at once perceived that it was double and post-paid. This gave him courage to open it, and the first thing he saw was the half of a bank note for twenty pounds. To Hester this seemed inexhaustible riches; and even to her father it was a prodigious sum. For the first time she saw the tear stand in his eyes. 'Read it, child,' said he, in a broken voice. Hester kissed him, and was silent for a moment, and then proceeded with her task. The handwriting was stiff, ugly, and legible; though the letters rather resembled the multiplication-table than the alphabet. The epistle ran as follows:—

'Dear Brother—Received yours on the 16th instant, and reply on the 18th; the delay of one post being caused by getting a Bank of England note. I sent one half for safety, and the other will be sent to-morrow. They can then be pasted neatly together. I sha'n't go back to old grievances, as your folly has been its own punishment. If people will be silly enough to marry, they must take the consequences. You say that your eldest daughter is named after me. Send her up to town and I will provide for her. It will be one mouth less to feed. You may

* This heart-thrilling tale, from the pen of the lamented Mrs Maclean, better known as L. E. L., appeared many years ago in the New Monthly Magazine. The principal incidents may be relied on as strictly accordant with fact: they occurred in London

send directions about Hester's coming up in my next letter.—Your affectionate sister, HESTER MALPAS.'

Poor Hester gasped for breath when she came to her own name. Even her glad temper sank at the bare idea of a separation from her parents.

'Me, father!' exclaimed she; 'oh, what will my mother say?'

'No; as she always does to anything I propose,' said her father.

To this Hester made no reply. She had long felt silence was the only answer to such exclamations. For once, like her father, Hester dreaded to return home. 'Is it possible,' thought she, 'we can be taking so much money home so slowly?' and she loitered even more than her father. Hester had yet to learn that no earthly advantage comes without its drawback. At length the silence was broken, and Hester listened with conviction, and a good fit of crying, to the many advantages her whole family were to derive from her adoption by her aunt. Still, 'What will my mother say?' was the only answer she could give.

When we expect the worst, it never happens. Mrs Malpas caught at the idea of Hester's going to town with an eagerness which inflicted on poor Hester the severest pang she had ever known. 'And is my mother so ready to part with me?' was a very bitter thought. Still if she could have read that mother's heart, she would have been comforted. It was the excess of affection that made the sacrifice easy. All the belief in the sovereign power of a pretty face, all the imagination which Mrs Malpas had long ceased to exercise for herself, were exerted for her daughter. Like all people who have lived their whole life in the country, she had the most unreal, the most magnificent ideas of London. Once there, and Hester's future fortune was certain. Besides, she had another reason, which, however, from the want of confidence which ran through the whole family, she kept to herself. There was a certain handsome youth, the son of a neighbouring farmer, between whom and Hester she thought the more distance the better. She had suffered too much from a love-match herself to entertain the least kindness towards such a step. The faults we ourselves commit are always those to which we are most unforgiving. Hester herself had never thought about what the feeling was which made her blush whenever she met Frank Horton. No girl ever does. It was shyness, not deception, that made her avoid even the mention of his name. The word love had never passed between them. Still the image of her early playmate was very frequent amid the regrets with which she regarded leaving her native place. The next day brought the second letter from Mrs Hester Malpas. It contained the other half of the bank-note; and as it never seemed to have crossed the good lady's mind that there could be an objection to her proposed adoption, she had made every arrangement for her journey the following week. She had taken her place in the coach, stated her intention of meeting her at the inn, and hoped that she worked well at her needle. There was little preparation to be made. Her aunt had said 'that she could come with only the clothes on her back,' and she was taken very nearly at her word.

The evening before her departure she went for a solitary walk, lingering amid all her old favourite haunts. Her spirits were worn out and dejected. It jarred cruelly upon her affectionate temper to find that her absence was matter of rejoicing to her whole family. The children, naturally enough, connected Hester's departure with the new indulgences, the result of their aunt's gift; and childhood is as selfish from thoughtlessness as age is from calculation. Her parents merged in the future that present which weighed so heavily upon poor Hester. She was stooping, with tearful eyes, to gather some wild flowers in the hedge, when Frank Horton, who had joined her unperceived, gathered them for her.

'And so, Hester, you are going to London, and will soon forget all your old friends.' Hester had no voice to assure him that she should not. Her silence gave her

companion the better opportunity of expressing his regrets, doubly touching to the affectionate girl, who had just been thinking that her departure was lamented by no one. Hester's heart was so full of love and sorrow, that it was impossible for some not to fall to his share; and they parted, if not with a positive promise, yet with a hope that their future life would, in some way or other, be connected together.

It was a sleepless night with the young traveller; and she awoke from a confused dream, which blended together familiar objects in a thousand fantastic combinations. She awakened up suddenly, and the first object on which her eyes opened was her mother—the mother she had thought almost unkind, seated weeping by the bedside. Not all Mrs Malpas's brilliant visions of the future could console when it came to the actual parting. She bent over the fair and innocent face which looked so child-like asleep, in an agony of fear and love. To-morrow, and the music of that ready footstep would be silent in their house; to-morrow, and those sweet eyes would no more meet her own with their peculiar bright yet watchful look. A little corded box was on the floor; she turned away from it, and burst into tears. It was the last suppressed sob that had roused her daughter. In a moment Hester was up, and weeping on her mother's neck; and yet, sad as were the tears, they were pleasant when compared with those with which she had cried herself to sleep.

It was later than they had supposed; and the sound of the church clock striking five made them start; and Hester, with a trembling hand, began to dress. In half an hour the London coach would pass, and there were some fields between them and the high road. This last half hour showed Hester how truly she was beloved. The youngest child neglected the breakfast; and while her father pressed her to eat, he could not eat himself. All felt movement a relief; all accompanied her to the gate where they were to wait for the coming stage. They had scarcely reached the road, when the guard's horn was heard in the distance. The coach appeared, it stopped, Hester took her place behind, and again the horses were at full speed. The young traveller looked back; but her head was dizzy with the rapid and unaccustomed motion. The little group that stood watching swam before her sight. Still she saw them and she did not feel quite alone. Tears shut them out, she took her handkerchief; it was raised scarce an instant, but a rapid turn in the road shut them out from her lingering and longing gaze.

The guard, under whose especial charge she had been placed, did his best to console her, but found the attempt vain; and as he had children of his own, thought it all very proper that a daughter should cry at parting with her parents. He left her to the full indulgence of her tears. Nothing could well be more dreary than the journey was to poor Hester. The bright morning soon clouded over, and a small drizzling rain covered every object that might have diverted her attention with a thick, dull mist. Such a sad and monotonous day leaves nothing to tell; and Hester found herself bewildered, cold, tired, hungry, and wretched, in the inn-yard where the coach stopped. Such a scene of confusion had never before met her sight; and she stood hopeless and frightened precisely in the place where the guard had helped her to alight, without an idea, or even a care of what would happen to her next. She was roused by some one at her elbow, inquiring 'for the young woman that Mrs Hester Malpas expected;' and in a moment the guard had assigned her to the care of a stranger. It was a neighbour whom her aunt had sent to meet her. Mr Lowndes asked her how she did, received no answer, made up his mind that she was stupid and shy, considered that to talk was no part of his agreement with Mrs Malpas, and hurried along the streets as fast as possible. The noise, the multitude of houses, the haste, the silence, made poor Hester's heart die within her. She felt indeed that she was come to a strange land, and grew more and more wretched at every narrow street through which they passed. At length her conductor stopped at a door, Hester started

at the sound of the knocker. She was astonished at her guide's audacity in making such a noise, though it was but a tame, meagre sort of rap after all.

'I have brought your niece safe,' said Mr Lowndes; 'and good night, in a hurry.'

'Wont you walk in and have some supper?' said a voice so harsh that it gave an invitation the sound of a dismissal.

'No, no; some other night. I and my mistress will look in together.'

Hester was sorry to part with him; she felt so desolate, that even the companionship of half an hour was something like a claim to an acquaintance.

'Come in, child,' said the same forbidding voice; and a hand laid upon her arm conducted her into a small but comfortable-looking parlour. The light cheered, the warmth revived, but still Hester could not muster resolution to look up.

'Can't the girl speak?'

Hester tried to murmur some inarticulate sounds, but gave up the attempt in despair and tears.

'Poor thing! come, take a seat; you will be better after supper.' And the old lady began to bustle about, and scold the servant for not bringing in the supper before it was possible.

'Take off your bonnet.'

Hester obeyed; and the readiness with which this slight act was performed, together, perhaps, with the trace of crying very visible on the face, had a favourable effect on her hostess, who parted her hair on her forehead, and said with much kindness of manner, 'Your hair is the colour mine used to be—scarcely, I think, so long. I used to be celebrated for my head of hair.' And the complacency with which the elderly dame reverted to the only personal grace she had ever possessed, diffused itself over her whole manner. Hester now looked at her aunt, who was the very reverse of what she had imagined: she had always thought she would be like her father, and fancied a tall, dark, and handsome face. No such thing. Mrs Hester Malpas was near sixty (her niece had left age quite out of her calculation), and was little, thin, harsh-featured, and of that whole sharp and shrewish appearance so often held to be characteristic of singlehood. She was, however, very kind to her young guest—only once spoke to her rather sharply for not eating the nice supper which she had provided, observing 'that now-a-days young people were so whimsical'; adding, however, immediately afterwards, 'Poor thing! I daresay you are thinking of home.' She lighted Hester herself to the little room which she was henceforth to consider her own, and bade her good night, saying, 'I am a very early person, but never mind about to-morrow morning—I have no doubt you will be very sleepy.' And certainly Hester's head was scarcely on her pillow before she was asleep.

Never was change so complete as that which now took place in Hester's life. Nothing could be more dull than her existence; the history of one day might serve for all. They rose very early. People who have nothing to do always make the day as long as possible. They breakfasted—and on the table, as usual, were the two rolls, and a plate of thin bread and butter. After some time Hester was intrusted with the charge of washing the breakfast-things—a charge of no small importance, considering that her aunt regarded those small china teacups as the apple of her eye; then she read aloud the chapters and psalms of the day, then sat down to some task of interminable needlework, then dinner, then (after a few weeks' residence had convinced Mrs Malpas that her niece required exercise and might be trusted) she was allowed to walk for two hours, then came tea; the cups were washed again, then the work-basket was resumed, and Mrs Hester told long stories of her more juvenile days—stories which, however, differed strangely from those treasured up by most elderly gentlewomen, whose memory is most tenacious of former conquests: but the reminiscences in which Mrs Hester delighted to indulge were of the keen bar-

had effected. Had she talked of her feelings, Hester, like most girls, would have listened with all the patience of interest. An unhappy attachment is irresistible to the imagination of eighteen; but with these tender and arithmetical recollections it was impossible for any young woman to sympathize; however, she listened very patiently; supper came at nine, and they went to bed at ten. Sometimes a neighbour of Mrs Malpas's own standing dropped in, and everything on the table was, if possible, found more fault with than usual. The truth was that Mrs Hester Malpas had the best heart and the worst temper in the world, and she made the one an excuse for the other. Hester was grateful, and thought she was content; while her constant attention to her aunt's slightest wish, the unvarying sweetness of her temper, won upon the old woman more than she would have acknowledged even to herself. She scolded her, it is true, because she scolded everybody; but she felt a really strong affection for her, which showed itself in increasing kindness to her family; and scarcely a month passed without some useful present, and which Hester had the pleasure of packing, directing, and sending off by the very coach which had brought herself to London. That dreary and terrible inn-yard was now connected with her pleasanter moments. Still this was but a weary life for a girl of nineteen, and Hester's sweet laugh grew an unfrequent sound, and her bright cheek lost its rich colour. The neighbours said that Mrs Malpas was worrying her niece to death. This was not true. Mrs Malpas was both fond of and kind to her niece in every way, and, had she noted the alteration, would have been the first to be anxious about her; but Hester's increasing silence and gravity were rather recommendations, and as to her looking pale, why she never had had any colour herself, and she did not see why her niece should have any—colour was all very well in the country.

A year passed away unmarked by any occurrence, when, one summer afternoon, as Hester was taking her accustomed walk, she heard her name suddenly pronounced. She turned, and saw Frank Horton.

'I have been watching for you,' said he, hastily drawing her arm within his, and hurrying her along, 'these two hours. I was afraid you would not come out; but here you are, prettier than ever.'

Hester walked on, flurried, confused, surprised, and delighted. It was not only Frank Horton that she was glad to see, but he brought with him a whole host of her dearest remembrances—all her happiest hours came too—she faltered half a dozen hurried questions, and all about home. Frank Horton seemed, however, more desirous to talk about herself: he was eager in his expressions, and Hester was too little accustomed to flattery not to find it sweet. She prolonged her walk to the utmost, and when they separated, she had promised, first, that she would not mention their meeting to her aunt, and, secondly, that she would meet him the following day. It was with a heavy heart Hester bent over her work that evening. One, two, three days went by, and each day she met Frank Horton; the fourth, as she entered the parlour with her bonnet on, to ask, as was her custom, if her aunt wanted anything out, 'No,' said Mrs Malpas, her harsh voice raised to its highest and harshest key; 'you ungrateful and deceitful girl! I know what you want to go out for: take off your bonnet this moment, for out of the house you don't stir. Your young spark wont see you for a while, I can tell him.'

Mechanically Hester obeyed: she took off her bonnet, and sat down. She knew she had done wrong, and she was far too unpractised in it to attempt a defence. Pale and trembling, she only attempted to conceal her tears. A few kind words, a tone of gentle remonstrance, and Mrs Malpas might have moulded her to her will; but she was too angry, and reproach after reproach was showered upon the unhappy girl, till she could bear it no longer, and she left the room. Her aunt called her back, but she did not return. This was Hester's first act of open disobe-

the offence. Three more miserable days made up the week; taunts, reproaches of every kind were lavished upon her; and what she felt most keenly was, that every person who came near the house was treated with an account of her falsehood and ingratitude, till at last Mr Lowndes, the very person who gave the information, could not help exclaiming, 'Why, Mrs Hester, she is not the first girl who did not tell every time she went out to meet her sweetheart.'

If Hester was not the first girl, it would not be her aunt's fault if she was not the last—for not one moment in the twelve hours was there a cessation from the perpetual descant on the heinousness of her offence. On the Saturday night, after she had gone into her own room, the servant girl came up softly, and, giving her a letter, said, 'Come, miss, don't take on so—I am sure no good will come of mistress's parting two true lovers; but, dear, she never had one of her own—and such a handsome young man—but, la! is that her calling?' and the girl darted off, leaving Hester the letter.

A thrill of delight lighted up her pale face as she opened the precious epistle. Under any circumstances, what happiness, what an epoch in existence is the first love-letter! and to Hester, who would have been thankful to a stranger for one word of kindness, what must not the page have seemed whose every word was tenderness? Frank wrote to say that he knew how she had been confined to the house—that he had kept purposely out of the way—and that he entreated her to meet him as she went to church the following Sunday—that he had something very important to tell her—and that he would never ask her to meet him again. Hester wondered in her own mind whether she would be allowed to go to church—trembled at the idea of thus profaning the Sabbath—half resolved to confess all to her aunt—then found her courage sink at the idea of that aunt's severity—read the letter over again—and determined to meet him. She was late the ensuing morning, when Mrs Hester came into her room, and exclaimed angrily, 'So I suppose, as your spark has taken himself off, you do not want to go out? Please to make haste and get ready for church—I am sure you have need to pray for your sins.'

Hester had not courage to reply. She dressed; and after telling her she ought to be ashamed of making herself such a figure with crying, Mrs Malpas dismissed both her and the servant to church. Very infirm, she herself rarely left the house, but used to read the service in the parlour, which was her sitting-room.

Trembling and miserable, Hester proceeded in the direction indicated by her lover; he was there before her; and, with scarcely a word, she followed him hurriedly till they reached a more remote street, where, at least, neither was known. As they walked along, half Hester's attention had been given to the bell tolling for church; suddenly it ceased, and the silence smote upon her heart. Never before had she heard that bell cease but within the walls of the sacred edifice.

'Oh, pray make haste—what can you have to say?—I shall be so late in church!' exclaimed she, breathless with haste and agitation.

'I shall not detain you again,' replied he, in a low and broken voice. 'Hester, I could not leave England without bidding you farewell, perhaps for ever!' She clung to his arm. To one who had never made but a single journey in all her life, whose idea of the world was composed of a small secluded village, and a few streets in a dull and unfrequented part of London, leaving England seemed like leaving life itself. 'Yes, Hester,' said her companion, gazing earnestly and sadly on her pale and anxious face, 'I go on board to-day—I cannot stay here—I am off to America—I have done very wrong in renewing my acquaintance with you—but, with all my faults, I do love you, Hester, very truly and dearly. It was hard to leave my native country, and not to leave one behind who would say "God bless you!" when I left, or give me one kind thought when far, far away. I ask for no promise, Hester; but when I return, altered, I hope,

for the better in every way, you will find Hester Malpas has been my hope and my object.'

She could say nothing—the surprise of this departure overwhelmed every other feeling. She walked with him in silence—she listened to his words, and felt a vague sort of satisfaction in his expressions of attachment and fidelity; but she answered only by tears. Frank was the first to see the necessity of their parting. He accompanied her back to her aunt's, and Hester let herself in, as she had the key of the back-door. He followed her into the passage—he clasped her to his heart, and turned hastily away. Hester was not aware that he was gone till she heard the door close over him; she wanted consolation—it would have been a relief to have spoken to my one—she felt half inclined to seek her aunt and confess the meeting, but her courage failed, and she hurried into her own little room, where she was soon lost in a confused reverie which blended her aunt's anger and Frank's departure together.

Leaving her to the enjoyment (as people are said to enjoy a bad state of health) of her solitary and melancholy reverie, we will follow the worthy Mr Lowndes out of church, who, leaving his wife to hurry home about dinner, declared his intention of paying Mrs Hester Malpas a visit. The fact was, he had missed Hester from her accustomed place in church—thought that she was still kept prisoner in the house—and considering her to have been punished quite long enough, resolved to speak a word in her favour to her aunt. He knocked at the door, but instead of being let in with that promptitude which characterized all the movements of Mrs Hester's household, he was kept waiting; he knocked again—still no answer. At this moment, just as Mr Lowndes' temper was giving way more than the door, the servant girl, who had loitered longer on her way from church, arrived, and let them in together. She threw open the parlour door, but instantly sprung back with a scream. Mr Lowndes advanced, but he, too, started back with an exclamation of horror. The girl caught hold of his arm, and both stood trembling for a moment, ere they mustered courage to enter that fated and fearful room. The presence of death is always awful; but death, the sudden and violent, has a terror far beyond common and natural fear. The poor old lady was lying with her face on the floor, and the manner of her death was instantly obvious—a violent blow on the back of the head had fractured the skull, and a dark red stain marked the clean white cap, whence the blood was slowly trickling. They raised the body, and placed it in the large arm-chair, the customary seat of the deceased, 'Where is Miss Hester?' exclaimed Mr Lowndes. The servant ran into the passage, and called at the foot of the stairs—she had not courage to ascend them. There was at first no answer—she called again—the door of Hester's apartment was opened slowly, and a light but hesitating step was heard. 'Miss Hester, oh, Miss Hester, come down to your aunt.' Hester's faint and broken voice answered, 'Not yet, not yet—I cannot bear it.'

Fatally were these words remembered against her. That evening saw the unfortunate girl confined in a solitary cell in Newgate. We shall only give a brief outline of the evidence that first threw and then fixed the imputation of guilt upon her. It was evident that the murderer, whoever he was, had entered by the door—true, the window was open, but had any one entered through it there must have been the trace of footsteps on the little flower-bed of the small garden in front. The house, too, had been rifled by one who appeared to know it well, while nothing but the most portable articles were taken—the few spoons, the old lady's watch, and whatever money there might have been, for not even a shilling was to be found anywhere. A letter, however, was found from Mr Malpas to his sister, mentioning that Frank Horton, who had long been very wild, had been forced to quit the neighbourhood in consequence of having been engaged in an affray with some gamekeepers, and it was supposed that poaching was the least crime of the gang with whom

he had been connected. The epistle concluded by a hope, very earnestly expressed, that if, as common report went, Frank had gone up to London, he might not meet with Hester, and begging, if he attempted to renew the acquaintance, a stop should be put to it at once. It was proved that Hester had met this young man several times in secret, the last in defiance of her aunt's express prohibition; that, instead of going to church, she had met him, and he had been seen leaving the house with all possible haste about the very time the murder had been committed, and he was traced to the river side. Two vessels had that evening sailed for America, but it was impossible to learn whether he was a passenger in either. Hester's own exclamation, too, seemed to confirm every suspicion; so did her terror, her confusion, and bewildered manner. Every body said that she looked so guilty, and the coroner's inquest brought in a verdict for her committal.

It was a fine summer evening when Mr Malpas and his family were seated, some in the porch of the cottage, while the younger children were scattered about the garden. There was an expression of cheerfulness in the face of the parents, very different to the harsh, hard dependency of a twelvemonth since; and Hester, as her mother always prognosticated she would, had indeed brought a blessing on her family. Many an anxious glance was cast down the road, for to-day the post came in, and one of the boys had been dispatched to the village to see if there was a letter from Hester. The child was soon discovered running at full speed, and a letter was in his hand. 'It is not my sister's handwriting,' said he, with a blank look of disappointment. Mr Malpas opened the epistle, which was from Lowndes, and broke kindly, though abruptly, his daughter's dreadful situation. The unhappy father sunk back senseless in his seat, and in care for his recovery, Mrs Malpas had a brief respite—but she, too, had to learn the wretched truth. How that miserable day passed no words may tell. Early next morning Mr Malpas awoke from the brief but heavy sleep of complete exhaustion; the cold grey light glared in from the window—he started from his seat, for he had never gone to bed; it was but a moment's oblivion, for the whole truth rose terrible and distinct. In such a state solitude was no relief, and he sought his wife to consult with her on the necessity of his going to London. He found only his other daughter, who had scarcely courage to tell him that her mother had already departed for town, and to give him the few scarcely legible lines which his wife had left.

The next evening, and Mrs Malpas had found her way to the cell of her unhappy child. All was over—she had been tried and found guilty, not of actual murder, but of abetting and concealing it, and the following morning was the one appointed when the sentence of the law was to be carried into effect. 'This is not Hester!' exclaimed Mrs Malpas, when she entered the cell: and even from a mother's lips the ejaculation might be excused, so little resemblance was there between the pale emaciated creature before her, and the bright blooming girl with whom she had parted. Hester was seated on the side of the iron bedstead—her hands clasping her knees, rocking herself to and fro, with a low monotonous moan, which would rather have seemed to indicate bodily pain than mental anguish. Her long hair—that long and beautiful brown hair of which her mother had been so proud—hung dishevelled over her shoulders, but more than half of it was grey. Her eyes were dim and sunk in her head, and looked straight forward, with a blank stupid expression. Her mother whispered her name—Hester made no answer; she took one of her hands—the prisoner drew it pettishly away. That live-long night the mother watched by her child—but that child never knew her again. After some time she seemed soothed by those kind and gentle caresses, but she never gave the slightest token of knowing from whom they came.

Morning arrived at last. With what loathing horror did Mrs Malpas watch the dim grey light mark the dull

outline of the grated window! The morning reddened, and as the first crimson touched Hester's face as it rested sleeping on her mother's shoulder, somewhat of its former beauty came back to that fair young face. She slept long, though it was a disturbed and convulsive slumber. She was roused by a noise in the passage—bolt and bar fell heavily; there was the sound of many steps—strange dark faces appeared at the door. They came to take the prisoner to the place of execution. The men approached Hester—they raised her from her seat—they bound her round childish arms behind her. The mother clung to her child, but that child clung not in return. Mrs Malpas sunk, though still retaining her hold, on the floor. With what humanity such an office permitted, they disengaged her grasp—they bore away the unresisting prisoner—the door closed, and the wretched mother had looked upon her child for the last time.

It was about a twelvemonth after the execution of Hester Malpas that the family were seated again, on a fine summer evening, round the door of their cottage; but a dreadful alteration had taken place in all. The father and mother looked bowed to the very earth—the very children shrunk away if a stranger passed by. Mr Malpas had inherited his sister's property, much more considerable than had ever been supposed; but though necessity forced its use, he loathed it like a curse. An unusual sight now—the postman was seen approaching—he brought Mr Malpas a newspaper. He shuddered as he took it, for he knew Mr Lowndes's handwriting again. He opened it mechanically, and a large 'read this' directed his attention to a particular paragraph. It was the confession of a Jew watchmaker, who had just been executed for burglary; and, among other crimes, he stated that he was the real murderer of Mrs Hester Malpas, for which a young woman, her niece, had been executed. He had entered the window by means of a plank thrown from the garden railing to the casement, when with one blow he stunned the old lady, who was reading. Mr Malpas went no further—the thick and blinding tears fell heavily on the paper—he could not read it aloud, but he put it into his wife's hand, with a broken ejaculation, 'Thank God, she was innocent!'

RAMBLES IN LONDON.

THE THAMES TUNNEL.

THE history of the Thames Tunnel is not 'a twice told tale,' like that of the Tower of London, the menagerie of which has formed an object of attraction so long as to have actually founded the proverbial saying—'Have you seen the Lions?' We record this fact, in passing, for the benefit of future etymologists of the Captain Grose class, who might otherwise be at a loss to comprehend the meaning of the now household word, 'Lionizing,' or seeing the Lions. The Tunnel is in truth a noble lion; and, to continue the metaphor, may be said to have a mane like a comet's tail, and a roar like thunder. Almost every one knows in part the purposes for which this great sub-aqueous bore was projected and formed. The vast increase of the city below the London bridge, and other circumstances, rendered a mode of transit in that quarter extremely desirable, but the amount of shipping, of large tonnage, passing by and lying there, put a bridge so far down the river out of the question, the commercial conveniences of London being even hampered by the lowest existing bridge already. When a tunnel was first thought of, so early as the year 1799, Gravesend was the site fixed on, but the work seemed impracticable on full examination. Then Rotherhithe and Limehouse formed the proposed situation of a new tunnel in 1804, and a small drift-way was in effect carried across for 923 feet, and to within 150 feet of the opposite shore; but both the shareholders and the engineer, meeting new difficulties, lost heart at once, and the scheme was given up, after a vast outlay of time and money.

When Mr (now Sir I.) Brunel came forward with a new plan of a tunnel in 1823, he had many difficulties to

Grainger's complaint of not receiving half the pay of a scavenger.—*Salé*, the learned, often wanted a meal while translating the Koran.—*Logan*, the history of his literary disappointments; dies broken-hearted.*

'So much for authors.' Let no one become an *author by profession*, thinking he is thereby to be lapped in ease and luxury for the remainder of his days. Their labours are more grievous in many respects than the humblest occupations of mankind. The weaver who drives away at his loom for sixteen hours a-day, striving to better his circumstances, never began with the hopes of an author—never had such prospects shadowed forth in imagination as a 'man of genius' conjures up in his mind's eye.—*Alloa Monthly Advertiser*.*

CHRISTIANITY THE TRUE CIVILIZER.

Does it appear that civilization *alone*, with its intercourse and traffic; its arts, and its 'useful' sciences; its town-crowding industry, and its disorderly peopling of wildernesses; its hurry and impatience of restraint; its intensity and individual will, and its contempt of authority; its uncontrollable sway of the masses; its unlooked for upturns and reverses; its passionate pursuit of momentary advantages, and its appetite for such gratifications as may be snatched in all haste—does it appear that civilization *alone* (Christian influence not considered), is likely much to promote the personal and home felicity of the millions it is summoning into life? Judging of what is future from what we see around us, dare we look to mere civilization as worthy to be trusted with the moral or even the physical well-being of the human family, and with the guardianship of the generation next coming up? Dare we, if we had the infant human race in our arms—dare we turn ourselves to that careworn personage, our modern civilization, sitting at her factory gate, and say to her, 'Take this child, and nurse it for me?'—*Isaac Taylor*.

PRIDE.

There is no vice to which the human race are so prone, and none so unsuitable to their nature and condition, as pride—that self-love which springs up so rapidly in our souls, and leads us to view our own qualifications through a magnifying medium, which gives existence and reality to the phantoms of imagination. Pride commences with our life, grows with our growth, and spreads through all our conversation and conduct. She accompanies us through every stage, condition, and circumstance of our terrestrial course. She intermingles with almost every action we perform, and every pursuit in which we engage. She attends us to the grave, in all the pomp, solemnity, and expense of funeral. She engraves her ostentatious inscriptions on the stone that covers the mouldering body; and when that ceph is incorporated with its original dust, and these words of vanity are no longer legible, she attempts, by escutcheons and pedigrees and genealogical legends, to perpetuate the name which wisdom had perhaps consigned to oblivion. This is more or less the foible, this the deformity, this the deep-rooted vice, of all mankind. Pride appears in the cottage as well as in the palace; she sits on the workman's bench as well as on the monarch's throne; she struts driving a flock of sheep as well as marching at the head of a victorious army.—*Dr W. L. Brown*.

TRUE ECONOMY.

To dispense our wealth liberally is the best way to preserve it, and to continue masters thereof; what we give is not thrown away, but saved from danger: while we detain it at home (as it seems to us) it really is abroad, and at adventures; it is out at sea, sailing perilously in storms, near rocks and shelves, amongst pirates; nor can it ever be safe, till it is brought into this port, or ensured this way: when we have bestowed it on the poor, then we have lodged it in unquestionable safety—in a place where no rapine, no deceit, no mishap, no corruption, can ever by any means come at it. All our doors and bars,

all our forces and guards, all the circumspection and vigilancy we can use, are no defence or security at all in comparison to this disposal thereof: the poor man's stomach is a granary for our corn, which never can be exhausted; the poor man's back is a wardrobe for our clothes, which never can be pillaged; the poor man's pocket is a bank for our money, which never can disappoint or deceive us: all the rich traders in the world may decay and break; but the poor man can never fail, except God himself turn bankrupt; for what we give to the poor, we deliver and intrust in his hands, out of which no force can wring it, no craft can filch it; it is laid up in heaven: whether no thief can climb, where no moth or rust do abide. In despite of all the fortune, of all the might, of all the malice in the world, the liberal man will ever be rich: for God's providence is his estate; God's wisdom and power are his defence; God's love and favour are his reward; God's word is his assurance, who hath said it, that 'he which giveth to the poor shall not lack.' No vicissitude, therefore, of things can surprise him, or find him unfurnished; no disaster can impoverish him; no adversity can overwhelm him.—*Dr Isaac Barrow*.

THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.*

BY WILLIAM THOM.

When a'ither bairnies are hush'd to their hame,
By aunty, or cousin, or frecky grand-dame,
Wha stands last and lonely, and sairly forlorn?
'Tis the puir dowie laddie—the mitherless bairn!
The mitherless bairmie creeps to his lane bed,
Nane covers his canld back, nor haps his bare head;
His wee heakit heebies are hard as the air,
And litherless the lair o' the mitherless bairn!

Aneth his could brow, siccan dreams hover there,
O' hands that wou'd kindly to kaim his dark hair!
But morning brings clutches, a' reckless and stern,
That lo'e na the looks o' the mitherless bairn!
The sister wha sang o'er his saafly rook'd bed,
Now rests in the mools where their mummie be laid;
While the father toils sair his wee bannock to earn,
And kens us the wrang o' his mitherless bairn.

Her spirit that pass'd in the hour o' his birth,
Still watches his lone lorn wand rings on earth,
Recording in heaven the blessings they earn,
Wha coultly deal wi' the mitherless bairn!
Oh! speak him na harshly—he trembles the while;
He bends to your bidding and blesses your smile.
In their dark hour o' anguish, the heartless shall learn,
That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn!

* From 'Songs for the Nursery,' a new and enlarged edition of which was lately published by Mr David Robertson of Glasgow. This little work, which will send its way into every nursery, is admirably fitted to effect the purpose for which it is intended—the fostering in the infant mind those sympathies and sentiments which do honour to human nature, and which, when fully developed in after life, promote the best interests of society. The piece it contains are by different authors; and though they be of varied merit, it may be enough, in the shape of praise, to quote the opinion of one of the ablest of living critics (Lord J. St. John) respecting the work as a whole. Says his lordship:—'There are more touches of genuine pathos, more felicities of idiomatic expression, more happy poetical images, and, above all, more sweet and engaging pictures of what is peculiar in the depth, softness, and thoughtfulness of our Scotch domestic affections in the extraordinary little volume, than I have met with in anything like the same compass, since the days of Burns. We may add, that the 'Songs for the Nursery' may be had for a few pence.

MAN IMPROVABLE.

The Eden of human nature has indeed long ago been rudely trampled down and desolated; storms waste it continually; nevertheless the soil is rich with the germs of its pristine beauty; all the colours of Paradise are sleeping in the clods: and a little favour, a little protection, a little culture, shall show what was once there.—*Isaac Taylor*.

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* * * The 'INSTRUCTOR' being printed from Stereotype Plates, the Numbers may always be had from the commencement.

* This cheap periodical is conducted with much spirit and taste.

WEEKLY HOGG'S INSTRUCTOR

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ILLUSTRATIONS OF LONGEVITY.

NO. II.

THERE are certain constitutions formed by nature so robust, with all the animal organs so perfect, that they endure to a great age even in defiance of all rules of regimen. They can bear both excess and privation; a mode of living that would be too rich and stimulating for ordinary frames, only conduces to their perfect health and vigour, while out of poor materials their vigorous digestion can concoct a wholesome nourishment on which weaker stomachs would be thrown into disease and atrophy. It does not follow from this, however, as we formerly remarked, that a strict regimen is useless, or that excess to the generality of men is not highly injurious. A happily constituted temperament may be independent of rules, and may resist the effects of their infringement; while, on the other hand, the observance of rules of sobriety and moderation will have a decided and wonderful effect on those constitutions in which there are such weaknesses as produce the tendency to disease. Generally speaking, too, it will be found that the most perfect temperaments are less disposed to excess or irregularities than feebler ones. There is a happy condition of existence in which the enjoyment of health, of simple fare, and of the free air of heaven, are all the stimulants necessary; while a craving for undue excitement is too frequently the characteristic of an irregular physical as well as mental constitution.

The effect of regimen on health and longevity is in no instance, perhaps, more strikingly exhibited than in the celebrated and often quoted example of Cornaro. Previous to detailing this case, however, it must be remarked that Cornaro's constitution appears to have been naturally of a peculiar kind, so that the strict regimen which he practised is not intended to be held up as a model for all ordinary livers; his case affords, however, an instructive example of the effects of diet and regimen both on the body and the mind, and in this view cannot be too frequently appealed to.

Lewis Cornaro was of a noble Venetian family, and was born about the middle of the fifteenth century. He appears originally to have been of an ardent sanguine disposition, fond of pleasure, and of excitable passions. This temperament, joined to the chagrin of being deprived of his nobility in consequence of the bad conduct of some of his relations, hurried him into a career of dissipation and sensual enjoyment which he pursued till his thirty-fifth year. About this period his constitution gave way; pains in his side and stomach tormented him; symptoms of gout made their appearance, with irregular appetite,

thirst, and a slow consuming fever. In this wretched condition he struggled on for some time, trying the effect of medicines without any benefit, while his constitution sunk more and more, till at last his physicians declared that nothing could rescue him but a total change of his mode of life and a rigid restriction of his diet and regimen. Cornaro had sufficient strength of mind and firmness of purpose at last to adopt this advice. He restricted his diet to the simplest fare, and took of this a very moderate allowance; renounced his irregular mode of life; avoided excess of heat, cold, and extraordinary fatigue; took timely repose, and, in short, observed a strict and proper regimen. In a very short time he was astonished at the beneficial change which took place in his system, and in less than a year he found his health completely restored. He ever after most rigidly adhered to his spare diet, which amounted to twelve ounces in all daily, and consisted of bread, meat of the simplest kind, yolk of eggs, and soup, with fourteen ounces of a mild wine. On this allowance he enjoyed perfect bodily health and vigour, and a freedom from all physical ailments. His mind, too, seemed to share in the beneficial regimen. His passions became less irritable, his spirits more buoyant, and his judgment more cool and considerate. Not only did this regimen procure him the enjoyment of excellent health, but on two trying occasions it enabled him to sustain disasters which have proved fatal to many others. While a grievous and protracted lawsuit was carried on against him by powerful rivals, by which his patrimonial estate was imminently endangered, he remained cool and undisturbed till an honourable decision was at last given in his favour, whereas his brother and some other relations sank under the prosecution and died. On another occasion, he was thrown from his carriage, and, besides being much bruised, had his leg and arm dislocated. The most serious apprehensions for his life were entertained by his friends and physicians, and the most active treatment was urged upon him; but confident in his own constitution, he would not even allow bleeding or other evacuations, and by the most simple means recovered in a very short time.

At the age of seventy-eight, in compliance with the entreaties of his friends, he increased his allowance both of solid and liquid food by the addition of four ounces daily. Even this slight change he found had such an effect upon him, that in eight days, from his usual cheerful active habits he became peevish and melancholy, so that nothing could please him, and he was so strangely disposed that he knew not what to say to others or what to do with himself. On the twelfth day he was attacked with a most violent pain in the side, which continued for many hours,

and was succeeded by a fever which did not leave him for a month, rendering him restless and sleepless, and reducing him to a mere skeleton. After this he attempted no farther change in his usual diet, and enjoyed uninterrupted good health till his death.

Although he married early, he was pretty far advanced in years before a child was born to him. His anxious wish for a successor to his ample possessions was at last realized in the birth of a daughter. This, his only child, he lived to see become a matron, and mother of eight sons and three daughters. It is delightful to read, in the treatises which he has left to posterity, the manner in which he passed his old age. He seems to have been one of those few beings especially favoured by Heaven, and by his practice so worthy of its favour, as if in order to show to frail mortals what a beautiful thing a good life is even on this earth. Born in a genial climate, the possessor of an ample estate, of an active firm mind and cheerful temperament, a lover of his country, and of mankind, rescued from a career of sinful folly, he had his life extended to upwards of one hundred years, and spent an active existence in the improvement of his estate, in the service of the community, in the pleasures of literature, and in the bosom of his family—an old man, vigorous, cheerful, and playful to the last, among a happy group of playful grandchildren.

With all the excusable garrulity of an octogenarian he thus tells us of his habits: 'I will now give an account of my recreations, and the relish which I find at this stage of life, in order to convince the public that the state I have now attained to is by no means death but real life; such a life as by many is deemed happy, since it abounds with all the happiness which can be enjoyed in this world. And this testimony they will give, in the first place, because they see, and not without the greatest amazement, the good state of health and spirits which I enjoy; how I mount my horse without any assistance or advantage of situation, and how I not only ascend a single flight of stairs, but climb up a hill from bottom to top. Then how gay, pleasant, and good humoured I am—how free from every perturbation of mind and every disagreeable thought. Moreover, it is known in what manner I pass my time so as not to find life a burden, seeing I can contrive to spend every hour of it with the greatest delight and pleasure, having frequent opportunities of conversing with many honourable gentlemen. Then, when I cannot enjoy their conversation, I betake myself to the reading of some good book. When I have read as much as I like, I write, endeavouring in this, as in everything else, to be of service to others to the utmost of my power. And all these things I do with the greatest ease to myself at their proper seasons and in my own house, which, besides being situated in the most beautiful quarter of this noble and learned city of Padua, is in itself really convenient and handsome, such, in a word, as it is no longer the fashion to build, for in one part of it I can shelter myself from extreme heat and in the other from extreme cold. Besides this house, I have my several gardens supplied with running waters, and in which I always find something to do that amuses me. I have another way of diverting myself, which is, both in spring and in autumn, going for some days to enjoy an estate belonging to me in the Engadine Mountains; and in the most beautiful part of them, where is a convenient lodge adorned with fountains and gardens, in which place I likewise now and then make one in some hunting party suitable to my taste and age. Then I enjoy for so many days my village in the plain, which is laid out in regular streets, all terminating in a large square, in the middle of which stands the church, suited to the condition of the place. This village is divided by a wide and rapid branch of the river Brenta, on both sides of which there is a considerable extent of country, consisting of fertile and well cultivated fields. This district is now, God be praised, exceedingly well inhabited, which it was not at first, but rather the reverse, for it was marshy, and the air so unwholesome as to make it a residence fitter for snakes than men. But

on my draining off the waters the air mended, and people resorted to it so fast, and increased to such a degree, that it soon acquired the perfection in which it now appears: hence I may say with truth, that I have offered in this place an altar and a temple to God, with souls to adore him. At the same seasons every year I revisit some of the neighbouring cities, and enjoy such of my friends as live there, taking the greatest pleasure in their company and conversation, and by their means I also enjoy the conversation of other men of parts who live in the same places, such as architects, painters, sculptors, musicians, and husbandmen. I visit their new works, I revisit their former ones, and I always learn something which gives me satisfaction. I see the palaces, gardens, antiquities, the squares, and other public places, the churches and fortifications, leaving nothing unobserved from whence I may reap either entertainment or instruction. But what delights me most in these journeys is the contemplation of the scenery and other beauties of the places I pass through—the plains, the hills, the rivers, and fountains, amid which are situated many fine houses and gardens. Nor am I prevented from those enjoyments by any decay of my senses, they being all, thank God, in their highest perfection, particularly my palate, which now refishes better the simple fare I eat, wherever I may be, than it formerly did the most delicate dishes when I led an irregular life. Nor does the change of beds give me uneasiness, for I sleep everywhere soundly and quietly without experiencing the least disturbance, and all my dreams are pleasant and delightful.'

But his enjoyments were not all personal or selfish; he entered warmly into the agricultural improvements of his country, the draining of marshes, and the amelioration of the soil; and looked with anxious solicitude to the completion of extensive improvements of the port as likely to contribute to the commercial welfare of the state, of whose interests he speaks with all the warmth and ardour of a true patriot. We find him hinting, with a pardonable vanity, at his dramatic achievements. 'At the age of eighty-three,' he says, 'I have been able to write a very entertaining comedy, abounding with innocent mirth and pleasing jests. This species of composition is generally the child and offspring of youth, as tragedy is that of old age—the former being by its facetious and sprightly turn suited to the bloom of life, and the latter, by its gravity, adapted to riper years.'

Like all benignant characters, the playful innocence of youth had peculiar charms for him. He thus introduces us into his 'domestic' evening circle: 'That no comfort might be wanting to the fullness of my years, whereby my great age may be rendered less irksome, or rather the number of my enjoyments increased, I have the additional comfort of seeing a kind of immortality in a succession of descendants. For as often as I return home I find then before me, not one or two, but eleven grandchildren, the eldest of them eighteen and the youngest two—all the offspring of one father and one mother—all blessed with the best of health, and, by what as yet appears, fond of learning, and of good parts and morals. Some of the younger I always play with; and, indeed, children from three to four are only fit for play. Those above that age I make companions of; and as nature has bestowed very fine voices upon them, I amuse myself, besides, with seeing and hearing them sing and play on various instruments. Nay, I sing myself, as I have a better voice now, and a clearer and louder pipe, than at any other period of life. Such are the recreations of my old age.'

Thus the good old man continued to enjoy life till he passed his hundredth year. He slipped away without disease, or pain, or agony, in the spring of 1566.

The history of John M'Alpin, a Highland drover, will form a good companion to that of Cornaro, as illustrative of the effects of temperance under a severer climate and in a different station of life from that of the noble Italian.

John M'Alpin was a native of Jura, one of the Hebridean islands. He lived to the age of 119 years, and retained all his faculties till his death, which took place in the

year 1745. When a boy, he was rather of slow growth, and was affected with boils and eruptions of the skin. His father died and left him in comfortable circumstances, at the age of eighteen. For some years the nature of his business led him into dissipated company, where he was accustomed to drink hard, sit up late, and lead an irregular life. This he continued till he was about twenty-four years of age, when in leaping out of a boat he fell and struck his foot against the ground. The contusion degenerated into an ulcer, which continued, under neglect or bad treatment, to increase for two years. During this time he paid no regard to his diet, eating salt meat, fish, or any thing that came in the way, and drinking frequently to excess. The consequence was that his constitution gave way, and the ulcer continued to increase. A medical friend, to whom he applied, in order to compel him to give over his habits of life, took him to live at his house during the period of cure, and by enforcing a strict regimen to his patient, brought about a complete cure in the course of three months. M'Alpin, on his return home, was so impressed with the beneficial effects of temperance, both for his comfort and health, that he ever afterwards practised it, and in consequence enjoyed uninterrupted good health for the remainder of his long life. As illustrative of local manners, it may not be uninteresting to give a detail of his mode of living.

It was the custom at that time over all the Highlands, and especially among the common people of the isles, to make but two meals a-day. They breakfasted about nine or ten in the morning, and supped about six or seven; this last being the principal meal. M'Alpin followed this custom. He went to bed with the sun and rose with the lark. He went out as soon as he got up, and if the morning appeared foggy, he generally ate a mouthful of bread, and no more till breakfast time. His constant breakfast was bread, butter, and cheese, or eggs, with gruel made of half water half milk. His supper was fish or flesh, for the most part boiled. The flesh was boiled with greens or roots, the soup of which was thickened with a little oatmeal, of which he drank plentifully. His fish were generally boiled in as much water as simply covered them; this water was thickened into a soup with a little meal and milk, and eaten along with all white fish. His general rule was to rise from table with an appetite, or inclination to eat more; and the liquids he used were always at least four times the quantity of the solids. If he used harder exercise at one time than another, he ate a little more than usual; but at no time did he go to excess, or eat of more than one sort of food at a meal. He never drank water till it was previously boiled and poured over a toast of bread or a little oatmeal, and afterwards allowed to cool. This he used for his constant drink between meals. His bread was for the most part made of barleymeal, but he also ate oatcake when the others could not be procured. He never indulged in fermented liquors of any kind, except on two occasions during the year, and these were at the terms of Whitsuntide and Martinmas, when he went to pay his rent to the landlord. With him he took a social glass of generous liquor, to the extent of elevating his spirits above their ordinary pitch. Drama he forswore; but if obliged, when being in the cold, or exposed to wet, he took the yolk of an egg, a little honey, and a glass of whisky mixed together, and drank it off; but this was only done on very rare occasions. He used no snuff or tobacco in any shape. He took a great deal of exercise; was of an active, cheerful, and intelligent mind; free from passion, but when roused was by no means devoid of proper manly courage. In general, his manner was mild and forbearing, and free from the irascibility of an excited temperament. If at any time he felt his system in the least deranged, he had recourse to abstinence and the promotion of a free perspiration; for the latter purpose he used at bed-time a warm drink composed of thin oatmeal slummary, sweetened with honey, to which was added a little butter. He wore the usual clothing of the country—a kilt or belted plaid, with a piece of flannel over the region of his stomach. In going out in the morning, he went

through the first river or pool which came in his way, and thus continued all day with wet feet, very frequently till he went to bed. He remained to the last free from physical disease, but grief for some friends who fell in the battle of Culloden, was thought to have brought on his death, which he met with Christian fortitude and resignation, at the age of 119 years.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

ALEXANDER WILSON.

THE name of Alexander Wilson—'Scottish poet and American ornithologist'—is dear to every admirer of genius, to every one indeed who loves to think of talent and worth struggling with adverse circumstances, and, by dint of patience and perseverance, rising to honour and fame.

He was born in the Seedhills of Paisley on the 6th of July, 1766. His father (though formerly he had been a distiller on a limited scale) also followed the occupation of a weaver, and at one time possessed looms and employed journeymen. In personal appearance he is said to have greatly resembled his son, whom he survived a few years.

The future poet and ornithologist was, it appears, intended by his parents for the church; but his mother, with whom the idea seems to have originated, suddenly died, and with her perished the young man's hopes of filling the position to which he had been taught to aspire. In his thirteenth year he was apprenticed to a weaver, an engagement which lasted three years, and which was faithfully fulfilled. For four years after this Wilson was employed as a journeyman weaver—sometimes in Paisley and sometimes in Lochwinnoch. It was during these years that he was first visited by the muse, and some of his pieces gained no little repute in his native town.

In his twentieth year, a new calling opened up to Wilson. William Duncan, his brother-in-law, with whom he was now employed, having deserted the weaving in order to follow out a mercantile speculation on the eastern coasts of Scotland, Wilson determined, though at an humble distance, to follow his example. He accordingly devoted himself to the wandering life of a pedlar or 'chapman,' an occupation then more frequently followed than at present, the contents of his wallet or 'pack' consisting of a miscellaneous assortment of such articles of dress, bijouterie, &c., as were likely to be in request in the houses of the farmers or peasantry. A love of rural sights and rural sounds, combined with a certain shrewd talent for the observation of character, which distinguished the poet, must have lent a peculiar charm to such an employment. The idea occurred to Wilson that he might advantageously add a volume of poems to the other attractions of his pack; and having got prospectuses printed, he set out in September, 1783, for Edinburgh—in order, as he says in his journal, 'to make one bold push for the united interests of pack and poems.' In his new character of pedlar-poet, he did not long remain in Edinburgh, but proceeded at once to the towns on the eastern coast, first visiting Musselburgh. The journal which he kept during the excursion was afterwards printed with his poems. It is cleverly written—a kind of prose of a much higher order than his poetry—and contains some shrewd observations, with a few sketches of the more remarkable characters which fell in his way. In the course of his wanderings in Musselburgh, he met in with 'a schoolmaster, who seemed to be a son of Bacchus, learning, and snuff; for after several favourable observations on the specimen [of his poems], and an enormous draught of snuff, he declared he would most certainly take a copy. 'But remember,' says he, 'by Jupiter, we will offer up one half of its price at the shrine of Bacchus.' In the same town he encountered a brother of the rhyming craft, whom 'he began to interrogate as to his knowledge of poetry, but found him entirely ignorant of everything save rhyme. Happening to ask him if he had ever read any of Pope or Milton's pieces, he

told me he never had, for he did not understand one word of *Latin*. I showed him my proposals, asked him to subscribe, and said I knew the author. He read part of them with excessive laughter, declared that the author was certainly a learned fellow, and that he would cheerfully subscribe; but that his wife was such a person, that if she knew of him doing anything without her approbation, there would be no peace in the house for months to come. 'And, by the by,' says he, 'we are most dismally poor.' I told him that poverty was the characteristic of a poet. 'You are right,' said he, 'and for that very reason I am proud of being poor.'

After much hard labour and many rebuffs—the poet meanwhile subsisting on the sales from his pack—he at length got a goodly few subscribers; and having retraced his steps to his native town, he engaged with a bookseller, and 'rushed on publication.' His next step was a second peregrination to deliver the copies which had been subscribed for. Here again the pack was called into requisition, to sustain him during the distribution of his 'rhyming ware.' The few opening sentences of his journal, descriptive of his setting out from Edinburgh, make up a very pleasing little picture, not unworthy of the hand which afterwards threw off the finished sketches in America. He says—'Having furnished my budget with what necessary articles might be required, equipped with a short oaken plant, I yielded my shoulders to the load, and by daybreak left the confines of our ancient metropolis. The morning was mild, clear, and inviting. A gentle shower, which had fallen amid the stillness of night, besprinkled the fields and adjoining meadows, exposing them to the eye clad with brightest green, and glittering with unnumbered globes of dew. Nature seemed to smile on my intended expedition; I hailed the happy omen, and with a heart light as the lark that hovered over my head, I passed the foot of Salisbury Rocks, and directing my course towards Dalkeith, launched among the first farms and cottages that offered.'

Many mortifications awaited the pedlar-poet on his second trip, the most severe of which was received at the hands of one who in her day had a high character for generosity and goodness of heart—her Grace the old Duchess of Buccleuch. A very neat epistle was transmitted by Wilson to her Grace, soliciting attention to his volume (an epistle which, if by any chance it had been preserved, would now be reckoned amongst the most precious literary *morceaux* of Dalkeith Palace), but it was never answered; a disappointment still farther increased by a repulse which the poet experienced from the same distinguished personage in the market-place on the following day. Fresh vexations followed. The poet found that many of the parties who had subscribed for his volume had entirely forgotten the circumstance, and the greater portion 'either could not or would not accept of it.' Odd characters in abundance, as may be readily supposed, fell in his way. An innkeeper at Musselburgh, by way of puffing the poet, and at the same time paying a compliment to his own understanding, said to the poor author regarding his pieces—'They're clever, very clever; but I incline more to the historical way, such as Goldsmith's *Scots History*, the *Inquest of Peru*, and things of that kind, else I would cheerfully take a copy.'

On the whole, the result of this expedition was very discouraging to Wilson, who, on his return to Paisley, was fain once more to settle down to the loom. To this 'his poverty but not his will consented;' and on another opportunity offering, he again deserted it for the fields of literature. A friend in Edinburgh having informed him that the question 'Whether have the exertions of Allan Ramsay or Robert Fergusson done more honour to Scottish poetry?' was to be discussed in a debating society called the Forum, Wilson seized the opportunity for distinguishing himself, and after a few days' hard work at the loom, in order to provide the necessary funds, and a little mental labour at home, the ambitious poet set out for Edinburgh. He arrived just in time to take part in

titled 'The Laurel Disputed,' in defence of the unfortunate Fergusson. The piece gained him some notice and applause, and was the means of detaining him in Edinburgh till he had composed and recited two other productions, namely, 'Rab and Rangan,' and 'The Loss of the Pack.'

Stimulated by the applause he received while resident in the metropolis, Wilson, on his return to his native town, once more set to the unprofitable business of publishing, by producing a second edition of his poems, and again did he depart on a thankless and harassing mission to dispose of his volume. This turned out as unfortunate as the first, and the result of all these high hopes and anticipations was the return to his shuttles. About this time he opened up a correspondence with Burns, then in the zenith of his fame, and shortly afterwards paid him a visit in Ayrshire. Of this interview Wilson always spoke in enthusiastic terms.

The poet made a great start in the year 1792, when the poem of 'Watty and Meg' made its appearance. This is a piece of rich and genuine humour, almost rivaling in its broad and original pictures of low life, its pathos and perfect versification, the best parts of 'Tam O'Shanter.' Indeed, both poems were universally ascribed to the same hand, till Wilson dropped the anonymous curtain, under the needless shade of which the poem had been issued, and declared himself the author. The popularity of this piece was so rapid (as we are informed in a recent biography of the author *) that Mr Neilson, the printer, sold in the first few weeks the large number of 100,000 copies—an unequivocal testimony to the genius of the author and the high merit of the poem, and peculiarly gratifying to him, this being the only effort of his muse which had successfully commanded anything like universal esteem.

This bright glimpse of sunshine was speedily followed by a lowering sky. A dispute happening to arise between the manufacturers and weavers of Paisley, Wilson at once took part with the latter, and in the course of the controversy produced an offensive piece of personal satire entitled 'The Shark, or Lang Mills detected.' The circumstances consequent on the writing of this poem have been variously related, but we can scarcely err in preferring the account furnished by Mr William M'Gavin, author of the 'Protestant,' and one of Wilson's most intimate friends. Mr M'Gavin says, in his autobiography—'He [Wilson] wrote some clever pungent pieces of satire against some of our great manufacturers, which those first attacked had the good sense to overlook. But in one instance he had the indiscretion to send a copy [in MS.] to a gentleman against whom it was directed, with an offer to suppress it for *five guineas*. This subjected him to a criminal prosecution before the sheriff, in which he was convicted. But his prosecutors were not vindictive. He suffered only a few days' imprisonment, and the mortification of being obliged to burn his own poem on the stair fronting the jail. I was one of the few who witnessed the execution of this sentence with his own hands. Criminal as he was, such respect was paid to his feelings, that no notice was published of the hour of his punishment, and it was witnessed only by those who happened to be at the cross at the time.' This took place in February, 1793. The folly of these attacks he deeply regretted; and many years afterwards, in America, we find him rebuking his brother for having brought with him copies of the offensive Paisley diatribes. 'These,' said Wilson, throwing the packet into the fire, 'were the sins of my youth, and had I taken my good old father's advice, they never would have seen the light.'

The mortification consequent on this event, combined with the disagreeable prominence he had attained in his native town as the advocate of the French Revolution, were the main causes of the poet's leaving Scotland. And having made up his mind to the step, with the singleness

* Appended to a new edition of Wilson's poems, published by John Henderson, Belfast, to which we are indebted for the main

of purpose which characterized him, he set about gathering the necessary funds, and for four months laboured incessantly at the loom, confining the expenses of his living during that time, as we are informed, to *one shilling a week*. He was thus able to save the sum necessary for the voyage. His friend McGavin was the last person with whom he parted at the outskirts of Paisley; and having set out on foot for Portpatrick, and thence crossed to Belfast, he there embarked on the 23d May, 1784. The ship was bound for Newcastle, in the state of Delaware, where he arrived on the 14th July.

When the future ornithologist of his adopted country set foot on its shores, his prospects were as gloomy as may well be imagined. His passage-money had absorbed all his means, even to the last shilling; he had no friends, no letters of introduction, and his poetical talents, as sad experience had taught him, were little calculated to gain him favour or friends. But his was not the soul to be daunted by circumstances, however untoward; so he cheerfully shouldered his gun and marched towards Philadelphia—the same town which, some seventy years before, had been entered in similarly destitute circumstances by one of the greatest men of the eighteenth century—Franklin, of origin alike humble with the future ornithologist (like him, also, destined for the church), but who lived to exercise an influence on the affairs of the world greater than the greatest monarchs or ministers of his time. The reminiscence, so interesting in the circumstances, could scarcely escape Wilson, and must have infused fresh courage into his mind.

On arriving in the town, his first search was for weaving, but none was to be had. Chance threw him in the way of a countryman, who was in business as a copperplate-printer, from whom Wilson procured employment, which, however, was deserted on finding work at his own business. After a few months, the loom was again abandoned for his old occupation of pedlar, in which capacity he travelled over a considerable part of the state of New Jersey; meeting with more success, however, than had attended him in his own country. On his return from wandering, he opened a school, and for several years, in different places, he taught with great efficiency and success. To remedy the defects of his education, he began a course of systematic study, and among other acquisitions, succeeded in gaining a knowledge of mathematics, in which he proceeded so far as to be able to survey. After several unimportant removals, we find him appointed teacher of a union school in the township of Kingessing, not far from Philadelphia. While resident here, he learned that his nephew, William Duncan (whose father was then dead), had landed in New York, with his mother and a large family of brothers and sisters; and knowing that his favourable representations of America had been the principal means of inducing his nephew to this perilous step, Wilson instantly set out on foot for New York, a distance of four hundred miles, in order to assist in getting his relations comfortably settled. Having accomplished this object, the generous man returned on foot to the labours of the school-room, accomplishing a distance of eight hundred miles in twenty-eight days; and, from all we can learn, thinking no more of the feat than any other ordinary act of duty.

It was also while residing at Kingessing that Wilson became acquainted with a kindred spirit of the name of Bartram, an amiable self-taught naturalist, who has been styled the American Linnæus of the period, and whose residence and botanic garden were happily situated in the vicinity of Wilson's schoolhouse. The love of nature, which had always characterized Wilson, here seems to have taken firm root; and from the feelings of general interest with which all the works of God were regarded, gradually arose a predilection for that branch of natural history, the pursuit of which was to immortalize his name. The nature of his employments at this period are beautifully described in a letter to his friend Bartram:—“I sometimes smile to think, that while others

disem, in building towns and purchasing plantations, I am entranced in contemplation over the plumage of a lark, or gazing, like a despairing lover, on the lineaments of an owl. While others are hoarding up their bags of money, without the power of enjoying it, I am collecting, without injuring my conscience or wounding my peace of mind, those beautiful specimens of nature's works that are for ever pleasing. I have had live crows, hawks, and owls; opossums, squirrels, snakes, lizards, &c., so that my room has sometimes reminded me of Noah's ark; but Noah had a wife in one corner of it, and, in this particular, our parallel does not altogether tally. I receive every subject of natural history that is brought to me; and, though they do not march into my ark from all quarters, as they did into that of our great ancestor, yet I find means, by the distribution of a few fivepenny *bills*, to make them find the way fast enough. A boy not long ago brought me a large basketful of crows. I expect his next load will be bull-frogs, if I don't soon issue orders to the contrary. One of my boys caught a mouse in school, a few days ago, and directly marched up to me with his prisoner. I set about drawing it the same evening, and all the while the pantings of its little heart showed it to be in the most extreme agonies of fear. I had intended to kill it, in order to fix it in the claws of a stuffed owl; but, happening to spill a few drops of water near where it was tied, it lapped it up with such eagerness, and looked in my face with such an eye of supplicating terror, as perfectly overcame me. I immediately restored it to life and liberty. The agonies of a prisoner at the stake, while the fire and instruments of torture are preparing, could not be more severe than the sufferings of that poor mouse; and, insignificant as the object was, I felt at that moment the sweet sensations that mercy leaves in the mind when she triumphs over cruelty.’ The first indication of his design to form an ornithological collection is found in a letter to a friend in Paisley, written in June, 1803. He says:—“Close application to the duties of my profession, which I have followed since November, 1795, has deeply injured my constitution; the more so, that my rambling disposition was the worst calculated of any one in the world for the austere regularity of a teacher's life. I have had many pursuits since I left Scotland—mathematics, the German language, music, drawing, &c.; and I am about to make a collection of all our finest birds.”

Wilson's first designs, though but faint outlines of the magnificent plan he afterwards conceived, were sufficiently comprehensive to alarm his friends, who sought to dissuade him from an enterprise which, as they represented, and with much truth, only fortune and learned leisure could competently achieve. But the naturalist, having formed his plan, set to work with all the indomitable energy of his character, and in October of the year 1804, accompanied by his nephew and a friend, he began his first bird-seeking pilgrimage by a pedestrian tour to Niagara. The travellers had undertaken the journey too late in the season, and on their return were overtaken by winter, and had to travel a great part of the way through snow. The perseverance of his companions failed, but Wilson set forth alone with his gun and baggage, and reached home safely, after an absence of fifty-nine days, during which time he had travelled 1257 miles. Regarding this journey, he thus enthusiastically writes to his friend Bartram:—“Though in this tour I have had every disadvantage of deep roads and rough weather, hurried marches, and many other inconveniences; yet, so far am I from being satisfied with what I have seen, or discouraged by the fatigues which every traveller must submit to, that I feel more eager than ever to commence some more extensive expedition, where scenes and subjects entirely new, and generally unknown, might reward my curiosity; and where, perhaps, my humble acquisitions might add something to the stores of knowledge.”

As an evidence of the strength of his resolution, he set himself to learn drawing and colouring, and the art of etching on copper. In these arts he made some pro-

improving. His scholars fell off, till the number could not support him—but such was the estimation in which Wilson was held that the trustees of the school, on learning the state of affairs, generously subscribed for a sufficient number of pupils to maintain him.

In the beginning of 1808, Wilson received intimation that the United States' Government intended dispatching a party of scientific men to explore the valley of the Mississippi. This was an expedition in which Wilson would have rejoiced to embark, and accordingly he addressed a letter to Jefferson offering his service; but much to the chagrin of the eager naturalist, and little to the credit of the President, the letter was never answered.

A brighter era at length dawned on the hitherto unfortunate projector. A bookseller of Philadelphia, Mr Samuel Bradford, 'being about to publish an edition of Rees' Cyclopædia, Wilson was recommended to him as a person well qualified to superintend the work, and his services were accepted. This was an occupation more congenial to his mind, and it gave him a better opportunity of pursuing his studies, being free from the harassing cares of a teacher's life.' The connexion was of signal service to Wilson, for on his explaining to Mr Bradford his views regarding 'The American Ornithology,' that gentleman undertook the risk of publication. One material difficulty being thus removed, Wilson set himself for some months heartily and unremittingly to the duties of author; and in the month of September, 1808, the first volume of his great work made its appearance.

The design and execution of the work have been truly described as magnificent. But although it took the public completely by surprise, yet the patronage was so meagre, that the enterprising editor was fain to call in on its behalf the old resource of his pedlar craft—canvassing for subscribers; and, with this view, he set out on a tour through the Southern States, which lasted for six months, but was only slightly productive of the encouragement he was in quest of, though doubtless the naturalist found this and similar expeditions of immense advantage in the accumulation of materials. Of this expedition, Wilson thus writes in a letter to a friend:—'I have laboured with the zeal of a knight-errant in exhibiting this book of mine wherever I went—travelling with it like a beggar with his bawling from town to town, and from one country to another.' The second volume was published in January, 1810, fifteen months after the first was issued; and immediately on its appearance, Wilson again started on an extensive land and water journey, including a sail of 720 miles down the river Ohio. Contrary to the advice of his friends, the daring ornithologist decided on attempting this dangerous voyage alone and unattended. The outset of the expedition is thus graphically described:—'My stock of provisions consisted of some biscuit and cheese, and a bottle of cordial presented me by a gentleman of Pittsburg; my gun, trunk, and greatcoat occupied one end of the boat; I had a small tin, occasionally to bale her, and to take my beverage from the Ohio with; and bidding adieu to the smoky confines of Pitt, I launched into the stream, and soon winded away among the hills that every where enclose this noble river. The weather was warm and serene, and the river like a mirror, except where floating masses of ice spotted its surface, and which required some care to steer clear of; but these, to my surprise, in less than a day's sailing, totally disappeared. Far from being concerned at my new situation, I felt my heart expand with joy at the novelties which surrounded me; I listened with pleasure to the whistling of the redbird on the banks as I passed, and contemplated the forest scenery as it receded, with increasing delight. The smoke of the numerous maple sugar camps, rising lazily among the mountains, gave great effect to the varying landscape; and the grotesque log cabins, that here and there opened from the woods, were diminished into mere dog-houses by the sublimity of the impending mountains.' This solitary voyage, 'exposed to hardships all day, and hard berths all night, to storms of rain, hail, and snow, for it froze severely al-

most every night,' lasted some three weeks; and then, 'leaving his baggage to be forwarded by a waggon (we quote from the notice of Wilson formerly alluded to), he set out on foot to Lexington, seventy-two miles farther, where he hired a horse, and on the 4th of May departed on his journey, with a pistol in each pocket, and his fowling-piece belted across his shoulders. During this long and hazardous journey he experienced great hardships, sometimes having to swim perilous creeks, and having to encamp for thirteen different nights in the woods alone. To these inconveniences was added a new attack of the dysentery, when far amidst execrable swamps. 'My complaint,' he writes, 'increased so much, that I could scarcely sit on horseback, and all night my mouth and throat were parched with burning thirst and fever. On Sunday I bought some eggs, which I ate, and repeated the dose at mid-day and towards evening. I found great benefit from this simple remedy, and inquired all along the road for fresh eggs; and for a week made them almost my sole food, until I completed my cure.' He was also in danger of a tornado, attended with a drenching of rain. Trees were broken and torn up by the roots, and those which stood were bent almost to the ground; limbs of trees flew whirling past him; and his life was in such danger, that he was astonished how he escaped, and declared he would rather take his chance in a field of battle than in such a tornado again. Nevertheless, he seems to have enjoyed his journey, and reached the town of Natchez on the 17th of May, having traversed a distance of six hundred and seventy-eight miles. After enjoying at this place the kind hospitality of William Dunbar, at whose residence he remained a few days, he proceeded on his journey; and on the 6th of June arrived at New Orleans, distant from Natchez two hundred and fifty-two miles. But as the sickly season was fast approaching, he did not consider it safe to remain there long; and on the 25th of the month he took passage for New York, where he landed on July the 30th. He had left home on the 30th of January, and all his expenses to this period amounted only to four hundred and fifty dollars. He arrived in Philadelphia on the 2d of August, after an absence of seven months, and immediately applied himself with increasing industry to the preparation of his third volume.'

From this period to the year 1812, Wilson undertook several other journeys, partly with the object of procuring subscribers, and partly also to gather fresh materials for his publication, which, meanwhile, was rapidly proceeding, and had attained its seventh volume early in 1813. The carrying forward of the grand project which filled the mind of Wilson, would, even to a learned body with ample materials at command, have been sufficiently arduous and exciting; and what then must it have been to a single individual who had all his specimens to collect, arrange, and make drawings from, and afterwards in some cases to etch the plates and colour the engravings! The health of the ardent naturalist gradually gave way under the extraordinary exertion, but he would hear of no respite from his labours; 'he denied himself rest, and spent the whole of the day in unceasing exertion.' To the remonstrances of his friends he calmly said, 'Life is short, and nothing can be done without exertion.' The eighth volume of his work was announced to appear in November, 1812, and another volume was intended to conclude it; but the gifted author was not destined to see the completion of his project. Severe labour and anxiety had now so far undermined his constitution as to predispose it to yield under the first extraordinary exertion, and to a person of Wilson's enthusiastic temperament the occasion soon presented itself. The cause which led to his early and lamented death was this:—Sitting one day conversing with a friend, a rare bird, which he had long been desirous to possess, happened to fly past the window. The moment Wilson beheld it, he seized his gun, and after an arduous pursuit, during which he swam across a river, succeeded in killing it; but the consequence was a severe cold, followed by an attack of dysentery, which,

after ten days' duration, ended his mortal career. He died at nine o'clock on the morning of the 23d August, 1813, in his 48th year, and was interred on the following day—the whole of the scientific men of the city, and the clergy of all denominations, attending the mournful scene. We are told, also, that the Columbian Society of Fine Arts walked in procession before the hearse, and for thirty days wore crape round their arms.

Thus ended the life of this gifted man. Of his personal character we have said little, leaving it to be gathered from the events of his chequered career. From first to last he maintained his independence in thought and action, and if he ever strove after the gifts of fortune, it was only, like Burns, 'for the glorious privilege of being independent.' His great work, which cost him so many years of the most arduous toil and an anxiety ever on the stretch, brought him nothing more substantial than fame—of pecuniary remuneration he received nothing, except *payment for colouring his own plates*. 'The American Ornithology' ranks amongst the first works on natural history which any age or nation ever gave birth to, and is not less remarkable for the beauty and fidelity of the illustrations than for the admirable spirit and faithfulness of the descriptions—a proud triumph for the Paisley weaver, and due to his indomitable energy and perseverance. His poems are of a different and far inferior order of merit. They betray the vigour and point of his character, but, with a few exceptions, would, we have always thought, read better as prose essays than poems. The labour, which was everything in those beautiful local sketches of the inhabitants of the American forests, here in a great measure goes for nothing. The perfection of art is to conceal art, is an old maxim especially applicable to poetry, which Wilson (the poet) was able only imperfectly to verify, but which as a naturalist he has completely realized in all its force.

Wilson's intense delight in the feathered songsters of the grove was beautifully portrayed in the wish he had more than once expressed 'that he might be buried in some rural spot where the birds might sing over his grave'—a wish which has been fitly embodied in the lines of an anonymous American poet, which will be found in the last page of this number.

RAMBLES IN LONDON.

THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

THE Royal Polytechnic Institution is one of several establishments set on foot within these few years for the dissemination of a knowledge of the arts and sciences among the public generally. The great object with all of them was, to convey the desired instruction in a popular form, and to confine it as much as possible to practical ends. The Polytechnic Institution has indubitably been the most successful of any of the associate bodies thus formed, and, so far as we can see, it well merits the high reputation it has gained. The buildings of the institution are situated in Regent Street, within a short distance of Oxford Street, and comprise large apartments posteriorly in Cavendish Square. It is not our purpose to describe minutely and specially all the halls, rooms, and galleries within the walls, but simply to give the reader some idea of the wonderful variety and interest of their contents, by alluding to a few of these individually. In the departments of agriculture, mechanics, manufactures, navigation, and a hundred other branches of practical industry, the institution is rich indeed, as regards the display of new and interesting models and machinery; while the fine arts are equally well illustrated. As examples of what is meant, we need but say that there are exhibited the wonders of the electrotype, the process of gilding and silvering by electricity, the daguerreotype and photographic portraits, the calotype, Bain's electro-magnetic telegraph, Baggs's method of printing on calico, &c., by electricity, the dissolving views, the dissolving orrery, Armstrong's hydro-electric machine, Dr Pott's pneumatic mode of forming

sioscope, and the proteoscope, with many similar marvels. Again, look at the means which the institution possesses of throwing light on almost every point connected with navigation.

The great hall, one hundred and twenty feet long, forty feet wide, and forty feet high, is entered from the principal staircase. In the centre are two canals, containing a surface of seven hundred feet of water, attached to which are all the appurtenances of a dockyard, constructed by the government engineers, by favour of the Lords of the Admiralty, with an extensive series of locks and water wheels in motion. All kinds of vessels are sailing on the small sea here. These advantages for display are fully used, with the diving-bell, and such like apparatus, under the eye of a competent demonstrating engineer; while the departments of chemistry and experimental philosophy are superintended and lectured upon by Drs Ryan and Bachhoffer, both of them most able men, and the former of whom has recently had his singular talents recognised in the highest quarters, by his appointment to the government situation of Professor of Chemistry to the Naval College, Portsmouth. The chief object of this nomination, it may be noticed in passing, was to secure a competent knowledge of the principles of the steam-engine to those officers destined to command that growing and powerful arm of the war-service, our steam-navy.

We have spent enough of space, however, on introductory matters. Turn we into the great hall, and try what we can there see. Our eyes rest on the working model of Samuda's atmospheric railway, with a tube or pipe seventy-eight feet long, and capable of conveying visitors from one end to the other. In the first place, at one extremity of the long tube, there is the air-pump for exhausting the tube. The latter itself is formed of strong metal, and is a perfect cylinder, excepting at the upper side, along the whole length of which runs a narrow slip of waxed leather, with one edge attached to the metal, and the other left unattached but closed down. The object of this loose edge is, that it may open as the rod of the piston of the carriage passes along. Rails are also laid down longitudinally on each side all the way. Such is the arrangement at one end of the tube, and along its seventy-eight feet of length. At the other extremity, we find the moving carriage, having a projecting piston that exactly fits the tube. The piston-rod is attached to the carriage, so that all must stir together. One or two seats or stools are fixed to the carriage behind, and, like it, are fitted to move on the rails. Two or three boys take their station on these seats. Now the air-pump is at work; the word is given that the exhaustion is completed; and, the piston being inserted, away it flies through the vacuity of the exhausted tube with the carriage, seats, and boys drawn behind. The principle is the simplest imaginable, being that by which you suck water through a straw; and a treat it is to see this beautiful model at work in the Polytechnic Institution. So clear is the demonstration, that the veriest child among the visitants goes away with the rationale of the engine fully in his mind, *never* afterwards to be forgotten. In this lies the beauty of *objective* teaching. This subject is an interesting one; for not only shall we soon, in all likelihood, have an atmospheric railway close by our own northern capital, but we should not be astonished though this mode of railway travelling eventually supersede every other. The main difficulty lies in the proper construction of the slit in the exhaustible tube, which admits the indispensable connexion between the piston and the carriage. But hundreds of scientific men are now at work on the point, and all obstacles must ere long vanish.

Railways are all in all with the public at this moment, so we will look at another railway invention. Here is a working model of a locomotive engine and railway, with Coleman's patent apparatus for ascending and descending inclined planes on railways. We must say that this ma-

appears to us perfectly calculated to obviate the long felt difficulty of getting over ascents and descents with railway carriages. A long straight screw-line, or screw-indented bar of iron, is laid midway betwixt the ordinary rails, and a corresponding screw is placed below the steam-carriage. On coming to the foot or top of the slope, the conductor presses down the screw, and at the same time he can lift the ordinary wheels off the rails. The screw of the carriage, working in the screw below, is then the sole means of progression. It will scarcely be believed, that, in place of losing the power of carrying loads up hill, the engine, when this invention is adopted, can really drag heavier burdens than on a dead level with the common rails. We saw the experiment fully and fairly tried with this result; and it was explained to us that the firm catch given by the screw was the cause of the phenomena adverted to. Why, then, should we hear of any more objections to railways on the score of their impracticability in certain situations? And, indeed, why should we adhere so rigidly to the principle of a dead level (or nearly so), and make such tremendous sacrifices to obtain it, when it is shown by such an invention as this to be far from indispensable? Hills have been excavated, and most circuitous routes taken, where the screw-line might have saved all the labour and outlay.

A word to the agriculturists in their turn. We had thought that the neat and simple tiles for draining, which we had seen made and used in various quarters, could scarcely be improved on, whether for cheapness or utility. It was a rash conclusion; for here is to be seen, in the Polytechnic Institution, a working machine, called Ainslie's tile-making machine, capable, with one man and a boy turning, one boy feeding and two carrying away, of making, in ten hours, from 6000 to 7000 tiles, $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. by $2\frac{1}{2}$ in., and 16 in. long, at the cost of 1s. 5d. per 1000. The same kind of machine, driven by horse power, will make three times the quantity in the above time. And beautiful tiles they are, circular in shape, strong, and solid-looking. They can be cut to any length. Of the process we can give little farther explanation, than that, by introducing long strips of softened clay at one end of the machine, the material passes through circular holes, so arranged that it comes out in complete pipes or tubes. The inventor, Mr Ainslie of Alperton, Middlesex, has found his merits, we hear, both acknowledged and rewarded.

The diving-bell is an interesting feature in this exhibition, but the subject is now grown familiar to all. Of the numberless models for ships, and of the inventions for sinking, raising, and exploding them, we can only here say, that the institution displays all such matters finely both to the ear and eye. Let us tell the good housewives of the land, however, that domestic inventions are not neglected by the Polytechnicians. Here is a clever machine for washing clothes, and here is a still more clever one for drying them when washed. In the latter instance you put the wet clothes into a sort of revolving cage, driven round by a handle; and in one minute the clothes, being forced by the revolutions (the centrifugal power operating) closely against the bars of the cage, have given off all their moisture in light globules. Another minute makes them almost thoroughly dry. Really, this plan is very simple, and not only saves much time and trouble, but, what is more to the purpose, spares the clothes all that hard rubbing which is so destructive of their texture. Let all good housewives look, again, to the many fire-escapes here presented to notice. A simple and effective one is in the form of a long and wide pillow-slip, or like so many conjoined sacks. Both ends are open, but one has a cross-bar attached to it. When the hour of danger comes, and it is felt necessary to seek some other egress than by the doors, this bar is placed across the under part of a window, interiorly, and the other end of the hollow slip dropped into the street, to be carried out in a sloping form by the people there. The endangered parties, entering at the top, may then slide down safely. The extension of the knees and feet will render the descent

safe and easy, but a rope may be placed inside to aid and soften the slide.

Crosley's pneumatic telegraph is an interesting object: being of a class of inventions little understood. It is one, however, which, we feel assured, will be of the deepest importance to our national interests in time to come. It is now one hundred years since Prince Charles Stuart landed on the Highland shores, and ere intelligence could reach London, and a proper force be sent to suppress his rising, he had had time to muster the clans attached to him, and gain possession of North Britain. Observe how utterly impossible such a thing would be now-a-days, or at least as soon as the atmospheric telegraph is laid down every where in connexion with railways. The foot of a fir could not touch any part of our shores without the fact being known in London as quickly as if the sound of his tread had actually rung in the ears of the sovereign and the government. And then how rapidly would all the available forces of the empire be warned by the same telegraph, and how speedily would they be hurried to the scene of action by the railways! How fast would our ships along shore fly to the same quarter! Invasion! nonsense. Let the Prince de Joinville rave about the openness of our coasts as he may; the genius and energy of our countrymen have provided a sure defence in all emergencies. Here is the description of a safeguard almost as effective as our wooden walls—the pneumatic telegraph: 'Intelligence may be transmitted from one station to another many miles distant by means of a tube containing atmospheric air. A gas-holder, or other collapsing vessel, is connected with the air-tube at one station, containing a small volume of air as a reservoir to compensate for any changes of volume, arising from compression or variation of temperature, and for supplying any casual loss from leakage, so that any degree of pressure which may be given shall be uniformly maintained. Thus, by means of ten different weights, numbered from one to ten, and having a pressure index at the opposite extremity, with ten corresponding divisions, it will be evident, that if a weight of any required number be placed upon the collapsing air-vessel at one station, the same number will speedily appear on the index at the other; whereby an infinite variety of numbers may be transmitted, corresponding to a dictionary of words or sentences, in the usual manner.' This account, we think, will be intelligible to every one.

The multitudinous amount of beautiful and useful inventions, of which the Polytechnic Institution contains models, makes us feel greatly at a loss in attempting to carry our special notices much farther. A vast number of steam-engine improvements, displayed in action; fine ivory work; printing and stereotyping; varieties of glass-working, among which may be seen the fine flexible glass-thread work; all manner of improved rollers, ploughs, harrows, and other agricultural implements; countless patented articles of domestic utility, from self-acting mangles to self-pouring tea-kettles; and a multitude of articles of *virtu*, spread through the galleries and glass-cases on the walls, merit particular notice. Unwilling to leave the subject without more extended remarks, we shall endeavour to return to it; and, in the mean time, we shall conclude by noticing the photographic-drawing room of Mr Beard. Here we find the art of Daguerre carried to a pitch of perfection of which we had not before believed it capable. His portraits are beautifully vivid, and the ease with which they are taken almost surpasses conception. The sitter takes a chair before the artist's instrument, and, in a minute or so, is told to sit steady in one posture. Ere he can count twenty, he is told that all is over, and in a very few minutes afterwards is presented with a perfectly distinct likeness, framed and complete. The operation resembles magic. No work of this kind which we have yet seen is comparable to that of Mr Beard. Some of his photographic landscapes are paragons of loveliness. The prices of portraits vary according to size, but small and very fine ones may be obtained at from one to two guineas. This part

of the institution ought to be visited by all lovers of the fine arts.

As we have said, we shall probably resume this subject, and shall devote, in particular, some time to the casts taken of the engravings by prisoners on the walls of the Tower of London,

'The Towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a soul and midnight murder fed.

So sings Gray, and these records of the poor captives bring strong evidence in proof of his words.

MY UNCLE'S CHRISTMAS JAUNT.

BY JOHN SHEARER.

My uncle was a jocular, kind-hearted old man; indeed, his equal in these qualities was rarely met with in the land of his nativity. He preferred his glass, though not by any means to excess, and the company of a few kindred spirits, to the choicest enjoyments which the world could otherwise furnish. He could sing a song, tell a story, and crack a jest with the best; and was, from his social qualities and his sparkling wit, generally considered the 'cock of the company.' He was, in fact, the very *beau idéal*, in make and manner, of a 'nice old country gentleman of the olden time.' It had been for many years a regular custom with him to pay an annual visit to a nearly related and highly esteemed friend in the south of Scotland, on each return of Christmas-day; and although his friend's residence was full thirty miles distant from his own, yet, my worthy uncle, such is the influence of habit, was never known, for a period of nearly forty years, to be absent from the table of his friend on Christmas-eve, save once. The disappointment which his absence on this occasion created among the social party assembled to meet him was, as might be expected, very severe; and was portrayed by the general gloom that pervaded every countenance, particularly that of his warm-hearted friend, the host himself. They impatiently listened to the pitiless storm, as every now and then it pelted and swirled, in fitful gusts, against the casements of the windows, and they expressed, in tremulous and broken whispers, their dread lest their expected guest should have lost his way amidst the wildering blast, seeking in vain for a place of shelter. These fears were painfully increased, from considering that the storm had commenced about mid-day, which was long after the time when my uncle always left his home on these annual visits.

For three weeks previous to the period of which we now speak, the ground had been hardened by a most intense frost, and was now partially covered with snow. Early on the day of our narrative, the sky had assumed a most unusual and alarming appearance. Towards the north-east, dark massy clouds were seen reeling and careering with a movement like that of gathered foam upon a river, when it is about to be swallowed up in the vortex of a counter-current; yet, strange as it may appear, the wind was so lulled, that the smoke of the neighbouring cottages ascended in beautifully curling columns above the leafless trees, and the rime floated about like gossamer. It was upon the morning of this eventful day that my uncle commenced his annual journey. He had not proceeded much beyond the half of his way, when large flakes of snow began to fall, while, at the same time, the wind got up, and almost instantaneously increased to a hurricane. The snow on the ground, being quite light and fleecy, was easily driven by the wind; and with the aid of what was now falling, formed such a mass of drift that it seemed impossible for either man or beast long to withstand its fury. But my uncle being mounted on a favourite horse, which had carried him through many storms, and knowing well every part of the country through which he had to pass, determined to proceed at all hazards, without resting, towards the termination of his journey. Having secured his hat firmly with a handkerchief, he urged on his horse; and although the snow had not yet attained an average depth of more than two inches, yet the drift had so collected that, on coming to the crossing

of several roads, he was perplexed which of them to follow. He pursued one of them for several miles, when the startling idea crossed his mind that he had lost his way, and might become a prey to the rage of the tempest. Reining in his steed, he paused for a while to endeavour to ascertain the nature of his situation, but this was impossible; the snow still deepened, and the blast became every moment more furious. He now felt too sensibly the danger that attended his journey—a cold sweat came over him—his frame shook, and he was ready to fall from his horse, when, at that instant, he fancied that he heard the sound of a human voice in the distance, and that succour was at hand. He listened attentively, but the hope was only raised to increase the disappointment; the imaginary sound was not repeated; and he would have given himself up to despair, and fallen a victim to the storm, had not the instinctive wisdom of his horse rescued him from his perilous situation.

How often does it happen that, when the wisdom and foresight of man are completely exhausted, the instinct and sagacity of the lower animals achieve deliverance from dangers which would otherwise be insurmountable! Such was the case in the present instance. My uncle insensibly gave loose rein to his faithful steed, which proceeded on its course with a helpless and almost life-exhausted burden, and reached in safety the village of —, which he found to be a deviation of nearly twelve miles from his intended route.

The inn of this village was kept by an old and respectable widow, who was famed for the comforts of her house, as well as for the plentiful supply of her stable, and the obsequious attention of her hostler. The voice of the latter was the first thing that partially awakened my uncle from his dreary dream; and, soon afterwards, the kindness of the hostess completely restored him to his senses, and reanimated his frozen frame. The blast was still raging without, and the storm-stricken traveller, thankful that he had at last beheld the 'human form divine' and the blessings of a domicile, resolved to put up for the night in this inn, to which he had been so providentially conveyed.

The room into which my uncle was shown was, like most rooms in our provincial Scottish inns, remarkable for its cheerful cleanliness and comfort. He had scarcely got himself divested of his dreadnought greatcoat, which, with the frost and snow, was almost as stiff as a piece of sheet-lead, when the landlady made her appearance. She was an active, bustling, good-looking woman, with an expression of settled grief in her countenance, which but too convincingly indicated, what she herself afterwards confessed, that she had 'haen her ain share' of the cares and sorrows of life. My uncle always wished to make himself as comfortable as circumstances would permit; and his first interrogatory accordingly was in regard to the accommodation which the house could afford: and this was of the greater consequence, as, judging from the aspect of the weather, he would in all likelihood be obliged to be her lodger for some period. Much to his satisfaction, he soon ascertained that he could be provided with a comfortable bed, plenty of good cheer, and a careful hostler.

My uncle soon found himself seated before a blazing fire, and, shortly afterwards, when he had recovered from the severe and numbing effects of the storm, and related to the worthy hostess the perils which he had encountered on his way, the table was covered with most substantial viands, of which he liberally partook; a tumbler of the best of whisky toddy succeeded, and with another, and the amusing conversation of the landlady, he whiled away the rest of the evening, caring little whether the storm should now abate or 'blow till it burst its cheeks.'

Next morning when my uncle arose, he was amazed at the extraordinary depth of the snow, and at finding it still drifting as furiously as on the preceding evening. Accidentally observing an old newspaper on the top of a chest of drawers, he contrived to amuse himself with it till breakfast was on the table. After partaking of a hearty meal he ventured out to look after his horse; but

such was the depth of the snow, that, although distant only a few yards from the inn, it was with the utmost difficulty that he reached the stable, where he found the hostler with a wooden shovel cutting his way through a huge wreath of snow which had accumulated between the stable and the barn. On observing my uncle, the hostler exclaimed, 'Dear me, I dinna think ye can leave this for twa days to come.'

'Do you really think so?' replied my uncle.

'I'm pretty sure o't,' continued the hostler, approaching with his shovel *à la militaire* towards the stable-door where my uncle stood, 'for gin the snaw be as deep in lika place as it is here, I defy the best horse that e'er put teeth on corn to proceed ony distance; an' as to attemptin' it without a beast, ne'er a ane need try't.'

'I daresay you are right.'

'Richt, sir! Ony body that has een in his head, gin he binna stane blin', as the sayin is, may easily see that.'

'Well, well,' said my uncle, 'however long I may be obliged to remain here, I hope you will be kind to my horse—he's a noble animal, and has always been a great favourite of mine; so you must spare no pains (putting a piece of money into his hand) in making him comfortable.'

'He's a gay kibble bit beastie, sir,' said the hostler; 'an' ye may depend on every attention bein' paid him; but gin ye had seen him last night after ye cam here, ye wadna hae thoct sae muckle o' him; for he was nae sooner in at the door here than doun he clankit as if there hadna been a bane in a' his body. But ye must know, sir, that I'm a bit o' a horse-doctor mysel, an' by a little perseverance in the application o' my medicine, I brocht him roun' again, so ye see he's noo as blythe's a bee there. Dear me, did ye ever hear ony thing like that!—that beats a'! As sure's my name's Willie Watt, the dumb animal kens what we're sayin'! Dinna ye hear him, sir—dinna ye hear him nicherin'! Just as muckle as to say, I thank ye, Willie, for ye're kindness! Depend upon it, sir, he'll be weel taen care o'.'

My uncle having received the reiterated assurances of Willie's kindness and fidelity in regard to his faithful horse, which had now become to him an object of greater regard than ever, from having been instrumental in saving his life, returned to his room in the inn, and engaged in conversation with the landlady, in the course of which he learned a considerable part of her history. He remarked that the storm had, since last night, assumed a most formidable appearance, and was, indeed, the severest he had ever seen accumulate in so short a period.

'Nae dout, sir,' said she, with a sigh, 'an' I fear we'll hae a severe winter o't; yet, sir, this is naething to the 'lang storm' o' NINETEEN-FOUR, which came on just aboot this very time—an' oh but that was a sair winter to mony a one, as weel as to me.'

'I should imagine,' said my uncle, glancing round the apartment, 'that the winter would require to be very severe to make you complain in such a snug little place as you have got here.'

'Very true, sir, but it wasna for sometime after the great storm I'm speaking o' that I came here; an' had the guidman been to the fore, I, in a' probability, wadna hae been here ava; but he was ane o' the fifteen that perished in that storm.'

Here she paused, and the big tears trickled down her care-worn cheeks. My uncle became anxious to know the story of her life, and, at his request, she proceeded with the mournful narrative:—

'We had the farm o' —, which was reckoned ane o' the best sheep farms in a' Ettrick, for we had aye a stock o' excellent sheep, an' were unco weel to do in the world till that ne'er-to-be-forgotten winter, which didna leave a single head on a' the farm. I could hae borne the loss o' the flock, an' ten times mair, had the guidman been spared; but since it was sae ordained, it was needless for me to repine. The lease o' the farm was aboot oot when he was taen awa, an' as I had nae wish to renew't again, it was thoct advisable to sell aff the remainder o' the

stock; an' as this place wanted a tenant at the time, I was recommended to take it. I didna like the change very weel at first, for my heart was aye sair when I thoct o' my native Ettrick, where I had been born an' brocht up, an' whar I thoct to hae lived an' died; but in time I became mair reconciled to my lot, an' noo I think sae muckle aboot it till the winter-time, when I begin to grow unco low in spirits; yet I often wonder at mysel for doin' sae, as we generally hae plenty o' customers comin' the way, which micht prevent that.'

Here the worthy hostess was interrupted by the ringing of a bell; and ere she could resume her narrative, a gentle tap-tapping was heard at the room-door, a signal which the landlady herself seemed to understand, and which she readily answered—'Comin' Betty—comin' presently,' and immediately prepared to leave the apartment. My uncle, after sympathizing with her on the melancholy subject on which she had been speaking, drew his chair closer to the fire, placed his feet on the fender, and, for lack of better employment, instinctively laid hold of the poker, and began the while tracing imaginary meagrons on the hearth-stone—then suspending it lightly betwixt his fore-finger and thumb, made it chime against the bars of the grate until the monotonous cadence thus produced lulled him asleep.

About twelve o'clock in the forenoon of the second day of my uncle's residence at the inn, the weather began to change. The wind, which from the commencement of the storm had continued to blow from the north-east, had now veered to the south-west, so that there was a freshness in the air indicative of an approaching thaw, which soon took place: for the snow began to fall in large heavy masses from the roofs of the houses, and a dense drizzly mist brooded over and around the village. My uncle, who had now been nearly two days a prisoner in the inn, began to feel exceedingly the want of company, and to get uneasy about his friend, in whose house he should have, all this time, been a welcome and happy inmate; and whose anxious fears after his safety, he knew, could only be exceeded by those of his friends whom he had left at home. The only books which he could lay his hands upon were Hogg's 'Mountain Bard,' and a mutilated copy of Burns, both of which he could almost repeat from beginning to end—at least he had read them so often before that he could derive but little pleasure from a perusal of them now, in their present soiled and tattered state; and he began to exercise his ingenuity, in order to contrive some occupation to while away the tedium of the evening. He recollected that a singular character lived in the same village. This was no less a personage than John Soapbuds, the village barber. Like the sage members of his craft of former times, when the spread of knowledge was more circumscribed than it is now; and ere the boasted punctilio of modern refinement and innovation had yet, with its vile distinctions, broken that chain of social intercourse which linked together 'in friendship's sacred bond,' all classes of persons, when 'lord and lady gay' thought it no sin to hold 'converse sweet' with 'village maid' or 'peasant boy,' John was a complete encyclopædia of the wit, learning, and gossip of the day; and his fame was spread far and wide.

At his trade he was quite an adept—as a politician, he was unequalled—and such were the extraordinary powers of his memory, that, after one perusal of the weekly newspaper that arrived in the village, he could repeat it almost verbatim. He, however, pretended great fastidiousness in exhibiting the wonderful powers he possessed; but this was mere affectation, and my uncle no sooner thought of John than he devised a stratagem by which, if successful, he could at once accomplish the object in view. Accordingly, he called in the landlady, and told her that, as he had forgotten to bring his shaving apparatus along with him, he would be much obliged to her if she could procure a barber for him, reminding her, at the same time, that he must be a person expert at his trade, as he had never before permitted any one to touch his face with a razor.

'Ye maun hae heard o' John Soapsuds, sir,' said the landlady, 'ane o' the maist sensible men in a' the toun? He is said to hae far mair sense an' lear than a' our maistrates tighther; an' I'm sure he'll gie satisfaction, for his name is spoken o' far an' near.'

'That's the man I want; send for John,' said my uncle. John was immediately sent for, and in a few minutes hereafter he was shown into my uncle's room.

'Your servant at comman', sir,' said John, driving the now from his feet by knocking them alternately against the floor; 'a severe storm this we've got. I fear the roads will be rendered quite impassable, sae that we'll hae nae news till we get a thaw, which I'm glad to think we'll soon hae, for, as I observe, the wind has shifted to the east: hae ye heard ony thing new on your travels, sir?'

'Not a word, John, of the slightest importance. I see,' said my uncle, 'you are quite the politician—what is your opinion as to the state of affairs in general, John?'

'Deed, sir, to tell ye the plain truth, I've gien myself mico little concern this lang time about our national affairs; for I hae lang been o' opinion, that as lang as we enjoy peace at hame, I dinna see that we hae ony richt to interfere wi' our foreign neebours at a', but should just eave them to settle their disputes atween themselves, in the best way they can. But I'm sorry to observe that we hae nae aye peace at hame.'

'We have had but little fighting for some time, John,' said my uncle: 'but probably you mean domestic strife?'

'I mean little less, I assure ye,' replied John.

'I'm sorry for that, John; but perhaps the fault rests with yourself.'

'As to that, sir, I'm rather at a loss to reply; but this much I ken, that I hae a *tarmagan* o' a wife, that's i' my ap' afterner than I could wish; for gin I but tak' up a newspaper to read, she flees at me just like a gled at a bicken. Nae farer gane than yesterday, I was musin' in 'Bell's Life' for a wee, an' lauchin' awa at the fun o' the hing, when the dementit firebran', that I should say sic a word, tore it oot o' my hand, an' afore ye could hae said Jack Robison, as the sayin' is, it was blazin' awa i' the fire.'

'I see,' said my uncle, interrupting the loquacious barber, 'that you are also a bit of a sporting character, and until you get your shaving apparatus in trim, I'll take a bet with you.'

'Wi' a' my heart, sir, gif it be ony thing comeatable at a'.'

'Well, then,' said my uncle, 'I wager a guinea that you will not run round this table for the space of half an hour, and every time you go round repeat the words, *here goes John again*, at the point you started from; but recollect, that, should you utter any thing else during that time, you forfeit the bet.'

'My certy, sir,' replied John, 'but that's the queerest et I hae yet heard tell o', an' as it seems no very difficult, I'll try't, an' I'm gay sure I'll won it tae.'

'Done,' cried my uncle.

'Done be't,' said John, 'an' sae I'll to wark at ance—here goes John again—here goes John again—here goes John again'—and so on.

My uncle, as soon as he got the barber fairly set agoing, rang the bell for the landlady, and asked her what sort of a fellow it was she had sent him.

'Why,' said he, 'he is mad—do you see what he's about? For several minutes past he has been running round this table in spite of all my entreaties. Confound the fellow, I can't get him to sit down.'

The landlady, begging my uncle's pardon, said, 'It's the first time, sir, I ever saw the puir man gang sae far wrang;' then turning round to John—'Losh keep me, John Soapsuds, are ye yersel', or are ye possest?'

'Here goes John again,' was the reply.

'Why, landlady,' said my uncle, 'you are certainly much to blame in having introduced a lunatic into my company. I would not trust the poor fellow with a sharp instrument in his possession, far less submit to the performance of an operation that even a man of sound mind cannot too de-

'Puir man,' said the landlady, 'a mair sober, inoffensive, soun' thinkin' bein' never lived—an' noo it's come to this. I'll send for his wife, an' see gin she can prevail on him to sit down, for he'll soon grow dizzy an' fa' an' hurt himsel'.'

Here the kind-hearted landlady hastened towards the door, and calling on Betty, the maid, told her to 'rin ower by an' tell Mrs Soapsuds to come here immediately, for that her man's gane clean gyte;' and in less than five minutes the door was burst open with great violence, and in the same instant Mrs Soapsuds, in an indescribable state of terror and agitation, entered the apartment, vociferating—'What's this ye hae been doin' to my husband?' And without waiting a reply flew towards John, exclaiming with great emotion—'In the name o' guid what's the matter wi' ye, man?—are ye wise eneuch, or are ye possest?' But the inflexible barber only replied—'Here goes John again;' and on receiving this laconic and somewhat ludicrous answer, she with still greater energy, but in a more subdued tone of voice exclaimed—'preserve us a', what sal we do wi' him? There's surely a judgment come ower him!' and left the house with as much precipitation as she had previously entered it.

All was now confusion and consternation. The report that 'John Soapsuds had become a lunatic,' spread like wildfire; and the astonished and confounded villagers kept pouring into the inn in such numbers, and in such rapid succession, that, in an incredibly short period, every spot from which a glimpse of the *dementit barber* could be obtained, was actually choked—some might be seen wringing their hands—others giving vent to their feelings in more audible and manifest demonstrations—in short, all, save the juvenile on-lookers, who, with their faces buried in their hands, and otherwise endeavouring to suppress a not inaudible titter which this singular scene presented to their youthful imaginations, seemed more or less to lament the dire calamity that had so suddenly and unexpectedly befallen one of the best of men, and by far the most recondite of the village councillors.

My uncle, hardly able to preserve an equanimity befitting the occasion, on witnessing this simultaneous burst of sympathy on the part of the assembled villagers (an evident token that John stood high in their estimation), advised them to send for a surgeon, to 'do for him what he had done for thousands.'

At this moment a young man, who, as afterwards appeared, was a younger son of the barber, was seen forcing his way along the crowded passage.

'Come awa', Peter,' cried the worthy hostess, as soon as the young man had reached the door of the apartment. 'Oh, what a heart-breakin' thing this is! Your puir father's gane a' wrang i' the head, an' here he's gaun roun' aboot an' roun' aboot the table, just like a daft body; an' for a' that we can do we canna get him to sit down or gi'e ower cryin', 'Here goes John again.'

Peter, who seemed as if rivetted to the spot on which he stood during the time the landlady was speaking, now ran forward to the table round which his father was revolving, and entreated him either to sit down or go home with him, but, on only receiving for answer the 'burden of the bet,' he laid hold of his arm in order to stop him; but his strength being inadequate to the attempt, he was, for some time, constrained, from the manner in which his arm was locked in that of his father, to accompany him round the table, while the latter, at every circumvolution, continued according to the terms of the bet to vociferate, *Here goes John again*. On seeing this the landlady exclaimed, 'Deed, an' ye may noo say, here goes John an' Peter again. Save us a', what's to be done noo? He's ower strong for puir Peter!'

My uncle again found it necessary to repeat his former injunction, that they should immediately send for a surgeon, as the complaint only gained ground by the delay. By this time, the perspiration might be seen falling in large drops from John's forehead; but still he continued to move round the table with his son Peter dangling in

and more hollow voice, for he was now staggering with fatigue—'Here goes John again.' 'Puir man,' added the landlady, with a deep drawn sigh, 'gin he wad only sit doun an' take a breathin', he micht come roun' again.'

An unusual bustle among the assembled throng about the doors, and the sound of several voices crying, 'mak' way for the doctor,' announced the arrival of the village pharmacopoliist. My uncle could not check the smile that forced itself upon him, on seeing a pedantic little old man with a silver-headed walking-stick in his hand enter the room, who, either from an extreme conceit of his own importance, or from an overweening anxiety to parade his professional skill in the presence of so many witnesses, without designing to take the slightest notice of any one, or even to return my uncle's bow of recognition, flew towards John, exclaiming in full stentorian tone, 'Soap-suds, what's the matter wi' ye?' Seeing that he returned no other answer than that already recorded, the consequential little *leech*, after eyeing his patient for a few seconds, as if doubtful of the nature of his complaint, turned round, and with a slight obeisance to my uncle, said, 'We must, by our united exertions, force the patient home, for he seems set out on a pilgrimage to the moon; and I fear it will be necessary to apply the proper remedies made use of in such cases; such as shaving, bleeding, blistering, and so forth.' So saying, and turning round again to John, he seized him by the right arm, Peter still holding by the other, thinking that he had nothing more to do than lead him out of the room; but John was not to be thus easily borne away from the scene of action and anticipated victory: for no sooner had the doctor put his arm within John's, than he also found himself involved in the tabular circuit. What a trio! The landlady seeing that the combined powers of the doctor and Peter could not arrest his career, held up her hands, and in a voice of astonishment exclaimed—'Preserve us a', he has the strength o' an ox, that man!'

At this moment, a tall athletic man, apparently a mason by trade, for he wore the insignia of his order in front, came hurriedly into the room. This was John's eldest son, who had got intelligence of his father's supposed insanity through his mother, the latter having left the apartment when she saw that neither her own entreaties, nor the exertions of her son Peter, had any effect upon her *dementit* husband, and who, seizing the barber in his arms, bolted out of the room with him, leaving the old doctor and Peter sprawling under the table.

'That's richt! ye hae him noo!' shouted several voices at once; and, in a twinkling, all had left the room save my uncle, who, with the utmost difficulty managed to preserve his gravity during the exhibition of this novel scene; and being now left alone, he gave vent to his feelings in a paroxysm of laughter, which, however, was suddenly interrupted by a clamour in the street. On looking out to ascertain what might be the cause, he was not a little astonished to find that the mason, in his retreat across the street with his father, had fallen into a huge wreath of snow which had accumulated in front of the house; and there were they, surrounded by a host of the villagers, tumbling and wrestling in the midst of it, the mason still holding his father round the waist, thereby rendering it the more difficult for them to get up. This new and unexpected scene only tended to excite still more my uncle's risibility, which, when he found he could no longer restrain within the bounds of an ordinary *giggle*, he retired from the window, and enjoyed a hearty laugh at the success of his own ingenuity.

In about half an hour from the time of their exit, the landlady, who had assisted in getting the barber conveyed to his home, and by this time had ascertained the whole affair, entered the room laughing.

'Weel, sir,' said she, 'yon's the best trick that e'er I saw played. I never thoct that John Soap-suds was sae simple afore. I thoct that baith o' them (the mason and his father) wad hae been suffocate wi' the snaw, for they fell thegither intil the heart o' a great wreath on the middle o' the street, an' micht hae been there yet

flingin' an' kickin', gin they hadna gotten help. I let him at hame yonder, makin' a sad uproar about the m o' a guinea, which he says he wad hae won had we n interfered.'

'Well,' replied my uncle, 'as John didn't get fair in the business, you will be good enough to give him tis (handing her a couple of guineas), and say, that as I am quite sure he would have gained the guinea had he n been interrupted, I send him one additional to console him for his temporary disappointment.'

The thaw had made so great an impression on the snaw during the night, that my uncle was enabled next mornin' to resume his journey. Accordingly, after an early breakfast, he left the inn; and in the afternoon of the same day he arrived, not without considerable difficulty, however, owing to the flooded state of the country, at the residence of his friend, just as he and the few social cronies, whom he should have met two days before, were sitting down to dinner.

It is unnecessary to detain the reader with an account of the friendly greetings, the kind congratulations, and the joyful welcome which the announcement of his arrival on this occasion elicited. Suffice it to say, that my worthy uncle lived for a number of years after the date of this incident, to enjoy his friend's annual feast, and to sit his table in a roar with his 'sprightly wit and canty gle,' and even when the 'hoary garniture of eild' had all but totally eclipsed the scintillations of his mind, when the smart repartee, and the well-timed joke had almost died away, often would his thoughts revert to the HONEST BARBER AND THE VILLAGE ALEHOUSE.

THE CHURL.

Though a man may not merit to be denominated vicious, he may yet be parsimonious. He may not be a Dead Sea, ever receiving, and never imparting; but yet he may be as unlike the Nile when, overflowing its banks, it leaves a rich deposit on the neighbouring lands. His domestic economy is a system of penuriousness, hateful to servants, visitors, and friends; from which every thing generous has fled; and in which even every thing necessary comes with the air of being begrudged, of existing only by sufferance. In his dealings with others, he seems to act under the impression that mankind have conspired to defraud him, and the consequence is, that his conduct often amounts to a constructive fraud on mankind. He is delighted at the idea of saving; and exults at the acquisition of a little pelf with a joy strikingly disproportionate to its worth. He looks on every thing given to charity as so much lost, thrown away, and for which there will never be any return. If a benevolent appeal surprise him into an act of unusual liberality, he takes ample revenge by keen self-reproaches, and a determination to steel himself against all such assaults in future. Or else, in his relenting moments and happier moods, he plumes himself, and looks as complacently on himself for having bestowed a benevolent mite, as if he had performed an act of piety for which nothing less than heaven would be an adequate reward. His soul not only never expands to the warmth of benevolence, but contracts at the bare proposal, the most distant prospect, of sacrifice. His presence in any society met for a charitable purpose would be felt like the vicinity of an iceberg, freezing the atmosphere, and repressing the warm and flowing current of benevolence. The eloquent think it a triumph to have pleaded the cause of mercy before him unabashed; and the benevolent are satisfied if they can only bring away their sacred fire undamped from his presence. He scorns at every benevolent project as romantic, as suited to the meridian of Utopia, to a very different state of things from what is known in this world. He hears of the time when the church will make, and will be necessitated to make, far greater sacrifices than at present, with conscious uneasiness, or resolved incredulity. His life is an economy of petty avarice, constructed on the principle of parting with as little as possible, and getting as much—a constant warfare against benevolence.—*Rev. J. Harris.*

RUINS.

THE power of association is one of the most pleasing of which the mind is susceptible—a feeling by which, when we visit some spot famous in local or national history, we are led back through a long series of years, till the mind rests on the successive incidents for which that place was remarkable, imagining all the exterior circumstances by which it was surrounded. This feeling is stronger, if, in addition to the mere recognition of the place or the recollection of the event, the eye rests on a something palpable to the sense, which is or was actually remarkable, as having been intimately connected with the circumstance. When we enter the apartments of James VI. of Scotland, at Windsor, and remember all the romantic beauty which entwines that spot, we feel more vividly the power of association than we do on the plains of Runnemede. Stonehenge, though wrapt in greater darkness, and probably the scene of less important events, creates in our mind a more impressive thrill than Blackheath. In this particular the scenes certainly acquire a greater degree of strength by an appeal to the senses. Hence ruins possess a peculiar power; they are surrounded by an energy and a charm electrical and talismanic; the most uncultured intelligence throws around them an air of majesty; and even if he know not the interest attaching to them as fragments of another age, the relics of ancient grandeur, of chivalric glory, or monastic asceticism, he haunts them in his own imagination with supernatural beings, bids grey-bearded men start from their graves, and mail-clad barons 'revisit the glimpses of the moon,' and brings all the paraphernalia of the grave to give awe to that which must be honoured by the brilliancy of its own dying grandeur, or by its ancient fame.

Ruins! there is something in the word, even without the spectacle, which awes the spirit and kindles the intellect—a pile, where the artist called forth all the skill and ingenuity of a dormant immortality, has fallen! There was a time when, bright in the majesty of its finished splendour, it rose to court the sunbeam and to avert the storm. Is it a temple?—there was a day when the chant rose high and loud on its consecration, and the white-stoled priest called the fire from heaven to bless the sacrifice. Is it a senate-house?—there was a day when it rung with the thunder of applause, and the fires of eloquence burned brightly in its midst; but now in ruins, the ivy, and the lichen, and the wallflower, wreath it with a grave-like beauty, every wind wakes for it a mournful requiem, and each column and architrave tell in their melancholy appearance how rapidly they are passing to dust.

Now such are some of the lessons—and there are none more affecting—which time teaches to man by his silent and imperceptible march, by the mighty and effective changes which are transpiring from the touch of his finger and the wide sweep of his scythe. These ruins tell us of change, mighty change, existing all around us, stamped visibly on every object. History tells us of the ravages of conquerors—she points to the remnants of shattered glory and faded powers—she tells us what the sword has done. But far more impressive is the lesson conveyed to the mind in that ruined shrine, once burning with religious fire—something far more eloquent in the hootings of the bird of night in that trembling tower, round which, in the days of its grandeur and its pride, the eagle did not disdain to wheel its flight; and the creeping ivy, as it steals over the grey ruin and the proud Gothic pile, has a pathos and a power which appeals yet more to the sense than the classic verbiage of the best historian or the immortal strains of the first of poets. They tell of the desolation and the ruin which pass over the earth—they tell of the various stages of society which gradually rise and flourish; and, as they meet the eye in their impressive loneliness, they speak of 'Time, the beautifier of the dead, restorer of the ruin.'

But ruins!—why, what is our world but one vast Carthage? and are not we who inhabit it, like the Marius, sitting amidst the evidences of its decay? Again we refer

to history, and lay our hands upon Herodotus or Diodorus Siculus: they tell us of stupendous piles, all glorious as the hand of the most sublime artist could make them, and they speak of buildings whose domes courted heaven and drank in the golden flood of living light from the sky; they tell us of oracles, but they give forth no response; of temples, but they ring with no chant; of the palace, but the shout of revelry is hushed there; of the hall, but the warrior's voice hath not left an echo. Yet a hollow sound cometh from the chambers of the grave, and it peals over the cromlech stone, and the triumphal arch, the bust and the pillar, the frieze and the relief, the pillared obelisk and the proud sarcophagus, declaring 'vanity of vanities!' The chart of time is before me—I stand amidst the dateless tombs of thousands of years, the dynasties of all time rush on my vision. I turn a backward glance, and I see all the world's mighty empires; they crowd on each other, each in its own sepulchral grandeur, the world's melancholy funeral procession; the sceptre is snapped, the throne is prostrate, the power is gone. Babylon is there—Babylon whose Semiramis called forth its high and haughty splendour—Babylon, where Nitocris kindled the beamings of softer glory. We have read of its hundred gates of solid brass, its six hundred and seventy-six squares, its unimaginable walls eighty-seven feet broad and three hundred and fifty feet high, its magnificent bridges, its costly palaces, its subterranean glories, and its hanging gardens; its fifty streets, each fifteen miles long and one hundred and fifty broad; its Temple of Belus six hundred feet high, its eight towers, its golden image, and its observatory on the summit. It was here that the men, called from Chaldean plains, first watched the evolutions of the mighty planets that wheel through space, and formed imaginary figures in the sky; those stars roll on, little reck they of change; but the scene on which they smiled is passed away; of all this primeval splendour scarce a single relic meets the eye—the Arabian pitches not there his tent, the houses are full of doleful creatures, the wild beasts of the desert are there, there the satyrs hold their revels, and the pall of destruction envelops the whole.

Egypt! the land of science in all its branches, literature in all its ramifications, art in all its beauties, is changed. The Nile rolls onward still as it rolled in the days of Cheops, and Sesostris, and the haughty Rameses, and the lotus stills hangs over their stream, and beauty still walks in the sky—but Egypt is changed. Hermopolis is changed; its temple exhibits marble forms, and its architecture the richness and the beauty of an ancient hand; its winged globes are still there, and the stars still fret its ceiling—but they give forth no fire; and Apollonius Magna, with its galleries and porticoes, and covered naves of entire rock; its colossal figures, its paintings and its hieroglyphics—Typhon has conquered Isis, the wreck proclaims it, and the temple is far more expressive of his dwelling than in the days of its glory and power.

But Thebes, oh what a change is there! The lyre of Memnon is hushed, and his statue, once clothed in all the drapery of beauty, is mutilated; and its temple, where pomp and magnificence yet linger, exhibits likewise all the evidences of ruin and decay. Where shall the eye repose in searching for some temple that retains its former glory, some palace where the change has not been desolation? In her once sacred shrines, the battle-scenes are still sculptured on the walls, and Osiris is still there, extending the sceptre of his protection over the heroes of the fight; but Osiris is a mangled figure—a type of the land where his rites were celebrated, the nation of which he was the tutelary deity. We approach the great Elasok or Luxro—we pass through chambers leading onwards for eight hundred feet; all is ruins! We travel to Karnak, we pass the Crophinx, and the sphinx and palaces shadowed with groves, like life in the midst of death—we enter the temple of Isis, what a picture of naked desolation! The sphinx again meets your eye—ah! it was the emblem of the land, it is the emblem of the land still; it was couchant in the days of Egypt's grandeur, because Egypt conquered it; it is couchant now—Egypt herself is conquered.

dignation on Cataline; fascinating, enchanting, and appalling by the power of his tongue! With what eagerness would his footsteps seek that Temple of Liberty in which Rienzi swore to protect her in her last asylum! How devoutly would his imagination greet the shores which tasted of the heroism of Regulus, the patriotism of amilius, and the wisdom of Numa Pompilius. Glorious and immortal Rome, over which old time has no power, because her fame rests not on the achievements of the sword, and mind had established an empire more lasting than the brittle basement of a throne—hers was an empire of the feelings of humanity, and the high aspirations of an immortal destiny. Alaric, and Attila, and Genseric, though they robbed Rome of its power, could not destroy its glory; they might have thrown a firebrand in every temple, and have made each august and glittering pile the contributor to its own destruction; but those ashes would have risen to the wind, and they would have given to the wind a voice, and that voice would have spread through the universe, and the glory of Rome would have been immortal as it is to-day. Therefore, among her ruins, while mourn over the decay, I joy over the triumph; and while see all that time has done—all the prostration and all the wreck—I see, I feel that there is a something over which he has no power, an empire which is not destined to the tomb.

The ruins of Rome are threefold: there are the ruins of ancient Rome, there are the ruins of the Middle Ages, and the ruins of Modern Rome—and all are surrounded with a halo of immortality robbed with light as with a garment. It may with truth be asserted that no nation has exhibited such a continued stream of lofty genius as Rome. In other cities we are compelled to institute a comparison between the achievements of genius in ancient and modern times, by which the modern generally suffers; but here all is classical. We feel that we are on no common spot of earth. The Coliseum, the Parthenon, the arch of Constantine, and the columns of Trajan and Antoninus, are worthy of St Peter's, and the mighty church of St Peter's is worthy of them.

The space allotted for this article is almost filled, and yet we have not noticed the land which of all others commands attention; for if Rome be glorious—if the charm which haunts her ruins and lingers round the Tivoli or the Farnese—if the glory which hovers over the Seven-hilled City be a spirit ennobling and sublime—how much more brilliant is that which haunts the shores of Greece! how great the charm which rises like another Venus from the Cyclades, which hovers over the Thessalian Mountains, consecrates the Delphian vales, reigns in the Morea, and breathes beautifully in Argos and Eleusis! No! never, never—unless we may make a happy exception in favour of our own country—never was there such a land; nay, we cannot, we dare not lay claim to such lightning-like genius as is theirs. Speak we of sculpture? Phidias was theirs; of poetry? the first who fired the torch was theirs—the blind old master of song, whose harp-strings rung over the ruins of Troy; speak we of oratory? Demosthenes was theirs—and never since have such breathing thoughts and burning words been known; do we ask of painting? Apelles, and Zeuxis, and Parrhasius, were theirs—the men who deceived Nature by their powers; speak we of figures? Euclid was theirs—the man who proposed such problems that it has taken since then all ages to solve; of philosophy? Socrates and Plato were theirs—the piety and the virtue of the one, and the bold and dreamy theories of the other, have called forth the admiration of all times; and the Father of Historians was theirs; and the first of rhetoricians was theirs; and the prince of warriors was theirs; and the purest of patriots, and the wisest of legislators, and the most beautiful of moralists sprang from their soil. Oh, who would not wish to walk amidst the ruins of Greece? Ah, she is all ruins! that word reminds us that

* 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more—
No souldy sweet, no deadly fair.

Unlike Rome, she shows no monuments of a modern glory, no emblems of a present greatness, no promises of a future power; yet, where upon her shores can we wander but we are surrounded by the spirits of the illustrious dead—by the mighty chiefs who led on to conquest—by the eternal shades of men who were the pillars of a trembling state? On the plains of Marathon we are met by Theseus and Miltiades; at the pass of Thermopylæ by Leonidas; at Sparta by Agesilaus; at Labadia by Trophonius; at Platæa by Aristides and Pausanias; in short, every spot of ground is classical, consecrated by history, poetry, and fame. If we search for ruins it is the same: their bold projecting glory meets us wherever we turn our eye. At Athens we have the Acropolis, crowned with the Parthenon, and, in the ancient city, the Temple of Jupiter Olympus and the Erechthium. At Argolis I see the relics of the most ancient of Grecian cities. At Mycenæ, the Gate of Lions and the tomb of Agamemnon. Every spot is hallowed by some mausoleum, some temple, some unknown remnant of ancient power. Such was Greece as a whole, and Corinth was the emporium of Greece; it was the prow and port of all the states. Here commerce waved her flag of sovereignty over the seas; here rose palaces the most magnificent; temples the most beautiful; theatres the most elegant; here statues, columns, caryotides, so glorious that the world declared them the most finished that had ever seen the sun; they strove to imitate the style, and called it 'the Corinthian,' in honour of its birth-place. If circumstances allowed we might tell the reader of its Acro Corinthus; how it rose on the mount, and looked as from a throne over the sea and land—of the many legends, beautiful and bright, which poetry has wreathed around the grottoes raised over the fountain of Pyrene, where the Muses made their special dwelling-place amidst its pillars of Parian marble—of the Temple of Neptune, where were the chariots of the sea-god and of Amphitrite, drawn by horses covered over with gold and adorned with ivory hoofs. What tales might be told in connexion with Corinthian ruins, of Isthmian games which were held here, and the statues of the victors which crested the avenue to the Temple of Neptune, reposing in all their glories, and shadowed with the laurel and the pine? A celebrated place was Corinth: there the learned met together to converse; they built their schools of knowledge, and widely was their wisdom known. Cicero styled Corinth, for the high brilliancy of its intellectual lustre, 'Totius Græciæ lumen;' and Florus calls it 'Græciæ decus.' The wise resorted thither to enjoy the company of philosophers; and thither came the rich from all quarters of civilized Europe and Asia too, to refine the taste and expand the intellect. This originated the remark of Horace, which passed eventually into a proverb—'Non cuius homini contingit adire Corinthum.' Connecting these circumstances together, we thought that in glancing over the proud ruins of our world, none could be more interesting than those of Corinth; and although the fire of its former grandeur is extinguished—though commerce no longer swells her sails—and the seminaries of learning and classical refinement are in the dust—a spell is on the spot, and it will exercise its influence there for ever.

It is melancholy, in thus walking where populous nations once stood, and cities in majesty flourished, to find that thus over the proudest works of man there comes a blast, a blight, and a storm—melancholy to find that beauty is ever thus succeeded by deformity, and to see over the proudest pile cypress hang its branches as a banner—melancholy to find that the firmest throne, and the strongest sceptre, and the loftiest column, and the finest pencil, and the lightest chisel, are all the trophies of the dust. And yet amidst it all there comes the recollection that the intellect that planned, the spirit that soared, the mind which waved its pinions to such a noble flight, claps its wings in the midst of ruin, smiles upon decay, towers beyond the ashes of destruction, and builds its own monument in immortality. Virtue and intellect survive the wrecks of time.—*Wonders of the World in Nature, Art,*

THE CORK-TREE.

This useful production is known in Spain by the name of '*Alcornocae*.' Though of a very different appearance to the oak, it furnishes a wood of the same grain, and produces acorns not so bitter as ours, and which, as an article of food, the poorer classes do not always abandon to the hogs. It grows to the height of our apple-tree, and spreads its branches much in the same manner, but the trunk is of greater dimensions, and the foliage of a much darker hue. Its trunk and branches are covered with a thick ragged bark, which would seem to indicate disease; the trunk alone, however, furnishes a bark of sufficient thickness to be of use in the arts. It is first stripped away in the month of July, when the tree is fifteen months old, but then it is of no use but to burn, and is only removed for the sake of producing a stouter growth. In the course of six or eight years, the inner bark has grown into a cork of marketable quality, and continues to yield, at similar intervals, for more than a century.

ENTERPRISE OF THE DUTCH.

They have bestowed immense labour in regaining their soil from the sea, and have based cities on the domain of ocean itself. When they plant a house where the land is marshy, they proceed as follows:—They trace the square of its dimensions; bore to the depth of seven or eight feet till they find water; pump it dry; and drive stakes round the square by means of a weight of twelve or fourteen hundred pounds, suspended from a pulley; the stakes are from forty to fifty feet in length, and each requires on an average an hour and a half for driving it down. One hundred of these blocks or stakes are sufficient for a small house. The royal palace at Amsterdam took 13,695. When it is considered what immense labour the towns in Holland have required for construction, what immense sums they must have cost, and what industry the people must have possessed to enable them to prosper with such drawbacks to their exertions, the Pyramids of Egypt, the ruins of Thebes, the hanging gardens of Babylon, appear no longer as visionary dreams of gigantic enterprise, but as the works of man.

SNARING ALLIGATORS.

'It was during the Mahratra war,' went Charlie's story, 'and our division lay encamped on the bank of a large tank swarming with alligators. Every effort had been unavailingly made to shoot the monsters, when, recollecting my boyish exploits in cat-hunting, I suggested the following plan:—There were numerous bamboos growing round the tank; a strong stalk of one of these, possessing all the elasticity of a yew-bough, was to be bent to the ground, and fastened to a tent-peg, driven in sufficiently to make it retain its position. This done, a dog was next to be tied close to a peg, and a rope with a running knot fastened in such a manner to the bamboo that the alligator must insert his head into the noose before he could reach the cur, which he would seize, and attempting to bear away, tear up the tent-peg; the bamboo, released from its hold, immediately rebounding with such violence as to carry aloft the whole trio—dog, peg, and crocodile. The idea was eagerly seized, and in the evening we proceeded to carry it into execution by baiting twenty or thirty bamboos; and so successful was the experiment, that not an eye was closed that night in camp, from the dreadful bellowings of the monsters as they swung to the winds of heaven. Next morning we were gratified by the sight of the finest crop of bamboo fruit ever witnessed, every tree bearing its burden of a tent-peg, a pariah dog, and an alligator, some already dead, others in their last agonies. The disturbance caused by their roaring had, however, been so great that the general put a stop to the sport in next day's orders.'—*Napier's Scenes, &c.*

RATHER GREEN.

A Yankee Captain once cried out in a squall, to a raw hand newly shipped on board his craft, 'Let go the jib, there! let go that jib!' 'I an't a touchin' it!' squalled out the simple Down-easter in return.

EMBALMING AMONG THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS.

The body was given to the embalmers, who first cut out the contents of the head, &c., and washed them in palm wine, impregnated with strong astringent drugs, after which they began to anoint the body with the oil of cedar, myrrh, cinnamon, and cassia; and this lasted thirty days. They next put it into a solution of nitre (saltpetre) for forty days longer, so that they allowed seventy days to complete the embalming; after which they bound it up in swathes of linen besmeared with gum. Being then able to resist putrefaction, it was delivered to the relatives, inclosed in a wooden or paper case, somewhat resembling a coffin, and laid in the catacomb or grave belonging to the family, where it was placed in an upright position against the wall.—*Herodotus, book ii.*

VERSES

SUGGESTED BY THE WISH OF WILSON, THE ORNITHOLOGIST, TO BE BURIED WHERE THE 'BIRDS MIGHT SING OVER HIS GRAVE.'

In some wild forest shade,
Under some spreading oak, or waving pine,
Or old elm, festoon'd with the budding vine
Let me be laid!

In this dim lonely grot,
No foot, intrusive, will disturb my dust;
But o'er me songs of the wild birds shall burst,
Cheering the spot.

Not amid charnel stones,
Or coffins dark, and thick with ancient mould,
With tatter'd pall, and fringe of canker'd gold,
May rest my bones;

But let the dewy rose,
The snowdrop, and the violet, lend perfume
Above the spot, where, in my grassy tomb,
I take repose.

Year after year,
Within the silver birch-tree o'er me hung,
The chirping swain shall rear her callow young—
Shall build her dwelling near.

And ever, at the purple dawning of the day,
The lark shall chant a pealing song above;
And the shrill quail, when eve grows dim and grey,
Shall pipe her hymn of love.

The blackbird and the thrush,
The golden oriole, shall flit around,
And waken, with a mellow gush of sound,
The forest's solemn hush.

Birds from the distant sea
Shall sometimes hither flock, on snowy wings,
And soar above my dust in airy rings,
Singing a dirge to me.

* It is perhaps gratifying to learn, that his wish has been somewhat realized: and that birds have indeed chanted their 'wood-notes wild' over his grave. We prove this, we quote the following letter from an American newspaper, edited by The Saturday Bulletin, printed in Philadelphia, April 17, 1830.—'My Dear Sir—I was in the Swedish churchyard on Sunday morning last. A crowd of half-a-dozen persons, strangers to each other, were gathered around the grave of Alexander Wilson, the well-known ornithologist, attentively reading the epitaph. Suddenly a blackbird and his mate flew up into a tree close to the tomb, and sang aloud over our head—rolling the romantic wish of the lamented Wilson, that he might be buried where the birds of spring should warble over his grave. The touching nature of the incident was felt by all who witnessed it. Yours, A.'

CHINESE METHOD OF PREPARING EGGS.

Eggs of certain ducks are prepared in China so as to keep for one or even for two years. For ten eggs they take half a pint of ashes of cypress-wood or bean-stalks (some use potash), three-eighths of powdered chalk, and two ounces of pulverized coarse salt. This is wetted with a strong infusion of tea, so as to form a paste, with which the eggs are entirely covered; they are then put into an earthen vessel and hermetically sealed.

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THE FIRST AND LAST DAYS OF THE YEAR.

THE first day of the year brings with it many present enjoyments and pleasant anticipations to all. On this side of the Tweed it is a season of rest and rejoicing. The young are released from their tasks, and those in the vigour of life, to a certain extent, from their toils. It is a period of general social intercourse and joyful congratulations, mingled oftentimes, no doubt, with feelings of a tender and serious kind. The moral influence of the season comes home, with its peculiar lesson, to the hearts and consciences of men. Each of us, individually, has entered upon a new year, and we naturally look forward to the fair and untrodden future which lies before us with the peculiar hopes and fears which take their complexion from our respective tastes and tempers, professions and pursuits. But how different are our feelings on the first day of the year in youth, from those we experience in mature years. In the clear and unclouded morning of our existence, how we rejoiced in the advent of the first day of the year. The mirth and music found a ready echo in our hearts. There was something pleasing in seeing festive groups of human beings, going about with bright joyous faces, shaking each other vehemently by the hand, and wishing each other a 'happy new year'; while there was in each happy homestead such stores of cakes and buns, so liberally bestowed by kind and hospitable hearts, that we often sorely lamented that there should be but one day of such feasting and festivity in the year. There was also on new-year's day a feeling of pride and importance that took possession of our hearts. We felt on that day that we were older, if we were not wiser, than we were twelve months before. We had seen the old year gathered to its fathers, but its departure, however it might affect the thoughtful and the old, caused us no regret. With the natural feelings of youth, we turned from the past to the future, and eagerly joined in the festivities that ushered in the infant year. We loved to give it a warm welcome, for we felt, as we did so, the pride of seniority steal over us. Somehow or other we then took a pleasure in growing old. Youth was slighted and passed over on all occasions. Its faults were magnified and its aspirations damped. Juvenility was always made a plea or pretext for denying or delaying some present or prospective enjoyment. Hence we were eager to grow old—we sighed to escape from boyhood and to merge ourselves amongst the young men. Time seemed slow in its progress. It seemed as if we would never arrive at manhood. Therefore it was that we hailed with delight the advent of a new year, and rejoiced that we were drawing so much

nearer the period when we might enter into the dust and din of real life—that we might gird up our loins in order to run with our exulting companions the all absorbing race for pleasure, and profit, and power. Alas! what a change has come over us since then. The dreaming and enthusiastic boy—the castle-builder—the optimist—is now sobered down into the plain, practical, common-place man. We almost doubt our intellectual and moral identity. Yet memory tells us that, changed though we be, we are still the same. The same human being who feels thoughts of seriousness and sorrow fill his heart at the dawning of the first day of the year, is the same merry-hearted creature who long years ago welcomed its approach with mirth and music.

'When first our scanty years are told,
It seems like pastime to grow old;
And as youth counts the shining links
That time around him binds so fast,
Pleased with the task, he little thinks
How hard that chain will press at last.'

It is on the northern side of the Tweed that the first day of the year is particularly observed as a season of social intercourse and festive enjoyment. But though the first day of the year has long in Scotland been the high tide of kindly greetings and social intercourse, yet in one point it is as much observed in England. We refer especially to the ancient and time-honoured custom of friends, and relations, and lovers, giving gifts to each other at that glad season. No doubt presents and tokens of affection, 'Friendship's Offerings' and 'Forget Me Nots,' may be given at any time, and right it is that it should be so; but it is pleasant to think that there is, as it were, a season set apart and consecrated by immemorial usage for the bestowing of tokens of friendship and affection. The value and nature of these gifts will, of course, be regulated by the circumstances and tastes of the givers. But whether costly or common, they are visible manifestations of friendship and love; and however small may be their intrinsic value, they afford the feelings and affections a tangible object whereon they may rest. It is not the gift which sanctifies the altar, neither is it the value which sanctifies the gift. It often happens that the gift is but a poor and inadequate token of the giver's friendship or love; but here, as in the offerings of charity, the widow's mite will frequently be the representative of warmer and deeper feelings than the costly contributions of the great. It is the feelings of the giver and the feelings of the recipient which in truth invest a gift with its priceless and unpurchaseable value. How many gifts are given by our humble peasantry, and by large portions of the industrious middle-classes in the community, which, intrinsically considered, are of little or no value; yet what an amount of pure moral feeling has been repre-

sented by these gifts, and what a world of holy and happy emotions have been called up in the hearts of their recipients! And then how does time, which renders almost all things less valuable, confer an additional value on the humblest offering of friendship or love. Long years may have passed away since the gift was received, which spoke a language which none but the giver and receiver knew or could interpret. Distance, also, may have given a deeper value to the gift. Countries and continents, and the ocean with its world of waters, may lie between kindred hearts, which, though distant from each other in the body, are yet oftentimes present with each other in spirit, in thought, in feeling. It may be, that that which gives to a gift its highest and holiest value has consecrated and canonized it. Tidings may have come to the homedweller that the distant sojourner has passed away from the green earth to the dark and dreamless domain of death. It is in such a season of bereavement that the full value of a gift is felt. It is a connecting link betwixt the living and the dead. All the treasure fountains of memory are opened at its sight. The heart and the hand of the giver are cold, and the voice which spoke cherished words to us is hushed for ever; but there lies the gift, and while we press it to our heart the grave almost seems to yield up its dead. It is in such an hour of loneliness, when the heart is full to overflowing with sorrow for the loved and lost, that we hang over and almost idolize any memorial of the dead, which is then to us far more valuable

'Than all Bokhara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand.'

'There are few things,' says the great moralist of England, 'not purely evil, of which we can say, without some emotion of uneasiness, 'this is the last.' The profound truth contained in this sentence must find a ready response in every heart. The last gift which we received from a beloved friend—the last words which we heard from the lips of a father or mother—the last song that we heard flow from the lips of some beautiful and beloved maiden—leave an impression on the heart which can never be effaced. Something akin to this almost every one feels on the last day of the year. However the surface of our feelings may be rippled by the roistering and revelry of the season, there is an under current of thought which becomes softened and solemnized by the reflections which the time and the season suggest. Another leaf in the mysterious book of time, inscribed with characters of mingled grief and gladness, is about to be turned over for ever. Much is there in many a page which is dark and unseemly. We would give a world's ransom for power to obliterate many a withering word in that truthful record. But it may not be. What is writ is writ, and the record will soon be closed. In a few hours we shall see the close of a day which marks the termination of another year. Another memorial stone is standing on the way-side, telling us that we are so much nearer the land that lieth far away. Yet a little while and we can say

'Unto the pale, the perish'd past,
Another year hath darkly flown;
And viewless as the winged blast
Hath come and gone.
Gone with its fond and fairy dreams;
Gone with its feverish hopes and fears;
Gone with its blossoms and its beams,
Its smiles and tears.'

On the first day of the year it is natural to indulge in the 'pleasures of hope.' On the last day of the year it is equally so to indulge in the 'pleasures of memory.' Sometimes, on the last night of the year, while seated amongst a circle of beloved friends, and frequently at home in the chimney corner of our inner chamber, the spirit of the past has come over us, and we have been borne on the wings of memory far away over all the chequered scenes of other years. But how often are such retrospective musings mingled with much that is unpleasant! It is unpleasant to remember acts of ingratitude and faithlessness in our friends—to recall occasions in which we were

treated with indifference and coldness by old familiar associates—to remember being ridiculed and run down by those who have sat at meat with us; and it is unpleasant to remember all the wrath, and bitterness, and evil speaking that party spirit, and the paltry contests of life, have given birth to; the unkind looks, and the hard and hard words which, in moments of anger, have fallen from our lips, and wounded beyond hope of healing many a heart which, but for these hot and hasty words, would have loved us until death. It is the recollection of such things as these that makes retrospective musings unpleasant. This is, however, the dark side of the picture. It is at once more pleasant and more profitable to gaze on the other side. Even a retrospective glance over the occurrences of a single year presents many scenes and circumstances which gladden the heart. What disinterested acts of kindness have we experienced! What love and affection have been bestowed upon us by old familiar friends! How often have they, the tried and the trusted, who wept with us when we wept, and rejoiced with us when we rejoiced, come forward unsolicited in the hour of distress to counsel and assist us! Such acts every one has experienced. They throw a redeeming beauty over the path of existence. They are like verdant spots in the wilderness over which we have passed. We love to look back to these little Goshens, as they lie bathed in the quiet light of memory. It is the recollection of such things which sanctifies the past and makes it holy. They throw a reflected light upon the present, which leads us to gaze with subdued and softened feelings upon the festive scene which the last day of the year has brought before us. Mournful recollections are awakened. We miss from the social board many who year after year were seated there.

'There are sweet singing voices'
In our paths, that now are still
There are vacant seats in our earthly homes,
Which none again may fill.'

The old men, with their heads covered with the 'prophetic snow' of years, and young men, in the pride and power of manhood, have passed away from this busy scene. And, oh, grief beyond all other griefs! the beautiful and beloved, whose presence made sunshine in the shady places of the earth, whose clear laughing voice made melody in our hearts and in our homesteads, they too have bowed their fair young heads to the destroyer.

'I see not here
All whom I saw in the vanished year!
There were graceful heads, with their ringlets bright,
Which tobe'd in the breeze, with a play of light;
There were eyes, in whose gleaming laughter lay
No faint remembrance of dull decay;
There were steps that flew o'er the cowslip's head,
As if for a banquet all earth were spread;
There were voices that rung through the sapphire sky,
And had not a sound of mortality.
Are they gone? Is their mirth from the green hills past?
Ye have looked on death since ye met me last.'

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

REV. ANDREW FULLER.

THE gifts of genius are not hereditary, neither are they confined to one class of society. The possessors of shining powers may be met with in the humblest as well as in the highest walks of life. Indeed, many of those who have earned intellectual renown, have risen from the lowest stations. Without the advantages of early training, without the patronage and support of the wealthy and the great, and often when doomed to the most severe privations, they, by diligent study and consistent conduct, have risen not merely to high literary eminence, but to a foremost place among those who have benefited their fellow-creatures and promoted the Divine honour.

In this class, this honourable class of honourable men, we must place the name of Andrew Fuller. It was not his privilege to receive in his youth a good literary education. His parents were not in circumstances to give him anything beyond the mere rudiments of English literature.

tion; and yet, by diligence and perseverance, combined with vigorous powers, he, in the course of his active and laborious life, not only wrote much, but wrote well. Indeed, he has left behind him works which display great strength of intellect, as well as the most ardent piety; works which will ever be prized by the profound theologian as well as by the humble and least educated Christian.

This talented and excellent man was born on the 6th of February, 1754, at Wicken, near Ely, Cambridgeshire. His mother's maiden name was Philippa Gunton. She and her husband were both the children of pious parents, whose forefathers had suffered much in the cause of religion during the reign of Charles II. Fuller's father was a farmer—an occupation which, in those days, yielded very little emolument. But though his parents never possessed much worldly property, they were greatly esteemed in the place where they resided, and enjoyed much domestic happiness. They had three sons, Andrew the subject of this sketch, John, and Robert, the two latter of whom followed their father's employment, and became pious and respectable deacons in Baptist churches.

Fuller followed the occupation of his father till he was nearly twenty years of age. Notwithstanding the instructions which he received from his excellent parents, and he good example they set before him, he was, at this period of his life, addicted both to falsehood and swearing. He ascribes this to his associating with a few careless, wicked young men, who resided in the neighbourhood; and the fact should be noted alike by parents and children—by all, indeed, who wish to see our youth walking in the ways of religion and virtue. But previous to its relinquishing the occupation of a farmer, a change for he better came over his mind, which produced a salutary effect upon his future conduct. He attended, with his parents, the Baptist church at Soham, and having embraced their views, he was baptised, and joined its communion.

Several years after this, the pastor of this church, Mr Fre, tendered his resignation, and for some time they were without the services of a stated minister. Fuller, and a Mr Joseph Dyer, who was baptised along with him, and who became one of his most intimate friends, occasionally conducted religious services in the chapel. After a time, the services devolved principally on Fuller, and eventually he was invited to become the stated pastor. This invitation he was, though not without considerable difficulty, prevailed on to accept; and notwithstanding the disadvantage of being minister in a place where he had resided from his infancy, and the defects of his early education, he was much esteemed, and his services were greatly prized. He now became a most devoted student of the Scriptures; examined for himself the great doctrines of the Christian faith, some of which were being teenly discussed by the theologians of the day; and he was not long pastor of the Baptist church at Soham till he showed, in his pulpit appearances and in his published discourses, that he who had recently left the plough was a man of great mental power, and a divine of the first class.

About a year after Mr Fuller became pastor of the church at Soham he married Miss Sarah Gardiner, daughter of Stephen Gardiner of Burwell. She was a member of the church, a lady of great good sense and of valuable domestic qualities. Shortly after their union, they suffered considerably in consequence of embarrassment in their worldly circumstances. The people of his charge were few in number, and the annual income he received from them did not exceed the pitiful sum of thirteen pounds sterling. That he might 'owe no man anything,' and that he might provide for the wants of his wife and rising family, he at one time kept a shop and at another taught a school. But from all the sources he did not realize such a sum as prevented him making an annual road on the little property which he had saved previous to his marriage. This pecuniary embarrassment preyed much upon his spirits, unfitted him for the discharge of his pastoral duties, and injured greatly his bodily health. Whilst he was in these difficulties, and whilst

he was labouring with a zeal and a fidelity for the welfare of his charge that has seldom been equalled, the church at Kettering invited him to become their minister. Mr Hall, the father of Robert Hall, of whom Mr Fuller says, 'he came seventy miles to my ordination, and continued my father and friend to his death,' was the person that made the suggestion to the people of Kettering regarding his translation. But though, in a pecuniary point of view, he needed a change, and though the invitation was most cordially given, and though he had the greatest confidence to place in the opinion of his friend, yet such were his views of the pastoral office, that it was not till after much persuasion, and much earnest entreaty on the part of the church, and of ministers whom he highly esteemed, that he resigned his connection with the congregation at Soham, and went to Kettering.

Mr Fuller removed to Kettering in October, 1782. The first two years of his residence there passed away without anything worthy of particular notice. He was most diligent and faithful in the discharge of his ministerial duties, and it was not long till the influence of his character and talents began to be felt, not merely in the town where he lived and by the people among whom he laboured, but by the ministers of his own and other religious denominations with whom he came in contact. All regarded him as a man of decided intellect, of great prudence, of sterling integrity—as one whose counsel and assistance were peculiarly valuable.

Mr Fuller was not long in his new sphere of labour till he was tried with much domestic affliction. An accident of such a serious nature befel his youngest boy that for some time his death was daily expected. Soon after he lost a very interesting daughter, as appears from a narrative drawn up on the occasion by his esteemed friend Dr Ryland, and in 1792 he lost his dear wife Sarah Gardiner. This was the most severe stroke of all. In any case it would have been a sore trial, but there were circumstances connected with the event of such a melancholy nature as to render it distressing in the highest degree. These circumstances we must allow Fuller to relate himself:—

He says, in a letter to her father, written immediately after her death, 'You have heard, I suppose, before now, that my dear companion is no more. About the beginning of June she was seized with hysterical affections, which for a time deprived her of her senses. In about a week she recovered, and seemed better; but soon relapsed again, and in the months of July and August, a very few intervals excepted, she was constantly deranged. In this unhappy state, her attention generally turned upon some one object of distress: sometimes that she had lost her children; sometimes that she should lose me; sometimes she hung upon my neck weeping, for that I was going to die and leave her; at other times she said you are not my husband. . . . Poor soul! for the last month these and similar notions have rendered her more miserable than I am able to describe. She was persuaded she was not at home, and that she was among strangers! Often she would say to me, with a countenance of inexpressible anguish, 'This is not my home. . . . You are not my husband. . . . These are not my children.'

. . . . Where am I now? I am lost, I am ruined.' In this strain she would be frequently walking up and down from room to room, bemoaning herself without a tear to relieve her, wringing her hands, just looking upwards and then downwards in all the attitudes of wild despair. Though she seemed not to know the children about her, yet she had a keen and lively remembrance of those that were taken away. One day when I was gone out for the air, she went out of the house. The servant, missing her, immediately followed, and found her in the grave-yard looking at the graves of her children. She said nothing, but with a bitterness of soul pointed the servant's eyes to the wall, where the name of one of them, who was buried in 1783, was cut in the stone. Then turning to the graves of the other children, in an agony, she, with her foot, struck off the long grass which had grown over the flat stones, and read the inscriptions with

silent anguish, alternately looking at the servant and at the stones.'

Mrs Fuller continued in this state for a considerable period. The account which her husband gives of some of the scenes which he witnessed during the period of her derangement is most distressing; but over these we must draw a veil. Death terminated her sufferings, and at the same time relieved, to some extent, the grief, the anguish, which had for months pressed upon the spirit of her pious partner. On this occasion his conduct was such as might have been expected. He acted like a Christian. He says, in the letter from which we have already quoted, 'I have reason to be thankful for her removal; however the dissolution may affect my present feelings, it may be one of the greatest mercies both to her and to me. Had she continued in the same state of mind, which is not at all improbable, this would have been a thousand times worse than death.'

The following lines, which he penned shortly after her death, and the last stanza of which he designed to engrave upon her tombstone, show how much he was affected by the event, and also how much he was comforted under it:—

'I who awhile was blest'd with social joys,
With joys that sweeten all the ills of life,
And shed a cheerful light on all things round,
Now mourn my days in pensive solitude.
There once did live a heart that cared for me;
I loved, and was again beloved in turn;
Her tender soul would soothe my rising griefs,
And wipe my tears, or mix them with her own.
But she is not; and I forlorn am left
To weep unheeded, and to serve alone.
The tender parent wails no more her loss,
Nor labours more beneath life's heavy load;
The anxious soul, released from tears and woes,
Has found her home, her children, and her God.'

It is obvious that the trials of Mr Fuller were neither few nor small. Indeed, they were such as would have unnerved the most of men, and unfitted them for a time for the performance of their pastoral duties. But it was otherwise with him. Not only do we find him labouring as diligently and as acceptably as before amongst the members of his attached flock, but forming and maturing schemes of more extensive usefulness. His attention was at this time specially directed to the state of the heathen world; and he and a few friends of kindred spirit, among whom was the venerable Carey, formed the 'Baptist Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.' The first meeting of this association was held at Kettering, in October, 1792. Its friends were few, the first year's contributions amounted only to £13, 2s. 6d., and the object contemplated by its founders seemed to many utopian in the extreme. But Fuller and his philanthropic associates were not easily discouraged. They persevered in their noble enterprise, and that association, which had so small and so inauspicious a commencement, has been the means of circulating the New Testament in more than twenty different languages, and the whole Bible in six. It has, besides, made known the doctrines of the Christian faith to thousands in that country as well as amongst the Negro population of the West Indies. Of this society Fuller may be said to have been the mainspring; to it he devoted all his energies, and in promoting its objects he injured his health, yea, sacrificed his life.

The difficulties encountered by this association at the outset were great. After their first missionaries, Messrs Carey and Thomas, were fitted out and sent on board a vessel for India—indeed after they had set sail—they were compelled to disembark, because they had not received an order from the East India Company. This was a severe blow to Fuller, as appears from the following note to Dr Ryland, one of the projectors of the mission:—'Perhaps Carey has written to you. We are all undone! I am grieved, deeply grieved. I am afraid leave will never be obtained now for Carey or any other, and the adventure seems to be lost.' They eventually obtained permission from the Danish government to form a station at Serampore; and soon after, the missionaries embarked on a Danish vessel for the sphere of their labours. Fuller

addressed himself with redoubled ardour to the promotion of the interests of the mission at home. This, along with his congregational duties, proved too much for his bodily frame, and occasioned a paralytic affection of a very serious and alarming description. After his recovery, he was unable for a time to go from home or engage in active duty; but though confined to the house, neither his mind nor his pen were idle. In this year he wrote his 'Calvinistic and Socinian System Compared,' one of the best of his polemical writings, of which Hall said—'that it was the most decisive confutation of the Socinian system that had appeared, and that it would be read not merely as a pamphlet of the day but for years to come.'

In December, 1794, Mr Fuller married Ann, only daughter of the Rev. W. Coles, pastor of the Baptist church at Maulden, near Amptill, a union which was followed by great domestic happiness, and which proved a great blessing to his motherless children.

The mission continued to occupy his attention more and more every year. Indeed its principal business devolved upon him. He carried on the correspondence with the missionaries abroad and with friends at home, undertook repeated journeys to Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and many parts of England, 'to tell the mission tale,' and to raise funds for its present support and for its future extension. These journeys were rendered more laborious in consequence of his having previously published his views on certain religious questions which were then occupying a considerable share of public attention, and which led him into constant discussion with parties who entertained and advocated different sentiments. And in addition to all this labour and annoyance, he had to plead the cause of the institution with the great of the land; with cabinet ministers, and members of parliament, and East India directors. He had to plead with them in behalf of the men who had agreed to go forth on this benevolent enterprise, not that they might receive any exclusive privilege, but simply that they might have a legal passage to India, and that they might enjoy the protection of the colonial government. This was all he craved; and to obtain this, many a petition had he to present to high quarters, and many a statement had he to put forth in reply to the calumnious assertions made against the object of the mission. The labour, physical and mental, which he underwent at this time, and the opposition was long continued, it is not easy for us fully to estimate.

In the year 1799, Mr Fuller made a tour to Scotland to advocate the claims of the institution. In Edinburgh and Glasgow, as well as in the other places he visited, he was listened to by numerous and attentive audiences. Five thousand people sometimes were present, and thousands went away unable to hear him. He preached almost every evening during his journey, and collected upwards of £900. The religious community of Scotland were much delighted with his visits, and urged him to return as soon as possible. With this request he shortly afterwards complied, when his labours were equally valued, and his success in regard to the mission almost as great as before.

Whilst he was thus engrossed with the affairs of the mission, his early friend and coadjutor in the work, the Rev. Samuel Pearce, of whom he shortly afterwards wrote a most interesting life, died. This was a severe trial to him, and for a time he was greatly distressed in spirit. About this time too, he, as many other pious men have been, was sorely tried by the irregularity and misconduct of his son Robert. This young man was bound an apprentice in a warehouse in London, but so unsteady was he, that he was obliged to leave that employment. He then entered the army, but obtained his discharge on the ground of his being an apprentice. Soon after, he enlisted into the marines, but was liberated by his father's efforts. After this, the wayward youth became bent on a seafaring life, and a merchant ship was procured for him, but, before he could join the vessel, he was impressed and put on board a man-of-war, as a common sailor. After

many a painful vicissitude, he died off Lisbon, of a lingering illness, in March, 1809. The grief of mind endured by the pious parent in consequence of the instability and irregularity of his son, can only be fully realized by those who have been similarly tried. At this time, indeed, he seems to have been occasionally in a state bordering on derangement; and yet there were intervals when his intellect was as vigorous, and his pen as ready, as at any previous period of his history. It was when he was thus tried that he wrote his small but valuable work, entitled 'The Backslider;' his celebrated treatise in behalf of the Christian religion, entitled, 'The Gospel its own Witness;' his Expository Discourses on the Book of Genesis, and other minor pieces.

The name of Fuller was now known throughout the greater part of Christendom, and his publications were eagerly sought after, and highly valued. Nowhere, perhaps, were his character and talents more appreciated, or his writings more extensively circulated, than in the United States of America. As a proof of the estimation in which he was held in that country, the College of New Jersey, and afterwards the corporation of Yale College, over which the celebrated Dr Dwight presided, conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. But though he well deserved the honour, yet such was his modesty, that in both cases he respectfully declined it, alleging as the reason, his deficiency of those literary qualifications, and his conviction that such distinctions in connexion with religion were injurious.

In 1804, Mr Fuller visited Ireland, where he plied with his usual zeal and ability the cause of the mission. On his return he published a pamphlet, under the title of 'Remarks on the State of the Baptist Churches in Ireland,' which created a considerable sensation, and was the means of counteracting certain errors in doctrine which then prevailed. In 1805, and again in 1808, the affairs of the mission were in such a state, that he required to make further demands on the generosity of his friends in Scotland. His labours at this time were very great. In six weeks he travelled 1200 miles; frequently for nights together he was never in bed; and when one remembers the very different means of conveyance which could then be had, both as regards time and comfort, compared to what we now enjoy, the distance travelled over, and the work done, appears vast indeed. But his efforts in Scotland on this, as well as on former occasions, were not in vain. He collected on that tour no less than £2000.

In consequence of these labours his health was severely affected; but he was in a more joyous state of mind than he had been for some time previously, in consequence of his success and the prosperous state of the mission. But there is often a cloud after the brightest sunshine; and it was so with Fuller. The close of the year brought him the melancholy tidings of the destruction of the printing establishment at Serampore by fire; the estimated loss being £12,000. He was on a missionary tour to Norfolk when he received the painful intelligence. He was much affected; but he was not the man to give up the work on account of such a calamity, great though it was. He hastened home, prepared and sent forth an appeal to the religious community; and so cheerfully and liberally was that appeal responded to, both in this country and America, that, in the course of a few weeks, a greater sum was realized than was adequate to meet the loss.

From this time till 1814, he prosecuted his ministerial labours at Kettering, and exerted himself in behalf of the mission with all his former ardour and ability. During this period, an occasional pamphlet came from his pen, the most important of which was 'An Apology for the late Christian Missions to India,' being an answer to certain statements made by interested parties connected with the East India Company's Service. This summer, he renewed his missionary tour through several of the midland counties, and resided in London for the purpose of making certain arrangements with the East India Directors for the passage of one of the missionaries to

these engagements weakened him greatly, and for a time he was laid aside from active duty. But he could not be idle. Though in feeble health, he often sat at his desk ten and twelve hours a-day. He published in rapid succession a volume of 'Sermons,' an 'Exposition of the Book of Revelations,' and an admirable letter on 'Communion.' Being somewhat recruited, he went to London in the month of December, and delivered a most powerful discourse in behalf of the British and Foreign Bible Society. This was one of the noblest appearances he ever made. His friends saw him and heard him, with feelings of joy and sadness, for it was the impression of all present that they would never see his face again. Their fears were realized; from this time his health gradually declined, and he seldom took part in any public service, even at home. He preached for the last time on the 2d April, and dispensed the sacrament to his beloved flock. A change of scene and air was recommended, and arrangements were made for his departure. But, alas, it was too late! he could not be removed. He became weaker and weaker, and on the 7th May, in the presence of the most of his family, he breathed his last.

Thus died this eminent man and faithful minister. He was sixty-two years of age—not an old man in point of years, but old in respect of bodily vigour, and the amount of work performed. His death spread a gloom, not merely over his own connexion, but the whole religious community. Ministers of all denominations, some of them from a great distance, came uninvited to attend his funeral, and pay to his remains the last tribute of respect. The crowd on the occasion was immense; the sorrow deep and unusual. The scene was most affecting. Religious services were conducted in his own chapel. Robert Hall delivered the funeral oration, after which the body was interred in the burying-ground adjoining the place of worship.

His bereaved flock erected a tomb over his remains, and also placed a tablet to his memory, by the side of that pulpit from which he had so often and admirably discoursed. The inscription put upon it was honourable to them, though no more than was due to the memory of such a man. For Fuller was no common person. He was a man of great mental vigour, of strong judgment, of consummate prudence, of unwearied diligence, of undaunted firmness, and of keen principles. He was, as his numerous writings testify, a man of great originality of thought, of decided genius, and, above all, of ardent and enlightened piety.

Mr Fuller's preaching was always interesting, and exceedingly instructive. He delighted in expository remark; he had a peculiar power of stating with clearness and force the doctrines of Scripture. His audience could scarcely mistake him, so well did he understand the subject himself, and so distinctly could he give expression to his sentiments. He was not what is termed an eloquent speaker, but he was a speaker who commanded attention, no matter whether he addressed the learned or the illiterate. According to the testimony of Dr Neuman, 'a spontaneous homage was paid to him by persons of all ranks and degrees. Men of education and learning, men of distinction in wealth and office, the poor and illiterate, Christians, in the establishment and out of it, of all denominations, hung delighted on his lips.'

But it was chiefly as a writer that Mr Fuller excelled. Without the advantage of a liberal education, he had great ease, and great accuracy in expressing his sentiments. His style is always clear, often vigorous and emphatic. His writings are voluminous; they form a valuable acquisition to our theological literature; and it is not too much to say, that his name and his writings will continue to hold a principal place among the most eminent of British divines. It will be long, indeed, before the religious world cease to hold in affectionate and grateful recollection the memory of Andrew Fuller.

His intimate friend, the Rev. Robert Hall, has borne the following testimony to his memory, with which we

'I cannot refrain from expressing in a few words the sentiments of affectionate veneration with which I always regarded that excellent person while living, and cherish his memory now that he is no more; a man whose sagacity enabled him to penetrate to the depths of every subject he explored; whose conceptions were so powerful and luminous, that what was recondite and original, appeared familiar; what was intricate, easy and perspicuous in his hands; equally successful in enforcing the practical, in stating the theoretical, and discussing the polemical branches of theology, without the advantage of early education, he rose to high distinction among the religious writers of his day; and, in the midst of a most active and laborious life, left monuments of his piety and genius which will survive to distant posterity. Were I making his eulogium, I should necessarily dwell on the spotless integrity of his private life, his fidelity in friendship, his neglect of self-interest, his ardent attachment to truth, and especially the series of unceasing labours and exertions in superintending the mission to India, to which he most probably fell a victim. He had nothing feeble or undecisive in his character, but to every undertaking in which he was engaged, he brought all the powers of his understanding, all the energies of his heart; and if he were less distinguished by the comprehension than the acumen and solidity of his thoughts; less eminent for the gentler graces than for stern integrity and native grandeur of mind, we have only to remember the necessary limitations of human excellence.'

RAMBLES IN LONDON.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THE Zoological Gardens form now as pleasant a promenade as London has to present to natives or strangers. There are two establishments of the kind about the metropolis, namely, the gardens of the Zoological Society adjoining the Regent's Park, and those on the Surrey side of the Thames. The former, however, are the most prominent and extensive, and we shall content ourselves with a sketch of the wonders offered by these to the eye of the spectator. They occupy a large area, and are divided into two parts by one of the drives of the park, under which a connecting tunnel passes. A simple way to reach the spot is, to leave Oxford Street by any of the omnibuses on the Hampstead line, and you soon come nigh to the desired destination. By the by, we cannot help putting down here what struck us as rather a good incident, and which fell in our way while we were passing on foot in this same Hampstead direction. It was our fortune there to notice a large board, with the words thereon inscribed—'Way to Chalk Farm. Chalk Farm Inn and Tavern, dinners and suppers, &c.'—or words nearly to that effect. What! thought we, is this the famous arena where so many duels have been fought? The very Chalk Farm immortalized by Byron as the scene where Jeffrey and Moore were intent on combat, but, as he says, with leadless pistols? The temptation to turn aside and see this spot was too strong to be withstood, and we passed along towards it, observing the while that a railway line had caused many yet unfinished changes to be set on foot all around. Suddenly, when near the noted locality, and while we began to wonder where the duellists usually took their stand, a placard caught our eye; and what, of all words in the world, did this placard display? '*Rubbish may be shot here.*' A burst of laughter, open and undisguised, followed this discovery. We at first seriously believed that some wag had been thus attempting to convey his impressions regarding the duels so common at Chalk Farm. On looking around, however, we became sensible that the sarcasm was unintentional, and that actual, material, and inanimate 'rubbish' was in view, when the permission to 'shoot it here,' or, in other words, to lay it down, was conceded by placard. Still the involuntary waggery had to us all the amusement of an admirable joke.

From this digression we return to the immediate sub-

ject of the Zoological Gardens. Reaching the esplanade drive in the Regent's Park, you soon find the main entrance-gate to the collection, and there pay one shilling, another procuring you, if you choose, a catalogue. It would be useless to attempt any detailed account of the divisions and arrangements of the grounds. It is enough for the reader to know, that they are tastefully planted with shrubs, and interspersed with garden-plots; as also that sheds and cages, placed singly or collectively, with ponds and pools for the aquatics, are to be found here and there over the whole grounds. Perhaps, however, the best way will be to quote a few items in the printed list of the arrangements:—'Entrance lodge; aviaries; bear pit; pigeon house; dromedary house; pond for aquatic birds; wolf's den; pond for geese, &c.; large aviaries; sloth-bear's den; yard and shed for deer, &c.; pond for swans, &c.; polar bear's den and bath; monkey pools; seals' house; otter cage and pond; refreshment room; monkey house; ponds for summer and mandarin tea, &c.; beaver pond; elephant house; elephants' paddock and pond; peccary sties; tapirs' house; giraffe house; paddock.'

And now, without more preface, let us to the gardens and the animals lodged therein. The elephant is, for various reasons, entitled to precedence in this notice, and more especially for the two qualities of supereminent physical bulk and unequalled mental sagacity. There are two specimens of the race in the gardens. The largest is a large one indeed, being of the Indian stock, and by far the finest sample of the creature which it has ever been our own chance to see. As you advance near to the enclosed paddock, in which he takes the air when he chooses to quit his covered shed, you at first doubt if a living thing be before you, and not a mass merely of heaped up slaty clay, which, in colour, the animal precisely resembles. But the long dependent trunk, and the small quiet eye, become well defined on a closer view; and if you have gone very near to him, you will almost certainly observe the said proboscis to rise slowly, and project itself curvingly towards your own person, as if the huge animal wished to encircle you in a loving embrace. In reality the poor fellow is but seeking an alms of gingerbread or biscuit. However, as you will probably decline to shake hands with his trunk, and step back, the proboscis will then be directed in all likelihood to the ground, and you will notice with admiration how easily this strong yet flexible instrument, with its finger-like processes, can pick up the most minute particles of vegetable refuse, acting, through its uncommon sensibility, and the aid doubtless of smell, as if wholly independent of the help of the eyes. Watch a little longer, and the animal moves. You scarcely know whether a spasm of the bounding or the ridiculous predominates at the sight. The vast magnitude of the creature assuredly gives a sort of majesty to its slow movements; but you are likely, if you observe his gait for a time, and the lamp-post like uniformity of the inflexible limbs, with the flat feet, to be put in mind of Mr Bumble at the head of a parish procession. Or, you may say,

'He looked like an Alderman trying a walk,
With his gouty trappings around him.'

All the vastitude of Jack, as this elephant is called, could not in our own case, we own, prevent such a feeling of the ludicrous from rising uppermost. The animal is of considerable age, being at least twenty-four or twenty-five years old. Think of his swallow—of his deglutition—a good reader! We learn that the daily rations of Jack, the male elephant, are a truss and a half of hay, forty-five pounds of Swedish turnips, a mash consisting of three pounds of boiled rice and half a bushel of bran, ten pounds of sea-biscuit, a bushel of chaff, a bundle of straw for his bed, weighing about thirty-six pounds, which he usually eats by the morning, and thirty-six pails of water. Besides this, he collects no small portion of savoury scraps from the public. Tariffs must affect Jack considerably.

The smaller and female elephant need not detain us. Let us then visit certain animals standing in a line

building not far apart from our great friend with the proboscis, and which animals next deserve mention for a variety of reasons. Four camelopards or giraffes occupy one and the same building with the creature approaching nearest to man in structure, the ourang-outang or chimpanzee. The giraffes are strangely formed; their immense height from head to hoof, not much less than twenty feet, striking one with wonder, while their long scraggy necks, and backs angled at about forty-five degrees downwards, give you half a sense of the ridiculous, as in the elephant's case. But the giraffes are so prettily spotted with brown on a white or light dun ground, their looks are so mild and gentle, and their eyes so soft and clear, that they are pleasant to behold. The sweetest of those here is the youngest, one of two which the elder pair have given birth to. The present food of these creatures is cut grass, placed in a manger, but the natural food is chiefly green leaves, to attain which the great height has been providentially bestowed. Another object for which the lofty stature is given, is the preservation of the animal from its enemies, the lion and the tiger being the most deadly of these. On flat ground the giraffe commands a vast range of prospect, and can discern the danger afar; but the lion too often circumvents the timid browser on the leaves, by watching for him at springs and pools, and bounding upon his shoulders ere he can use his long limbs for escape. Then commences what a German poet has recorded in verse as the 'lion-ride.' The affrighted camelopard flies at a pace far exceeding that of the swiftest horse, but the terrible rider keeps his seat with claws sunken into the neck of the victim, and, using by degrees his fearful fangs, sucks the blood and gnaws the flesh of the fugitive, till the latter sinks to the ground, utterly exhausted, and an easy prey to the enemy. The thought of such a ride is indeed a stimulant to the poetical fancy. The doings of the Old Man of the Sea, whose pertinacious adhesion to the shoulders of Sinbad used to give our boyhood ugly dreams, seem as nothing to the fatal ride of the lion, draining in his course the life-blood of the agonized giraffe!

The giraffes have a strange companion, though separately caged. Lo! there he is, the chimpanzee, black in the coating, with broad cheeks, in height between three and four feet, and altogether, as zoologists aver, the creature nearest to man in construction. Observe him; he is favouring you with a little ground-and-lofty tumbling, using his transverse pole to operate upon. Now he lies flat upon his back, and elevating his four hands—for the gentleman is quadrumanous—into the air, he converts himself into a sort of pyramid by clapping them all together; and throwing back his head, he asks you to admire his attitude. Now he begins to shuffle, and clap his four hands together, as if applauding his own doings. Anon, he is at the top of his pole, scratching his head, and looking at you with an absurd sort of human gravity, which is almost painfully puzzling. We do not believe with Lord Monboddo and the author of the *Vestiges of Natural Creation*, that mankind sprang from monkeys, and have only lost their tails by a law of progressive development; but we see in this ourang-outang so close a similarity to our race in many points, that we own we should feel as if we were committing an act of murder in destroying one of them. Specimens of them are rare; yet we remember of a notorious fibber, who, on being asked if he ever saw any thing to match the large monkey of a travelling collection—'Seen anything like that?' cried he, with scorn; 'why, when I was in the army, I seed hundreds of orange-otans in the forest at Windsor!'—a fact, we believe, totally unknown to the royal inhabitants of that region.

From the chimpanzee it is natural to turn to the building in the gardens, where the common apes and monkeys are all housed together. On entering, we were startled by a deep bass groan. Thinking that it could come only from a human throat, we looked around, but saw nought except a perfect 'wilderness of monkeys,' of all sizes, colours, and forms. Again the groan startled us, and we

simious race, who seemed to have something heavy on his conscience. Else, 'why should he fall into so deep an oh?' as the nurse says in *Romeo and Juliet*. However, let us mind what we are now about, and recommend to the visitors to the Zoological Gardens by all means to spend ten minutes among the monkeys. The grave cunning of their countenances, the restless agility which some of them evince, and the staid deportment of others, who, seated on a pole with dependent limbs, seem to muse on the vanity of all sublunary things—these will arrest the gazer's attention, and strike him as strangely caricaturing humanity.

Away we go from these monkeys, who, to speak the truth, smell villainously, to the cages of the great carnivorous creatures. Of the lion and lioness there are good specimens, the lion being a fine young male, not yet come to his full growth. His mate is older, and has produced young ones. The tiger is of the Bengal stock, very juvenile, but likely to grow into a splendid specimen of the race. Of leopards there are several, beautiful but somewhat small. Commend us, however, for a truly noble full-grown sample of its kind to the white or Polar bear, a huge creature, which looks as if it could eat up a whole whaling-boat's crew at a meal. The restless hyenas are good examples of their genus, but these brutes are at all times ugly, and some late travellers say that they are cowards. But, if we go on enumerating in detail after this fashion, where shall we end? Shall we discuss all particulars respecting the otter, which is in a pond with a house attached to it, and over which is the ominous placard, 'Take care! the otter bites?' Or shall we take the reader into the region of the deer and antelopes, rich in specimens to a remarkable degree? Perhaps he would rather choose an introduction to the eagles, of which race there are some splendid specimens, the favourite, to our taste, being one of the large golden eagles. The rhinoceros, possibly, would please others, being decidedly the finest sample of the tribe known in Europe of late days. It appears to our eyes like a monstrously ill-favoured cow, with a foul and strangely wrinkled hide, though there be a sign of danger about the one horn—how different from that of the fabulous unicorn of our national arms! The rhinoceros has a fair appetite. His daily allowance is forty-two pounds clover hay, thirty-six pounds of straw, forty pounds of Swedish turnips, a mash consisting of four pounds of boiled rice and half a bushel of bran, and ten gallons of water. Or would our readers like to turn to the aquatic birds? among whom they will find what the Latins held to be an impossibility,

'Rare avis in terris, nigroque similima cygnus.'

They will find there *black swans*, and many a beautiful specimen, besides, of the swan, goose, and duck tribes. Not less rich is the aviary of land birds, whether beauty of plumage be considered or musical qualities. There is a fine museum, moreover, of stuffed animals, skeletons, and similar zoological preparations.

But we feel that it would be a waste of time to enter further into the *minutiae* of this exhibition. We have said enough to satisfy all within our circle of readers, that their curiosity will be fully gratified by a visit to these Zoological Gardens when it may be their hap to repair to the Great Metropolis.

THE MYSTERIOUS STATE-ROOM;

A TALE OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

By J. H. INGRAMAM, Esq. Author of 'Lafitte,' &c.

'Some men, 'tis said, do love rehearsals
O' each day's acts in foregone night dreamt:
So nothing happens they ha' not seen—the shadow o't!'—*Bryans.*

Among the numerous wild and thrilling romances of which the valley of the South-west has been so often the scene, and which have, hitherto, escaped the avidious pen of the tourist and story writer, is the one which I have chosen for the subject of the following sketch. Though not strictly Radolfian in its tone and aspect—for there are

chapters—yet it may involve sufficient of the romantic to entitle it to preservation.

It was one of those autumnal evenings of the South when heaven itself seemed to have descended and enthroned herself with banners of fire and crimson, and curtains of golden light, upon the piles of gorgeous clouds that lay heaped up in the West, a mass of glory and splendour too intense for the eye to gaze upon. The majestic flood of the Mississippi rolled on, reflecting from its dark and steely surface a hue like purple. The centurial trees that lined its shores were gently waving their ocean surface—the red sunlight glancing along their green and billowy tops as if from wave to wave of a vast and heaving deep. A small but beautiful city, roof rising above roof, terrace above terrace, with trees picturesquely mingling with, exposing, and half concealing, the white dwellings, slept upon the hill-side facing the west. A rich roseate tint was suffused over it, and the red fire from the setting sun illumined its windows, so that it looked like a city in flames; each dwelling a smouldering furnace within, yet, all burning with smokeless, unconsuming conflagration. Such it seemed indeed to be to our eyes, as we approached it from the south, on board that most imperial steamer, the *Empress*. Every passenger stood on deck, enjoying, with unlimited expressions of admiration, the whole magical and gorgeous scene; not even excepting the ruder portion of the motley and diverse assemblage that composed our number, many of whose faces were animated with the enjoyment which even simple and uncultivated taste is ever ready to administer to every man who will open his senses to its influence.

We had left New Orleans the morning before with a large and an agreeable party of passengers, and we were to stop at Vicksburg, the city before us, to take in another, for whom the best, because it was the largest and sternmost, state-room had been reserved to this time. There existed, therefore, among a levy of lovely women on board, married and single, who had been particularly anxious to obtain this desirable room for some of their own party, probably because it was *not* obtainable, not a little curiosity to learn who the individual was that had thought him or herself of so much importance as to send to New Orleans to pre-engage a passage, and the best accommodations. Among these ladies were two remarkably lovely girls, cousins, on their passage to Lexington, of which beautiful city one was a resident; the other being a native of Louisiana, and on her way to make her cousin a visit. They were under the protection of the charming Kentuckian's father, a fine old gentleman, and an admirable specimen of the high chivalric school, characteristic of his state. They were the life and joy of our cabin party; and seldom has Heaven given such charms to please, and fascinations to win. Never were two young ladies so different in person, who were so like in spirit. The elder cousin, Louise Claviere, was a Creole of proud French descent. Her beauty did not consist in the chaste yet voluptuous outline of her face; nor in the round and divinely sculptured cheek and throat; nor in the majestic grace of her neck and superb bust; nor in the sweet majesty of her whole figure; but, rather, these were the glorious fashioning and setting of the shapely casket which contained the bright and intelligent mind. She seemed to be created to love and dispense joy and happiness. Every generous and lofty feeling dwelt in her bosom—tenderness and pity filled her glorious eyes, ready to yield their sympathy. She was a woman whose fate promised to be unalloyedly happy, or unalloyedly miserable—who would love when her heart should be interested, either good or evil, and love with undying devotion. Her cousin, Genevieve, was, on the contrary, a sweet, graceful, laughing *blonde*, with a frank, open face, a bright blue eye, long, soft brown hair, a mischievous pouting mouth, and a cheek like the bridal of the lily and rose. Her figure was petite, and her motions free and light as the doe in its wild freedom. Her cousin was twenty, but she was two years younger, and not so tall by three inches. She was a true child of nature. She was guileless as a child.

I could not but sigh as I gazed on her joyous and happy face, in which one could read her heart with all its emotions, like an open book, to think how soon care and sorrow would trace their lines and shadows upon it. Her heart seemed to be full of love and generous emotion for all her race. There was visible a shade of thought in her eye. I perceived, at times; and I observed that her bright life would sometimes gently compress when in repose, as if beneath all her sweet and gentle grace, she possessed a spirit quick and sensitive; and one which, if called into exercise by a generous appeal to her sympathies, would act with decision and prompt determination. I could see that she possessed no moral fear; that her soul was courageous. It is thus the gentlest and most delicate women sometimes present opposites in their composition. In man, firmness and decision of character are oftener united with physical power; in woman it is usually reversed. Genevieve, the lovely, laughing, enchanting girl of seventeen, had a bold and fearless spirit. Hitherto, her existence had flowed from her heart as its source. She scarcely knew that she possessed a spirit—a spirit that, when once called into action, would unfold to her a new power and character, of which she knew not she was the possessor.

We were about a league from the town, when the captain, who was a fine-hearted, gallant gentleman, came to the 'guard,' where we stood, and bowing courteously, said with a smile,

'We are now at Vicksburg, ladies, and the mystery of our state-room will be solved.'

'You shall be put down in my journal, Captain Warham,' said Genevieve, laughing, 'as a very obstinate and self-willed captain, and I'll make the printers be sure and put those words in *italics*. Will you tell me, now, who is coming on board here?'

'I do not know, fair lady,' answered the polite officer, bowing low; 'it was engaged by a person in New Orleans, who said it was by the directions of the governor of Virginia. That is the extent of my knowledge; but you will soon know.'

'I wonder if it be true the governor of Virginia is to be the passenger with us from this place,' said Louise, suddenly, speaking in a voice the richness of the tone of which thrilled the ear. 'I should like very much if he were—for he is young and intellectual, I am told.'

'Is he married, cousin?' archly asked Genevieve.

'No.'

'What then can he want with a state-room in the ladies' cabin? I shall insist on his not occupying it, particularly if he is so elegant and youthful withal,' answered Genevieve, laughing in a manner that showed her resistance was not very much to be feared, if he should prove young and handsome; 'all governors,' she added, 'should be old, and married too.'

'He belongs to one of the noblest cavalier families,' said Louise, with animation, speaking rather to herself than to her cousin. 'I would like to see one of the blood of the Stanleys, to which it is said he belongs.'

'I care more for the heart than the blood that beats it,' said Genevieve. 'But look! we are close by the town: the mystery of the state-room will now be cleared up.'

The steamer rapidly approached the city of terraced roofs, and at length touched the pier as the shades of evening deepened the purple drapery of the skies. After half an hour's detention, during which, night, with its 'lesser lights,' had taken the place of day, there was heard the wheels of a carriage rapidly driven to the pier-head. The ladies were all standing out upon the 'guard,' anxiously listening.

'They are come,' cried the captain in the tones of a man who had been a long time impatiently waiting to start; 'get ready to cast off there, men!'

'Ay, ay, sir,' was the cheerful response of the mate; and a man with a lantern in his hand sprang to each of the hawsears that confined the boat.

The carriage steps were now heard rattling, as they were thrown sharply down. By the faint and uncertain glimmer of lanterns moving to and fro, we could discern

three persons alight and advance towards the boat. One of them seemed to be an invalid, as he was wrapt in an ample cloak, and was supported by two others. They advanced to the gangway plank forward, and we lost sight of them, hidden by the intervening wheel-house.

'Now we will know,' cried Genevieve, retiring from the guard to the ladies' saloon, through which the strangers were to pass.

It was already, in part, occupied by the female passengers, whom curiosity had drawn thither to get a sight of the personage who had pre-engaged the best state-room in the ladies' cabin, as he passed through to take possession of it. Louise took an easy and graceful position quite at the extremity of the saloon, where her eye could command the approach for its whole length. Genevieve seated herself at the feet on an ottoman, with as innocent a look as if she had no curiosity in her. At length they beheld approaching, through the magnificent cabin, two gentlemen arm-in-arm, preceded by the captain, whose face wore a serious expression, which Genevieve could not believe to have existed there. As they advanced, every eye was turned inquiringly. A general gloom seemed to be left behind them as they moved.

'What can be the cause of the silent and earnest gaze with which all regard him?' asked Genevieve, breathlessly, of her cousin.

'Hush,' said the other, with extraordinary energy, 'I have no sense but sight.'

The captain now entered the lady's cabin, bowed silently and gravely to the ladies, and the two gentlemen followed him. One leaned upon the other. He who supported, or seemed to support his companion, was a large, heavily built man, with a cool, determined look, and an eye of piercing blackness. He was wrapped in a white dreadnought overcoat, buttoned across his breast, and wore a fur hat with a broad and flapping brim. He looked like a man of the world, and his manner was sufficiently gentlemanly; yet, evidently, he was not a gentleman. The other was a tall, elegant young man, not more than twenty-four years of age. His face was exceedingly handsome, dark, intelligent, and with an eye blazing with intellect. He was pale, very pale; yet it was not from illness; his looks were sad to a painful and touching degree. No eye that fell upon him was turned away without the observer feeling an indefinite interest in him.

He walked slowly and with great difficulty beside his companion. As he approached the spot where Louise stood, he lifted his hat with a melancholy air without scarce raising his eyes, as if conscious of the presence of beauty. Genevieve shrank lest her own *second time* should meet his, and she dropped them to her feet; for she had caught one full deep glance of his eyes as he entered, and it had penetrated her soul; it was so full of sorrow, despair, and of voiceless yet eloquent grief. From that moment, how intense and exciting was the interest awakened in her bosom for the unknown. She felt that he was unhappy—how wretched she dared not ask herself. As he was passing, Louise, whose dark eyes sought his, as she proudly and gratefully felt in her inmost heart the homage he had offered her beauty, she thought she heard beneath his cloak, as he put down his hand, which was closely enveloped in it, a sound, the idea of which made her heart's blood leap. The man beside him addressed a sharp word at the same time to him. She cast a suspicious glance at him. Half the truth flashed upon her mind. The young man bowed his head and walked forward, for he had insensibly stopped before her, and for a moment it seemed (his whole frame sank so depressingly) as if he would have knelt at the feet of the cousins. They thought he would do so. Why, they knew not. They pitied him. The first step he made, Louise heard again the sound. It grated, too, on Genevieve's ears, it pierced her very heart. She could have shrieked, but her voice, her life was paralyzed. It was the *clank of chains*. Louise sprang forward, and laid her hand upon his arm. He turned and looked in her face with his large

intense gaze of eager inquiry, and horror. She held him so that he could not advance. With one hand she grasped him hard by the arm, with the other she wildly threw open his collar; the cloak fell to the ground. The pale and intellectual young stranger stood before her chained and manacled like a felon.

'What has he done?' she cried, commandingly, fixing her eyes upon the other in whose custody he was. 'Speak!'

'Committed a forgery,' answered the officer.

'Alas! alas!' she cried, with impassioned and bitter feelings; 'that the divine form I have seen mingling in my dreams from childhood, the reality of which I have sought in vain among mankind, should at length appear to me as a chained criminal! Mysterious dream of my life! Why hast thou cast a spell over my heart, by presenting ever this face and form for me to worship and love, yet hiding these chains?'

'Cousin,' cried Genevieve, alarmed at the wild impassioned pathos of her look and language; 'what has come over you? Come with me. This is no scene for either of us.'

Louise suffered herself to be led to her room by her cousin; and the manacled young man, who had produced upon her mind such an extraordinary effect, was led to the state-room prepared for him in the after-cabin, as well for its privacy as for its greater security.

'Dearest, cousin, what could you mean by exposing yourself in such a way?' said Genevieve, kissing her forehead as she reclined her burning and throbbing temples on her shoulder. 'Poor young man!' and Genevieve sighed.

'Do you know, Genevieve,' said Louise, lifting her head and looking full upon her cousin with a bright and almost unearthly gaze—so brightly beautiful and glorious were her eyes at that moment, 'do you know that I have seen that same face and figure in my dreams since I was a child. I know not what led me, as he came on board, to expect some extraordinary event, but I did so. I have felt ever since I left New Orleans an indescribable sensation that my happiness was in some mysterious way connected with the person who was to occupy that state-room. I see now that my presentiments were not unfounded. Did you see him, how suffering he looked when he first came in? I felt, as I gazed upon him, that my heart was breaking. I felt the moment had come when all my dreams were to be realized. I had seen him in the same cloak, too, and with him the same stern looking man.'

'In your dreams, cousin?'

'Yes—no longer than last night I thus beheld him; but in the dream he smiled upon me, but I heard no clanking of chains. If I had died for it, I could not have resisted casting aside his cloak.'

'Why *did* you do it, cousin? My heart bled for him as he stood exposed in chains before all eyes through your cruel act.'

'I had seen him in my dreams,' she said, hoarsely, and with strong feeling, 'cast aside this cloak, and beneath was his bridal garb. I beheld, too, the stern man changed to a priest; and instead of the saloon of this steamer, I was in a church, before an altar which was enwreathed as if for a bridal. I flung aside his cloak, for I would know the worst, and I beheld *chains* instead of bridal wreaths—a manacled felon instead of a happy and cheerful bridegroom.'

'And did you *love* him in your dreams, cousin?'

'Yes—with all a woman's love. I do believe, sweet Genevieve, there were *correspondences* between our spiritual natures. Did you see, he would have knelt to me as to one his soul held kindred ties with, but for him who dragged him onwards?'

'And if you loved him—I mean, cousin, in your strange dream—you now hate him that you find the reality is unworthy of your love?'

'Cousin Genevieve, you little know me or the strength of woman's affection. I have learned to love the same

has assented to that it gave and pledged while in sleep. Day by day my mind has dwelt upon his image, till I had no love but for him, whether it were to be he was ever to remain visionary or prove real.'

'And did you ever expect the form of your dreams would prove to be a real person, cousin Louise?' asked Genevieve, whose wonder was excited by this narration.

'Yes, oh yes! I have long fed my love with hopes that it would one day be rewarded.'

'And this night you have seen him in truth.'

'But oh, in what guise—manacled and fettered!' she cried, burying her face in her hands.

'Tis strange you have had such a dream! I tremble, there seems something so supernatural about it. You were always a strange girl, cousin. And this is the secret of your repeated refusals of such numerous and desirable offers of marriage.'

'No other reason, Genevieve. I firmly believed I should one day see the real individual whom I never dreamed without communing with,' she said with animation.

'Wonderful!' said Genevieve, shuddering.

'It is to you wonderful, sweet cousin, but not to me,' she said, sadly. 'It is a peculiarity of our race to dream of events personally interesting to us. My great grandfather, Colonel Claviere, foretold the time and minute circumstances of his own death and that of Louis XIV. My grandfather saved his own life by placing men to arrest an assassin, whom he had seen in a dream, approaching his chamber to take his life. The assassin came at the hour named, and was slain at the door as he was entering. My father was not only a seer, but foretold by dreams the exile of his family to America, and the hour and mode of his own death, which took place four years afterwards by a cannon-ball, at the battle of New Orleans. Is it wonderful, then, that I should dream of one whom I was destined one day to see?'

'Tis strange! I have heard something of all this. I fear for myself, for I share the same blood,' said Genevieve, with a sad expression.

'It will do thee no harm.'

'I tremble at the idea,' she replied, shuddering, and turning pale.

'Nay, be not childish; I need your aid,' said Louise, with animation, speaking in a low impressive tone.

'How?'

'This young man's fate and mine are united by destiny; and he must not lie degraded in chains.'

'But he is guarded—a prisoner.'

'I will free him!'

'He is guilty.'

'Never! But were he guilty, were his hands stained with blood, I love him, and will share his fate or make him free. Do you believe him guilty?'

'I cannot; but—'

'Bless you, Genevieve, for that! He is *not* guilty; I will ask him, and he will say nay. Truth and innocence are written on his forehead. The being my soul has loved, with whose spirit my own has been in communion for years, guilty? no! I spurn the thought. Genevieve, he must be freed.'

'I would help you, cousin; but he is chained and closely guarded.'

'I care not. I will seek him. I will question him. I will fathom his soul. I will prove him innocent. I will know from his own lips wherefore he is manacled and held thus a prisoner. Genevieve, watch up with me to-night.'

Genevieve pressed her cousin's hand in silent assent, and Louise, kissing her, remained a few moments buried in deep thought. Genevieve also sat thoughtfully, her mind awed by the revelation of the mysterious dream which had given cast and character to her cousin's whole life. She looked at her dark and beautiful face, and felt a superstitious fear at being alone in her presence. This feeling, however, reflection enabled her to throw off from her spirit, when she remembered that, save her singular

power of dreams, she was in all else like herself. They remained in their state-room till near midnight together, during which Louise related to her more in detail the history of her *spiritual* love.

The young stranger was taken to the reserved state-room, and placed there by the stern officer who held him in custody. A heavy chain was then passed over the two transverse chains that connected his manacles and his fetters, and secured to a strong iron bolt in the deck. The officer then took his station outside without securing the door, knowing that his escape, thus heavily chained, was impossible; besides, the boat was under way in mid-river.

The prisoner, when the door was closed on him, sat upon the side of his berth and buried his face in his hands. Tears trickled through the fingers and fell upon his chains. He was agitated; his chest heaved, and his whole form seemed wrung with mental anguish. All at once he ceased this outward expression of emotion, and removed his hands from his face. It was deadly pale.

'Yes, yes, I am a felon. The proud and high-spirited Preston Randolph is a chained felon. That I should ever have seen these hands thus bound. Yes, I am a *forger*. The act of one moment I must expiate on the gallows. Yet, if ever man had excuse for crime, I have. And am I the villain these chains would mark me? No, I am not stained with guilt. My soul is not black. One act of my life is not to make me all at once a villain. I am innocent in thought and motive; I had no intention of wrong. It was circumstances that made the guilt, and not the act. Oh, that I could prove to the world the integrity of my heart, spite the dishonesty of my hand! I could then again lift up my head among men. But now, no one pities; all men scorn. Crime, or the suspicion of it, destroys the link that binds men to their species. All sympathy dies. No, I err there. Woman's heart bleeds for the unfortunate—ay, for the guilty—for the basest, if he be penitent. Heaven forgives and receives the penitent, so does woman. I could have knelt at the feet of those divine creatures as I passed through the saloon. I read sympathy in every lovely lineament. One of them looked to me like an angel form I once beheld in my dreams. I was overpowered by the sight of her. Did I see her in reality? Am I not dreaming now? Oh, that I were, that I were!' and the youth hung his head despondingly upon his breast.

Preston Randolph belonged to one of the best Virginia families. He was the nephew of a wealthy gentleman who had disinherited his son for marrying contrary to his wishes. Preston was then a student at law in Philadelphia. His uncle sent for him to hasten to visit him. On arriving he found him quite ill in bed. He, however, dictated a will, which, by his direction, his nephew drew up, writing it down word for word as it came from his lips. The will made him his sole heir. A magistrate had been sent for to attest it, but had not arrived when the dying man said he must sign it without delay or it would be too late. Preston placed it before him and gave him the pen. His uncle formed the first two letters of his name, 'Francis Dayton,' when he was seized with convulsions; the pen dropped from his hand, and he fell back and expired.

For a moment Preston was overcome with grief and surprise; the next instant he recollected that the will had not been signed. The consequences flashed upon his mind. He yielded to the temptation of the moment, seized the pen, and completed with his own hand the signature.

Just as he had done so, the magistrate entered. He approached the bed, and laid his hand upon the still warm temples. He then glanced at the will, and looked inquiringly at Preston, who held it in his hand.

'Just able to sign it,' said Preston, handing it to him without looking up. 'It was the first falsehood he had ever spoken.'

'Um, um,' he said, 'all right. I wish I had been here a moment sooner. But as I knew his intention to make you his heir, I will, to stop all objections, just attest it.'

This magistrate of easy conscience then affixed his name and official seal to the instrument, and Preston Randolph Dayton became possessor of the vast property of his uncle. There was, however, a *witness* to this instrument, whom they little suspected. It was a shrewd attorney, whom the son of the deceased had sent to see if he could not prevail on his father to make, at least, some bequest in his favour. He arrived a few moments before Preston commenced writing the will, and walking across the lawn came upon the gallery unobserved. As he passed along towards the main entrance, his inquisitive curiosity led him to peep in at the long windows which were trellised with vines. To his surprise and satisfaction, through one of these he beheld the invalid with Preston by his bedside. Unobserved, he heard and saw all that transpired.

With the possession of this important secret, he hastened away. He let Preston take full management of the property, and then privately charged him with the forgery, promising to compound with him for a third of the estate. Preston, after the first alarm and surprise had passed, refused to do it, and insulted him. The attorney then vowed to expose him, when the guilty young man, overcome with remorse, shame, and fear of punishment, fled. He was, eventually, arrested at Vicksburg; and on the requisition of the governor of Virginia, who despatched officers for him, he was taken from prison, and now placed in chains on board our boat.

It was indeed a hard lot for a noble youth like him. How great and irresistible the temptation! Stronger principle would have saved him this crime, even at the expense of a vast fortune. But Preston Dayton was ambitious, proud, and loved wealth for the power and pleasure it conferred. The temptation offered itself—he embraced it, and fell! His guilt was, it is true, unpremeditated. He intended no fraud the moment before. He had really only fulfilled his uncle's intention. Yet, it would have been better if he had left it as it was, with this intention so strongly apparent in the first two or three trembling letters he had signed of his name. How eloquent it would have spoken in a court of equity! But, at all events, truth and integrity are safest and best. Many men, good Christian men, who fear to do evil, though but the eye of God is upon them, would have resisted the thought; but many, alas! too many, would have done like Preston Randolph.

It was midnight, and all was quiet in the vast cabins, all on board the immense steamer, save the watch on deck. But Louise and Genevieve were awake, and so was the prisoner. Beside his door heavily slept the officer, trusting to chains to bind, and the waters to keep his charge in safety. Softly Genevieve opened the door of her state-room, and stole forth into the cabin. The swinging lamp burned dimly and cast a pale glare around. She crossed to the state-room of the prisoner. She looked down and steadily watched the stern countenance of the slumbering guardian. His sleep was not feigned, it was deep and heavy. She reached her arm across him, and slipped a paper up between the blinds, and hastily retreated.

Preston was sitting with his hands on his knees, and his face buried in his hands, in deep and painful thought. He was calmly contemplating suicide. He heard the paper fall at his feet. Hope gleamed through the darkness of his destiny. He gathered his chains carefully together that they should not clank, and picked it up. It read as follows, in a delicate female hand:—

'Guilty or innocent, thou art unhappy! There are friends near thee who will aid thy escape. Prepare to receive whatever instruments may be passed through the blinds, lest they fall, and the noise wake your guardian.'

He pressed his lips to the note, and hope revived in his heart. In a few moments afterwards, Louise Claviere was seen traversing with a light step the silent cabins, wrapped in a cloak and hat she had taken from one of the tables. She descended to the engine-room and secretly obtained two files. With these she returned to her state-room, having met only the watchman, who took her for

one of the gentleman passengers, who preferred walking on the guards to sleeping.

'Genevieve, I will take these to him,' she said to her cousin, who felt almost as much interest in his escape as she did. 'You will see that, if the officer wakes, he listens to you, rather than to us.'

'Yes,' said Genevieve, laughing, 'I will try and amuse him if need be—but let us be cautious, and he may not wake. His sleep is that of a tired man.'

Louise crossed the cabin lightly. Genevieve took a book and sat on an ottoman close to the head of the officer. Louise softly opened the door across his body, and entered the state-room of the prisoner. He started with surprise. She laid her hand impressively on his arm, and placed a file in his hand. She closed the door and seated herself silently at his feet, and commenced filing his iron fetters. She was calm, quiet, resolute. Her look was elevated with high purpose. Was it real? Was it a spirit that had come to aid his escape? He pressed her hand gratefully to his lips, and took the other file and applied it to the steel-band of his manacles.

In two hours one of his manacles and a fetter released a hand and foot. In two hours more he was freed from his chains. They were then filed from the bolt. He knelt at the feet of his liberator, while she asked him to tell her his crime. Briefly he related to her what has already been narrated.

'Enough,' said she, 'I knew thou hadst been greatly tempted. The way is open before thee. Escape! If you do not swim, here is a life-preserver I have prepared for you. Let me buckle it about you. Now, while it is yet dark, spring with your chains in your hands, and with a loud clanking sound throw them into the water, and swim ashore. It will be thought you are drowned, as no man could swim with such a weight. There will no pursuit be made for you; and under another name, and in another clime, you may live and be happy.'

'And to what glorious being am I indebted for life, liberty, and happiness?' he said, kneeling at her feet.

'It matters not. Fly! If hereafter you should feel an interest awakened in your breast for her who has liberated you, come on next St Mary's eve, and ask at the convent of the Sacred Heart for Louise Claviere.'

With these words she opened the door, and pointed to the way of escape over the body of his sleeping keeper, and through the cabin to the outer 'guard.'

He pressed her hand to his heart, and that of the noble Genevieve—who extended it to him—to his lips; and taking up his chains, as he saw them both vanish in their state-room, he fled through the cabin to the outer guard. The officer, awaked by the clanking, sprang up, looked first into the state-room for his prisoner, then beheld him flying along the cabin. He started in pursuit, giving the alarm, and only reached the guard to see his prisoner spring with his chains into the dark flood.

'Stop the boat!' he shouted aloud; but as she was already far beyond the spot, he immediately countermanded the order; 'no, no, it's of no use; with twenty pounds of iron on him, he is gone to the bottom like a stone!'

The boat kept on her way, and ere we reached Louisville, the prisoner was forgotten. That some of the females in the cabin had connived at his escape, and furnished him with the files, was very generally believed but suspicion was not fastened on the right persons.

On the eve of the succeeding St Mary's, a mounted cavalier rode up to the gate of the convent *De F Sacre Cœur* in Louisiana. He was dressed like a Texan country gentleman, with a short horseman's cloak, a broad Panama hat, a sword at his side, and pistols in his holsters. He was of noble presence, with an exceedingly dark but handsome countenance. He asked of the portress of the convent for permission to see Louise Claviere, if such a person abode there. The aged portress retired, and in a few moments Louise Claviere appeared at the grate. The cavalier dismounted, and kissed the hand she extended towards him.

'Lady, I have sought thee, having by deeds of honourable conduct among men, won a proud and virtuous name, which, under heaven, no temptation will hereafter take from me. I know that thou didst free me from chains because thou wert interested in me as a woman.'

Louise bent her head, and the changing light of her cheek showed the pleased yet timid emotion that filled her bosom.

'I have thought only of thee since the hour these delicate fingers laboured for my freedom,' he continued. 'That hour of liberty was the hour of my heart's bondage. The hands that made my body free bound my heart in stronger chains.'

'Why hast thou sought me?' she asked, with mingled hope and fear.

'To ask you to unite your fate with mine.'

'Such is decreed my destiny,' fair sir, 'she said, frankly; 'I have here remained to await thy coming, for in my dreams I have foreseen and enjoyed this welcome hour. Now, I know that thou lovest me, by not forgetting me, I will freely unite my fate with thine.'

That same day the convent chapel witnessed their bridal; and the bride and bridegroom, a few days after, took their way to Randolph Claviere's (for that is the name he assumed) fair Texan domain, which he had won by courage, virtue, and integrity—a far nobler and fairer estate than that which he had criminally sought to enjoy in his native land. No man hath so far fallen that he may not rise again.

GLEANINGS IN NATURAL HISTORY.*

A volume entitled 'Scenes and Tales of Country Life, with Recollections of Natural History,' has lately come under our notice. It is from the pen of Edward Jesse, Esq., surveyor of her Majesty's parks, palaces, &c., who has long been known as one of the most pleasing and best informed writers on natural history. No one, we are convinced, can rise from the perusal of Mr Jesse's writings without feeling himself 'a wiser and a better man.' From the high estimation in which he has always been held by the public, and the happy influence his productions have had on society, we have no doubt our readers will sympathize in the mournful feeling which stole over our mind on reading the first sentence of the following extract from the preface to the volume:— 'As old age creeps on, and the scene of this life is closing upon me, I feel an ardent and, I trust, a laudable desire to prove of some slight service to my fellow-creatures. I find no way in my power of doing this, except by endeavouring to make my favourite study the means of drawing the attention of others to the goodness of the Creator, as shown in his works, considering the *most pleasing* employment of the mind to be in the study of those works, as the *noblest* is, in the contemplation of that greater work and higher mercy, which blessed that portion of man's history, when the Creator sent his Son as his richest gift of love to redeem mankind. Without being so presumptuous as to endeavour to penetrate into the vast designs of Providence, an humble individual may, nevertheless, exert his best powers in pointing out the wise and beautiful arrangements in the works of the Almighty, as they have forcibly struck his mind and excited his reverential feelings. If I should have failed in this attempt, an earnest wish, at least, has not been wanting to do my utmost.' Though age is silently impairing our author's physical energies, we are happy to perceive that his mental faculties remain perfectly unclouded, and we hope that he may yet be spared for many years to favour us with the results of his interesting researches in the wide domain of animal creation. It cannot be too strongly impressed on the mind, especially of the young, that the meanest reptiles which crawl on the earth have been created for wise and gracious ends, and that to injure these is the most wanton and reprehensible species of

cruelty. Every benevolent mind sympathizes with the sentiment of the pious and gentle Cowper—

'I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polish'd manners and fine sense
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarn'd,
Will turn aside and let the reptile live.

There is no way better calculated to foster in the bosoms of the young a feeling of kindness towards every object with which we are surrounded, and to inspire them with a taste for studying the wonderful works of God, than by occasionally placing before them those instances of affection and devotedness which are so often exhibited on the part of the lower animals towards man. With this view, we avail ourselves of the following extract from Mr Jesse's work:—

LOVE TO MAN IN ANIMALS.

'Every sportsman knows that the common wood-pigeon (the ringdove) is one of the shyest birds we have, and so wild, that it is very difficult indeed to get within shot of one. This wild bird, however, has been known to lay aside its usual habits. In the spring of 1639, some village boys brought two young wood-pigeons taken from the nest to the parsonage-house of a clergyman in Gloucestershire, from whom I received the following anecdote:— 'They were bought from the boys merely to save their lives, and sent to an old woman near the parsonage to be bred up. She took great care of them, feeding them with peas, of which they are very fond. One of them died; the other grew up, and was a fine bird. Its wings had not been cut; and as soon as it could fly, it was set at liberty. Such, however, was the effect of the kindness it had received, that it would never quite leave the place. It would fly to great distances, and even associate with others of its own kind; but it never failed to come to the house twice a-day to be fed. The peas were placed for it in the kitchen window. If the window was shut, it would tap with its beak till it was opened, then come in, eat its meal, and then fly off again. If by any accident it could not then gain admittance, it would wait somewhere near till the cook came out, when it would pitch on her shoulder, and go with her into the kitchen. What made this more extraordinary was, that the cook had not bred the bird up, and the old woman's cottage was at a considerable distance; but as she had no peas left, it came to the parsonage to be fed. This went on for some time, but the poor bird having lost its fear of man, was therefore exposed to constant danger from those who did not know it. It experienced the fate of most pets. A stranger saw it quietly sitting on a tree, and shot it, to the great regret of all its former friends.'

'One cold morning, a lamb, apparently dead, was brought into the kitchen of a gentleman in Nottinghamshire by his farming man. On being placed near the fire it revived, and eventually lived, and became so great a pet in the family, as to form quite a part of it. It had the run of the house; took its walks with any of the members of the family; and, if a visit was paid, it would remain very quietly at the door till it was over. It was gentle and amiable at all times, with one exception, being of a jealous disposition, that it could never tolerate any mark of favour shown to a four-footed creature; an instance of which I will give in the words of my correspondent:— 'We had a remarkably ugly, half-starved, pointer dog sent to us. He had a propensity to run away, and therefore was kept tied up. He was so ill-favoured, and so awkward and disagreeable in his habits and manners, that he was universally disliked, and, I fear, neglected. There was one beloved one of our family, who was always the friend of the friendless. The same kind and generous feeling which led her, as long as she was an inhabitant of this world, to seek out misery and relieve it, prompted her to notice this forlorn, neglected animal. She would carry him food, undo his chain, and run up and down the green with him till she was tired, and would then sit

* London: John Murray, Albermarle Street.

down upon the grass, out of breath and weary. This was the time for the pet lamb to show his jealousy. He would run at them with his head, try to trample on them, and never rest till the dog was tied up again, when he appeared perfectly satisfied. When the lamb was grown up, circumstances obliged us to change our residence. In removing to another house, the pet was left behind, under the care of a woman who had charge of the house. On missing its old friends, it went every where in search of them, and stood before those doors leading to rooms in which it had been in the habit of finding us. It bleated most piteously; and at last went up stairs, and laid itself down at my bed-room door, as it had been accustomed to do before I was up in the morning. When the door was opened and it saw the empty room, it renewed its lamentations, and this it continued to do all the day. It ate nothing, and did nothing but moan and cry. Sometimes it would run about, as if a sudden thought had struck it, and a new hope had sprung up; and when it found it was a vain hope, and that it could not find us, it refused all food. Its bleatings were fainter and fainter—it looked ill—its eyes were dim—and soon afterwards it died. The next morning they brought us the body of our poor lamb. Affection will, indeed, preponderate against the strongest impulses of nature in animals. Thus a tame doe has been known to swim a river, in order to follow a person who has treated it with kindness. And there are numerous instances besides the one already related, of animals having refused food, and dying, when the band which had fed and caressed them was no longer to be met with.

‘The following instance of kindness and affection in a dog recently took place in the neighbourhood of Windsor. It is so well authenticated, and affords so strong a proof of the kindly feeling of one animal towards another, that I have much pleasure in recording it. A schoolmaster had a small dog, which became much attached to a kitten. They were in the habit of associating together before the kitchen fire, sometimes sleeping, and sometimes playing. One day they were enjoying a comfortable nap, when the kettle boiled over and scalded the dog, who ran away howling piteously. He had not gone very far, however, before he recollected his companion; he returned immediately, took up the kitten in his mouth, and carried it to a place of safety.’

‘A poor woman in the north of England was in the habit of going about from one village to another, selling different little things for a livelihood, and was generally accompanied by a small dog. When at home, the dog usually slept with the woman's child in a cradle, and was much attached to it. The child fell ill and died, and although the mother lived at Hawkhead, the infant was buried at Staveley. From distress of mind at the time, the poor woman took little notice of the dog; but soon after the funeral it was missed, nor could any tidings be heard of it for a fortnight. When her wanderings were resumed, the mother happened to pass through Staveley, and with a mother's feelings went to take a mournful look at her child's grave. On going to it, she found to her great astonishment her lost dog. It was lying in a deep hole, which it had scratched for itself over the child's grave, probably hoping to get a little nearer to the object of its affection. It was in an emaciated state from hunger; but neither hunger, cold, nor privation, had expelled its love, or diminished the force of its attachment.’

‘A butcher in North Wales was drowned in endeavouring to cross a river, which had been swollen by some late rains, in consequence of his horse having plunged and thrown him. His faithful dog, who had accompanied him all the day, followed the body as it sank, and seizing the collar of his coat with his teeth, brought the body to the side of the stream. Raising the head above the water, he held it firmly there during the whole of an inclement night. When discovered in the morning, the faithful animal was half immersed in water, and shivering with cold, but still engaged in its affectionate endeavours to save the master he loved. How deeply it is to be re-

gretted that such noble and faithful creatures should ever ill-used!’

‘The following is another pleasing instance of the fidelity of a dog. An officer having dined on returning to his barracks rather late in the evening, rested himself on a large stone near the seashore, he shortly fell asleep. He was attended very fort by a small dog. The tide came in very rapidly w was in this situation, and the little animal appears been sensible of his master's danger. He set off mess-room of the regiment, which was about a distant. On arriving at it, he exhibited the g signs of eagerness and distress, and pulled several officers by their clothes. This behaviour of the dog two or three of them to get up, upon which the appeared quite delighted, and kept running before turning every now and then to see if they followe Their curiosity being raised, they allowed the f creature to lead them to the spot where the offic still fast asleep, the tide having just reached h Had they not arrived at the moment they did, thei panion must inevitably have been drowned.’

‘Another interesting anecdote of the sense and tion of a dog is mentioned by Mr Backhouse, in h to the Australian Colonies. The eldest son of a s near Maitland, when between two and three ye wandered into the bush and was lost. The boy probably have perished, but for a faithful spanie followed him. At midnight the dog came and scr at the door of one of the servants' huts, and when opened, ran towards the place where the child w man followed the dog, which led him to a consi distance through a thick brush by the side of the where he found the little boy, seated on the grou almost stiff from cold. The dog afterwards los from the bite of a snake, much to the sorrow of it master, who pointed out to Mr Backhouse, with e emotion, the corner of the room where it died.’

‘A waggoner, attended by his faithful dog, whil ing his team, attempted to get upon one of the sh the waggon, but fell, and the wheels went over hi and killed him. The dog swam across a river, quickest way of getting to the farm, where he used human means to prevail upon the fellow-workmen with him to render assistance to his unfortunate m

‘Instances of the local memory and attachment to places where they have lived, are not uncomm the cat is generally supposed to be an animal of ferior development of instinct and feelings; we, ever, can mention a very singular example both fondness for the house where it was bred, and of apparently beyond its power, which it took when re to a distance, to regain it. A medical gentleman ing at Saxmundham in Suffolk, dined with a fri the village of Grundisburgh, about twelve miles d Late in the evening he returned home; a young been given to him by his host, which was placed in ket, and deposited in the boot of the phaeton. Th timid, little animal, for such is the cat, and on unused to leave the precincts of its former habi three days subsequent to the journey, was found tired, and covered with dirt, at the door of its master's house at Grundisburgh; having by some i tive power, unaccountable to us, found its way fr place to another; assuredly not being guided by th of vision, or the recollection of places, for the journey had been performed in confinement and darkness.’

MATERNAL AFFECTION.

‘I have always much pleasure in watching the un ing and indefatigable exertions of swallows, wagtai other insectivorous birds, in providing food for their Were it not for the affection parents feel for th spring, the present sources of happiness, as rega human as well as the animal species, would be anni In order to keep alive this feeling, two most pe motives have been implanted in females. I mean

of love and pity. No sooner is the feeble and plaintive cry of distress of their young heard by the parent, than these two incentives are immediately called into action. Pity prompts the female to afford the necessary relief, and love renders the task, however arduous, a pleasurable one. I never think of this interesting fact without admiring that law of nature, or rather of a beneficent Creator, who has thus provided for the wants of the young in their most helpless state, and thrown the shield of affection over them. What perseverance, anxiety, and courage are shown by the parent in providing for and defending her young, and at the same time what an absence of all selfishness! When they are in danger, the most fearful female becomes the bravest. Affection then appears in its strongest light. We may see a feeble bird, a timid quadruped, a little insect, sacrifice even life itself in defence of its young.

Let us view a mother watching over a sick and helpless child which requires all her care and attention. How delightfully has Providence smoothed the path of the parent in this case! Instead of anxiety, fatigue, and constant watching and attention becoming insupportable or irksome, we find that affection overcomes every difficulty, and that parental care is bestowed with cheerfulness and pleasure.

It is pleasant to reflect on the perfection of the female character—to indulge in the remembrance of having seen women perform those offices of affection and love which they alone are capable of showing. If we refer to the Bible, how delightfully are their best attributes there portrayed, and how conspicuous are they for the warmest and kindest feelings! It was a woman who watched over her little brother when he was hidden in the bull-rushes. It was a woman who urged her father to perform his vow, although her own life might be the sacrifice. It was a woman who so beautifully said, 'all was well,' when she came to implore the prophet to restore her dead and only son. It was a woman who followed her mother-in-law in all her distress and poverty. It was a woman who offered her last mite in charity. It was a woman who washed our blessed Saviour's feet with her tears, and afterwards wiped them with the hair of her head. It was a woman who said, 'Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died.' It was a woman who stood at the foot of the cross. It was a woman who went first to the sepulchre. It was to a woman our Lord first made himself known after his resurrection; and, it was *not* a woman who betrayed our Lord and master.

Charming, however, as the female character may be, it possesses another quality which has not yet been referred to. I allude to that extraordinary tenderness and affection which a mother generally shows to a deformed, diseased, or idiotic child. That this feeling has been implanted in her by a merciful Creator for a benevolent purpose cannot, I think, be doubted; nor can I imagine any being more wretched than one in any of the conditions I have mentioned, deserted by its mother, and deprived of her tenderness and care. Even some animals show the same affection under almost similar circumstances. I have watched a little feeble bird on a lawn, which some accident or disorder has rendered weaker than the other nestlings, receiving the constant attentions of its mother, who hovered near it, and evidently brought food to it oftener than she did to her other young ones. I have noticed the same in a weakly fawn. When I resided on the border of Bushy Park, I had many opportunities of observing this, and other instances of the great affection which exists between a doe and her fawn. The latter, when very young, hides itself amongst the fern, but on hearing the peculiar bleat of the dam, recognised from amongst many others, it quits its retreat, and is in an instant by her side. A scene of mutual affection then takes place. The fawn rubs its head against the shoulder of its mother. The mother licks the fawn, then satisfies its hunger, and turns round and looks at it with an affection which cannot be mistaken.

Throughout nearly the whole of the animal creation,

the care of rearing, feeding, and protecting the young devolves on the female. She it is who hatches the young brood, and fosters them under her wings. In some cases, her indefatigable exertions procure the necessary supply of food. In others, her milk nourishes them; but the same love and affection is to be found in all. The whale, amidst its agonies of pain and death, is said to attend to her young one with the utmost anxiety to the last moment of her life. If the young whale has been wounded by the harpoon, after the mother has eluded it, the latter then becomes an easy prey to the whalers, as it is well known that nothing will induce her to desert her offspring so strong is female affection.

I am furnished with another instance of this in my immediate neighbourhood. A number of schoolboys, attended by their master, were wandering about the Great Park of Windsor, when one of them discovered a blackbird's nest, with young ones in it, at some distance beyond the top of the Long Walk. He immediately made prize of it, and was conveying it homewards, when the cries of their young were heard by the old birds. Notwithstanding the presence and noise of so many boys, they did not desert their helpless offspring, but kept near them, for a distance of about three miles, flying from tree to tree, and uttering those distressed and wailing notes which are so peculiar in the blackbird. This circumstance induced the boy to place the young birds in a cage, and he hung it outside of the house, which was close to the town of Windsor. Here they were fed regularly by their parents. As they grew up, the boy sold first one and then another, as he was able to procure customers for them, until they were all disposed of. The morning after the last bird was sold, the female blackbird was found dead beneath the cage in which her beloved offspring had been confined, as if she had been unable to survive their loss. So strong indeed is the attachment of these birds for their young, that a boy was struck violently on the head by one of them, while he had a young blackbird in his hand, which he was taking from a nest.

The affection of animals is not confined entirely to their kind and offspring. A clergyman informed me, that when he resided at Cambridge, he had a young stock-dove given to him, which soon became extremely attached to him. It roosted in an open cage in his hall, and always recognised, with great joy, his ring at the house-bell. As he had long journeys to make, it was often late at night when he reached home. On these occasions, the instant he rang the bell the bird would descend from its cage, run along the hall with extended and quivering wings, hop upon his shoulder, cooing and fondling him with its wings, and exhibiting the utmost pleasure and delight.

ECONOMY OF NATURE.

'There are many facts in the economy of nature which are truly surprising, and which serve to prove with what tenderness, care, and wisdom everything has been either created or regulated. An instance of this may be shown with respect to the nests of some of those birds which build on slender branches of trees, or amongst reeds and rushes, where their nests would be liable to be much blown about and shaken. In this case the birds have had a peculiar instinct implanted in them of bending in, or rather of making a sort of rim round the upper part of the nest. But for this foresight and peculiar architecture, it is evident that the eggs would roll out of the nest when the branches were much agitated in high winds. This apparently trifling fact shows how beautifully and delightfully Almighty God has attended to the well-being of his creatures. Nothing has been overlooked. Even in the structure of its nest, the little bird has been taught to make it of the size exactly necessary to contain the future young, and to line it, as the case may require, either with the warmest feathers, or with hair or cobwebs. The small fan-tailed fly-catcher of Australia makes its elegant little nest on the slender stalk of a tree. It resembles a wine-glass in shape, without the bottom part, and the stem is fastened to a lower stalk, thus preserving a due balance. It is outwardly matted together with the web

of spiders, which not only serve to envelop the nest, but are also employed to strengthen its attachment to the branch on which it is constructed. The whole is woven together with exquisite skill. This also is the case with some of the nests of the humming-bird, where the use of the rim is very apparent.

If writers on natural history, who make their remarks on animals as they see them in a state of captivity, could watch them in their native haunts, much that has been said of them would have been omitted. In some instances the wisdom of the Great Creator has been called in question, as if everything that he had made was not perfect, and afforded proofs of infinite wisdom. Buffon and some other naturalists have described the sloth, for instance, as an unhappy miserable animal, almost incapable of crawling on the earth, shedding tears instead of defending itself, and so imperfectly formed as to require two days to enable it to ascend a tree. But what a different account do those give of it who have seen it in the localities to which it has been assigned by Providence! Instead of being the helpless animal that has been described, it is, on the contrary, wonderfully adapted, from its formation and habits, for the mode of life it was destined to lead. Nor are we to suppose that this animal has not his full share of enjoyment, as compared with that of other quadrupeds. The sloth may be called a *tree* animal, with quite as much propriety as the horse or cow may be called *terrestrial* animals. When this fact is known, and the anatomy of the sloth examined with reference to it, we shall find that nothing can be more perfect than its organization. It lives on trees, and dies on trees; nor is it necessary to descend them to procure water, as it does not require any. Its legs are extremely muscular, and are perfectly capable of supporting the weight of the animal. In suspending itself from branches of trees, all the four legs are used, and this is evidently its natural position. In moving from tree to tree, also, the body always hangs downwards. When in search of food, or of its own species, the sloth can show considerable activity. So careful has Providence been of the preservation of this harmless and apparently defenceless animal, that its fur is of the same colour as the moss on the trees on which it lives. This circumstance must render it difficult to be seen in the dense forests which it inhabits.

Nor is this a solitary instance of the peculiar care of a benevolent Creator for his creatures. When birds have been found on little rocky islands, where no fresh water whatever is to be met with, the bills of the birds are all strong, enabling them to squeeze the juice from berries into the mouths of their young, and thus to supply the want of water. If we examine and inquire into the recent discoveries of plants and animals in Australia, we shall find much that is new to us, but all beautifully organized and arranged, and affording proofs of the inexhaustible power of Almighty God. These discoveries are bursting upon us day after day, surprising us with wonder at their novelty, and exciting our curiosity to discover the cause of their peculiar formation.

LLEWELLYN MORGAN; OR, THE DEAF AND DUMB BOY.

THE following striking incident is extracted from a manuscript volume by one of the clergymen of Edinburgh. It is the substance of a statement made by a highly intelligent gentleman belonging to the medical profession, during a discussion on the subject of instinct, in a scientific society of which the clergyman was a member. The deaf and dumb boy being, if not quite an idiot, extremely deficient in understanding, the remarkable circumstance is that he should have been able to detect the presence of the fire-damp, when it was imperceptible to others. The reverend gentleman who has kindly favoured us with the interesting narrative attests its truth on the authority of his medical friend:—

of the Wye. A very beautiful river is that same Wye, surrounded with rich green meadows, and dark woods, and wild mountains, and its banks here and there ornamented with some token of bygone grandeur in ancient castle or venerable abbey. I dare say you have seen Tintern. Well! I say, when I was a lad I lived on the Wye. Ah! how my heart warms up at the thought of my own native village, and my school days, and my holidays spent away far up the lonely hills, fishing for our own Welsh grayling! But these happy days are gone, and they shall return no more.

In our village there lived a poor widow. She was an industrious creature and a good; few there were to speak an ill word of Dame Morgan, and none ever saw either of her two boys ill clad or ill cared for. Oh, no, poor thing! She worked hard, sitting up late and rising early, and eating the bread of sorrow, and all for her two dear boys. And they were twin-boys too; and, poor lads, they had never known a father's love or a father's blessing; before they had entered life, their young mother had become a widow, for the husband of her early love had found a grave in the deep sea; so the twins were born fatherless babes.

Oh, how the poor young mother worked for her two boys! On and on did she work, and not a whisper of re-pining, not a murmur of discontent escaped her lips. She was sad indeed, but not cheerless; for she knew whither to go for consolation. Things went on pretty smoothly in her clean little cottage, and she seemed to be happy; till at last one of her sons would go to sea. Ah, it was a bitter day for her when her dear boy sailed from Newport—for, alas! her other child had been born with the hand of affliction upon him. The tender mother had never heard a word from her silent and voiceless son, nor had that sweetest of music, the voice of a mother, ever fallen on his ear. Llewellyn was deaf and dumb; and, what was still more melancholy, he was of that helpless class in whose souls the lamp of reason burns but dimly.

Months went and came, but brought no tidings of the widow's son. Months at last amounted to years, but he came no more. Hope deferred, they say, maketh the heart sick; but I know not if it made the heart of poor Dame Morgan sick, for she hoped on and on, even against all hope, clinging to a mere shadow, as the drowning man clings to a straw on the surface of the deep waters. But the sailor boy never came again. His mother heard his voice no more. He had slept his sleep in his father's grave, beneath the waste of waters, far, far from his dear mother's home; and far away from the lovely Wye and the beautiful mountains of Monmouthshire!

Deaf and dumb Llewellyn! and what must the poor widow do with her helpless boy! And now he was everything to his mother; and time too was dealing harshly with her; for his iron hand was pressed heavily down on her heart, already crushed and broken by many cares and much anguish, and she now required the tender offices of filial devotion to smooth the path of her pilgrimage as she went along, in a world which was to her truly a vale of tears. Surely Llewellyn might support his mother by his labour.

But then Llewellyn was a solitary being, even as his affliction led him to be. But then he was very cheerful and very happy. Behind his mother's cottage there ran a little river, and there, after he had worked at the flowers and plants in the little garden, he would sit and while away the silent hours, watching the bubbles as they floated by. It was a marvellous thing how greatly the deaf and dumb and almost idiot youth delighted in the beauty of woods and fields, and rivers and mountains! Nature, it is true, did not speak to him in sounds, but nevertheless he perceived a voice stronger than that of many waters. The music of the bubbling brook he had never known—the notes of the lark, as he poured forth his shrill song in the clear sky at morning, or the tune of the seed-thrush chanted by moonlight from among the long sedges by the brink of his favourite river, these notes and that tune he had never heard—even the tremendous diapason of the

'When I was a boy (says the writer) I lived by the banks

thunder-cloud reverberated in vain for him. But though the thunder-storm was mute, there was a bright and glorious language in the lightning's flash—though the lark was silent, there was eloquence in his attitude, as he fluttered gaily at his airy height, or shot downward with close-clasped wings to his clover-shaded nest—though the river was tuneless, yet there was a spirit in the sparkle of its bright waves, as they swept on, and on, and on, fast by his humble dwelling. It is thus the Most High can recompense his creatures!

Llewellyn had never been accustomed to work save at his own time and for his own amusement; but when he found that it was needful he should, he betook himself to the irksome task with cheerful assiduity. He soon got employment in the mines, and there he kept, as he always had, the good will of those around him. He had not, however, been many weeks at work, when he began to show a very strong aversion to the mines; but it was attributed to laziness, and that he had now become tired of the unusual occupation. This dislike seemed to increase day by day; and when he was urged to descend the pit as his fellow-labourers did, he endeavoured by signs and gesticulation to exhibit his fear of some hidden and mysterious danger.

One evening he had returned from his daily toil, and an unusual sadness and melancholy seemed to weigh upon his spirits. Unlike his usual custom, he walked away alone, but not in the direction of his mother's cottage. It was the season of autumn, and many of the trees were already stripped of their leaves, exhibiting a mournful contrast with the glorious richness and maturity of the past season. A walk through a lonely wood brought him to a cottage, of which three of the inmates, a father and his two stout sons, were labourers in the mines. The goodwife was at home, busied in some domestic calling, and Llewellyn entered the house and seated himself. By a significant gesture he attracted the attention of the good dame, and then kneeling, on the sanded floor, he drew with his fore-finger the figures of three coffins, and pointing with the solemn manner of a prophet to the mournful emblems, he slowly left the cottage. This he repeated in several cottages, in some sketching but one, and in others several of those sad emblems of mortality. At last, as the sun was setting, he returned home, and on the floor of his mother's house he formed another of the sad figures, and laying his hand on his own cheek, in the attitude of one about to lie down to rest, he pointed to the sketch and then to himself. This strange conduct filled every one with wonder; and there were not wanting those who did not hesitate to say, that it boded of some terrible calamity, when the poor deaf and dumb youth acted in a way so strange. Some thought it had reference to the mines, and his own dislike to go down to work in them; and some thought he might have perceived the presence of that terrible gas which often does such extensive mischief in our mining districts.

Morning, however, came at last; but Llewellyn would not descend the pit. Approaching the brink, he started back as if in terror, and, casting himself on the ground, endeavoured to exhibit his strong aversion and dismay. It was thought, however, that he was anxious to avoid his work, and he was forced to enter the basket, and was let down. Alas, it was but a few hours, when a cry of terrible despair arose, that the fire-damp had exploded, and that many had perished! And then, oh what frantic cries resounded every where, and how many rushed in unutterable agony to the fatal mine! Strange to say, Llewellyn was first brought up dead—quite dead; and every house where he had made the figure of the coffin became a house of mourning; and whether he had made two or three coffins, the deaths in each family were found to correspond with the prophetic indications of the poor dumb creature. Llewellyn Morgan was carried home to his desolate mother, but, alas for her! the only tie that had bound her to the world was cut in twain. She laid her down on her pillow, but not to weep, for the fountain of her tears was dry; she laid her down, for the golden bowl was

broken. A few days, and mother and son were carried to the same grave; and in the ancient churchyard they were buried under an aged yew tree, fast by the stream which they loved so well.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY ODE.

Hail, infant year! Time's youngest child!
Storm-cradled hope! we welcome thee;
Born in the lap of winter wild,
The tempests howl thy lullaby.
In thy pale face we wish to see
No dark presage, no withering frown;
Even now, anticipation free
Adorns thee with a garland crown.

Away a few fleet months will wing,
And, deck'd in nature's rosy green,
Thou, blushing goddess of the Spring,
Shalt wanton mid the vernal sheen;
Wooing o'er dewy lawn at e'en
Unfetter'd innocence to play;
Rousing the lark through morning's screen,
To cheer the plough-boy's lengthening day.

Transition sweet! as Summer, now
A full-blown beauty thou dost move,
With rose-leaves braided round thy brow,
The queen of flowers—the queen of love.
'Daughter of dawn!' say, wilt thou rove
Among the flocks at purpling morn?
Or view, rejoiced, through whispering grove,
Throned pride of night! thy ripening corn?

More matron-like, thou, Autumn grave,
Hear'st in the breeze thy rustling hand,
Beckoning thy yellow treasures wave,
'Come forth, my sprightly reaper band!'
If on thy mellow features bland
An angry scowl may chance to rise,
'Twill livelier industry command;
So wins thy husbandman his prize.

Bereft of youth, of wealth, of charms,
Thy roseate robes of rich perfume,
Ling'ring and sad, with folded arms,
Thou Winter's cloak at last assume.
Shivering in chill December's gloom
And surly blast, benumb'd and sore,
Thy mournful eye bent on the tomb,
Ours forward to—A GOOD NEW-YEAR!

P. V.

CONDESCENSION OF THE GOSPEL.

Of the great philosopher of antiquity it is said to his honour, that he drew philosophy down from the clouds to walk among men—converting it from empty speculation into a practical benefit. In a far more exalted sense this praise belongs to the Gospel. Though it is conversant with the invisible, the universal, and the infinite, it stoops to the sensible, the particular, and the minute. Though it prescribes the course of an angel's flight, it stoops to guide an infant's feet, and, if need be, steps over thrones to do it. It enters the private dwelling, mingles with its inmates, and addresses an appropriate word to the husband and the wife, the parent and the child. It takes the servant by the hand and leads him to his daily task; and thus invests his station with a dignity, beside which the most splendid idleness is eclipsed and disgraced. It accompanies the tradesman to the place of business; takes its seat by the judge; and to the Christian patriot it says daily, 'Be the citizen in a manner worthy of the gospel of Christ.' It never quits the ground except to convey its disciples to heaven. Like Him who 'went about doing good,' its majesty is the majesty of condescension; and while it seems to be intent only on the happiness of eternity, it overlooks nothing connected with the well-being of time.—*Dr Harris.*

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THE LAW OF KINDNESS.

THE power which this law now has upon society is one of the happiest effects of the diffusion of Christian principles. With all its pride, self-seeking, and vice, it need not be doubted that there is more kindness in the world at present than at any former period of its history. The annals of antiquity, while recording not a few instances of heroism and devotion, seem to hold them up rather as exceptions to the prevailing selfishness and cruelty, than as examples of the general tone of society. Their heroes are exhibited as objects of wonder rather than patterns for imitation. Now-a-days, mankind are gradually getting on more friendly terms with one another. They seem to have found out that there is really more pleasure, and profit too, in good-nature and kindly intercourse, than in blustering, quarrelling, and fighting. Deeds of atrocity, which in former times were looked upon pretty much as matters of course, cannot now be committed with impunity. Any one known to have done or sanctioned an act of wanton cruelty to a fellow-creature, or even to an inferior animal, is from that moment a marked man, and cannot be tolerated in any circle, even the lowest. Society has feelings attuned to the great doctrine of human brotherhood, and will not submit to have them wantonly outraged. 'Hypocrisy,' says an illustrious moralist, 'is the tribute which vice pays to virtue;' and even the rudest natures must now assume at least the appearance of civility and courtesy, if they would not dwell altogether apart from their kind.

The time is not long gone by, when fighting was looked upon as almost the only real work men had to do upon the earth. Only a few centuries ago, our own countrymen were much more like worshippers of Thor and Odin, than Christians, as they fancied themselves. Every country in Europe—every province, district, town, nay, family—had their 'natural enemies,' with whom they deemed it quite right and proper to fight whenever the humour seized them. Up to the middle of the fifteenth century, hardly one of the kings of England or Scotland died a natural death. Fathers destroyed their children, children deposed and murdered their fathers, without mercy or remorse. A man's worst foes were those of his own household; and yet the perpetrators of these atrocities, so soon as they had secured their own position, went forth in high state and honour, no one daring to say they had done wrong. In our times, even the most towering ambition would utterly fail in its purposes did it seek to compass them by such unscrupulous means. Natural enemies is a term which nobody thinks of now using. If war is still defended, it is entirely on the plea of self-defence—as a coarse but

ments of licentiousness, tyranny, or rapacity. We hear much less about its glories, and a great deal more about its uselessness, impolicy, and guilt. Duelling, that most barbarous legacy of barbarian times, is fast becoming unfashionable and even odious. Penal laws, about the last things cautious men like to meddle with, are being gradually ameliorated. Prevention of crime, rather than the punishment of it, is now the prominent tendency of our criminal enactments; and it seems to be felt that something of pity for the criminal may be consistent with hatred of crime, and the preservation of good order. For all this we do not think the world any better than it should be, or give it one particle of credit. It is all going on, just apparently because people cannot help it; because there is a power at work stronger than the bad passions of human nature; because Christianity, in spite of all obstacles, is becoming the great law of society.

In the domestic relations of life—those simplest, most spontaneous, yet most permanent of all institutions—these principles have achieved some of their noblest triumphs. Few sufficiently reflect upon what has thus been done for the elevation of the female character. Yet that revolution which raised woman from the rank of man's slave to that of his companion, which unfolded all the tenderness and strength of her nature, by proclaiming her an heir of immortality and a daughter of heaven, is one of the most momentous ever achieved. It has made her a help meet for man—his better genius, to wean him from vice and allure him to virtue. We hesitate not to say that the true character of woman is unknown, her rights unacknowledged, beyond the boundaries of Christianity. Once step without the sphere of its operations, and we find her degraded and oppressed, and men by consequence sensual and brutalized; and exactly in proportion to the strength of its influence in any quarter, is the true dignity of woman estimated, and her power appropriately exerted. If, as we devoutly believe, our British mothers, wives, and daughters, are, on the whole, patterns to their sex throughout the world, it needs little penetration to see whence this lofty distinction is derived. That gentle and devoted kindness in which lies the secret of their influence is but the reflection of the universal benevolence which Christianity inculcates, and which has won for them from the haughty lords of creation something like an equality of privileges.

In the mode in which the education of children is now conducted, very great improvements are perceptible. We do not thereby allude to the more useful and practical nature of the knowledge imparted, but to the more kindly manner in which this is done. The stories our grandfathers tell us about their schoolmasters almost make our

tyrants in existence. They taught their pupils as bears are taught to dance—simply by flogging; and never dreamt that the little learning they had to communicate, could be drilled in by any other process. To the axiom of the wise man, 'He that spareth the rod, hateth the child,' they gave the fullest and most literal interpretation. The teachers of our day are discovering much milder and more effectual modes of imparting knowledge. Children are coming to be regarded as beings who have affections to be won, and understandings to be appealed to; and, of course, the birch and the strap are fast disappearing. Now, we hold this state of things to be one of the surest indications of an improved moral tone in society. No teacher who reflects that the child committed to his charge is an immortal creature like himself, no man whose mind is imbued with true Christian benevolence—and such only are entitled to hold the high position of instructors of youth—will seek to impart knowledge through the medium of cruelty. In fact, any one who should attempt to do so could not compete in the market. His method would not work; or it would work so lamely in contrast with the far more effectual systems of which kindness is the basis, that he would be compelled to change it, or be driven from the field. Who can estimate the progress future generations, trained up under these better principles, are yet destined to make in knowledge and virtue!

In many of the other relations of society, the same tendencies may be seen in operation. There are a great number of good, kind people in the world just at this moment. Let any one look around him, among his friends and neighbours, and try to reckon up the various acts of real benevolence they have performed towards himself—the many obligations he has received from persons who had nothing to expect from him except perhaps his thanks—and he will be surprised at the largeness of the catalogue. Such people may not be Christians in the highest sense of that high title; but the power of Christianity constrains them notwithstanding. Then look at our benevolent institutions—our hospitals, our infirmaries, our societies for the relief of the stranger and destitute, our bible and missionary associations, to say nothing of the heroism which inspires high-souled and disinterested men to go forth to distant regions, braving pestilence, and famine, and the cruelties of savage tribes, to communicate the 'glad tidings of great joy.'

There are not a few philosophers who puzzle themselves to account by other causes than the real one for the progress society has made. They would seek these in the heights above or in the depths beneath, rather than in those sovereign principles by which the diffused spirit of Christianity speaks everywhere to their own hearts. Some ascribe the improved tone of manners and morals to a vague necessity of advancement, impressed they neither know how nor why on human affairs. Others look for its cause in the progress of commercial intercourse; and place the gradual regeneration of the world to the account of mere selfishness. Others, again, think they have found it in the diffusion of secular knowledge, and regard intellect as the great ameliorator of the world. Such persons are not perhaps wilfully blind; but they show how willing men are to take credit to themselves for blessings which they owe entirely to the bounty of Heaven. There is in the world one power, omnipotent and everlasting, and that power is love—the gift of Christ. No social institution can conflict with it—no one based on it will ever perish. It possesses a creative and sustaining energy which nothing can resist. Pride, ambition, anger, all merely human passions, exhaust themselves, and leave desolation behind; but their effects soon disappear, and on the ruins they have caused divine love rears new structures which will last for ever. That silent but sure progress of society, which the atheist ascribes to an aimless necessity, the Christian regards as the natural operation of the principles of the gospel; and he views the extended intercourse and diffused knowledge of the times as vehicles whereby its principles may be more widely communicated.

These principles go forth to an assured triumph; for their great law is the perfection of all things—the law of benevolence—of love.

These remarks are thrown out chiefly as hints for reflection, and not without the conviction that there is much to detract from the cheerfulness of the view we have taken. The law of kindness, the obligation of continually doing good, still requires to be far more universally felt. Even good men, who would little relish to be called unchristian, must be conscious of a frequent tendency to act as though it admitted of some exceptions and reservations. There is current among the French a legend of one of their early confessors, which very quaintly embodies the operation of this tendency. Craving the indulgence of the reader, we shall offer it in illustration, the more readily as it may excuse us from any seeming encroachment on the province of the pulpit. Listen then to the parable of

THE HERMIT OF GAUL.

At a time when the majority of the tribes of Gaul were yet ignorant of the gospel of Christ, there lived an old man called Novaire, who had freely received the glad tidings, and diligently sought to comprehend them thoroughly. Abandoning the pleasures of the world, he retired to a solitary hill, near the place where Lillebonne now stands, and there reared a cabin of turf, where he dwelt alone, alternately occupied in endeavours to expand his own views and to communicate the truth to the people round about.

Here it came to pass, after much meditation and prayer, that the dark veil which shrouds the invisible world from mortal view was lifted from his eyes, and he was permitted to gaze on the pathways of the sky, without losing his ken of earthly things. He distinguished at the same time the secrets of the visible and invisible universe. His vision wandered over the woods, the plains, the waters; then, glancing higher, it embraced the region traversed by the messengers of light; while, above all, it penetrated into the celestial habitations. He listened devoutly to the music of the spheres, the voice of the cherubim, and the hosannahs of the blessed. Angels brought his food, and freely discoursed to him on those secrets which are hidden from the world. Thus his days passed in a perpetual and heavenly delight. Familiarized to the intercourse of pure intelligences, he gradually felt all vulgar ambitions dying away within him, as the lessening stars vanish before the sun; and, proud of a knowledge thus lifted above the earth, he wished still further to penetrate the mysteries of God. While listening to the living accents which composed the eternal hymn of the creation to the glory of its Author, he constantly said to himself—

'Why cannot I understand what the birds utter in their songs, the breezes in their whisperings, the insects in their hummings, the waves in their rolling, the angels in their celestial hymns?—in these ought to be found the great law which rules the world!'

But all the efforts of his mind to penetrate so profound a mystery were useless: he acquired nothing by his endeavours save hardness of heart and spiritual pride. His visits of mercy to the plain became less frequent, and his intercourse with its inhabitants more haughty and supercilious; for the growth of knowledge by itself can only be likened to that of the trees of the forest, which cannot extend their roots without drying up all around them. That knowledge may be beneficent and fruitful, it is necessary it should be watered from the fountains of the heart.

One day, when the hermit had descended from his mountain, which preserved a perpetual verdure, in order to traverse the wintry valley below, he saw coming from another direction a numerous group of men, who were leading a criminal to the scaffold. The peasants gathered to see him pass, and spoke loudly of his crimes; but the doomed one smiled as he heard them, and, far from giving any sign of repentance, he seemed to glory in his past misdeeds. At length, as he passed the recluse, he all at once stopped, and cried out in a tone of raillery—'Come

here, holy man, and give your blessing and the kiss of peace to one who is going to die.'

But Novaire indignantly repulsed him, saying, 'Pass on to your fate, miserable wretch; pure lips may not be contaminated by contact with such as thee.'

The poor creature turned away without further reply, and Novaire, still agitated, proceeded onward to his hermitage.

But when arrived there he paused with a look of consternation: the aspect of everything had changed. The trees which the presence of angels had preserved in perennial verdure, were become leafless as those of the valley; there, where, a few hours before, the blossoming eglantine had exhaled its delightful fragrance, the white hoar-frost was glistening, and the scanty and withered moss revealed the bare rocks beneath.

Novaire longed anxiously for the coming of the celestial messenger, who every day brought him his food, to learn the cause of this sudden change; but the messenger appeared not; the invisible world was closed to him, and he was thrown back into the ignorance and miseries of humanity. He understood that God had punished him, though he guessed not the fault he had committed. However, he submitted without murmuring, and kneeling on the hill—'Since I have offended thee, O my Creator,' said he, 'I am worthy of the utmost punishment thou mayest inflict. From this day I shall quit my solitude; and I vow to travel straight on, without other repose than that of the night, till thou art graciously pleased to vouchsafe me some visible token of thy forgiveness.'

With these words Novaire took up his staff, girded his loins with a leathern belt, fastened his sandals, and, casting a parting look on his beloved residence, he directed his course towards the wild peninsula which, at a later time, received the name of the Land of Blossoms. In this country, now covered with villages, farmsteads, and cultivated fields, no path could then be traced except that worn by the footsteps of the unreclaimed beasts of the forest. In his toilsome way he had to ford rivers, traverse morasses, penetrate thickets, sometimes finding, at wide intervals, a few poor habitations, whose masters frequently refused him entrance. But Novaire suffered all these fatigues and privations with great serenity. Sustained by the hope of once more recovering the lost favour of Heaven, he opposed resignation to grief, and patience to all obstacles.

In this way he at length arrived at the extremity of the peninsula, not far from the spot where the celebrated Abbey of Jumieges was afterwards built.* Here a forest then extended, whose recesses afforded shelter to pirates, who, in light shallops of osier covered with skins, attacked the ships which passed up and down the river laden with merchandise. One evening, as the traveller quickened his pace to reach the banks, he came upon an open glade, where four of these outlaws were seated round a fire of dried brushwood. At sight of him they rose, ran towards him, and brought him near the fire, the more easily to despoil him. They seized his book, his cincture, his garment; and, seeing that he had nothing else, they deliberated whether he should then be set at liberty. But the oldest of them, named Toderick, suggested that he should be kept, and made to row the boat, to which the others agreed.

Novaire was then bound with chains, and became the slave of the four pirates. He was compelled to cook for them, to clean their arms, mend the boat, and sometimes to steer it, receiving no other recompense for his labour than blows and hard words. Toderick especially showed him little pity; and, joining railery to cruelty, constantly demanded of the poor prisoner what availed the power of his God. One day, however, the four pirates assailed a vessel descending the Seine, which they supposed to be laden with rich merchandise; but it so hap-

pened that she contained a body of armed men, who saluted them with a shower of arrows so well directed, that three of the bandits were killed on the spot, and the fourth, who was Toderick, received a wound in the body, apparently mortal.

Novaire then turned the prow of the shallop towards the river bank, which he succeeded in gaining. He now at length found himself at liberty, and his first impulse was to fly from a place where he had endured such misery; but touched with pity for those who had so long injured him, he gave sepulture to the three slain pirates, and then approached Toderick. The unhappy man, judging Novaire by his own savage disposition, supposed that he would now take vengeance for the cruelty he had shown him, and said—'Kill me, but do not torture me.'

But Novaire replied, 'So far from taking thy life, my friend, I shall do all in my power to save it.'

The pirate was astonished and deeply moved. 'That is not now in the power of man,' said he; 'for I feel the chill of death creeping fast round my heart; but if you indeed wish well to me, notwithstanding all I have made you suffer, give me a little water to quench my thirst.'

Novaire ran to the nearest spring, and brought water to the wounded man. When he had drunk, he raised his eyes, now fast glazing in death, and looked steadily on the hermit. 'Thou hast truly returned good for evil,' he said, faintly; 'wilt thou do yet more, and accord the kiss of peace to a guilty and dying creature?'

'I will, cheerfully,' said Novaire; 'and may it prove to thee a sign of pardon from that merciful God whose law thou hast so long broken, and whom thou hast offended more deeply than thou couldst any of his creatures.' With these words he knelt beside the pirate, who received the kiss of peace, and immediately expired.

At the same instant, a voice resounding through the air uttered these words:—'Novaire, thy trial is at an end. God has punished thee for having refused thy pity to one who was merely guilty: thou shalt now be rewarded for having blessed him who was thine enemy. All the treasure thou didst lose by hardness of heart, thou hast regained by a victorious charity. Raise, then, thine eyes, and open thine ears, for now again thou canst hear the voices of the earth and of the heavens.'

Novaire, who had listened to the voice mute and trembling, raised his head. The trees, blighted by the blasts of winter, seemed all at once to have become verdant; the frozen brooks again flowed in their channels; the birds sung among the blossoming shrubs; whilst, high in heaven, he beheld, like Jacob, the angels ascending and descending on their missions to the earth, the cherubim sailing amid the clouds, the archangels flashing their swords of fire, and the saints chanting their celestial hymns! And all these several sounds formed one harmonious anthem, of which the ever-recurring burden was—

'LOVE ONE ANOTHER.'

Then Novaire pressed his forehead to the ground, and exclaimed—'Mercy, O Father, ever blessed! This day have I indeed learned what is the great law.'

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

FRANCIS HORNER.

THE subject of our present memoir was the son of Mr John Horner, a merchant of Edinburgh, in which city he was born on the 12th of August, 1778. He was a weakly child, and his mother, who taught him to read, thought him dull. He was, however, never idle, and soon showed considerable talents, repeating large portions of the sermons he heard in the church. In 1786, Francis was sent to the High School, where his master was William Nicol, less celebrated for his skill in teaching than for the friendship of Burns, who has immortalized him in the song beginning 'Willie brewed a peck o' maut.' From his tuition he passed, in due course, to that of the learned and amiable Dr Adam, the rector of the school, with

* The peninsula alluded to is formed by the windings of the Seine, a little below Rouen in Normandy. The Abbey of Jumieges was founded in the seventh century, and became one of the most

tion in 1792, when he left to attend the University. This institution was then at the height of its reputation, Stewart, Playfair, Robison, and Blair being among the professors whose lectures he attended. Along with Henry Brougham, one of his earliest friends, he joined one of those debating societies which form such useful additions to the regular course of instruction. Having now chosen the bar as his profession, his father sent him for two years to England, in order to acquire the proper pronunciation of the language. When there, he was occasionally present at the debates in the House of Commons, with which, though Pitt and Fox were among the speakers, he was less pleased than might have been imagined. In England he remained till October, 1797, occupied not only with pronunciation and style, but also with law and other miscellaneous studies. As an exercise, he translated a great part of Euler's Elements of Algebra from the French, which work was completed and published by his teacher, Mr Hewlett, after his departure.

After his return to Edinburgh, he attended the class of civil law, and also those of natural philosophy and chemistry, in the University. He likewise joined the Speculative Society, along with his friend Brougham, and soon took a prominent part in its discussions. At the same time he carried on a course of reading which, though extensive, had chiefly reference to his future profession. His remarks on the various authors, contained in his journals, are often interesting. He also kept up his intercourse with his various friends, some of whom afterwards attained a high place in literature and science. Among them was Lord Webb Seymour, a brother of the Duke of Somerset, with whom he regularly discussed the various topics comprehended in Stewart's lectures, which they were attending. In the summer of 1799, he made an excursion with him to the Western Highlands, and was induced by his example to begin the study of mineralogy and the Huttonian theory, which Playfair was then illustrating in some papers read to the Royal Society. With the same friend, Dr Thomas Brown, Jeffrey, and others of his acquaintances, he projected a translation of the works of Turgot. He was also meditating a treatise on the principles of philosophical inquiry similar to the great work of Lord Bacon. With all this, his reading and law studies continued, and in June, 1800, he was called to the Scottish bar, and for the remainder of the session walked the Outer-House every forenoon, 'with few fees and many headaches.'

This event produced little change either in his course of study or general employment. His journal and correspondence furnish a full record of the progress of both, but scarcely admit of condensation. The works of Bacon formed a favourite text-book, and he read much of them in company with Lord Webb Seymour, discussing with him the various beauties and difficulties they severally encountered. To the profound ideas of this great man he had recourse as a solace from the irksome labours of his profession, to his progress in which, however, he was convinced, the philosophical views of that great inquirer, and the peculiar principles of investigating truth which he unfolds, were by no means alien. He was also studying the principles of political economy in the writings of Smith, and in those of Quesnay, Turgot, and others of the French economists. To this subject his attention was especially drawn by a course of lectures on it by Dugald Stewart. Whilst fully appreciating the elegant taste and comprehensive spirit displayed in his lectures, he began to suspect this philosopher of excessive timidity on the subject of political innovation and practical improvements, whilst the very ease of his style, the charms of his diction, and the attractive imagery he employed, seemed unfavourable to that close and continuous attention necessary to discover truth and detect error.

In 1801, Horner began to entertain thoughts of leaving Edinburgh, and 'of staking his chance in the great but hazardous game of the English bar.' His reason for this step was, that, though daily more attached to the law as a study, he was at the same time becoming more averse

to the practice of the Scotch Court. Before finally deciding, he visited London in the spring of the following year. His resolution seems to have been even then pretty fully matured; and perhaps visions of political usefulness and celebrity mingled their attractions in this scheme. The impression he made on the persons he was introduced to in the metropolis was highly gratifying to his friends; those best capable of forming an opinion, regarding him as well informed, amiable and unaffected in manners, and rational in his opinions. In London he heard the most celebrated lawyers of the time pleading, and was introduced to several of them, and to other scientific and literary characters—to Romilly, Mackintosh, Scarsid, Davy, and others. In London he remained six weeks, and before leaving it entered his name at Lincoln's Inn, though it was not his intention to settle in London for some time.

On his return to Edinburgh, he was engaged with Jeffrey, Sidney Smith, Brougham, and others of his acquaintances, in projecting the Edinburgh Review. The first number of this periodical appeared in November, 1802, and, besides three short articles, Horner contributed one of considerable extent on Thornton's book on Paper Credit. So little expectations had the projectors of the vast success of this undertaking, that, as we learn from one of Horner's letters, the first edition consisted of only 750 copies; but this number was soon exhausted, and a new edition called for. To the second number Mr Horner only contributed one article on Canard's Principles of Political Economy, and also one to the third number on Sir John Sinclair's Essays. Before the latter appeared, however, he had left Edinburgh and taken up his residence in London. He arrived there in a very critical period of public affairs—when the renewal of war with France was engaging every person's attention. These circumstances, and the studies required for his new situation, seem to have occupied so much of his time that he became remiss in his contributions to the Review, the fourth number of which contained two articles by him. The rumoured invasion of England, in the summer of 1803, by Bonaparte, merged all minor political differences; and Horner joined one of the volunteer associations, and underwent a course of drilling along with them. His opinions on political questions must have been well known, though he had not as yet taken any active part. In June, 1804, he received an invitation from Lord Fitzwilliam to a political party dinner, which, as he approved of 'the general maxims and principles of Mr Fox's party, both with regard to the doctrine of the constitution, to foreign policy, and internal legislation,' he, after some hesitation, accepted. Questions regarding political economy seem, however, to have more deeply interested him than those having immediate reference to party dispute, and his contributions to the Edinburgh Review were frequently of this nature. In the controversy occasioned by Mr Leslie's election to the chair of mathematics in Edinburgh, he took a lively interest, and wrote an account of the case, which was published in the thirteenth number of the Review, in October 1805. His letters to his friends show how much he was interested in the change of ministry occasioned by the illness and death of Pitt. He mentions a pleasing anecdote of his great opponent, Fox, who induced his party to postpone a motion for an amendment to the address, by stating 'that he thought it impossible they could enter into the discussion; he could not, while they had the idea that Pitt was in extremities.'

Mr Horner's talents and principles were too well known to allow him to be long unemployed by his party. In February, 1806, he was appointed one of the commissioners on the debts of the Nabob of Arcot, and in June a proposal was made from Lord Kinnaird to bring him into parliament. This was the great object of his ambition, and readily accepted, though his friend Lord Webb Seymour strongly dissuaded him from it, as likely to interfere with his progress in his profession. The terms on which he entered parliament were honourable to both parties, no conditions of any kind being attached to the

offer. In November, 1806, he was elected member for St Ives, in Cornwall; but the new parliament, which met in the middle of December, was very short-lived, being dissolved in the following April. Mr Horner only spoke twice, and very shortly. In the next general election he did not obtain a seat, but in July was elected for Wendover. His friends were soon after dismissed from the government by the king, who differed from them on the Catholic question. Mr Horner defended their conduct in a short pamphlet, and was chosen a member of the Whig Club. In June, 1807, he was at length called to the bar by the Society of Lincoln's Inn, and soon after proceeded on the Western Circuit.

In the session of parliament which met in January, 1808, Mr Horner took no part in any of the more important questions, but spoke upon several of less moment. In the following session, notwithstanding his resolutions to the contrary, he still refrained from making any elaborate speech in the house, adducing various reasons to some of his friends who urged him to make the attempt. During the two following years few events of importance seem to have marked his life, his correspondence being chiefly filled with remarks on the course of public affairs, which have now comparatively little interest. At this time, also, he concluded his connexion with the Edinburgh Review by an article on the French translation of Mr Fox's History, which appeared in the beginning of 1810. In February of that year he was brought into more public notice, by introducing to parliament an inquiry into the depreciation of bank-notes and the rise in the price of bullion. He was appointed chairman of the committee on this question, and took a principal share in drawing up the report. On the question of privilege, raised by the proceedings against Sir Francis Burdett, Mr Horner seems to have taken views different from his usual friends, which were not sanctioned by the house. In the autumn of that year he visited Ireland, and was much struck with the numbers and condition of the people—their dirt, rags, and idleness, with the strong desire they exhibited for education, quite puzzled him. Yet, with all this, he says, 'they look a much happier people than I have seen in any part of England or Scotland; the English peasant is a torpid animal, and the Scotch one eaten with care, compared with the light-hearted cheerful people of this country.'

The most important question which came before parliament, when it met in December, was that of the regency, in consequence of the state of the king's health. On this Horner supported his party; and in the following spring, when there was a prospect of establishing a ministry under Lord Grenville, this nobleman wrote to him offering him the situation of financial secretary to the treasury, which he declined. On the 6th May, the discussion on the report of the bullion committee was begun by Mr Horner, in a speech which occupied three hours in delivery. He concluded by moving sixteen resolutions on the subject, which were, however, rejected after a four day's debate. He did not speak during the remainder of the session on any point of consequence. In the autumn he resided some time in Devonshire, with the scenery of which he was much pleased, whilst the rocks seem to have recalled his thoughts to his geological studies. In the following session of parliament Mr Horner does not appear to have taken an active part in any of the great subjects of debate, and his attendance was much interrupted by ill health. In the succeeding parliament he had no place. A letter of this date to Mr Malthus shows the high importance he attached to national education, which he regarded as one of 'the true principles of the Reformation.' His health continuing bad, he, in the autumn of 1812, took a tour through part of England and came to Edinburgh.

Mr Horner's character was too well established to allow him to remain inactive, and a seat in parliament was soon offered him through the friendship of Lord Grenville. This was highly acceptable to him, for, to use his own words, 'nothing but the alliance of politics would

session, in which I have little prospect of eminence, and very moderate desires of wealth.' At the same time he urged the superior claims of Sir Samuel Romilly, who had also been excluded in the general election. Mr Horner was returned in April, 1813, for St Mawes, but only spoke on a few occasions, and very briefly on each. On one of these occasions he opposed the imposition of a duty on the importation of grain, affirming 'that, with perfect freedom in the trade, tillage had at no former period increased so much or prices proved so regular; and that, in spite of all the regulations of the enemy to prevent it, whenever this country was in want of foreign grain it could get it.' It is scarcely necessary to state that his party was greatly outvoted on this question. In the following session he spoke more frequently, but chiefly on questions of temporary interest; and in that in the summer of 1814, he also took an active part in the business, addressing the house both on the corn-laws and on the more effectual abolition of the slave-trade. His business as a lawyer was also increasing, and now made him quite independent.

In the end of August, 1814, along with Mr J. A. Murray and his brother, Mr Horner set out on a tour to the continent, now rendered accessible by the return of peace. He travelled by Dieppe and Rouen to Paris, but his observations contain nothing remarkable. From Paris they proceeded to Switzerland, where he was introduced to Dumont, Pictet, and Sismondi the historian of the Italian republics. They went as far south as Milan and then returned to Paris, where he met several of the distinguished literary men of France. In the session of parliament that met soon after his return home, Mr Horner spoke several times. In the session of 1815, he also spoke several times, especially on the transfer of Genoa to the King of Sardinia and on the corn-laws. These speeches were highly praised by Mackintosh and Romilly, and fully established his character as a speaker in the house. On the Bank Restriction Act he also spoke, and made a motion for a return to cash payments. On the question of renewing the war with France, on the return of Napoleon from Elba, Mr Horner was opposed to it being begun by the allies invading that country, even although he saw little prospect of long maintaining peace. As on this question his opinion was at variance with that of the Duke of Buckingham, to whom he owed his seat, Mr Horner offered to resign, but that nobleman refused to accept of this, leaving him at liberty to act on his own opinion. On the 6th June, the late Sir Robert Peel brought in a bill to restrict the labour of children in factories, which Mr Horner supported, though he thought it fell far short of what should be done on the subject. In 1816, Mr Horner spoke on various questions connected with the recent peace and the financial condition of the country. He also originated a bill correcting an anomaly in the Irish Grand Juries, who were in the habit of finding bills of indictment without examining witnesses. This measure met with much opposition, but was passed before the close of the session. Mr Horner also spoke in disapprobation of the treaties of peace, which he disliked as forcing a king on France against the will of the nation. The treatment of Bonaparte also met with his disapprobation, he considering it as wanting in that magnanimity which should distinguish a great nation. Mr Horner's health now began to fail, and a slight cough gave indications of the commencement of that illness which terminated his life. The last time he addressed the house was on the 25th June, in favour of Catholic emancipation.

In the autumn he visited his friends in Scotland, and took up his residence at Dryden, near Edinburgh. His physicians now ordered him to suspend all professional engagements, Dr Gregory giving the pithy advice—'No vociferation, sir, even if you are paid for it.' This restriction fell very hard on him, and he proposed spending the winter shut up in London; but his doctors recommended him to spend the winter and spring in a warm climate. He fixed upon Italy, travelled by short stages

commencing. He took up his abode at Pisa, but none of the symptoms of his complaint were relieved by the change of climate. For a time the genial weather of spring brought brighter hopes, and he wrote on the 4th of February to his father that his health was undoubtedly better. On the 8th, however, he became suddenly much worse, and expired on the afternoon of that day. On examination, it was found that his disease arose in an enlargement of the air-cells and a condensation of the substance of the lungs, a malady which no medical skill could have cured. He was then in the 39th year of his age. He was buried in the Protestant cemetery at Leghorn, where a marble monument marks his grave.

In the House of Commons, when a new writ was issued for the borough of St Mawes, Lord Morpeth pronounced a high eulogium on his deceased friend, which was fully responded to by men of all parties—by Mr Canning, Mr Manners Sutton, Sir Samuel Romilly, and others. His friends afterwards erected a monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey, being a beautiful marble statue executed by Sir Francis Chantrey. His opinions may be learned from the details already given; and his character is thus described by his friend and teacher, Dugald Stewart:—"The united tribute of respect already paid by Mr Horner's political friends and his political opponents to his short but brilliant and spotless career in public life, renders all additional eulogies on his merits as a statesman equally feeble and superfluous. Of the extent and variety of his learning, the depth and accuracy of his scientific attainments, the classical (perhaps somewhat severe) purity of his taste, and the truly philosophical cast of his whole mind, none had better opportunities than myself to form a judgment, in the course of a friendship which commenced before he left the university, and which grew till the moment of his death. But on these endowments of his understanding, or the still rarer combination of virtues which shed over all his mental gifts a characteristic grace and a moral harmony, this is not the proper place to enlarge. Never, certainly, was more completely realized the ideal portrait so nobly imagined by the Roman poet—'A calm devotion to reason and justice, the sanctuary of the heart undefiled, and a breast glowing with inborn honour.'" To this we shall only add the following from the Rev. Sidney Smith:—"He loved truth so much, that he never could bear any jesting upon important subjects. I remember one evening the late Lord Dudley and myself pretended to justify the conduct of the government in stealing the Danish fleet; we carried on the argument with some wickedness against our graver friend; he could not stand it, but bolted indignantly out of the room; we flung up the sash, and, with loud peals of laughter, professed ourselves decided Scandinavians; we offered him not only the ships but all the shot, powder, cordage, and even the biscuit, if he would come back, but nothing could turn him; he went home; and it took us a fortnight of serious behaviour before we were forgiven." "As he had never lost a friend and made so few enemies, there was no friction; no drawback; public feeling had its free course; the image of a good and great man was broadly before the world, unsullied by any breath of hatred; there was nothing but pure sorrow! Youth destroyed before its time, great talents and wisdom hurried to the grave, a kind and good man, who might have lived for the glory of England, torn from us in the flower of his life! But all this is gone and past, and, as Galileo said of his lost sight, 'It has pleased God it should be so, and it must please me also.'"

RAMBLES IN LONDON.

NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

THE New Houses of Parliament form at present one of the chief objects of interest in the Great Babylon, as Cobbett used at times to call London; but the building is not yet at that stage of advancement to allow of its beauties being fairly recognised, or the purposes of the able architect, Mr Barry, being rightly appreciated.

An immense amount of work has been done, however, far as the structure is from internal completion. The outside area is wholly enclosed, or nearly so, allowing a partially to judge of its effect in outline. It is not regular in plan, excepting on the side immediately overlooking the river, along which runs a long pile in the form of a parallelogram, separated from the stream by an embanked terrace, some thirty or forty feet in breadth. The whole of the interior of this river-front, which extends, by a rough measurement, for fully three hundred paces, is to be devoted to the purposes of library and committee rooms. Running inwards from this parallelogram, on the western side, or that farthest up the Thames, we find a shorter range of buildings, terminating in one massive tower, called the Victoria Tower, by the magnificent arched entrance to which her Majesty is to make her way, when about to open or dissolve Parliament. The House of Lords and Commons occupy the mid-part of the whole area of the structure, divided by open courts from the pile on the river-side, to which they run parallel, and accessible by Westminster Hall, which presents its old face citywards, like the Victoria Tower. A large lobby-room divides the two Houses, the Lords being on the west, or the side farthest up the river, and the Commons on the eastern side. Westminster Hall and Victoria Tower, with the connecting buildings, do not present the same length of front as the pile on the river, and therefore there is a large space on the east of the hall as yet occupied but by old Palace-Yard, which renders the entire design irregular in some degree. It may be added that, at the present time, the whole basement storey of the New Houses displays but a confused mass of crossing corridors, arches, and cell-like chambers, partly intended to give Dr D. B. Reid scope for his ventilating and heating contrivances, and partly to supply storerooms and such like appendages to the main erection.

We fear that there cannot be any very clear ideas conveyed by this description, but the present state of matters will not allow of more explicitness. As far as one can yet judge, the front to the river will ever be the most attractive and imposing portion of the structure. The style of architecture is what is called the 'florid Gothic'—the peaks, pinnacles, and sharp arches of that style of building being here exhibited multitudinously, both on the windows and on the roofing. Large turrets in that mode are placed at each end, and two others in the centre. In addition to such ornaments, the arms of thirty-five sovereigns of England, from William the Conqueror to Victoria, are most elaborately engraved on the river-front, with black-letter devices beneath. There are many other pieces of decoration besides these.

Indeed, all is ornament together; and we are compelled to confess, that the undertaking of Mr Barry seems to us to carry this feature to excess. Notwithstanding that one cannot but acknowledge the presence of something very fine in the whole pile, yet the word 'gim-crackery' rises to the tongue-tip at the view. Ornament should ever be but the accessory in architecture; here it is the basis—the principal—the all-in-all. On seeing the New Senate-Houses, one can easily understand the causes of the delay which has occurred in finishing; and, in fact, can only feel surprise that such a mass of elaboration should have already been put up. But for very uncommon exertions on the part of Mr Thomas and his assistants, who are engaged in modelling and carving the ornamental portions, the work would not have been one half so far advanced as it really is. Lord Brougham should recollect that, in assenting to the plans of Mr Barry, he put the speedy erection of the New Parliament Houses out of the question. When we consider that all the outer walls are to be adorned with arms, devices, and niched statues, that the internal workmanship cannot for a long time even be commenced, that the stained windows (by Mr Ballantine of Edinburgh and others) are yet to be executed, that numerous marble statues are determined on for the interior, &c. &c., we should anticipate that half-a-dozen years must elapse ere this great building be completed.

bless, the mere sitting-places of the Peers and Commons may be ready much sooner; but, as a whole, the picture will not—can not be finished for a long time. A durable it may be, after its execution, is a matter of doubt, we humbly think. The freestone, or sandstone, which it is composed, though of a pretty pure colour, seems to be very soft. The workmen save time by using it, in place of hewing. But we must repeat what already been said, that to judge fairly of the entire act of the New Senate-Houses is impossible as yet, and an architect should have the benefit of the proverb, that it is not fair to judge of half done work.

The National Gallery of Paintings is on our way homeward from Westminster towards the city, and may be reached by way of sequel to the preceding subject. The gallery was founded in 1824, while the Liverpool administration held power; and the idea seems to have been suggested by the announced sale at that time of the rich collection of Mr Angerstein, the banker. These were bought for the nation, and Sir George Beaumont (immortalized, as the friend of Wordsworth) added his own gallery, valued at about £8000; while several other donors appeared also to swell the catalogue. The building arranged for the National Gallery, seated in Trafalgar Square, is a large one, but much of it is appropriated to other purposes, and the rooms in which the collection immediately stands are rather small and inconvenient. Indeed, the first feeling of the visitor is almost certainly one of disappointment, both in reference to the rooms and the amount of pieces contained in them. Some two hundred and odd pictures constitute the whole stock; a number which is thrown utterly into the shade, not only by the Louvre gallery, and other continental collections, but by many private galleries in our own country. One cannot help feeling, on noticing this fact, that the present state of the Gallery in Trafalgar Square is unworthy of a nation such as ours, who acknowledge cultivation of the fine arts to be an essential element and proof of civilisation.

There are, however, various noble paintings in the National Gallery; though again we have to complain that the specimens are confined to a few masters. The names of Rubens and Guido, with the Caraccis, are affixed to a large number of the pieces; Raffaele, Rembrandt, Titian, Poussin, Domenichino, and Claude Lorraine, with a few other eminent masters, are also to be found, but more rarely, in the gallery: and another is there, to whom we must give the palm over all the rest as regards this exhibition, namely, Correggio. His three pictures, entitled *Mercury instructing Cupid in the presence of Venus*, *'Ecce Homo'*, and his *'Holy Family'*—inconsistent among themselves, as the subjects may be—are all of them admirable in plan and workmanship. The *Venus* in the first piece is the most lovely of all the female forms in the collection. There is a *Venus* attired by the Graces from the pencil of Rubens, but with less of delicacy; there is also less of perfect finish and effect. Correggio is distinguished by extraordinary chasteness, alike of conception and execution, and has given to all his pieces a certain cast of tenderness and pathos, which, while marking his style from that of most other masters, renders it peculiarly impressive. The *'Ecce Homo'* (*'Behold the man'*, drawn after the passage in John xix.) is another beautiful work of this painter. As has been well said, in what sermon could the story of man's redemption be more impressively told? And what could more directly touch the heart, and warm it to that devotional tone, sought to be excited by all earnest deliverers of the truth through the pen or the lips? With the *'Holy Family'*, these two paintings formed a trio, purchased from the Marquis of Londonderry for the large sum of £11,500, in 1834. The history of these pieces is curious. Charles I. of England was the early possessor of the first mentioned of the three, and from him it passed into Spain. When Murat enjoyed his brief hour of glory, the piece fell to him, and his widow sold it to Lord Londonderry, after the *Beau Sabreur* of France had been ruthlessly shot by the Nea-

sole cry of the hero of many battle-fields, when he stood before the musketry of his executioners. But let us not digress. Caroline, the wife of Murat, and sister of Napoleon, sold, indeed was perhaps forced to sell, the famous masterpiece of Correggio, *'Mercury instructing Cupid.'* Leaving the sweet and tender Correggio, we find Rubens, of all the other great masters, to be the most extensive contributor to the National Gallery. Guido is also frequently to be met with; and a few (but these admirable) pictures are displayed from the truthful and manly pencil of the Spanish Murillo. Raffaele presents one piece which would alone stamp him as a chief among the wondrous *maestros* of art in Italy—a head of Christ, which we have never seen equalled for sublimity of ideal conception and perfection of handiwork. But our readers could feel no interest in a dry enumeration of pieces such as the present. We must simply tell them generally what they have to look for on a visit to the National Gallery, and, in doing so, we must not forget our own masters in art, Hogarth, Reynolds, West, Gainsborough, Wilkie, and others, who, we must take leave to think, do not suffer by comparison with the most eminent of their predecessors. We have in the Gallery the originals of Hogarth's *'Marriage à-la-Mode'*, the series complete; and certainly these works of the painter-satirist would alone reward a day's inspection. We have Sir Joshua's *'Graces'*, his *'Holy Family'*, and various other well known compositions; and we have the veritable and inimitable *'Blind Fiddler'* of Wilkie. Benjamin West has also a masterpiece or two here to delight the eyes of spectators.

In short, and in conclusion, what is in this gallery is of a high order of merit indeed; but our impression remains unchanged, that the small rooms, and scantiness of the collection, are calculated to raise a feeling of disappointment in those who have accustomed themselves to think of it as deserving the name of *'National.'* A statue of Wilkie by Joseph, admirable as a likeness, and not less so as a work of art, stands in an entrance lobby. Similarly placed is the Waterloo Vase, which has a tale attached to it worth telling: It is composed of three blocks of marble; they were quarried by Napoleon to form a vase illustrative of his victories, and was intended to be placed in the palace of the King of Rome, then erecting at Paris. On Napoleon's abdication, these blocks were, at the instance of Lord Burghersh, then ambassador at the court of Florence, transferred to George IV., who carried out the original idea of making a triumphal monument of them, which he resolved to dedicate to our own great victory at Waterloo. As the space would not admit of any great display of sculpture, Sir Richard Westmacott, to whom his Majesty confided the execution of the work, confined himself to the representation of the Duke of Wellington, attended by his officers, and giving orders for a charge of cavalry. To mark the reign in which the battle occurred, an allegory (separated from the main design) has been adopted, in which George IV. is represented on the throne, at which Europe has taken refuge. Peace, attended by genii bearing her attributes, is presenting the palm branch to the king. The bowl of the vase is decorated with foliage, from which, forming the handles, are seen issuing on one side a figure of Peace, on the other a personification of Defeat. The vase was presented to the nation by William IV. It is much to be regretted that neither the site in which it is placed, nor the reflected light in which it is seen, is favourable to its display.

A NEW-YEAR'S DAY CHRONICLE OF REAL INCIDENTS:

AS RECORDED BY AN OLD BACHELOR.

(By Mrs G. G. RICHARDSON.)

WELL, here is new-year's day again, and another year gone! Gone like a withered spray upon the wintry blast—gone like the sybil's leaves upon the four winds, inscribed with strange characters—to reappear and be deciphered in regions beyond the boundaries of time. What solemn

sive effacement of those *units*, the passing years, as they refer to our own allotted portion in the calendar of time! What impressive sermons—what beautiful odes—what powerfully varied excursions of descriptive fancy—what lofty flights of spiritual contemplation, have borne testimony to man's general consent concerning the practical momentousness of time, at each recurrence of the annual call to reflect upon the brevity of life! And yet have we any evidence that the world has grown wiser or better than in earlier ages? For all this reiteration of pathetically urged, or eloquently implied debortation, is there one new-year's day merry-making, or one sound of giddy revelry the less?

So writes the snow-flake on the wave,
The arrow on the air!

I was gazing on the first sunrising of 1833, and musing upon these things: the mutability of human resolution; the difference between contemplation and action; conviction and consent of will; remark and *consideration*; with sundry other matters suggested by the season, in connexion with the uses and abuses of human life, when I was told that a wayfaring person desired to see me—not exactly a beggar woman, but a person in humble life, whose appearance denoted poverty.' My servant added, in reply to my more particular questioning, that she had desired him to ask whether I remembered Walter Riddell of the 'Flowery-Knowes,' for she was one of that person's daughters. Well did I remember Walter Riddell! 'But which daughter? Ask her christian name,' said I. 'Caroline, sir.' 'Caroline! Lina—Lina Riddell.' Familiar but long-forgotten words! What troops of youthful recollections struggled through the dim haze of time, as I repeated them over! Youthful indeed! I had not beheld the person thus designated, since my tenth or eleventh year; and now I had for some years passed a lustre of tens; and yet how distinctly I could recollect her!

She was called Caroline, after her mother, who was a reputed natural daughter of 'Willie Duke o' Cumberland,' and whose royally derived name had been abbreviated for cottage use to 'Cally,' as the daughter's, for distinction's sake, was shortened and softened into Lina. The mother, whose remarkably lofty stature and delicate features were quoted and associated as proof positive of illustrious descent, was, when I knew her, the wife of a late ploughman of my father's, and they were the inhabitants of a lowly cottage. But such a cottage! So neat, so smiling, so clustered round with hazel bushes and wild strawberries, to say nothing of its neighbouring bird's-nests, and other juvenile allurements, that the prospect of a visit to the Flowery-Knowes had been in my nutting and bird-nesting days far more delightful to me than any after anticipations of a presentation at St James's. Cally's eldest daughter Anne had been my nurse-maid; two of the juniors of her numerous tribe of royal descendants had been named after 'the captain and his bonnie leddy,' my parents; and Lina, good-natured sprightly Lina, had been the chosen and glad attendant of some of my happiest boy-day rambles.

I guessed what might be the chief object, after so long an interval, of a visit from a person of her condition. My return to my native place, which had been recent, had brought to my door many such visitants, and I had not at the moment many shillings in my coffers that I could conscientiously give away. I had reached the years when reminiscences of childhood are usually dreamy and indistinct as the cloud-involved arches in the vision of Mirza, and when their revival produces often a greater portion of sadness than of pleasure; but Lina Riddell, with her blue eyes and her bird-like carol, her fleet foot and willing hand, ever ready to obey my slightest call, rose upon my mental vision. The fair slender girl of thirteen, I last beheld her, dear and bright as a shape of yesterday; and an interest more powerful, but complicated with curiosity and compassion, moved me to invite the applicant to an immediate audience. The door of my morning apartment was opened to her. An aged-looking person, cleanly but poorly clad, advanced slowly towards it,

stooped, and loosened off her soil-encumbered shoes, and then entered, making but a slight obeisance.

What a token for a new-year's day morning—what a personation of time's ravages stood before me! She had been forty years absent from her native place, and had recently returned to it, in destitute circumstances, a widow, and childless. More than the years of such a legend was written upon her face, where yet I thought I could identify some faint traces of the early lineaments. But the tall, lithe, woodland sylph of my remembrance, was transformed into something more than rustic homeliness, and progressing decrepitude; which I cannot describe better than by saying, that her square-built figure and general appearance were at once common and strikingly otherwise. Cold, calm, erect of carriage, she stood before me: in look, the very effigy of departed hope; and in manner, the denizen of our common inheritance of care and woes, set free by her lengthened share in that leveling companionship from all embarrassing heed of conventional distinctions. When a few words, and a brief survey of this change and wreck, had satisfied me that Lina Riddell was indeed before me, I cordially shook the hard hand which but feebly returned my pressure, while a moisture suffused my eyes, of which no symptoms were visible in hers. I desired her to be seated, that I might inquire at leisure into her history. She was not tired: she preferred standing. I then spoke of a never-to-be-forgotten incident of my childhood, calculated to lessen her reserve, if such she felt; and reminded her of a little brother of hers having made me the happiest of mortals, by bringing me a goldfinch which he had tamed for me, from Eskdalemuir, where he was *herding*. He had taken off one of his Sunday stockings, and, with the help of twigs crossed within it, forming a tolerably commodious travelling cage, had there enclosed his prize, which he conveyed to me in triumph one sunny Sunday morning, a distance of fifteen miles, taking care to hide it beneath his plaid when any of the kirk-goers appeared in sight. He had broken bounds with his master, having left home and carried away the bird without his knowledge; and he had trespassed upon the sanctity of the Sabbath, and all to please me.

I knew these things were wrong, and I had at first experienced some scruples about accepting the little Sabbath-breaking goldfinch; but truth compels me to own, these had been speedily overcome. The offence was committed, and could neither be undone nor atoned for by my self-denial; and, all things considered, I had but the more reason to be grateful to poor Jemmy Riddell, and to cherish his gift, for the blame and the hazards he had run to enrich me with it. The crown of both Indies was nothing, in my estimation, to the treasure of that bird, which happened to be the first of its beautiful tribe I had seen. My relation of these juvenile matters appeared to have produced the intended effect; for here Lina took the privilege of seating herself; and she began in her turn, though with a more wintry gleam, to revive some other early recollections. She faintly smiled when she told me that the 'grandest days' she could remember were those when the F— children were sometimes in summer allowed to come and 'take their tea' at the Flowery-Knowes, her sister Anne bringing the more costly ingredients (which were then rarely seen in the cottages of the peasantry), and her mother's dolly supplying the cream and butter—the table heaped with barley scones of home manufacture, and with Anna's 'lafe-bread rows,' and garnished plentifully with wild strawberries, which the young cottagers had been all the morning busy gathering.

'And nae amang us a,' she said, 'wad hae eaten a single berry o' them afore the hand, forby it might be been pur wee Willy!' Yes; and those had been for us the brightest of gala days. No home repasts were ever half so sweet. But such tea-drinkings are out of custom now; modern refinements have proscribed them. The

nursery-maid would lose her place who should presume for a moment to introduce her *half-born charge* to the perils of a straw roof, and the contagion of rustic familiarity. Nor would the latter now be in any danger from the only evil which in the olden time might possibly, in some instances, have resulted from such condescensions—that of their being *over-rated by the recipients*, and productive of flatteries and good will too acceptable to juvenile pride. The change in manners which keeps delicately reared children aloof from all contact with their humbler neighbours stints the expansion of those natural sympathies which should extend to all mankind; nor has the change, I fear, been productive of any good effects on either side. At all events, I shall never more make such pleasant visits as those to which poor Lina now alluded, nor with such perfect confidence in the existence of pure, unsinister, *loving and being beloved*.

It seemed to me that the mention of 'We Willy' had touched some chord of her chilled and seared bosom, which still too painfully vibrated; for she made a sudden stop, and a deep, almost purple flush, suffused her pallid cheeks, and mounted up even to her forehead. Had she lost a favourite Willy of her own? For her brother of that name, I could well remember, had died in early childhood. My first sight of death was his pale, lily corpse; and my first thoughts of the grave were awakened by hearing the bell tolling for his funeral, and by afterwards going with nurse Anne to survey the small grassy mound where he lay.

Children are happy that depart so soon;
The morn of life is sweeter than its noon,

repeated I mentally, as I recalled a distich which I had somewhere seen upon a village tomb-stone, and placed the fair dead Willy of my early memory by the side of the present withered and care-worn Lina.

If aught upon earth can make us fully sensible of our own share in the decays wrought by time, it must be the sight of the aged and withered coteremporary whom we had parted from young and blooming. We have been familiarized to our own decline, like the crustaceous animal to its growing shell, or the channel to its tide—we know that there is change, but its flowing progression has mitigated its harshness—we know that different seasons have different hues, but our own varied tints have been graduated by such imperceptible touches. The very slightest breath of conventional flattery upon the depths of our self-love, suffices to persuade us that we still retain some portion of what was best in each. But the abrupt transition in witnessing the winter of another, where we last beheld spring, dispels at once the flattering illusion; placing before us the actual and the consummated, not the speculative or the gradual, of those dilapidations of the inevitable destroyer, to which we are conscious of being equally liable; and for a moment, ourselves, and our common nature, *more* than divide our commiseration with the object who has flashed upon us the unwelcome light. The shock of seeing winter in its most defeating sterility and change, the most complete I had ever beheld, in one remembered under the aspects of sunny childhood, and whose years, I was conscious, but little exceeded my own, had not been greatly soothed by the remark of Lina soon after her entrance, that she did not find me nearly so 'auld like' as she had expected. To remarks of similar bearing I had been accustomed, though somewhat differently worded, and not as if the *wonder* had entirely reference to time. But she had materially lessened the value in my eyes of any difference there might be between being 'auld,' and not 'auld like,' by exhibiting in the potency of the reality the frail tenure of the deceptive show. But when the flush of deep emotion upon her time-withered visage, at the point of discourse which I have mentioned, proclaimed to me that other cruel miners had been, and still were, at work within, compassion became more intensely concentrated, and I endeavoured, with the best simulation of early familiarity I could assume, to draw from her the story of her sorrows, which

brokenly she replied at first to various questions which I put to her, relative to her circumstances and past life; still she sat beside me, and seemed waiting to be questioned. She had lived fifteen years in Dublin, and twenty-five in London. The people of Ireland were 'kind-hearted, but misleart'; and the Londoners were 'sharp, but no' a' knaves.' She made no harsh comments upon either—she had experienced many kindnesses as well as many hardships in both places. Her husband had been dead several years. He was interred in St Luke's new burying-ground, Chelsea—she could not afford him a gravestone; but 'there was mony a grand ane there, putten ower waur folk'—she described the successive deaths of her children, who had been four in number, with tearless eyes and unflinching tones: 'They had won away, skaithless and sinless, till a better place'; and she dismissed them with the trite and true remark, seldom, however, heard from the lips of bereaved parents, that children were 'sure cares, but doubtful blessings.'

But when her extorted narrative came down to later dates—if narrative it could be called, which only answered to my promptings in broken gushes—I remarked, with surprise, that she still continued to use the pronouns *we* and *us*, as if her surviving troubles had not been quite companionless; and, at length, the name of Willy, inadvertently, as it would seem, pronounced, reproduced upon her countenance the same tokens of hidden suffering which I had before observed there. Some mystery of acute sorrow was evidently connected with it, and I was by this time too much interested in the hapless narrator to let the opportunity for explanation pass. 'And who,' said I, 'was Willy?' for, I think, you told me that you were now quite alone in the world.' 'Alone, alone!' she repeated in an inward hollow voice; then with a kindling wildness, 'and did I name him?' and did you ask me who Willy was? I'll tell you, sir, who Willy was—he was just the punishment o' a' my sins, if they had every ane been as big as the first murderer's.' 'My good Lina, I meant not to distress you.' 'Distress me? O, sir! it'll no be a razor that'll mak a dimple in a whin stane; nor a drap that'll be ken't in the fu' bucket.' What followed, it would be equally difficult to connect and condense into simple narrative, or to give faithfully, by employing only her own words, in their fitful mixture of Scotch and Irish, puzzling alike to memory and orthography, unless I could likewise give their accompaniment of impassioned tones and gestures. These, nature's most genuine oratory, though less liable to be mistaken or misunderstood, could never be fully translated, save by the witnessing eye. I will therefore continue to use her expressions occasionally, or my own, as may best serve the purpose of relating more briefly a tale which, like that of the ancient mariner, 'I could not choose but hear,' although the *spell* by which the miserable speaker, through its broken and devious meanderings held me, lasted for hours.

Willy was not her son, but he had been her nursing and foster-child, and he was, like her own mother, the offspring of illustrious illegitimacy. 'His father,' she began with stating, was a 'high-born villain.' Yet she could not conceal that the son's patrician tincture had given him an additional charm in her eyes; for with all the good sense and good feeling which she presently discovered, it was obvious (and this she shared in common with what I could remember of the rest of her family) that she had been accustomed to pride herself upon her own portion of high descent. 'Such a beautiful baby! before he was a quarter old, he was limbed and featured as if he had been born to be set on a throne!' But, alas, he first saw the light, though in the neighbourhood of stately dwellings, in one of the poorest of those hovels of indigence with which, in many parts of Dublin, they are still at this day too much interspersed. At a late hour of a stormy night in winter, the young heart-broken mother, overtaken with the pangs of approaching childbirth, had implored pity at Lina's door, and found ready admittance. She discovered her by her tongue to be a

daughter of a former neighbour, seduced by a young military nobleman (whose name she gave), who had brought her to Dublin and there deserted her. 'Poor thing!' said Lina, 'if ever there was a soul penitent, that young, seventeen-year-old creature was one! But she reflected on no one—she never reflected—it was all her own blame; and she had peace at the last: maybe the thief's best when the gowd's out o' gate. She went to her account, all we could do for her, before the bit sleeping thing she was so fond about in the midst o' trouble, was a fortnight old, and she made me promise that I would never desert him. The word given to a parting spirit is it not faster, sir, than any justice's oath?' But this was the only point upon which she and her husband had differed; and the only bickerings they ever had afterwards, were occasioned by the strict adherence to the spirit of her promise that she would perform the part of a mother to the friendless orphan thus solemnly bequeathed to her.

They had found it difficult enough to earn a scanty subsistence for their own children; they were on the point of leaving Dublin for London, where they had a prospect of better living held out to them; but besides the incumbrance of having a second infant to convey (Lina's youngest being still a nursing), they had no security that matters might not turn out worse instead of better for them in a strange place, and the husband insisted that the orphan should be given up to parish care. But Lina could not sin against her 'own soul' and her heart too, and, spite of all his angry resistance, the babe, who had already been taken to the nourishment of her bosom, became the companion of their migration, and the future sharer of their frugal board. They reached London without disaster, and proceeded to their point of destination. Some difficulties ensued, but they had 'stout hearts and honest hands.' The husband, whose stated employment was that of errand porter at a large manufactory warehouse, was very seldom without odd jobs besides, for leisure hours, as long as health lasted; for he was active, sober, and peaceable; and recommended himself to the confidence of his employers by his 'upright walk before God and man,' and Lina, through the interest of a relative in the same establishment, took in washing for some neighbouring families. They became 'well respected' in the neighbourhood, which was Knightsbridge, and they had an interval of fullness and comfort, such as they had never before enjoyed. 'Alas!' said Lina, 'it was but a sun-stroke upon the dark waters.' Sickness came, and with heavy hand. The lingering illnesses of their children diminished their means, and, claiming her attendance, obliged her to give up part of the employment which had contributed to their support. Her husband, exerting himself to work the harder, while he was denying himself the more, undermined and destroyed his own health, and at length in succession she lost them all; and she and the orphan, 'who had never all the while suffered ach nor ail,' were left alone together to begin the world anew. She knew whose hand had stricken her, and she tried to resign herself to His will. Her crown was not all gone; for she had Willy still, and 'poor blind mole and deaf adder that she was,' she persuaded herself that it was for her reward he had been spared to her. 'Her reward! for what? for having taken the bread out of her own children's mouths to divide it with the stranger? for having aye set the fremd bairn foremost amongst them? (for there was nane forbye to stand up for him.) For having angered her honest husband wi' aye threeping Willy right, when there was aught mischancy among them, whatever cam' o' the lave? Yes, she had had her reward! But it wasna for the sin of loving him better than her own, as the gudeman whiles cast up upon her; that she hadna to answer for. They were every ane dear dear to her, and weel he kent it; but for a' that, she wished na ane o' them back again. Nane, nane, but poor misguided Willie! They were a' deed and buried a hunder year to her, wi' what cam' after. But wasna he in a sense mair her ain than any bairn she had? for she

had wilfully taen him in hand, and wilfully studden by him. And wasna she bund anent him to the mother that was wi' her Maker? She never saw the tear in his e'e, but the bonnie, bonnie deeing cratur in her lown bed, was waving till her to wipe it awa'; and when he strikit himself up and lookit like a lord among them, wi' his proud sparkling e'en, and his bonnie red and white, like the flowers in a king's border, she couldna but mind that if he had had his rights, he wadna hae been standing there to bide dour looks frae the likes o' them.'

Her husband had often warned her that she was 'cockering him till her ain hurt'; but if it were a' to grow again, she could hae dune nae ither, nor wi' a freer breast frae a' unjust thought; and, oh, if it had pleased God to spare his hurt, she wad hae heeded little o' heart-breaks he had been to her, and a happy woman wad she hae counted hersel this day! Well might she expect that the infant-shoot she had so tenderly reared and so zealously protected, was to grow up, as she said, 'the green bay tree,' to shelter in turn her years of helplessness and decline. She had carefully endeavoured to instil into him her own virtuous and pious principles, and, according to her portraiture of this period of his life, the promise of his childhood gave reason to believe that she had been blessed in her humble endeavours.

Though in temper high spirited and headstrong, he was disinterested and warmly affectionate, and proudly disdainful of all mean arts; never attempting to excuse a fault by the slightest prevarication; and his heart, full of generous ardour to requite every kindness that was shown him, was as candid and accessible to gentle remonstrance as it was apt to be haughty and hardened against undue rebuke. The frequent discussions of which he was the subject, which took place in his presence between his foster-parents, had early revealed to him the nature and extent of his obligations to the one; and he loved her with the most devoted affection. For her sake, at the admonition of a look from her, he had often borne silently, if sullenly, severity from her less partial husband, which, from another, would have kindled to flame every drop of the patrician blood, whose evidence, she said, was in all his bearing as well as in his veins; and of which, when sickness and distress began to thicken around them, he gave more touching proofs.

'He wrought like only three,' said Lina; 'and when the bairns had their trouble, drap nor bite wad he ever taste beyond the bare need to keep soul and body together; and after days spent in running errands frae end to end o' that big Babylon—for he was weel kent and trusted, my bonnie callant, and never a job gae'd by him that he could put in for—he was mony a time waking half the nights, cowering hidlings beside the sick maister, to see gin he could help him any way; and he would whiles take the Book and read till him and spread the promises, and put up a prayer for him, like ony minister. Nat'ral children! O, unnat'ral faither, that disown and desert the innocent fruits o' yer vile misdoings, what crowds o' lost souls that micht hae been shining angels will break out and witness against ye at the last bar—and my Willy, and my Willy, foremost among them a'!' Similar bursts of passion frequently interrupted the current of her narration, tinged with a wildness which had not always the truthful significancy of this.

Willy was fifteen when her husband died, who was the last survivor of her family, and whose disease had been long protracted; and for a length of time the latter's adverse prognostics continued to be happily contradicted, and her own fond anticipations fully realized by the general good conduct, and the devoted love and duty, of her idolized foster-son. But the dangerous age of passion was now fast ripening; and none to counsel nor restrain save a tender-hearted, too partial female, who had not even the mother's often inefficient control. Unfortunately for them, the Earl of ———, who belonged to the Queen's Life Guards, came for a season to reside at Knightsbridge barracks, and Willy was no sooner aware that this splendid individual, the author of his being, was so near, than a

ing desire took possession of him to lay claim to his life and be acknowledged as his son. He became restless and unhappy; though his pride in the relation, being mingled with a feeling of the stain of his illegitimacy, he would not speak out his mind on the subject to any one. He now eagerly sought opportunities of making acquaintance with the soldiers who were quartered there—rich, by his mother's advice, as he always called Lina, had hitherto shunned—and soon with increasing liking their company; and for the showy attractiveness of a military profession. He found amongst them some of plausible moral conduct, combined with spirit and traits congenial to his own, and in most saw a frankness and manliness of carriage which won his warm admiration; and his intercourse with them procured him the eagerly thrilling delight of now and then catching a passing glimpse of the being who had become the most frequent subject of his thoughts; the sight of whom, in its unapproachable grandeur, and imposing exterior of majestic beauty, had roused all the dormant ambition of his nature, and confirmed him in a growing distaste for the obscurity of his humble lot. 'Oh, had he never gotten sight of him!'

'That strange grammerye o' seeing!' exclaimed Lina; 'that a mischief it'll mak; ae gliff o' the ear will let in air nor the hearing o' a hunder sermons will ever put out air!' Willy was one day loitering, where he now too often loitered, in the barrack stable-yard, through which the earl frequently had occasion to pass, hoping to attract observation and constantly desirous to peruse more distinctly a form and features which his own so strikingly resembled, that the remark had been many times made. Engaged in reverie he was not aware of the approach from behind of the subject of his ruminations, till the sound of a horse's hoofs at rapid pace was close upon him. One instant, and he was stricken to the pavement through the sudden rearing of the restive animal, started by his quick but false movement to evade the contact, and in another, the earl had dismounted, and was unconsciously bending over his son.

The youth was not materially injured, but deep emotion of another kind—for he had recognised the earl—combined with the stunning shock of the blow to produce the appearance of serious injury having been sustained; and as the accident took place close to the Knightsbridge gateway, a crowd soon gathered. Lina, whose humble abode was not far distant, and who happened to be passing that way, caught the alarm, and arrived on the spot just as the earl was giving orders to have the wounded youth conveyed to the neighbouring hospital. 'My bairn, my bairn!' she shrieked out wildly, pushing her way through the crowd and throwing herself upon the ground beside him, where he still lay extended in a kind of swoon—'he's gane, they have killed him dead!' and at the moment she felt as if prostrated by the shock of an earthquake; which was quickly succeeded by the tumults of grief within her, when the soldiers related to her how, and through whom, the accident had happened. She sprang up, as they were proceeding to obey the earl's reiterated directions for his removal, which her interference had interrupted, and menacingly advancing to the astonished personage, she exclaimed aloud, 'Send your ain son to be hospital! The best in the land's no ower guid to tend upon him. Look in his face, sir, if ye be the Yerl o' —'. 'Look in his face, if flesh and bluid dinna cry out, there's nair than ae token there—' and here a woman's feeling checked her, at the recollection of the congregated auditory around her, ere she had given utterance to another name, and to the tide of reproaches which keen memory suggested, as that name had hurried to her lips.

But she had said enough to stimulate the curious, and to direct attention to the resemblance which has been already mentioned; and the peer himself, volatile, and at the moment irritated as he was, could not help contemplating with a quickened interest that remarkable likeness to his own features, which grew stronger when the

the bright blue eyes which seemed the very reflection of those whose gaze was upon them.

Coarse and light jests upon herself, and her personal appearance, followed the general assent of the bystanders to the truth of Lina's assertion, that he whom she called *her bairn* was the son of the Earl of ——. Though she disdained to repel or reply to these, she had treasured them amongst the aggravations of heavier endurance, and she repeated them to me in all their breadth, not as though they had inflicted the slightest wound on self-respect, and still less on her personal vanity, a feeling which had been long extinct (and she remarked simply, 'they were but like to say sae, sir, if they took me to be the real mither'), but as if she was unwilling that I should lose one heightening circumstance of a scene which she termed her 'first o' Willy's heart-breaks,' and whence she probably with too much justice dated many more.

The thoughtless nobleman, thoughtless as profligate, attracted solely, as it would appear, by the strikingly handsome exterior of his alleged offspring, listened to her story in a more suitable time and place; assented to the authenticity of her statements relative to the unfortunate mother; and promised to consider of some method of providing permanently for his son, whom he unscrupulously acknowledged to be such, while, with characteristic levity, he added some light and vain comments upon the blended likeness which proclaimed his parentage. He accompanied these tokens of a kindly but capricious feeling with a somewhat extravagant donation of money to Lina, and with the inappropriate gift of the splendid gold watch which happened to be upon him at the time, to the now enraptured Willy, whose heart overflowed with grateful and gratified emotions, while a new horizon opened upon him, flooded with dazzling hopes. But they saw the Earl of — no more. He was at the time of these occurrences on the eve of marriage.

He had accepted of a high command in India; was called suddenly away; and bade adieu to Great Britain without further inquiry concerning him in whose bosom he had left the leaven of high aspirations and moody discontent. The progress of error, under such impressions, and fostered by the society of such intimates and counsellors as the youth's longings after his father had lately introduced him to, may be easily imagined. He was at first fired with the notion of enlisting for foreign service, and following to the east the footsteps of his father. Then pride, and perhaps lingering love for his foster-mother, checked the rash suggestion. He felt that he had natural endowments entitling him to aspire beyond the condition of a common soldier, and he was told that enlisting as such might mar his farther advancement. He therefore determined, in the first place, to qualify himself for a higher station by improved education, and that he would sue for no renewal of the earl's notice, until he could appear before him more competent in mind and manners—perhaps in fortunes too. For what will not ambitious youth prognosticate to lay claim to that parental patronage which he consoled himself with believing he had only missed through the obviousness of his present deficiencies. In pursuance of these ideas, he set about the business of self-culture with characteristic ardour, but, alas, without any other than incompetent or pernicious guides. He read with avidity such books as they recommended to him; and as he could talk fluently of what he read, he was ere long, at the instigation of his admiring companions, induced to enter himself a member of a neighbouring debating society, where questions of 'politics, literature, and philosophy' were discussed. Here he was promised vast aids to intellectual expansion, and an opening to those distinctions after which he panted; but the companions with whom he associated were loose and sceptical in their opinions, and their habits were in keeping with these.

He became vain, idle, and dissipated; a frequenter of theatres, spouting-clubs, and low taverns; his head filled with high-sounding theories of human perfectibility and

wider from the paths of reputable achievements, while endeavouring to cloak the dominion of the passions, and the pursuits of folly, under the specious disguise of seeking to improve his acquaintance with the habits and the haunts of polite life. His understanding naturally good, and his heart not yet quite callous, held frequent reasonings against those wasteful and dissipated courses which he could not but perceive were plunging in ruin, and overwhelming with bitterness, his generous and devoted foster-mother. But his fits of remorse, though deep, were never lasting. They poisoned his enjoyment, and increased to fierceness the natural irritability of his temper, but they arrested not his career; which still went on, realizing upon him the sting and the truth of poor Lina's doubtless oft-repeated adage, 'Oh, Willy, Willy man! There's a short cut frae good to ill; but a weary road and a steeve brae atween and back again!'

Still she doated on him with a mother's fondness; palliated the transgressions which she described to me, and in the same breath denied; received him ever kindly; and, while working hard, and denying herself needful comforts to minister to his indulgences, she generously accused herself as the sole originator of his aberrations, through the blameable weakness ('for what was it but pride, sinful pride?') which had induced her to make him acquainted with his relation to the Earl of —; from the era of whose vicinity to them she had indeed obvious reason to date the commencement of her worst sorrows. But a fearful crisis was at hand.

The infatuated Willy was no nearer promotion; and want, 'like an armed man,' was approaching them with rapid strides. At length 'the cruise and the barrel' became utterly exhausted. Willy had been absent, she knew not whither, three days, and she had passed nearly two without food, and without a fire or light to cheer her wintry hearth; when most providentially, as she thought, a person who a year before had absconded from the neighbourhood in her debt, and who she had never expected to see again, returned to it and repaid her.

The sum was but a small one, but it was more than sufficient to relieve her immediate distress; and after purchasing a few necessaries of which she was most in want, with gratitude to the Almighty for this timely succour, she had seated herself at a slender evening meal; and she was employed in considering how she might best conceal and secure the remainder of her little hoard from the thoughtless rapacity which experience had taught her to dread, when the subject of her uneasy ruminations came home flushed and dispirited. After a more affectionate greeting, however, than he had lately been in the habit of bestowing upon her, and which, for the moment, sent a thrill of gladness to her heart, he remarked that she was not looking well, and asked what ailed her? And 'Oh, Willy, need ye ask sic a question? And what way are ye looking yoursel?' was her reply, as he threw himself into a chair beside her, and she passed her hand fondly over his hot disordered brow.

Drawing back with a fierce and haughty movement, he desired her not to torment him with her nonsense, but to give him some money, and get him something to eat, for he had an engagement for the evening, and was soon going out again. She looked at him for a moment with a sort of terror, and with a pang such as she had never before experienced, stung to the quick by the unseasonableness of this tone and unkind repulse from him who had been the author to her of so much bitter distress; and then, as calmly as her disordered feelings would permit, she laid before him the destitution which his reckless courses had brought upon them, her utter inability to minister to his extravagance any farther, and the dreaded necessity which she now foresaw of their being subjected to the degradation of seeking parish relief. Mute and confounded, he had ceased to interrupt her; his countenance expressed the alternate workings of pride, shame, and compunction. She was sure she saw tears and sorrow in his eyes. Yes, he was just coming to, and might have been her own dutiful Willy again,

when one of his dissolute companions broke in upon them and called on him to hasten and come away, for they were already nearly too late for their engagement. Willy faintly excused himself, saying he was fatigued, and had no inclination to go out again that night. The other remonstrated, and Lina, fancying that Willy began to waver, interposed. Warm words ensued between her and the unwelcome intruder, which soon occasioned the departure of the latter; who accompanied his exit with an insulting speech to Willy, taunting him with his indecision, and intimating that he considered him a simpleton and a milkop to submit to the government of 'a foolish old woman who was no mother of his.' The infuriated haughty youth took fire at these reproaches, and the proper object of his anger being out of sight, it blazed forth upon her whose interference had drawn the mortification upon him. Judging from her own disclosure, and from the excessive agitation with which poor Lina delivered this portion of her narration, the discreet needful on her part to maintain the unequal conflict with excited passion and habitual pride and self-will, had probably been greatly wanting. But over the scene of revolting violence which ensued I willingly draw a veil. The inimitable Siddons never harrowed up the soul of the young and sensitive as this squalid untutored child of nature did mine by her incoherent exhibitions of it. The young man had declared his determination to leave her, and for ever; and she had locked and placed herself against the door, to prevent his departure, 'daring him to force his way through the life which had so long nourished him,' when, darting towards the casement, which he could not readily open, with one blow of a man's power he cleared his way through glass and window bars, and in a moment was out of sight; leaving her 'all but the life that was still dovering,' more crushed and demolished. Whither was he gone? Midnight came; she had listened to every sound without hope, but still she had listened, and he came not again. Heavy rain was falling; but no longer able to endure her wild forebodings, she snatched up a dark-lantern and went in search for him in some of his accustomed neighbouring haunts. She described the stationing of herself at a wonted door of the petty theatre he was in the habit of frequenting, where she had before now been to seek for him, and which she turned to with some faint hope, from recollecting words of his late visitant, which she thought had possibly denoted this to be the scene of their evening's engagement.

She told how she waited there, and heard discordant music within, while the rain and wind were beating upon her without; with what emotion she caught the first air which indicated the close of the entertainment; how eagerly she scanned each individual of the crowd that issued forth—some gaily talking, some lamenting the rain and bewailing soiled garments—and some looking haggard and miserable enough—but none, none with such 'blackness of darkness' in their hearts as hers, when she at length saw all disperse to their several homes and he was not amongst them.

She remained wandering about the streets till she could wander no longer. Worn out with fatigue, in mind had crazed, and with tottering footsteps, she returned to her home; and, to her inexpressible joy, she found Willy there.

Ashamed, she supposed, to meet her eye, he had laid himself, half-dressed, beneath the bed-clothes, and he appeared to be breathing in uneasy slumber. But he was there! Her harshness had not driven him to self-destruction. He had come back to her 'like the prodigal son.' And before she thought of resting her weary limbs, before she could compose herself from the tumults of her joy to befitting solemnity, she threw herself upon her knees in grateful adoration, and lifted up her voice aloud to bless the Almighty preserver.

Strengthened and calmed by this devout exercise, she seated herself beside the little table where lay the fragments of her last evening's solitary repast; which she

soon observed had not been diminished. Beside them lay the case of Willy's splendid and treasured watch; which, with injudicious care, he was in the habit of taking off, when he nightly placed the latter beneath his pillow; and the sight of this object reminding her to inquire the hour, she approached the bed cautiously, in order that she might not awaken the supposed sleeper. He was now groaning heavily, and she had introduced her hand beneath his head, before he was aware of her purpose, which he, instantly starting up, made a motion as if to prevent. Instead of the watch, she had laid hold of and drawn from its concealment a small paper packet, which the unhappy youth now struggled to snatch from her, but which, terrified by the wildness of his looks, she but more tenaciously retained within her grasp, and proceeded to examine. One glance, as she drew it towards the light, was sufficient—the word 'poison' was legible upon it! Yes, the unhappy slave of ungoverned passion, the deserted natural son, the fruit and the victim of another's crime, had swallowed poison, and was now beginning to experience the mortal agonies! Need it be said that hers were not less?

She rushed into the street—it was still early, and a dark morning—shrieking aloud for aid; and she succeeded in rousing several, both neighbours and passers by, to hasten to the bedside of the expiring youth, whose last words had been to assure her that aid was in vain. But here, the labyrinths of London and the mists of insanity close upon her track of woe. Two years passed over her head of which she could give me no account. It may easily be imagined, that she had escaped unobserved from the scene of horror and consternation of which her memory retained but some imperfect traces; and that any of her humble neighbours who might be interested in her fate, would speedily turn from the hopeless endeavour to track so obscure a wanderer through the intricacies of the metropolis. She told me that her latest recollection of what intervened, ere the light of returning reason disclosed to her that she was within the walls of a madhouse, was seeing Willy stretched out in his grave-clothes, 'white and fair;' and a number of gentlemen, who she supposed were doctors, speaking low beside the bed. Then the corpse seemed to change into that of her young brother Willy—'gane whar the wicked cease frae troubling'—and oh how pleased she was! for the thought came over her, that all about 'the t'other Willy was no' but a grewsome dream. And she took up the gowd watch-case, and strang it about her neck, and ca'd it wee Willy's picture.'

How often has it been remarked, that circumstances and incidents sometimes occur in real life, of a character, and in a train of such seeming improbability as the writers of fiction would never venture to employ? To what humane hand Lina was indebted for her preservation, will probably never be revealed till the day when no good deed done in secret will fail of its reward. She was placed, no one could tell her by whom, in St Luke's Hospital; whence at length, with restored faculties and health, she was kindly dismissed, at the end of nearly three years.

The bonnet and clothes she had worn at the time of her admission were delivered up to her; the money that was found in her pockets—which proved to be the exact sum she had been so solicitous to conceal from her poor misguided boy, and the memorable watch-case—I may well call it memorable—which she now produced and put into my hands. I saw a well known crest, and a private mark upon it, which could not be mistaken; and the sight awakened a startling throng of recollections, and of true presages. The counterpart was in my possession—and Willy was still living.

Yes, in my house, divided only by a thin partition and a closed door, he, so bitterly lamented, was at that moment, and possibly with a calm heart, employed in transcribing a narrative of fictitious adventure; not one of the surprises in which could surpass that which was preparing for himself, and for the object of his long and deep re-

But how deep the veil that hides, and how different may be the simultaneous occupation within the recesses of the most sympathetic hearts, in any one given point of time! It need not be told that Lina's bewildered mind had mistaken for reality the appearances of death—over which medical skill had, though slowly and with difficulty, prevailed. In the absorbing interval, when all hands and eyes were occupied about the bed of the rash sufferer, her second departure had passed unnoticed, nor was her absence observed till several hours had elapsed. William recovered, to encounter the scourge of a double remorse. He sought after her anxiously by every method he could devise, and throughout all parts of the metropolis. At length, after various wanderings and vicissitudes of fortune, some of which had been prosperous, but none could for any long time divert him from the object of his pursuit, he bethought him of exploring the place of her nativity; which he recollected to have heard her describe, and which he likewise knew to have been the birthplace of his own mother. But he obtained no tidings nor trace of either. The family of Walter Riddell were all either dead or dispersed out of this neighbourhood, and of the other person's relations, even the name seemed to be unknown in the parish; so noiselessly untenanted are the locations of the poor, and so soon are they forgotten in the place that once knew them! Disappointed, and now confirmed in the belief that all further researches would be in vain, William was on the point of returning to London, where, with deeply penitent and altered mind, he had latterly been successful in earning for himself a respectable livelihood, through the better application of talents formerly so lamentably abused, when a road incident, in which he happened to be at hand to render me a trifling service, introduced him to my notice.

His youth, his prepossessing exterior, his look of deep melancholy, with a bearing and language greatly superior to his apparent condition, had powerfully interested me in his favour; and I was induced, on inquiring into his pursuits, and examining his literary credentials, to invite him to my roof for a short space, as my amanuensis. He told me that he was the natural son of a nobleman, whose desertion of his infancy had thrown him upon a life of vicissitude, and whose subsequent conduct, in first acknowledging and then neglecting him, had had a disastrous influence upon his mind. But he declined mentioning the name of his father, and he entreated me to spare him on the subject of his past misfortunes; the fruits he said of mad folly—'would he could say not of guilt!' But his deeply deplored misconduct had injured no one materially, he trusted, besides himself and one other individual whom he had come from the metropolis into my neighbourhood in search of, and now had reason to fear was no more—to find whom still in existence, and to make atonement to, would afford him happiness for which he would gladly relinquish the most ambitious prospects human life could have in store for him. Concerning this person he only added, that she had been his foster-mother; and that the circumstances of their separation had been of a peculiarly distressing nature.

He expressed himself grateful for the confidence which I appeared willing to place in him; but the condition, he said, of his agreeing to my proposals, must be my extending that confidence to belief in his simple assertion, that he would endeavour not to abuse it, without my seeking to anticipate painful disclosures, which at some future time, if I continued to favour him with my kindness, he might be enabled less reluctantly to make. The mingled manliness and humility with which he tendered his proviso, did not lessen him in my estimation, while the candour of his self-accusation, and the touching truthfulness of his youthful dejection, confirmed my disposition to befriend him; and he daily won upon my regard. He had been my inmate three months at the time of the remarkable and affecting discovery which restored to him the object of his long and deep remorse, but had never

rows, except when, putting his watch into my hands, for which I had offered to provide him with a silver case, he remarked with emotion, that, much as he valued it, it had been the gift of the only individual upon earth whom he was disposed heartily to wish that he never had beheld.

The meeting which ensued must be imagined. It cannot be described. I will only add, that Lina is now the mistress of a cottage in no respect inferior to the Flowery-Knowes; and that William, with all his superiority of natural and acquired endowments, prefers for the present sharing it with her, in connexion with the salary and employment of an humble clerkship in the vicinity, which my interest has procured for him, before any other situation which could be offered to his choice.

On my intimating to him my readiness to write to the Earl of —, either now or at some future time, in his behalf, he replied—'No, sir, I am cured of that ambition. I desire to have no other parent than her who has more than fulfilled the duties of one; I will seek no lot that would separate me from her. My whole lifetime devoted to her happiness would still be a poor requital for what I owe her. Her mind, her manners, her very homeliness, are dear and venerable to me, seen through the medium of that measureless debt.'

THE REAL FREEMAN.

I CALL that man free who has mastered, or is struggling to master, sense; who does violence to every propensity the indulgence of which would degrade him in his own esteem, in that of the wise and virtuous, of angels and of God. I call that man free who feels that the welfare of his spirit is his main concern; that the culture of pure affections and holy desires is the chief business of his being; and who spurns, as comparatively beneath his notice, inquiries like these: 'What shall I eat? what shall I drink? or wherewithal shall I be clothed?' I call that man free who is superior alike to the smiles and frowns of those around him, would they seek to make him swerve from that which he deems the path of duty and consistency; who has about him that nobleness of heart of which the annals of martyrdom furnish so many striking displays. I call that man free who, firm in his allegiance to Christ, acknowledges no man as his master on earth; whose appeal is ever 'to the law and to the testimony;' who receives or rejects doctrine, obeys or refuses counsel, only in as far as he feels satisfied these harmonise with the mind of the Spirit or differ from it; who feels that, for the opinions he entertains, he is responsible at a higher tribunal than man's, and must be swayed by another law than fashion. I call that man free who is jealous of having his own mental independence impaired, but not less so of encroaching on the mental independence of others. I call that man free who can, and often does, detach his spirit from the vanities and secularities of earth, and lets it soar aloft, like the unchained eagle, to its native heavens, there for a season to commune with the grand and the infinite, and to taste by anticipation the raptures of the beatific vision. I call that man free who, even when the cloud of adversity breaks on his path, is a rejoicer in tribulation, and is cheered and sustained by the consciousness that his afflictions are but a part, and a valuable part, of his discipline for that state on which, at death, he shall be called to enter. I call that man free who, instead of indulging gloomy forebodings respecting his departure from the world, thinks of his dying day as—shall I say a proud day in his history?—his second immortal birth-day, when he shall be advanced to a new position in the world of spirits, ascend far higher in the

scale of spiritual elevation. I call that man free who, conscious of being reconciled to God through the Lord Jesus Christ, no more trembles like a slave at the recollection of his Maker, but confidently and joyously worships him as a child; whose soul is filled with the elevating conviction that, with the Almighty as his friend, it matters not who is his foe; whose exclamation, as he reposes on the bosom of Infinite Love, is—'Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?—shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord!'—*Rev. G. O. Campbell.*

STREET TACTICS.*

You, most respectable reader, who owe no man any thing that you are not able and willing to pay, may know nothing of the tactics alluded to in the title of this paper. But there is, you may depend upon it, a pretty numerous class of the community to whom these tactics are quite familiar, and who practise them to a greater or lesser extent every day of their lives.

Street tactics, let us define the term, is the art or science of avoiding all persons on the streets, and all places in the streets—shops, for instance—whom and which, for particular reasons of your own, you are desirous of avoiding.

The art is thus one of deep concernment to the whole of that numerous and respectable body known by the generic name of 'gentlemen in difficulties.' This term, however, is one of very extensive signification, and includes various descriptions of gentlemen as well as difficulties; but, on the present occasion, we mean to confine ourselves to one particular class—the gentlemen whose difficulties arise from their having more creditors than crowns—the gentlemen who have contrived to surround themselves with a large constituency of the former, and who cannot by any means contrive to get hold of an adequate supply of the latter—the gentlemen who are sufficiently respectable to get into debt, but not sufficiently wealthy to get out of it.

The reader can have no idea how difficult a matter it is for a gentleman of this description to work his way through the streets, so as to avoid all unpleasant encounters; how serious a matter it is for him to move from one point of the city to another. To him the streets are, in fact, as difficult and dangerous to traverse as if they were strewn with heated ploughshares, or lined with concealed pitfalls. He cannot move a hundred yards, unless he moves warily, without encountering somebody to whom he owes something, or passing some shop where his name is not in the most savoury odour.

It is, then, the manœuvring necessary to avoid these disagreeables that constitutes street tactics, and confers on the gentleman who practises them the character of what we would call a street tactician.

This person, as already hinted, when he moves at all, must move cautiously, and must consider well, before he starts, which is his safest course—which the course in which he is least likely to encounter an enemy in the shape of a creditor—and which will subject him to running the gauntlet of the fewest number of obnoxious shops. The amount of manœuvring required to accomplish this is amazing, and the ingenuity exhibited in it frequently very remarkable.

When on the move, the street tactician is obliged to be constantly on the alert, to have all his eyes about him

lest an enemy should come upon him unawares. This incessant vigilance keeps him always wide awake, always on the look-out, and makes him as sharp as a needle. Even while speaking to you, his keen and restless eye is roving up and down the street to see that no danger is approaching.

Like the training of the Indian, this incessant vigilance improves his physical faculties wonderfully, especially his vision, which it renders singularly acute. He can detect a creditor at a distance at which the nearest friend, the most intimate acquaintance of that person, could not recognise him: he can see him approaching in a crowded street, where no other eye but his own could possibly single him out.

Gifted with this remarkable power of vision, it is rare that the street tactician is taken by surprise, as it affords him time to plan and effect his escape, at both of which he is amazingly prompt and dexterous.

As the great object with the street tactician in moving from one point of the city to another is not the shortest but the safest course, he is necessarily subjected to a vast deal of traverse sailing, and thereby to enormous increases of distance, being frequently obliged to make the circuit of half the town to get at the next street. His way is thus most particularly devious, and to one who should watch his motions without knowing the principles on which he moves, would appear altogether incomprehensible. Here he crosses a street with a sudden dart, there he turns a corner with a slow and stealthy step; now he walks deliberately, now as if it were for a wager. Again he walks slowly; then comes a sudden brush: it is to clear some dangerous spot in which an enemy is lurking in ambush—the shop-door of a creditor. Now he cuts down an alley; now hesitates before he emerges at the opposite end; now darts out of it as if he had been fired from it like a shell from a mortar. And thus, and thus, and thus he finally completes his circuitous and perilous journey. It is fatiguing and laborious work, but it must be done if he would avoid being worried to death.

Besides that ever watchfulness, that sleepless vigilance that distinguishes the street tactician, there is about him a degree of presence of mind not less worthy of special notice. It is by this ready fortitude and coolness of temper that he is enabled, even when in what may be called the immediate presence of an enemy, to devise and execute with promptness and decision the most ingenious expedients for avoiding personal contact—that enables him, when within twenty yards of the foe (when so near that a less experienced hand, one of less steady nerve, would inevitably fall into the clutches of his dun, and would at once be given up for lost by any on-looker), to effect a retreat, and thus avoid the crave personal—in so cool and masterly a way, that the enemy himself shall not know that he has been *shirked*, but shall be deceived into a belief that he has not been seen, and that the pretext, or pretexts, under cover of which the street tactician has evaded him, has or have been true and natural. This is a difficult point to manage; but old hands can do it admirably, and, when well done, is a very beautiful manoeuvre.

The skilful street tactician never exhibits any flurry or agitation, however imminent his danger may be: it is only greenhorns that do this. Neither does he hurry or run away from an enemy when he sees him. This would at once betray *malice prepense*, and excite the utmost wrath of the latter, who, the moment he got home, would put his claim into the hands of his lawyer; a proceeding which he must by no means be provoked into adopting.

The skilful street tactician takes care of this, then, and studies to effect his retreats in such a way as to excite no suspicion of design. He does, indeed, take some very sudden and abrupt turns down streets and up lanes when he sees an enemy approaching; but he does it with so unconscious a look, and with such a *bona fide* air, that neither you nor his creditor would for a moment suspect any thing else than that he was just going that way at

of muscle and manner, and can be successfully performed only by a very superior practitioner.

To the street tactician, carts, carriages, and other large moving objects, are exceedingly useful auxiliaries as covers from the enemy, and the dexterity and tact with which he avails himself of their aid in effecting a 'go-by,' is amazing. By keeping the cart, carriage, or other body in a direct line between him and the foe, he effects many wonderful, many hair-breadth escapes. The chaise or cart is, in this way, and for this purpose, a very good thing, but the waggon of hay, slow in its motion, and huge in its bulk, makes the best of all protecting covers.

With a waggon of hay moving along with him, and a very little manoeuvring on his own part, the expert tactician could traverse the whole city without the risk of a single encounter. But his having such an accompaniment for any length of time, is of course out of the question. He must just be content to avail himself of it when chance throws it in his way, and be thankful for its protection throughout the length of a street.

We have heard experienced street tacticians, men on whose skill and judgment we would be disposed to place every reliance, say, that it is a very absurd practice to run across a street to avoid a shop, and to pass along on the opposite side. Such a proceeding, they say—and there is reason and common sense, as well as scientific knowledge, in the remark—only exposes you more to the enemy, by passing you through a larger space of his field of vision—by giving him, in short, a longer, a fuller, and a fairer view of you. Far better, they say, to walk close by his window at a smart pace, when the chances are greatly in favour of your passing unobserved.

This way of giving a shop the 'go-by' requires, indeed, more courage, more resolution than the other, being, certainly, rather a daring exploit; but we are satisfied that, like boldness of movement in the battle-field, it is, after all, the least dangerous.

PHENOMENA OF SOUND.

In the Arctic regions persons can converse at more than a mile distant when the thermometer is below zero. In air, sound travels from 1130 to 1142 feet per second. In water, sound passes at the rate of 4708 feet per second. Sound travels in air about 900 feet for every pulsation of a healthy person at 75 in a minute. A bell sounded under water may be heard under water at 1200 feet distant. Sounds are distinct at twice the distance on water that they are on land. In a balloon, the barking of dogs on the ground may be heard at an elevation of three or four miles. On Table Mountain, a mile above Cape Town, every noise in it, and even words, may be heard distinctly. The fire of the English on landing in Egypt was plainly heard 130 miles on the sea. Dr Jameson says, in calm weather he heard every word of a sermon at the distance of two miles. Water is a better conductor of sound than air. Wood is also a powerful conductor of sound, and so is flannel or riband. Sound affects particles of dust in a sunbeam, cobwebs, and water in musical glasses; it shakes small pieces of paper off a string in concord. Deaf persons may converse through deal rods held between the teeth, or held to the throat or breast. Echoes are formed by elliptical surfaces combined with surrounding surfaces, or by such of them as fall into the respective distances of the surface of an ellipse, and are therefore directed to the other focus of the ellipse; for all the distances from both foci to such surface are equal, and hence there is a concentration of sounds at those points direct from one focus, and reflected back again from the other focus. An echo returns a monosyllable at 70 feet distance, and another syllable at every 40 feet additional. The echo of artillery is increased or created by a cloud, or clouds. Miners distinguish the substance bored by the sound; and physicians distinguish the action of the heart or lungs by a listening tube. Gamblers can distinguish, in tossing money, which side is undermost, though covered by the hand.

IMPORTANCE OF CHARITY.

Charity giveth worth, form, and life, to all virtue, so that without it no action is valuable in itself, or acceptable to God. Sever it from courage—and what is that but the boldness or fierceness of a beast? from meekness—and what is that but the softness of a woman, or weakness of a child? from courtesy—and what is that but affectation or artifice? from justice—what is that but humour or policy? from wisdom—what is that but craft and subtlety? What meaneth faith without it, but dry opinion? what hope, but blind presumption? what alms-doing, but ambitious ostentation? what undergoing martyrdom, but stiffness or sturdiness of resolution? what is devotion, but glozing or mocking with God? what is any practice, how specious soever in appearance or materially good, but an issue of self-conceit or self-will, of servile fear or mercenary design? 'Though I have faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing; though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.' But charity doth sanctify every action, and impregnate all our practice with a savour of goodness, turning all we do into virtue; it is true fortitude and gallantry indeed, when a man, out of charity and hearty design to promote his neighbour's good, doth encounter dangers and difficulties; it is genuine meekness, when a man, out of charity and unwillingness to hurt his neighbour, doth patiently comport with injuries and discourtesies; it is virtuous courtesy, when cordial affection venteth itself in civil language, in respectful deportment, in obliging performances; it is excellent justice, when a man, regarding his neighbour's case as his own, doth unto him as he would have it done to himself; it is admirable wisdom, which sagaciously contriveth and dexterously manageth things with the best advantage towards his neighbour's good; it is a worthy faith which, being *spirited* and *actuated* by charity, doth produce goodly fruits of beneficence; it is a sound and solid hope, which is grounded on that everlasting foundation of charity which *never doth fail* or fall away; it is sincere alms, which not only *the hand but the heart doth reach forth*; it is an acceptable sacrifice, which is kindled by the *holy fire* of fervent affection; it is a pure devotion, which is offered up with a calm and benign mind.—*Dr Isaac Taylor.*

TESTING TIME FOR CHRISTIANITY.

It was a fair trial for Christianity, and a trial essentially different from the first, when, in the fifteenth century, after having been corrupted in every part to a state of loathsome ulceration, it had to contend for existence, and to work its own renovation, at the moment of the most extraordinary expansion of the human intellect that has ever happened. At that moment when the splendid literature of the ancient world started from its tomb, and kindled a blaze of universal admiration; at that moment when the first beams of sound philosophy broke over the nations; and when the revival of the useful arts gave at once elasticity to the minds of the million, and a check of practical influence to the minds of the few; at the moment when the necromancy of the press came into play, to expose and explode necromancy of every other kind; and when the discovery of new continents, and of a new path to the old, tended to supplant a taste for whatever is visionary, by imparting a taste for what is substantial; at such a time, which seemed to afford no chance of continued existence to anything that was not of a nature vigorous, might it not confidently have been said—'This must be the crisis of Christianity?' If it be not inwardly sound—if it have not a true hold of human nature—if it be a thing of feebleness and dotage, fit only for cells and cowls, and the precincts of spiritual despotism—if it be not adapted to the world of action—if it have no sympathy with the feelings of men—of freemen—nothing can save it: no power of princes, no devices of priests, will avail to rear it anew, and to replace it in the veneration of the people—at least not in any country where has been felt the freshening gale of intellectual life. The result of this crisis need not be narrated.—*Isaac Taylor.*

THE HYPOCRITE.

He is the blot of goodness, a rotten stick in a dark night, the poppy in a corn-field, an ill tempered candle with a great snuff that in going out smells ill; an angel abroad, a devil at home, and worse when an angel than when a devil.—*Bishop Hall.*

THE SONG OF STEAM.

Harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein;
For I scorn the power of your puny hands
As the tempest scorns a chain.
How I laugh'd, as I lay conceal'd from sight
For many a countless hour,
At the childish boast of human might,
And the pride of human power.

When I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
Or waiting the wayward breeze;
When I mark'd the peasant faintly reel
With the toll which he daily bore,
As he feebly turn'd at the tardy wheel,
Or tugg'd at the weary oar;

When I measured the panting courser's speed,
The flight of the carrier-dove,
As they bore the law a king decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love;
I could not but think how the world would feel,
As these were outstripp'd afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
Or chain'd to the flying car.

Ha! ha! ha! they found me at last;
They invited me forth at length;
And I rush'd to my throne with thunder blast,
And I laugh'd in my iron strength.
Oh! then ye saw a wondrous change
On the earth and ocean wide.
Where now my fiery armies range,
Nor wait for wind or tide.

Hurrah! hurrah! the waters o'er
The mountain's steep decline;
Time—space—have yielded to my power;
The world—the sun his throne resign;
The rivers, the sea, the earth, and air,
Or those where his beams decline;
The giant streams of the quiescent west,
Or the orient floods divine.

The ocean pales where'er I sweep,
To hear my strength rejoice;
And the monsters of the briny deep
Cower, trembling, at my voice.
I carry the wealth and the lord of earth,
The thoughts of the god-like mind;
The wind lags after my flying forth,
The lightning is left behind.

In the darkness depths of the fathomless mine
My tireless arm doth play,
Where the rocks never saw the sun decline,
Or the dawn of the glorious day.
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
From the hidden cave below,
And I make the fountain's granite cup
With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel
In all the shops of trade;
I hammer the oar and turn the wheel
Where my arms of strength are made;
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint,
I carry, I spin, I weave;
And all my doings I put into print
On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscle to weary, no breast to decay,
No bones to be 'laid on the shelf,
And soon I intend you may 'go and play.'
While I manage the world by myself.
But harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein,
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands
As the tempest scorns a chain.

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A COMPARATIVE ESTIMATE OF ADDISON, JOHNSON, AND GOLDSMITH, AS ESSAYISTS.

It is not difficult to discover many reasons, besides a mere motive of convenience or of literary choice, for associating, as essayists, the three illustrious men whose names stand at the head of this article. All of them exerted a considerable influence on their respective ages; each may be said to have revealed an extremely different kind of essay writing; and there are few other names of the times in which Addison, Johnson, and Goldsmith lived, which we now think of mentioning in the particular aspect under which we are to contemplate our authors at present. A considerable difference, however, seems to obtain in the fame of these great men as essayists. We are not aware that the fame of Addison has suffered from the lapse of time. Though his own age, doubtless, viewed his writings with a love and admiration of a more excited character than we can possibly feel, living as we do at this distance of time from the daily matters of fact which gave occasion to their composition; still posterity has justified the partiality of his cotemporaries; and has assigned a high place among English classics to the works of Addison. The fame of Goldsmith is perhaps as great as Addison's, but we do not think of referring so often to his pages as we do to those of the Spectator; and since the period when his somewhat indiscreet biographer rather too obtrusively put forth claims for this original man, to which he does not seem entitled, his merit has passed through no slight ordeal from Edinburgh Reviews and other periodicals, though we hope to show (what no one, we believe, will deny) that, whatever qualities we may refuse him, there is still a residuum on which his fame may repose with the utmost security. The authority of Johnson, it must be acknowledged, has sunk very considerably since his own times, notwithstanding that he has been placed among the idols of Thomas Carlyle, and by this eccentric man recommended to the English nation as an object of worship. It is our purpose to consider the three in succession, beginning with Addison as the first in the order of time, and introducing thereafter Johnson and Goldsmith.

The essays of Addison are partly comic; but chiefly critical, philosophical, and moral. It is difficult to say in which of these fields he most excels; for he seems to shine best in each of them. The intrinsic worth of the speculations might perhaps induce us to assign the preference to his serious writings; his philosophical, we think, should come next; his critical next; and his comic

The style of this author is so very peculiar, and seems to us so perfect a type of the characteristic qualities of his understanding, that we should be at a great disadvantage in endeavouring to estimate his writings, without the light which an examination of such an exponent may be viewed as affording. We can hardly conceive a style more perfectly adapted to the wants of the author. Depth and strength will not be assigned as qualities of his intellect, however exquisitely chaste and balanced it was; and no such qualities belong to his style. A flexibility, a grace, a softness, a light and flowing march, a power of rising from the plainest and simplest narrative to the richest and most ornate declamation, and a capacity of serving at times as the organ of a solemn awfulness and sublimity of spirit, appear to us to belong to it. The last mentioned capability assigned it would need, however, to be stated with explanation. A sublimity which rises from fire and vehemence of mind is the last quality which we would think it capable of expressing. A sublimity produced rather by calm and vast prospects—by serious views of life, God, eternity, infinity—seems to be the kind which it is suited to express. The collocation of words appears to us eminently smooth; indeed, so finely set was the author's ear, that, to please it, he not unfrequently violated the laws of grammar, and has thereby given opportunity to a critic of the last age to discourse at large upon his imperfections. A love of Saxon words, occasionally overbearing his judgment, has communicated to the style of Addison a remarkable degree of idiomatic flavour. Yet we think that we can not unfrequently discover the influence of his classical knowledge in superinducing on his style a higher degree of grace and harmony than would have otherwise belonged to it. The union of the raciness of the old Saxon with the polish of the Roman classics is, however, so perfect, that it is difficult to trace in the result the separate elements.

The imagery of Addison is somewhat peculiar and worthy of remark. It is so remote from obtrusive, that we are seldom conscious of its existence but from its effects. His imagination appears to have expressed itself more in the thought than in the diction. Yet this is true relatively the one to the other, rather than speaking absolutely, or comparing him in this respect with other writers. His diction is often highly ornate, yet always subservient to the thought. It serves admirably the purpose of suggestion, leaving the reader, without distraction, to regale his spirit with the delicious draught.

Leaving for the present the style of Addison, let us consider the substance of his essays. From what we have already said, it will not be expected that they should con-

speculation, or close logical reasoning, Addison had no pretensions. The structure of his mind, not less than the character of his taste, excluded him from the region of metaphysics. He could not breathe freely in so pure and chilly an atmosphere. Yet if delicate analysis, a power of ingenious conception, and a refined taste, may entitle a man to the name of philosopher, Addison has certainly claims to this honour. His speculations on the pleasures of the imagination, on wit, cheerfulness, mirth, judgment, and kindred topics, discover, we think with Stewart, a higher power of metaphysical discussion than the essayist has been allowed to possess. But even these reveal more of the exercise of taste—more of a certain delicate sagacity, if we may use the term—than of metaphysical power. We are not placing in antithesis the qualities of Addison's mind and those most appropriate for metaphysical discussion. We simply refuse to Addison the higher characteristics of the metaphysician.

If we separate from the ground-work the illustrations of the essays on Imagination, a very few principles will remain. Yet this is true also of the theory of Berkeley, though we never think of detracting from his metaphysical character by adding to his claims as a man of elegant and poetical taste. The illustrations of Addison seem to us to possess very high value. They not only place the mind of the reader in a state of perfect satisfaction as to the meaning of the writer, but considerably aid him in forming his judgment of its worth. The qualities which the essayist is describing, receive illustrations every moment from the manner itself of the essay. The author realises to a great extent his own theory; and not only illustrates what he means, but in his illustrations supplies evidence in their own favour.

It may be remarked as a characteristic of Addison that he never selects any subject for discussion, which does not admit of the exercise of the imagination. It may be said, indeed, that few if any subjects of speculation disdain all aid from that faculty. Yet (without deciding this point, which we think somewhat questionable) we have no hesitation in saying, that the subjects of the philosophical speculations of Addison were chosen for their aptitude to be illustrated by taste and fancy. Not one purely metaphysical problem is discussed. We are never sent back with any violent force on the examination of our consciousness. The most obvious facts are stated; and illustrations borrowed from every-day life constitute the staple element of the essayist's papers.

The quality, however, which has embalmed the essays of Addison in minds of the more serious cast, is the vein of pure morality that enriches all his speculations. His papers on the subjects of morals and religion, considered apart from others which only incidentally recommend them, are comparatively numerous. The immortality of the soul, the omnipresence of Deity, death, friendship, contentment, and many other topics of the same kind, are familiar to every reader of the Spectator. His speculations on these subjects, as might be expected, partake very strongly of the peculiar character of his mind. The most impressive and soul-subduing of them become interesting in his hands. The essayist directs his whole power to invest Christianity, and the exercise of the religious and social affections, with an inviting and cheering aspect. He seldom touches on the peculiar doctrines of our holy faith, for which, indeed, he has been censured.* But we are never tempted to despise the truth, or to slight it from disagreeable associations. It is doubtful, however, whether a constant effort to illustrate the beauty of virtue, does not indirectly tend to depress our estimate of its higher excellences as right. We think, at least, that the speculations of Addison on moral and religious subjects, would have been considerably improved by a larger infusion of the evangelical spirit.

The most important critical papers of this essayist are those on *Paradise Lost*, and on the *Ballad of Chevy Chase*.

It would appear that Addison, at the desire of his friends, extended his critique on the former beyond the original plan; nor do we wonder at the request being made. Without inquiring how much acute analysis and profound discussion may be found in his criticism, we cannot but greatly admire the just and noble taste which he discovers. We admire, too, the feeling of conscious inferiority to the great poet which pervades his critique, and the liberal spirit in which he praises Milton. The critic came to his task with a keen and discriminating admiration of the *Paradise Lost*, and was only anxious that the reader also should admire it. The critic gives entire place to the poet.

The comic papers of Addison, including his burlesques on manners, the fashions of the day, and other topics, are distinguished from most other essays of the same kind by a spirit of refined humanity, in union with a vein of pungent satire. He never loses sight of his object—to amuse, rather than to give pain.

The essays of Addison stand in many points of contrast to those of the author of the *Rambler*. We can hardly suppose two minds more differently constituted than those of Addison and Johnson. The former, of a modest and retiring disposition, possessed all those qualities which are usually united to such a temperament in a man of genius; the latter, on the other hand, bred in the school of adversity, had acquired a hardness, which, engrafted on a mind originally bold and independent, communicated a daring and even a harshness to his character. Yet, beneath the rude exterior was enshrined a mind of uncommon vigour, penetration, and fecundity—a mind gigantic in its dimensions, and possessing a high degree of critical acumen and taste. The modes in which these men discuss a subject are as strikingly different as were the constitution and habitudes of their minds. Addison allures you to acquiescence by mild and gentle persuasion; Johnson bears down upon you with a crushing force, and compels conviction and surrender. The one throws his light and graceful chains over you, and binds you in a pleasing spell; the other surrounds you with a barricade which can neither be penetrated nor scaled. This difference often secures the advantage to Addison. We all know, according to the proverb, that conviction forced, and conviction yielded, are different things, and produce different effects.

We think few will deny to Johnson a higher faculty of searching the human heart, and of analysing its complex states, than belonged to Addison. Everywhere in the *Ramblers* we have marked passages containing results of analyses for which we should in vain look in the *Spectators*. The chequered life of Johnson, especially the troubles of his early manhood, placed him in positions for seeing character, such as Addison, we suspect, never had the misfortune to occupy. Yet this will not explain the vast superiority of Johnson over the other in unravelling human motives, and laying bare the human heart. The one had originally a power which the other was not destined to possess. But, it must be admitted, as a set-off against this advantage, that the weighty style of Johnson frequently invests very commonplace thoughts with an importance merely extrinsic; while, on the contrary, Addison, from the unassuming character of his style, hardly receives justice from general readers.

As a critic, Johnson possesses in strength a superiority to Addison; but in delicacy of taste, we are disposed to give a decided preference to the latter. On reading in the *Spectator* the critique of *Paradise Lost*, after reading that in the *Rambler*, we feel a vast relief. If there is less acuteness, there is a more liberal taste displayed; a more generous resolution to do justice to the theme, revealed in the one than in the other. And if we compare the styles, Addison still farther has the advantage. The refined and enlarged criticisms of Addison are clothed in a most delicate and graceful garb; the severity of Johnson degenerates into harshness, we had almost said into vulgarity, by reason of the medium through which it is conveyed. The emotion of sublimity never once takes possession of the bosom as we read Johnson's critique. A high stage of

* Foster's Essay on the Causes of the Aversion of Men of Taste to Evangelical Religion.

the sublime and of the beautiful alternate with each other while we are perusing that of Addison.

It is curious to observe the effects of a difference of character in other forms of speculation. Take the essay on Fame of Johnson, and that of Addison on the same subject, and make a comparison. In one we find the uncertainty, the unsatisfying nature, the vanity of fame revealed with a power that seems to blast every hope from that quarter; in the other, while the same course of speculation is pursued, the value of fame as a principle of activity occupies the greater portion of the paper. Addison could never look for any length of time upon the gloomy side of life. He knew the love of fame was a universal passion, the 'last infirmity of noble minds,' and he must make something useful of it. We feel encouraged by Addison, while our passion is restrained by the views he gives of the uncertainty of gratifying it; we are awed and depressed by Johnson.

A manner peculiar to the latter is the habit of winding up a speculation, in which human glory is depreciated, by a sound practical reflection. In this we think Johnson has an advantage. The stern character of his morality purifies and strengthens the mind. By Addison we are called too often, if anything, to sympathize with human infirmity; by Johnson, a view of duty, strongly and healthily expressed, is set frequently before us. Yet, is it not from the same difference of mind, that Johnson shrinks from speculations on death, while Addison can return to this subject time after time, and even invest it with desirableness?

The allegories of Addison are superior on the whole to those of Johnson. They contain quite as much philosophical observation, and they possess far more lightness and vivacity. Here again Addison's style comes to his aid, and gives him the advantage. The effect of an allegory is greatly weakened, when force takes the place of playfulness. We are continually reminded that it is an allegory merely we are perusing—that the personages are mere abstractions. In reading Addison, although we are never long beguiled into forgetfulness of the fanciful nature of the piece, yet the airy dross in which his characters are made to appear, leaves the imagination at full liberty to invest their actions with a momentary reality. In vain would you try to secure this when reading Johnson's allegories. The figures thicken so fast upon you, and receive such a clear outline, that you feel inclined to break the spell, or rather to prevent it taking place.

In turning from the Spectators and Rambles to the Citizens of the World and Essays of Goldsmith, we find ourselves in a new region. The infantine simplicity, almost verging on imbecility, of the character of Goldsmith, infused an artlessness into his style, that makes it stand in happy relief from the more elaborate melody of Addison, and more vehement flow of Johnson. We perused the Citizens of the World at a very early period of our life, and we vividly remember how we read and read till we got to the last of them. The lively and unaffected rhythm, the sparkling wit, and pleasant humour that belong to these letters, kept us from ever wishing to rise from them. They are deficient, however, not in morality, yet in a very healthy moral vein. The writer never seems to aim at anything higher than to entertain his readers. We would not find much fault with this, were it not true that it is sometimes effected at the expense of injuring the moral sentiments. Addison, even more than Johnson, seems to have meditated the composition of his papers with a distinct purpose of writing for the improvement of his readers. This greatly ennobles his character, and gives an interest to his essays, for which we look in vain in those of Goldsmith. The morality of the latter seems more the result of a happy constitution; that of the former, the effect of a reverential attention to the will of God. Yet, with this drawback (and it is an important one), we consider Goldsmith to have possessed as high and varied a genius as Addison, capable of more lengthened flights, and affording as much entertainment.

different from that of Addison, that we feel considerable difficulty in drawing a comparison. In philosophical power, the latter has certainly the pre-eminence, though the essays of Goldsmith on education, oratory, and the like, evince a fair share of analytic spirit, with the possession of a highly observant and reflecting mind. We cannot, of course, give a place in this paper to any observations on the Vicar of Wakefield, one of the finest novels in our language. It possesses many higher merits than the essays; and must be resorted to, with others of the works of Goldsmith, if we would form a complete estimate of his literary character. We consider him, in this place, merely as an essayist; and even as such, he will ever occupy a high figure in the opinion of every lover of pure and racy English, lively sentiment, delicate imagery, and refined wit.

We ought, perhaps, before we close our essay, to attempt to collect these fragments of criticism, and present a generalized view of the three authors on whose characters as essayists they may have been successful in throwing some light. We consider this, however, an unnecessary task, as the leading traits only have been glanced at; and they are hardly so numerous as to require that we should cast them into any form more condensed than they have already of themselves assumed. It will be obvious to most readers, that we consider Johnson as possessing greater power than Addison, but less taste and elegance; Goldsmith, as deficient in moral sentiment, but equalling, if not surpassing, either of the others in ease and vivacity. The character of Johnson as a moralist stands higher than that either of Addison or Goldsmith, though the former possesses a grace and flow that more frequently succeed in winning our sympathy and acquiescence; the latter, a rhythm never palling the taste, and a simplicity and freshness that never fail to delight, if they do not often succeed in exciting us to love our Maker better, or to regard his authority with more reverence. Essays of the nature we have been considering must be read at different times to be highly relished; but we could more agreeably read through Goldsmith's at a sitting or two, than either Addison's or Johnson's; and those of the former with less irksomeness than those of the latter.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

LINDLEY MURRAY.

LINDLEY MURRAY, the 'prince of English grammarians,' was an American. He was born in the memorable year 1745, at Swetara, near Lancaster, in the state of Pennsylvania. His father was an active and enterprising person, very anxious to improve his circumstances, and to raise his family to independence. Whilst he was following the occupation of a miller, he thought of devoting his attention to some other branch of business, and began trading to the West Indies, to which he made several successful voyages. Latterly, he became an extensive ship-owner, and engaged in a great variety of mercantile pursuits, by which he amassed a considerable fortune.

To his mother, an amiable and clever woman, young Murray owed much, and he was sensible of it. He held her in great esteem, and cherished towards her the feelings of a most affectionate and devoted son. Both his parents were members of the Society of Friends, and they were pious and exemplary persons. The Bible was read daily in the family; and one of the first things which made a strong impression on his mind was seeing his father shedding tears as he sat in a corner of the room, perusing by himself the sacred page. This may appear to some a trifling incident; but such was its influence upon the mind of Lindley Murray that he continued to refer to it with gratitude and gladness till the end of his days.

Lindley was the eldest of twelve children. In his infancy he was very delicate. He was playful and frolicsome, however; and, being weak and sickly, he was greatly indulged, especially by his grandmother, who lived in

a 'spoiled child;' and, as was to be expected, became very peevish and obstinate. He was full of mischief and tricks, some of which indicated anything but an amiable disposition. As he was not corrected, he became so forward and ungovernable that it was found necessary to remove him from the observation of his indulgent grandmother, and place him under the care of an aunt. She was a woman of great kindness, as well as firmness of character; and it was not long till the wayward, mischievous boy found that he was under a very different kind of training from that to which he had formerly been subjected. To this discreet and excellent relative he was much indebted; and in after-life he frequently confessed that to her wise and salutary management he owed in a great measure his future eminence.

When about seven years of age, he was sent to the city of Philadelphia, that he might have the benefit of a better education than could be had at Swetara. But he was not long at the academy of Philadelphia till he removed with his parents to North Carolina. Their residence there was temporary, and in 1753 they settled at New York. Lindley was sent to one of the best seminaries in the city, and every attention was paid to his education by his parents and teacher. Notwithstanding his fondness for play, he scarcely ever neglected to perform the tasks which were prescribed to him, and he did so to the satisfaction of his teacher. He made great progress in his education, and gained a reputation for talent and scholarship.

From school, young Murray was removed at a very early age to the counting-house of his father, who was most desirous that his son should follow the mercantile profession, though all his efforts and solicitations to this effect failed; Lindley had no relish for it, and would be anything but a merchant. His father persevered in his purpose. He was a severe disciplinarian, and went the length of compelling him to enter on an employment which was most un congenial to his wishes. This, together with certain family regulations, appeared to him so unreasonable that he resolved to withdraw from the counting-house and the parental roof, and begin the world for himself. After having received a severe chastisement from his father, he packed up his books and any little property he possessed, and set out for a town in the interior of the country, where there was an excellent seminary. Being respectably connected, he was received into the establishment as a boarder. While here he prosecuted his studies with great ardour, and would have been perfectly happy but for the sorrow which he thought his absence would occasion his mother. That absence, however, was of short duration. He had a particular friend at Philadelphia, a youth about his own age, to whom he paid a visit. When about to leave the city, he met a gentleman who had dined at his father's a short time before, who asked him how long he expected to remain. He said he was 'just setting off.' The gentleman had just been with a letter to the post-office, but was too late; and it being about business of great importance, he requested him to deliver it with his own hand as soon as he arrived at New York. Young Murray was taken by surprise; he could not muster sufficient courage to state to him his situation, and took charge of the letter. At first he thought of putting it into the post-office; but having engaged to deliver it personally, he could not think of breaking his word. He hurried on to New York, and delivered the letter, expecting to return immediately; but the boat which crossed the bay did not sail till next morning, and he had to remain over the night. Though he had conducted his business with great caution, he was perceived by some person who knew him. An uncle visited him, who urged him strongly to go home, telling him at the same time of the distress of his mother on his account. After some remonstrance he agreed to call upon her; she received him affectionately; and during the interview his father came in. He saluted him tenderly, expressed great satisfaction at seeing him again, and they spent the evening together in great harmony and affection. A person was dispatched next day to the place

of his retreat, to settle all accounts and bring back his property; thus the boy's folly was happily terminated, and his father's fireside was dearer to him than ever. Till his death he referred with sorrow to the folly of which he was guilty in leaving his home, and likewise with gratitude to the manner in which he was brought back. In one of his letters he says—'When I reflect on this rash and imprudent adventure—on the miseries in which it might have involved me—and on the singular manner in which I was restored to the bosom of my family—I cannot avoid seeing the hand of Divine Providence in my preservation, and feeling that I ought to be humbly and deeply thankful for the gracious interposition.'

Shortly after his return to New York, he solicited the privilege of a private tutor to aid him in his studies, with which request his father kindly complied. The gentleman appointed was learned, and talented, and most attentive to his charge. Lindley commenced and prosecuted his studies with diligence and alacrity. He rose early, and sat up late. This close application, however, proved too much for a constitution naturally delicate: the incessant study and confinement injured his health, and he was obliged for a time to abate the ardour of his pursuits, and to join bodily exercise with mental application.

When under the superintendence of this learned and faithful preceptor, he was very gay and frolicsome, and was led it appears 'into many follies and transgressions.' But he had a high veneration for those who were truly religious, and for all books that inculcated morality and virtue. Even at this period, though not decidedly the subject of religious impressions, he had a great esteem for Christianity. Some of his intimate acquaintances were sceptics and deists; but all the arguments which they advanced, and all the infidel publications which they put into his hands, never disturbed his mind or led him to doubt the divine origin of the Christian religion.

When between seventeen and eighteen years of age, he became so attached to literary pursuits that the counting-house had no charms for him. To follow his father's business—to be a merchant—he would not consent; it seemed to him a most uninteresting and unintellectual employment. He communicated his wishes to his father, and expressed his intention to follow the legal profession; but his proposal was strongly objected to. His father reminded him of its temptations—of the small return it would yield him compared with what he would receive if he became a merchant—and the anxiety he felt that he should assist him in his mercantile pursuits; but all argument and persuasion failed; he was determined to follow a literary profession, though, in his father's estimation, it was neither so lucrative nor so honourable as that of a merchant.

The office in which Murray was placed to acquire a knowledge of the law was one of the best which could be had in the city of New York. The principal was Benjamin Rissam, Esq., an intimate friend of his father's, a man of great integrity and eminence in his profession. John Jay, Esq., afterwards governor of New York, was his fellow-student—a young man who then gave indications of talent and excellence. With these advantages he prosecuted his studies with zeal and alacrity, and at the close of the fourth year he was called to the bar, and received license to practise both as counsel and attorney, according to the custom of that time. His success exceeded his expectations; and at the age of twenty-two he married 'a young woman of personal attractions, good sense, a most amiable disposition, and of a worthy and respectable family.'

Shortly after his marriage his father's business required him to go to England, and to remain for a time in that country. Circumstances connected with his own profession rendered it necessary for him to go there likewise. In 1771 they returned to New York, where he resumed the practice of the law. He was exceedingly attentive and laborious, and was generally esteemed for his professional knowledge, as well as his private worth. He never

encouraged litigation, even when he saw it to be for his own pecuniary advantage. He uniformly recommended a settlement of differences by arbitration, and never, in the whole course of his practice, did he undertake a case about the justice of which he had a doubt, or advocate the claims of an individual which he thought unreasonable. He gained for himself the reputation of 'an honest lawyer;' and in consequence of his integrity as well as his ability he acquired great celebrity, and enjoyed for many years great success.

But 'there is a tide in the affairs of men:' like others he had only his day. About this time the troubles in America commenced, which were followed by a general failure of proceedings in the law courts of that country. This circumstance, together with a severe illness which impaired his health, induced him to relinquish the profession of the law, and retire for a time into the country. He went to Islip in Long Island, about forty miles from New York, where he remained four years. They were the idlest and most unprofitable years of his life; and to his death he spoke of them with regret, and with unqualified condemnation. He then returned to New York, and began business as a merchant. His father gave him unlimited credit in the importation of goods from England; and by perseverance and a great command of capital he succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations. He became every year more prosperous; and about the time when the question of American independence was settled he retired from business, and purchased a delightful country seat, about three miles from the city, where he expected to pass the remainder of his days. But how soon are our hopes blasted! Before he could leave New York and settle at Bellevue (the name of his new abode), he was seized with a most alarming illness, which left him in a very infirm and debilitated state. As soon as his health would permit, he repaired to the spot where, to use his own words, 'he promised himself every enjoyment which his heart desired.' But the fine mansion, and the noble river on which it stood, and 'the pleasant country on the opposite shore,' and the elegant furniture, and the beautiful garden, and the verdant lawns on which the cattle grazed, yielded him but little comfort. His health declined, every year he felt himself weaker, and his friends and himself feared that death would soon terminate his earthly existence. To remove, if possible, his complaint, and to restore his health, he was recommended to try a change of scene, and to leave for a time his delightful retreat. He went first to Bristol in Pennsylvania, then to the celebrated mineral springs in the mountains of New Jersey, and latterly to Bethlehem, a town about fifty miles from Philadelphia. But he was little benefited by all these wanderings; and his father, who accompanied him, having been seized with sudden and severe indisposition, they instantly bent their course homeward.

Though Mr Murray's health was not much improved by his summer's excursion, it was not altogether fruitless in good. He found that he was generally best when the weather was cold, that Bellevue was too secluded, and that the atmosphere was not sufficiently bracing. In these circumstances he was advised by his physicians to try the effect of a change of climate; and Yorkshire, in England, was fixed upon as the place of his retreat. Having made certain arrangements, he embarked with his wife in the close of the year 1784, and reached our shores in safety. When he left America, he thought it would only be for a short season, and that he would soon return to his own country and spend the remainder of his days with his early friends. Two years was the utmost he had assigned for his absence. But how short-sighted is man, and how very little does he know of the future! He never was able to return. His health was never restored; indeed, he never left the village in Yorkshire which he fixed upon as a temporary residence. He lived there an invalid for the long period of forty-two years.

It was not till the period of his residence in England that he became an author. Though he was confined to the

his mind was active and vigorous. To prevent that tedium and irritability which bodily infirmity generally occasions, and also with the view of being useful to others, he wrote and published a work entitled, 'The Power of Religion on the Mind.' It appeared anonymously, and his object in publishing it was purely benevolent. He distributed five hundred copies *gratis* amongst the inhabitants of York and its vicinity. The publication was well received; when it reached the sixth edition, he enlarged the work and put his name to it. After this he disposed of the copyright without any pecuniary recompense to an influential bookseller in London, and under his auspices it gained an extensive circulation. As he never contemplated any pecuniary advantage by the publication, but simply the benefit of others, it was peculiarly gratifying to him to receive from various quarters testimonies of approbation and assurances of the advantage which had been derived from its perusal. This was to him the source of great delight. Often did he express his thankfulness to the Author of his being 'that he had been the instrument, even in a small degree, of disseminating excitements to a pious and virtuous course of life.'

His second publication was his 'Grammar of the English Language.' This work, which has gained such celebrity, was completed in less than a year. It was commenced in the spring of 1794, and published in the spring of 1795. He was induced to write it by some of his friends, who had established a school for young females in York. The first teachers were but indifferently qualified in this respect. These young persons he kindly instructed in this particular branch of education at his own house, and afterwards, chiefly at their request, published the grammar. He never designed it to be used beyond this school, but it soon found its way into other seminaries. It became in a short time a standard book, and for several years new editions of from 10,000 to 12,000 were published. The number of copies sold of 'The Abridgment of the Grammar,' which appeared in 1795, has exceeded a million.

The great success which attended these publications, together with the beneficial influence it had upon his mind, induced him to publish several other works. In the year that he published the 'Abridgment of the Grammar' he published the 'Exercises and Key.' Shortly after, there appeared the 'English Reader,' the 'Introduction to the Reader,' works which soon obtained an extensive circulation in the schools of Britain as well as in America. Between the years 1802 and 1807 he published two French volumes, and a spelling book for the use of schools. In addition to these works, for which he is chiefly celebrated, he wrote a short treatise 'on the Duty and Benefit of a Daily Perusal of the Holy Scriptures,' and edited 'a Selection from Bishop Horne's Commentary on the Psalms.'

The copyrights of all these works were sold to one of the first publishing houses in London, with the exception of the 'Duty and Benefit of a Daily Perusal of the Holy Scriptures,' and the 'Power of Religion,' which were presented to the booksellers without any pecuniary compensation. The sum which he received for the whole scarcely amounted to £3000. The price was considered liberal both by the author and the publisher, and Mr Murray often expressed his delight that the copyrights had proved advantageous to the gentleman in Paternoster Row who had made the purchase of them. As far as he himself was concerned it made no difference, for his views in writing and publishing were never mercenary, his sole aim being to benefit others, the young in particular. The profits of his valuable publications he never applied to his own private use, but to charitable purposes, and it was to him the source of the purest satisfaction that, whilst he was the means of doing much for the education of the young, he at the same time was enabled to give a considerable sum to religious and benevolent institutions.

It is a singular fact that Mr Murray should have written all these works when an invalid. During the forty-

cise, with the exception of a drive in his carriage, or being drawn about his garden in a chair constructed for that purpose. For the last sixteen years of his life, he was entirely confined to his room, and yet his mind was hale and vigorous. He was a hard student; and when his wife or his friends expressed their apprehension that his close application might prove injurious to him, he would pleasantly say, 'It is better to wear away, than to rust away.' Not later than eight o'clock, summer and winter, he was rolled in a chair from his bed-room to his study, where he spent the day in writing, reading the Scriptures, and religious meditation. Never was a murmur heard to escape his lips. So far from this being the case, he was uniformly pleased, frequently cheerful, and always resigned. He often referred to the kindness of God, in preserving his mental faculties, and in giving him such an amount of temporal wealth as made him comfortable and independent, in blessing him with such an affectionate and beloved wife, and in the prospect which he had of a glorious immortality when life's journey closed. These were some of the things which cheered the heart of this excellent man during the period of his long confinement.

It is a singular circumstance, also, that his mental powers should have continued unimpaired to the very last. When fully fourscore years his mind was as vigorous as ever, and he was fully better than he had been for some years previous; and what was not less singular, his hearing was good, his memory uncommonly retentive, and his sight was so little injured that he could read the smallest print without the aid of spectacles. But the longest life must close, and the most useful man must bid adieu to the present scene. On the 10th January, 1826, he was seized with a slight paralytic affection in his left hand which was of short duration. On the 13th of February he had a return of the same malady, which, by the use of means, was for a time mitigated. In the evening he was seized with acute pain, accompanied with violent sickness, and all attempts to afford relief proved ineffectual. It was death, and no human skill could avert the stroke. He bore the pain, which was excessive, with great meekness and fortitude; and on the 16th of February he expired. He was interred on the 22d of the same month in the burying-ground of the Quakers, in the city of York, in the presence of a large assembly, where his remains lie, 'far from friend and fatherland,' till the resurrection of the blessed.

Such is a brief sketch of Lindley Murray, the grammarian—and we must add, the philanthropist and the Christian. His endowments, intellectual and moral, were of a superior order; and few men have left behind them a higher reputation for wisdom, piety, and benevolence. His writings are a standing memorial of his literary and intellectual qualifications; and his conduct in all the relations of life testifies that he was a virtuous, generous, noble-minded man. He was modest and humble, free from every thing like literary egotism or pharisaical boasting. He was a warm friend to the poor; and he took a deep interest in all religious and charitable institutions. In his will, after making provision for his beloved and affectionate Hannah, and giving certain legacies to a number of relatives and friends, he left £25 each to seven different establishments at York, £200 to the British and Foreign Bible Society, and £200 to the African Institution. He directed that the residue of his property, after the decease of his wife, should be devoted to pious and benevolent uses.

Mr Murray was a member of the Society of Friends. He, as might be expected, was much esteemed by them, and they greatly mourned his loss. He was one of their brightest ornaments. But though attached to that highly respectable body of Christians, he was not a bigot: he had a great respect for religious persons of every name; and used his influence to heal the breaches which unhappily exist in the Christian church. He 'loved the brotherhood,' and he longed for the day when Christians would be of 'one mind.' His testimony on this point is so excellent, and so necessary to be remembered in these latter days, that we must give it at length:—

'We are long in learning to judge wisely of one another, and to make charitable allowances for difference of understanding, disposition, education, &c. Mankind are all brethren, the children of one Father; they should, therefore, when we believe them to be sincere and aright, be received as fellow-partakers of the same privileges. . . . I respect piety and virtue wherever I meet them. It would be a proof of my own superficiality or depravity if I valued a truly religious man the less for the name and the profession which he sustains. I trust that I shall ever be influenced by the cheering sentiment: that every man who sincerely loves God and works righteousness is accepted by him, and is entitled to universal esteem and regard.'

We have seen a portrait of this interesting and estimable man. He had a noble, a majestic look; he was tall, well proportioned, and rather stout. He had an open, cheerful countenance, with a forehead somewhat elevated. His complexion was dark. Though long confined to the house, he was not sickly looking, but ruddy. His hair towards the close of life became perfectly white; and his whole appearance was dignified and prepossessing. A stranger in his presence felt a mingled sensation of admiration, reverence, and love; and often the remark was made that he realized our conceptions of the apostles and holy men who, in the early ages of Christianity, dedicated themselves to the service of God in advancing the religion of his Son.

RAMBLES IN LONDON.

INCIDENTAL MATTERS.

Now for a short chapter on incidental matters, to give something of variety to our series of sketches of modern London. Would any one imagine from anticipation, what is undoubtedly the fact, that every thing is dearer in the great metropolis than in the provinces? Snuff, for example, is so; and this you will speedily ascertain on asking to have your box filled with the customary ounce of rappee. They will charge you fourpence, whereas in Edinburgh you paid but threepence, being an addition of twenty-five per cent on the entire demand. Go into a shop, again, and ask for a few lozenges—say a penny-worth. In the Modern Athens, strictly hard in their dealings as the Scotch are said to be, you may receive a number varying from twelve to twenty. The Londoner hands you exactly six lozenges for your penny, and seems to conceive that he is doing you a favour by the enormous concession. So at least it seemed to us, when, on obtaining such a quantity of 'sweeties' for our good copper coin sterling, we ventured remonstratingly but gently to murmur, 'One pennyworth, sir?' The answer in the affirmative was given with such complacency, that it was obvious the vender conceived our query to arise from a feeling of surprise at the astounding cheapness of the saccharine commodities then on sale.

Such trifles would certainly not deserve mention, except as exemplifying a general truth—to wit, that almost everything is dearer in London than in Edinburgh. But the most astonishing case in which this assertion holds good is that of London porter. On the very field where this article is produced, it costs exactly double what it does in Scotland, notwithstanding the expenses of carriage for two or three hundred miles. Walk into any hotel in London, and, whatever may be their charge for other articles, their famous home-produce of porter costs you from sixpence to eightpence per bottled pint, in place of threepence or fourpence, the invariable cost in the north of Britain. We have asked the cause of this, but can find no satisfactory response; and we simply set it down as a corroborative proof of what has otherwise been pressed on our conviction, that most of the half-necessaries and luxuries of British life are more costly in London than elsewhere. The greater expenses of the sellers may tend to equalize matters, but the fact is as now stated. In one point, we should allow an exception. Street-travelling is supereminently cheap in London; and the same ought

to be said of the steam-boat voyaging on the Thames. From the city to the west-end (as they severally denominate the east and west of the metropolis), and *vice versa*, steamers are plying every two or three minutes at one penny of fare a-head. The multitudes of boats are amazing, and the perfection to which they have brought the business of embarking and disembarking passengers at the various bridge-stairs—as at London, Southwark, Blackfriars, Hungerford, and Westminster Bridges—is equally surprising. Indeed, if any man would have a complete notion of the immense business and bustle of London, let him either stand for a few moments in a thoroughfare, and look at the street vehicles, or take his station on one of the main bridges and watch the legion of steamers perpetually passing to and fro on the Thames: the stir of the great city could not be more fully laid open at a glance.

Talking of bridges, by the way, we have been utterly at a loss to find out what *Punch* has meant by venting continual sneers, as he has done for a length of time, at Hungerford Bridge. This is a suspension-bridge, for foot-passengers, thrown over the river betwixt Waterloo and Westminster Bridges. It is a beautiful structure, consisting of one main central arch of great compass, and two subsidiary ones at the sides. There are two elevated towers upon it; and it seems to us to be used most extensively by passengers from one bank to the other. Yet *Punch* has long laughed unmercifully at the Hungerford Bridge as in every way a failure, and has spoken of the traversing of it by a passenger, as likely to happen somewhere *apud Græcas Kalendas*. We can sympathize a little more freely with *Punch*'s dislike to the fountains in Trafalgar Square. There we find two basins of water, of considerable extent of surface, with a jet of water rising from each, to some twelve feet or more in height, up a candlestick sort of pipe, with two cups at different elevations for the water to break upon and spread in falling. There are but about three or four feet of a clear rise above the top of this pipe. Altogether, the jet is fair enough a spectacle *per se*, but the cold, damp, plain pavement, forming the floor of the square around, gives to the whole a paltry and unpleasant aspect. Jets and falls of water are only seen to perfection amidst the green verdure which it is truly their province and purpose to give birth to and sustain. As it is, we have an attempt to imitate nature's lovely cascades without the slightest attention to the imagery with which she ever surrounds them. So long as Trafalgar Square remains a flat and tasteless piece of damp flagging, the fountains (erected there at no slight expense) will remain utterly unappreciated—indeed, will be a monument of *mauvais gout*, as *Punch*'s Jenkins would say.

The Lord Mayor's show is a very venerable festival, which it never fell to our own chance to see, until on our present visit to London. It is as much against our inclination, as it would be adverse to the principle of our present series, to discuss the movements of the mayoral cavalcade—to describe the men in steel, or the man in brass—to tell how 'unaccountably' composed the expiring Mayor Gibbs looked, in spite of various storms of hisses—or to picture the mixture of flushed pride and assumed ease which characterised the Lord Mayor elect. But the Lord Mayor's show is interesting, as a thing that will soon be among the things that were, if we 'read the signs of the times aright.' The men in armour do not now go the length even of cultivating moustaches for the occasion. They content themselves with a touch of burned cork. And almost all the great parties in the show, whether recorder, alderman, or common-councilman, had brought a newspaper with them to their carriages, either because they felt ashamed of the parade in which they took part, or because they wished to seem especially cool and unconcerned. The tinsel and frippery of the whole affair form really a half humiliating spectacle to the reflecting, and, as the independent Doge of Venice no longer weds the Adriatic in state, so will the first magistrate of the first city in the known world not long be forced to

make an exhibition of himself to bawling boys. *Punch* gave last year capital sketches of the man in brass armour in two positions—one before he assumed his metallic garb, when he appeared a plain drayman refreshing himself with a pot of stout—and the second, in which he seemed the mailed knight of old. A curious commentary on this text was placed before us on this last ninth of November. The Lord Mayor elect goes last in the procession; and it chanced that the children of a charity school had gathered in Thames Street to honour him with a song or a psalm, we know not which. True it is, however, that while the mayor-to-be stopped to hear them, the whole previous cavalcade, even the six footmen of the mayor, moved on for nearly a quarter of a mile in advance. Some friend of the mayor, who was hanging about him on horseback, 'to share the triumph, and partake the gale,' saw the mischief at last, and rode forward, lustily calling out 'Halt!' to the great amusement of all who heard him. At length, the six footmen did halt, and looked behind. Seeing their lord far in the rear, what did they do? Did they rush back in an agony of shame and distress at having unconsciously parted from their chief? No, these worthy men did not act thus. They looked at each other, and rushed simultaneously into the nearest beer-shop, to bury their regrets in a quatern or two of gin, or so many pots of stout. Seriously, there never could have been a more laughable exposé.

RALPH NEWCOME; OR, 'JUST FOR ONCE.'

A SKETCH FOR YOUTH.

'Come away, Ralph, we shall have a noble day's sport. I was through the woods yesterday, and the bramble bushes were hanging quite black. We'll get lots of berries, besides nuts, in the glen,' exclaimed one of a group of four boys to another, as they stood beneath a clump of oak trees in the lane that led to the village school.

'No, Ralph, don't go,' suggested the youngest. 'I for my part shall attend the school. The examination is approaching, and you know we must pull up for prizes. I am sure you will secure one if you apply; you can take the shine out of any one in the class when you choose to do it. Let Ned Lacey and Will go if they please, but don't you follow their example.'

'Poo!' replied Ned, contemptuously; 'what's the harm of balking the school for one day? To Old Fogie we can easily coin an excuse to-morrow; and as we shall be home by dinner-time, no one shall know aught about it, unless Arthur, the croaker, peaches.'

'No, I won't peach,' answered Arthur, while a flush of crimson suffused his face; 'but if you hearken to my advice you won't go. No good can come of it; besides, haven't we all Saturday to ourselves, and can do as we please without being haunted by a bad conscience and a fear of punishment?'

'Come, come, that's all gammon you know. Ralph, are you going to make one of us or not? Decide quick, or some of the boys may discover us here.'

'Well,' replied Ralph, hesitatingly, '*it's just for once*. I don't see that much harm can arise, and there's no danger of detection. I think I'll go.'

'Agreed then!' shouted the other two, and the trio started off down an adjoining lane and were soon out of sight.

Arthur stood a moment gazing at their retreating forms, then adjusting his satchel, uttered aloud—'It's a great pity. I think Ralph wouldn't be led astray but for the two Laceys.'

'It is a pity,' responded a deep slow voice behind him; and Arthur, on turning round, encountered the form of his master, Old Fogie, as Ned Lacey had called him. The schoolmaster was a little thin man, with a pale thoughtful countenance, on which traces of heavy sorrow were indelibly marked. Yet there was withal a pleasing cheerfulness mingled in it that seldom failed to excite

your sympathies in his favour even before any acquaintanceship was formed. Combined with this, an attractive grace and dignity in his manner and conversation impressed one with the idea that he had moved in a better sphere in former days than that of a village teacher. And so he had; but heavy misfortunes had befallen him, and reduced him from one stage of an eventful life to a lower, till now, in old age, he occupied the most thankless and ill-remunerated position that necessitous genius ever sinks to—that of a schoolmaster. As he stood before Arthur Huntly, clothed in a suit of rusty black, with his long white hair falling almost on his shoulders, he repeated slowly and emphatically—‘It is a pity. Arthur, I have been an involuntary listener to your conversation, while concealed behind yon oak,’ pointing with his staff; ‘I am glad that you, though the youngest, have exhibited so much good sense. The others I permitted to go, because the knowledge of doing wrong will punish them first, and again in the school they will suffer that disgrace they merit. Remember, my boy, as the advice of one who has experienced the painful vicissitudes of a chequered life, that it is only in the way of duty that happiness can be found. If you would enjoy a good conscience, have the fear of God ever before your eyes, and then you will have little cause to fear man. Recollect this. Now, go to school. I will soon follow you.’ So saying the master pursued his solitary walk by another route, and left Arthur pondering on his words—words which in after life he never forgot.

Meanwhile Ralph Newcome and the two Lacey had set out on the ramble in which they had promised to themselves so much enjoyment. The day was most beautiful. Far and wide the waving fields of yellow corn, like a cloth of gold, covered the face of nature, and the feathered warblers caused each glade to resound with their tuneful notes, awaking a joyful harmony of sight and sound; yet the heart of Ralph felt heavy and cheerless amid nature's rejoicings. His two companions were more at ease, and talked and laughed boisterously by turns. To them it was no unusual matter to play the truant, and they little dreaded either their master's or parents' anger; but Ralph felt conscience-stricken. It was his first offence, and inwardly he often wished he had followed the advice of Arthur Huntly; so certainly does a consciousness of sin always carry its own punishment. But although on setting out the day promised favourably, suddenly, about mid-day, the sky became overcast; black heavy clouds gathered around. Soon all was gloom and darkness; the feathered songsters ceased their strains; the lowing cattle crowded together in silence; a dead stillness prevailed; then a rattling peal of thunder succeeded, accompanied by a drenching torrent of rain. In vain the truants hurried beneath some bushes for shelter; the pitiless pelting rain poured down for upwards of half-an-hour, by which time they were completely drenched to the skin. Sad and disconsolate, the trio returned homewards; Ralph dreading punishment from his uncle, who he knew must, from the pitiable condition in which he was, surmise his absence from school. His uncle needed no such test, as word had been dispatched by the schoolmaster. Immediately on his arrival home he received a severe admonition, and was sent supperless to bed.

Next day, and for two days following, the three sat in disgrace, in a distant corner of the school-room, and besides having heavy tasks allotted them, were locked in during play hours. Thus ended the first epoch of transgression in Ralph's boyish history.

Late one afternoon, in a shop in one of the principal thoroughfares in Glasgow, stood a boy perusing a newspaper. After reading the miscellaneous column over, and turning it and glancing down each page, he threw it aside, finding apparently nothing more to amuse him. Then folding his arms, he leant backwards against the wall and surveyed the shelves, the drawers, boxes, and japanned cases alternately. While thus musing, a woman

entered, and having made some purchases departed, giving him half-a-crown. As she went out he approached the till for the purpose of depositing the money, but a sudden thought struck him, and pausing half way he said slowly—

‘Now master's out and no one knows of this, why should I not take the loan of it?’

‘But Ralph,’ said an inward monitor, ‘that would be theft.’

A shade passed across his brow as he answered ‘No. If I meant to keep it it would, but I shall repay it whenever I get my wages.’

‘That doesn't matter,’ responded the monitor. ‘You may forget, or your master may find it out. Wouldn't it be better to return it?’

‘But I must have money. I have promised to go with the Lacey to the theatre. I can't make a fool of myself by telling them I am short of cash. Ned, I'm sure, has always plenty, and it looks very mean to be continually sharing with him,’ and Ralph poised the piece on his finger and looked wistfully at it.

‘Couldn't you stay away from the theatre for a night?’ suggested the monitor now very faintly.

‘No,’ replied Ralph boldly, finding he had got the better of it. ‘I have no proper decent excuse; and I should be laughed at were I to say it was from want of money. *It's just for once.* I don't see anything wrong in it.’

Conscience gave up the contest.

Ralph then, casting a furtive glance around, hastily slipped the half-crown into his pocket and returned to the newspaper. Had he looked better, perhaps he might have seen two dark eyes watching him through a little pane of glass in the wooden pannel at his back. Although he resumed the paper, he did not seem able to make any use of it further than glancing vacantly at the letters which danced to and fro before his vision. He experienced a sort of gnawing uneasy sensation in his bosom, and half wished, several times, to return the money, but still he endeavoured to equivocate with the impulse, by urging that it was only a loan for once, and he could again repay it. By and by the timepiece proclaimed the hour of eight, and he proceeded to shut the shop. Great was his surprise on beholding his master emerge from the little back parlour and beckon him towards him. Conscience-stricken and trembling under a load of guilty feelings, he approached and inquired faintly what he wished.

‘Come this way for a minute,’ replied the shopkeeper, turning into the room.

Ralph obeyed, and seated himself directly in front of the grocer, who stood with his back to the little fireplace and his eyes intently fixed on the boy, who dared not avert his gaze from the ground.

‘Boy, I have a very serious charge against you,’ said the shopkeeper. ‘Nay, do not feign ignorance. I saw your conduct in the shop to-night when you thought I was out. Hitherto I believed you honest, but have been deceived. I might give you in charge to a policeman; but as I do not wish to bring sorrow on your worthy uncle, nor totally to destroy your character in the eyes of the world, I shall content myself with discharging you. Remember, young man, if ever you are placed in a situation of trust again, that ‘honesty is the best policy.’ What may have been the extent of your thefts while here I do not know, but I suspect this cannot be the first.’

Ralph dropped on his knees and implored his employer not to turn him away. He confessed all—that it was *just for once* he had stolen—that he meant to repay it again; and he would hereafter allow no consideration to deter him from duty. But the master was inflexible, and that night Ralph Newcome was dispatched home with a letter to his uncle. The letter merely stated that as Mr — had found no further use for his services he had discharged him, and would recommend that he be kept at home for some time to complete his education.

Whether Ralph's uncle guessed the reason of his nephew's discharge or not, we cannot say; but he was re-

tained at home for several years, and assisted in managing the farm. No temptation sufficiently strong was thrown in his way while there, to induce any dereliction of conduct, and his uncle at length considering it would be advisable to teach him some other business than farming, procured him a situation in a merchant's office. Here Ralph found his old schoolmate Arthur Huntly, and the intimacy of childhood was renewed. Arthur had not forgotten the advice of his old teacher, but endeavoured to fulfil honourably and faithfully the duties of his situation, and had won the good opinion and respect of his employers. He had risen from the humble situation of errand-boy to the superintendence of the business, and was ever noted for his promptness, alacrity, and honesty. As might be supposed, his example had a good influence on Ralph, and for a time at least the latter endeavoured industriously to avoid all evil company. Frequently he met with the Laceys in the course of business, but eschewed further communication with them than mere civility involved. Arthur had introduced him into the society of several respectable families in Glasgow, with whom he was on terms of intimacy. In one family, in particular, rumour said Arthur was striving hard to establish more than a mere friendship. Ellen Munro was the eldest of two daughters of an opulent city merchant. She possessed more than mere pretensions to beauty. There was an attractive winning grace about her, the secret of which cannot be well described, coupled with great firmness of purpose and resolution, rendering her at once respected and admired. Indeed, Ellen's was a character rarely met with; without any foolish vanity or unseemly pride, he managed to maintain that becoming dignity which so well adorns the female character and forms the connecting and binding link to all other charms. Of the younger sister we need not say aught, farther than that being a delicate fair girl, rather retiring in her disposition, she generally avoided society, and save among a few intimate acquaintances, was shy and reserved. It was in this family, then, that Arthur had been striving to ingratiate himself; but hitherto Ellen had given him little encouragement, while at the same time no very serious obstacles were cast in the way. So he continued hoping on, and though clouds of doubt at times obscured hope's fair light, these in turn were dashed aside by some fancied token of returned love. Matters thus stood when he unfortunately introduced Ralph. So far as external appearance went, and a spice of natural cleverness, Ralph possessed no inconsiderable attractions, joined with a dashing jaunty air very captivating to the female mind, all of which he knew the full value of; so that Arthur's plainness of dress and comportment were completely obscured. No sooner had he set eyes on Ellen than his heart was completely enthralled by her beauty, and it required but little encouragement on Ellen's part to kindle the lament flame into a blaze. Ere a month elapsed, Arthur bound to his chagrin that Ralph completely occupied the field, and though Ellen still treated him with cordiality and kindness, she withdrew entirely any ground of farther hope from him. Arthur had too much honour to press attentions further, or to seek to undermine his rival's position, but withdrew at once from the contest. Though he thus honourably acted, his conduct was far from satisfying some unworthy doubts which existed in his opponent's mind, and Ralph endeavoured, by several acts of petty meanness, to ingratiate himself more deeply into Ellen's favour at the expense of Arthur's fair fame. These, however, instead of advancing his suit only proved so many drawbacks, and Ellen told him at length that she would not listen to aught against Arthur, as she had had many opportunities of discovering and appreciating his true character, and if he wished her to retain a good opinion of himself, to remain silent on that subject. The effect of his success excited the slumbering pride and vanity which lay in his bosom, and caused a thorough hatred to Arthur, whom he still conceived as an adder in his path. One day, while out on business, an accident led him into the company of Ned Lacey. Ned seemed in

high spirits, and grasping him by the hand exclaimed—'Dear me, Ralph, can it be possible you have won that impregnable fortress, the heart of fair Ellen Munro? You must have had formidable opposition to encounter in smooth-faced Arthur'; and slapping him on the back, 'my good fellow, I must congratulate you—your prosperity is quite the town's talk.'

Ralph's vanity was flattered, and before parting he agreed, after a good deal of solicitation, to make one of a party to meet in Ned's lodgings that night.

It was not without considerable hesitation he kept the appointment thus made, and strong doubts as to the propriety of it. On arriving at his friend's lodgings he found half-a-dozen young men seated round a table smoking and drinking. Several of them were already excited with their potations, and he was just in time to hear the final chorus of a Bacchanalian song as he entered. As Ralph cast his eyes around he perceived in the countenances of the guests, to a greater or less degree, a sort of rakish dissipated look, and their dress, 'swell gentility,' was carried to the extreme. After being introduced to them respectively, and receiving a hearty welcome, he sat down. At first he felt rather disgusted with their conversation, their coarse profane jests, and riotous laughter, and having drunk a few glasses of wine proposed leaving, but a general dissentient voice rose in loud exclamations against this, and Ned joined with them in urging him to remain. 'Why, Ralph, you wouldn't surely go when we are just getting comfortable!' said he. 'We shall have a bit of supper soon, and you can go then. Sit down, man. You'll not be a whit the worse. Come, don't make any fuss. It's just for once you know. See, Smith's going to sing.'

Ralph remained, and ere another hour passed he was the noisiest of the noisy. He sang, joked, and shouted alternately, till overcome he sank on the floor.

How or when he got home he knew not, but awoke in bed next morning with a dreadful headach and parched throat. As with a groan of anguish he turned round he beheld Ned standing beside him.

'Well,' inquired he, 'how are you this morning? I was afraid last night's spree was rather much for your uninitiated nerves.'

Ralph replied by another groan.

'Here, man, take a glass of this,' said Ned, pulling a small bottle out of his pocket and mixing a quantity of the fluid with water; which Ralph drank off, and found wonderfully refreshed. He then got up and proceeded to the office, but it was almost night ere the disagreeable nauseous effects of his debauch wore off.

Having taken one step, it was no difficult matter to entice him fairly into the charmed circle. At the sight of temptation all his good resolutions, formed in moments of remorse, soon vanished into air, and Ralph became the foremost of the gang in every species of mischief or debauched frolic. His visits to Ellen, of course, were seldom, but he managed to excuse himself on the plea of business; while she, with some alarm, noticed at times, in his rude speech and flushed countenance, indications of his being inflamed with liquor; and though unwilling to construe these symptoms thus, she could hardly dispel an uneasy doubt from her mind. An event soon occurred which set her suspicions entirely at rest. One evening, coming home with her father from a friend's house, where they had tarried rather late, as they passed along the street their attention was aroused by screams of murder and shoutings proceeding from a tavern. Ellen and her father crossed to the farther side, but hardly had they done so when half-a-dozen young men rushed out of the tavern with noisy gesticulations. They had quarrelled and were about to fight. Ellen turned her head for a moment towards them, and to her horror perceived standing beneath the glare of a lamp Ralph Newcome. His coat was off, his waistcoat and shirt torn to rags, and his face smeared with blood. He seemed half intoxicated and frantic with rage. A loud oath proceeded from his lips as he made a rush at one of the party, and missing

his aim, fell with a crash on the pavement. A sudden giddiness seized Ellen. Lights swam before her eyes, and she clung to her father's arm for support. He, supposing she was merely terrified by the rioters, strode hastily onwards, half dragging her along, till they reached the house. Here Ellen rushed up to her chamber, and gave vent to a flood of tears. After a sleepless night spent in pondering what line of conduct she ought to pursue, she arrived at the conclusion that her duty plainly lay in forbidding Ralph any further correspondence, and next morning, having matured her plan, she appeared at the breakfast table considerably relieved. The day wore on; one of restless heartburning anxiety to Ellen. At night Ralph made his appearance at the house, and, without asking any questions, ran up to the room where Ellen and her sister were seated. Ellen made signs to her sister to retire. When alone, she cast a piercing glance in her lover's face and said—

'Well, sir, I have a few words to say to you. You are not aware, perhaps, that I have come to the conclusion that it is my duty, however painful, to bring to a close the correspondence which has hitherto subsisted betwixt us. My reasons for this I need hardly explain, your own conscience must sufficiently inform and condemn you. Though your career has for some time past been cunningly kept secret, yet the truth has at length been divulged. You must know that I abhor drunkenness as a filthy degrading vice, the destroyer of every social comfort and happiness, and with such views it cannot be supposed I can longer tolerate your advances.'

'Oh, hear me!' exclaimed Ralph; 'hear me for mercy's sake. I swear to give it up—to reform my conduct—I am not so bad as you deem me. *It was just for once.*'

'No, sir, I have made up my mind, and cannot listen to such palliation or promises of amendment made but to be broken. I cannot risk my happiness and peace to such a fragile thread. Just for once is just for ever with drunkards in my view. I saw you last night. Go, sir, go;' and she walked proudly out of the room.

Ralph, dismayed and bewildered, stood for a few minutes as if rooted to the spot. Then a sudden impulse seizing him, he took up his hat and rushed out of the house homewards. Running at a fearful pace along, he encountered one of his boon companions, who inquired what was wrong. Without hesitation he told the whole story and sought advice.

'Never fear, man,' replied the other. 'Matters will come round again. She will repent having thus treated you. Just regard the proud minx with feigned contempt for a little, and I warrant she will find a means of inviting you back.'

Ralph feared this would not be the case, but was ready to catch at any straw.

'But,' added the other, 'this is a bad place to talk of such matters. Just cross the street and have a glass of something to cool your nerves, and we'll perhaps hit on some plan to restore you to her favour.'

Ralph accompanied him; but one glass was succeeded by another and another, and no plan appeared feasible; till, again inebriated, he returned home, vowing vengeance on Arthur as the great cause of his disgrace.

Next morning, on coming to a consciousness of his state, he noticed lying on the table a note, which he had overlooked the preceding evening. Hastily leaping out of bed, he tore it open, and found it to run as follows:—

'Sir,—Rumours for a time past having reached us concerning your conduct, which on investigation we have found to be correct, we beg to intimate to you that your services will not be any longer required. You have enclosed the quarter's salary due you. We are, &c.

MORTON & SIMMONDS.'

Ralph staggered to the wall, his countenance grew livid as a corpse, and his eyes seemed starting from their sockets. He recovered in a few minutes, seized the note, and tearing it into a hundred fragments, pulled on his clothes and went out.

of money, Ralph apparently having accompanied him, for, though warrants were issued for their apprehension, no trace of either could be discovered.

About six months after the event above recorded, three young men were seated in a tap-room in one of those low haunts which abound in the Saltmarket of Glasgow. The room was damp and mouldy, though a fire burned in the grate, and the plaster had fallen in slices from the roof and walls. Save an oak table and three or four chairs, no furniture was apparent, and the atmosphere felt redolent of roasted herrings and whisky. The three youths were seated around the foresaid table, in the centre of which, stuck in a black bottle, flickered a penny candle. A jug of liquor passed around the trio several times before any of them spoke. It was finished, and replenished by a slipshod girl who acted as waiter. Then closing the door, the eldest resumed his seat and entered into conversation.

'Well, Ralph, what think ye of the cottage robbery? Jem and I have had some palaver about it, and he's given up to such matters. The thing can be easily enough managed the first good night; there's no fear of any danger. We must have the needful somehow.'

Ralph shook his head. He feared it would not do. There was a dead certainty of being caught.

'Don't be a chicken, man. Those born to die in their beds won't hang. The fact is, we must try it or starve. *It's just for once*, you know, and'—

Here the entrance of another party interrupted the conversation.

We shall now turn a little to Ellen Munro. Shortly after her summary dismissal of Ralph, she and her sister had gone to spend the summer with an aged aunt, who resided about two miles out of Glasgow. Arthur Huxley there followed her, and still continued his attentions, considering that, as there was no rival in the way now, he might stand a better chance of success; and not without reason, for Ellen's mind having been dazzled by Ralph's outward attractions, without any deep impression having been made on her heart, now that leisure had called her better judgment into exercise, she perceived how far she had wronged Arthur in her choice. Report added, too, that it was not unlikely Arthur would lead her to the altar in the course of a few months; and report is generally correct in such surmises, at least it was correct in asserting that he was a very frequent visitor at Marigold Cottage.

One night Ellen and her sister had retired to rest. She had been expecting a visit from Arthur, and was surprised at his non-appearance, as he usually kept very punctually to his promises. She lay in bed reflecting on the probable cause of his detention, conjuring up a thousand reasons all equally unsatisfactory. Her sister had fallen asleep, and save her faint respirations not a sound entered through the house. In the earlier part of the evening the watch-dog had set up a furious barking, but no apparent cause having been discovered, it was disregarded. Gradually its voice sank into a long prolonged howling whine, which struck a peculiarly mournful chord in Ellen's heart as she lay awake. Opposite the foot of the bed, part of the latticed window was left uncovered by the shutters, through which a pale streak of moonlight gleamed into the chamber, resting partially on the face of her sleeping sister and on the wall, between the bed and which there existed a space of about a foot and a half. As she thus lay in that half unconscious state which precedes sleep, she happened accidentally to incline her eyes in the direction of the wall, watching for a moment the fantastic shapes the flitting moonbeam conjured on the paper, when she perceived rising from the space a hand, which rested on the counterpane, and then a shaggy head rose up, and two dark piercing eyes glanced across the room. This was the work of a moment, and all was withdrawn again. Ellen's faculties were agitated with terror; she could neither move nor speak, nor even turn her half-closed eyes from the spot.

a moment's reflection convinced her of the danger of doing so. There was no one in the cottage that night but an old female domestic, her aunt having gone from home on a visit. A moment's reflection assured her of the imminent danger in which she lay, and summoning up, by a fearful effort, all her energies, she reasoned that to lie still would be probable death, while if she evinced, by any sudden movement, her knowledge of the presence of the burglar, the danger would be equally great. A sudden thought struck her. Moving round, she uttered a heavy groan and raised herself up in bed. Her sister, awaking, inquired what was wrong. Ellen replied only 'Oh, that dreadful toothache! I can find no rest for it.'

'Shall I rise and fetch the elixir to you? It will afford you relief,' inquired Agnes.

'No, no, I shall get it myself. I won't be a minute.' Then hastily leaping out of bed she directed her steps to the room where the old woman slept, whom she cautiously awoke, and briefly informing her of the danger, caused her to hasten out by a back window to summon some neighbours to their assistance. As soon as this was accomplished, she returned as quickly as possible to her own chamber. Agnes, still awake, inquired if she was better. Ellen, though trembling in every limb, replied she felt relieved, and thought she would be able to sleep now. Meanwhile the old woman made the best of her way to some of the neighbouring cottages, and soon collected half-a-dozen men. They proceeded in a body with her to the house, and were admitted by the window. The ruffian, supposing from the noise of their footsteps that some of his comrades had effected an entrance, immediately sprang from his concealment. One piercing shriek rent the air, and Agnes fell back insensible. The robber darted towards the door to intercept the egress of Ellen, but he was met in the face by three men, and after a struggle of a few minutes bound. Lights were produced, and to Ellen's surprise she discovered in the bloated and haggard countenance of the housebreaker Ralph Newcome's well known features. He was immediately marched off to prison, where he confessed that, in the hope of realising as much from the robbery of the cottage (though he knew not who its tenants were) as would enable him to escape to America, where he intended to settle, he had been persuaded by the Laceys, *just for once*, to take this new step in the descent of crime. The assizes came round, and Ralph Newcome was found guilty of housebreaking and sentenced to transportation for fourteen years, while the Laceys, in reality more guilty, but against whom sufficient evidence could not be adduced, received only half that period of punishment.

The rest need hardly be told. In less than a month afterwards the 'Glasgow Herald' contained an announcement of a marriage betwixt a certain Ellen Munro and Arthur Huntly, Esq., now a thriving city merchant.

SIEGE AND EVACUATION OF TOULON IN 1793.

For the information of young readers particularly, it may be proper to mention that Toulon is the principal French harbour for ships of war on the coast of the Mediterranean, and lies in long. 5.56 east, lat. 43.7 north. It is distant from Paris about 450 miles; from London about 700; and, consequently, from Edinburgh about 1100. From all these places it lies in a direction to the south-east. Before the Revolution, when France was divided into provinces, it belonged to the province of Provence; after the Revolution, when the country was divided into departments, it became the capital of the department of the Var. Toulon is nearly 40 miles to the south-east of Marseilles; the city of Lyons is about half-way betwixt Toulon and Paris.

As a place of commerce, Toulon has long been of considerable note. Its harbour was greatly improved by Henry IV. king of France, somewhat more than two centuries ago. At a later period, it was farther improved.

It was the only French port on the Mediterranean where the productions of the East Indies were re-shipped and conveyed to the ports of Italy and the Levant. But its greatest importance was as being the principal harbour on the south coast of France for ships of war. The old, or merchant's port, was furnished with a noble quay, and was protected by two moles, begun by Henry IV.; the new, or king's port, with the fortifications, were constructed by Louis XIV. In front of it was an arsenal, a ropewalk, a park of artillery, dockyards, basins, store-houses, and magazines of every kind adapted for the purposes of a national navy, and on a scale of magnitude suited to the greatness of the French nation. The outer harbour or roadstead is large in extent, circular in its form, and almost surrounded with hills; with it both the divisions of the inner harbour have a safe and sufficient communication. The inner harbour, moreover, is shut in by a neck of land crowned by a high rock, whereon was erected the Fort Eguillette, supposed to be almost impregnable.

The town, before the troubles of the revolutionary periods, was understood to contain a population of about 80,000 persons. On the land side, it is backed by a range of rocky heights; one of which, the mountain Faron, rises to nearly eighteen hundred feet, and approaches so close that the harbour is commanded by the fortifications that crown the ridge. The only communication betwixt the town and the interior of France is by a wild rocky pass among the hills, the defile of Ollioulles, capable of being maintained, for a long time at least, by an inconsiderable military force. The natural advantages of situation, for the defence of the town and harbour, had been carefully improved by the erection of fortified works; but it must be noticed, that immediately on the falling of the fortified posts in the environs into the hands of an enemy, the town and harbour were from that moment untenable.

It may be proper to give a brief statement of the historical occurrences that led to the occupation of Toulon by the British, and to the subsequent siege by the troops of the French republic. The King of France, Louis XVI., after having been tried, found guilty, and condemned by the National Convention, on the 21st January, 1793, suffered death on the scaffold. This event filled the courts of Europe—all of which had anxiously regarded the progress of the revolution in France—with extreme alarm. The abolition of the monarchy, the aristocracy, and the priesthood in France, was believed to be the prelude to the abolition of the same estates throughout Europe; and this consummation, it was imagined, could be prevented only by overturning the French republic. With this view, but with various other pretexts, the governments of England, Austria, Prussia, Spain, and several smaller states, entered into a war with France, entertaining, as it appeared, no doubt as to the issue. Every thing, indeed, seemed favourable to their design. The national convention was distracted by faction. Commerce, both external and internal, was suspended. The national coin had almost disappeared, and the paper money designed to supply its place had become nearly nominal in value. From an extreme scarcity of provisions, the inhabitants of the cities were in a state bordering on starvation; and, as in many of them the royalists were the most powerful party, it was well known that they were ready for a revolt. In addition to all this, the republican government had reason to distrust the generals whom it was obliged to employ. Dumourier, intrusted with the defence of the frontier on the side of the Low Countries, had renounced the cause of the republic, and had done his utmost to induce the army under his command to follow his example.

After the defection of Dumourier, the armies of the Allies made great progress. The only matter that remained deserving of consideration was how to put an end to the war in the best manner; whether by marching directly upon Paris, or by separating their forces and reducing the places of strength that lay in their way. This latter plan was at last adopted. In the mean time.

couraged to take active measures in opposition to the government. They were promised speedy and effectual support. A general insurrection in the ancient provinces of Brittany and Poitou, now known as the departments of La Vendée and Loire, accordingly took place; the insurgents having for their watchwords *Vive le Roi* and *Vivent les Anglois!* Meeting for some time with entire success, they at length put the city of Nantz in a state of siege, encamping before it to the number of 40,000. In the south of France also, where there had all along existed a strong attachment to the monarchy, the royalists proceeded to exert themselves. In the city of Lyons, a congress of the department was convoked, in which it was resolved to march a considerable force for the reduction of Paris, and to stop the provisions destined for the armies of the republic. The cities of Marseilles and Toulon, following in the same course, entered with Lyons into a confederacy for dissolving the convention, the principle of which was afterwards distinguished by the name of *federalism*. The departments of La Gironde and Calvados broke out, at the same time, into open revolt.

Admiral Lord Hood, who had then the British fleet in the Mediterranean under his command, was empowered to treat with the royalists. On the 23d August, he issued a declaration to the inhabitants of Toulon, bearing, that if an express declaration in favour of monarchy were made at Marseilles and Toulon, the standard of royalty hoisted, the ships in the harbour dismantled, and the port and forts placed provisionally at his disposition, the people of Provence, in that case, should have all the assistance and support that the fleet under his command could afford; that private property should be scrupulously protected; and that, when peace took place, all the ships in the harbour, the port and forts of Toulon, with the stores of every description, should be restored to France. The inhabitants of Toulon, in reply to this declaration, announced themselves as unanimously disposed to reject the republican form of government, and to adopt the form of a monarchy such as was established by the Constituent Assembly in 1789. They proclaimed Louis XVII., son of the late monarch, king; swore to acknowledge him; hoisted the white flag; and, on the footing of Lord Hood's declaration, admitted him into possession of the port, the shipping, the town, and the fortifications.

At this period the subversion of the republican government appeared to be inevitable: its vigour, however, proved equal to the emergency. The enthusiasm of the revolution was aroused. By a decree of the convention, the French became a nation of soldiers. Men of all classes, distinguished only by difference of age and fitness in other respects for military service, were called out, armed, drilled, and despatched to the armies. 'From the present moment,' said the decree, 'till that when all the enemies shall have been driven from the territory of the republic, all Frenchmen shall be in permanent readiness for the service of the armies. The national edifices shall be converted into storehouses. All saddle-horses shall be given up to complete the cavalry. Every district battalion shall be ranged under a banner with this inscription—'The French nation risen against the tyrants.' This decree was carried into effect.

In the latter end of July, a considerable force, under the command of General Cartaux, was sent southwards to reduce the confederated cities. In the beginning of August, the Marseillois were driven from the department of Vaucluse, which they had previously occupied. The town of Aix was attacked and taken by the Republican troops on the 24th of that month; and the Marseillois immediately thereafter opened their gates and submitted. They were treated with comparative lenity; but for the inhabitants of Lyons a fearful retribution was in reserve. That city remained from the 8th of August blockaded by General Kellermann, who commanded the army of the Alps; but who was superseded by General Doppet, a young officer, who had just exchanged the profession of a physician for that of a soldier. The Lyonese made a brave resist-

ance, in which several thousands of them perished. A great part of the city was reduced to ruins; on the 8th of October it was surrendered to General Doppet. When the fall of the city was announced by Barrere, the name of the committee of public safety, he said, 'On the ruins of this infamous city shall be raised an eternal monument to the glory of the convention; and on it shall be engraved the inscription—*Lyons made war on freedom; Lyons is no more.*' The name of the city was suppressed, and the public buildings demolished by a decree of the convention. Of the inhabitants, more than six thousand were said to have suffered death by public execution, and twice that number to have been driven into exile.

The siege of Toulon was undertaken by General Cartaux immediately after the surrender of Marseilles. On the 8th of September he arrived at the pass of Ollioules; the heights on the right of which were occupied by a body of English and Spanish troops; those on the left by a body formed from among the townsmen. At midnight an attack was ordered, and by two o'clock the pass was in possession of the republicans; the defenders having lost one hundred and fifty men killed on the spot, besides a number of prisoners. On the 4th of October Cape Eury was taken by the Republican troops; and at the same time a detachment, sent to occupy the heights of Thon, was dislodged, and obliged to retreat into the town. In these actions, and in some other partial affairs, the Allies lost about one hundred and forty men. Lord Mulkern, who had arrived in the beginning of September, had the command of the whole garrison, consisting of five thousand English, and eight thousand Spanish, Piedmontese, and Neapolitan troops. The besieging army was under General Dugommier; General Cartaux having been appointed to the command of the army in Italy.

No sooner had Dugommier collected the whole of the force intended to be employed in the siege than he resolved to attack the hill forts that commanded the harbour. The breaching batteries were placed under the direction of Napoleon Bonaparte, then a chief of battalion under whose superintendence the works were so much injured that a sally from the garrison was judged necessary.

On the 30th November the sally was made from the town by three thousand men of the garrison. The object of it was to destroy the works on the heights of Armet. Another column of nearly equal strength proceeded at the same time in the opposite direction, with the design of forcing the batteries at the gorge of Ollioules, and destroying the great park of artillery formed there. The attack promised at first to be successful, by the French troops giving way; but being again rallied by the exertions of Dugommier, they returned to the charge, and finally repulsed the assailants. On the side of Armet the result was similar; the Republican troops, under the direction of Bonaparte, succeeded in driving their opponents into the town, with considerable loss. In this affair General O'Hara, who had recently arrived with a reinforcement from Gibraltar, was wounded and made prisoner. The loss of the British, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, was nearly a thousand men.

After battering the forts for a considerable time, on the 17th December the besiegers made an assault on the redoubt of Eguillette. After suffering severely, they at length overpowered the defenders, surrounding the detachment of the English, of whom about three hundred fell in defending the intrenchments. During the night the whole of the allied troops were withdrawn from the promontory into the town. The works on the mountain of Faron were also carried by the besiegers; so that the town and harbour being no longer tenable, the immediate evacuation of both was necessarily resolved upon. The subjoined account of the evacuation, and the burning of the shipping, is from the German of the historian Archenholz, and presents a vivid picture of the awful scene.

It was ten o'clock at night when the troops that defended the town were withdrawn. As it was found impracticable to remove all the ships of war from the harbour, it was

determined to set on fire those which remained, and along with them the arsenal—a bold undertaking and presenting alarming difficulties. Sir Sidney Smith, who on former occasions had given satisfactory proofs of his nautical skill and resolute courage, was chosen to conduct this dangerous enterprise, and had placed under his command one sloop of war, three Spanish, and three English gun-boats. With these he drew towards the arsenal, which he found still in the possession of the allied troops. He discovered also that the ship-carpenters, a large body of men, most of whom were attached to the principles of the Republicans, were already in a state of tumult, and that they had thrown off the white cockade which was the badge of the Royalists, and had put the tri-color, the revolutionary emblem, in its place. Sir Sidney's force was, however, too weak to check this movement; besides, as his time was of the utmost value, he thought only of the execution of his principal design.

Quite close to the arsenal lay the French galleys, on board of which were six hundred galley-slaves. As these were known to be hostile to the English, and as the chains of many of them had been taken off, it was deemed necessary that they should be narrowly watched. Accordingly the guns of two British ships of war were levelled so as to bear upon the galleys, and it was distinctly intimated to the slaves, 'that their destruction was inevitable if they did not continue quiet.' This notification was not without effect, for though some degree of commotion continued on board the galleys, there was no actual outbreak. More danger was to be apprehended from the ship-carpenters, who collected into bands, were exceedingly riotous, and could not, for a moment, be safely lost sight of.

In the mean time, the bombardment by the Republican forces, from the hills in the neighbourhood, continued violent and uninterrupted. The balls and shells fell upon the town in every quarter, forcing the inhabitants into their houses, and aiding the English in raising the flames; but increasing at the same time the danger of their fearful service. Nothing, however, could restrain these desperate sailors. Though separated from their countrymen and encircled by enemies, they proceeded deliberately, under a shower of shot, and in the face of many other dangers, to carry into effect their terrible design.

During the time of the embarkation of the troops, who had been put on board the ships lying at a safe distance from the port, the requisite combustible materials had been distributed in the arsenal, in the buildings containing the magazines, and in the ships.

Some thousands of the Republican army approached, under cover of the darkness, so near the docks, that they opened a sharp fire of musketry, but were obliged to retire, by discharges of grape-shot from the gun-boats. They had no suspicion that the number of the English was so small as it really was, or that their resources were so slender, and they were quite ignorant of what had been determined on. Everything was concealed by the darkness, which heightened alike the uncertainty of the enemy without, and of those friendly to the republican government within the town.

The English had already been occupied two hours, in the harbour, in making the necessary preparations, when Captain Hare arrived with a fire-ship in the midst of the ships of war, all of which were drawn up according to an arrangement previously agreed on. The uproar which had hitherto prevailed in the galleys now ceased; nothing farther was heard but the sound of hammers, with which those slaves, not previously set free, were striving to break their fetters, that they might be in a condition to avail themselves of any opportunity which presented itself of escaping from the destruction to which they saw they were now to be exposed. From motives of humanity, Sir Sidney Smith allowed them, undisturbed, to do whatever they thought might be conducive to their ultimate safety. All was now in readiness, and the time fixed upon by General Dundas was earnestly waited for. The terrible moment at length came. The signal was given, and on all sides the flames ascended to the sky. The fire burst

from the ships of war which lay in an extended line; the general magazine, the magazines of pitch, tar, tallow, and oil, the hemp magazine, all were on fire. Two hundred and fifty barrels of tar lay among piled masses of ship-timber, the burning of which contributed not a little to the violence and progress of the conflagration. In order that the work of destruction might be effectually accomplished, the English lieutenants Tupper, Middleton, and Porter, exposed themselves where their labour seemed to be required, to every kind of danger; they ventured even into the midst of the flames, and at times were saved only with great difficulty.

The horrors of the spectacle were, in the mean time, much increased by the extremely foolish behaviour of the Spaniards. To the Spanish Admiral Langara had been committed the destruction of the shipping which lay near the mouth of the harbour. Here were the vessels on board of which had been put the whole of the gunpowder found in the arsenal, in the ships of war, and in the magazines. It is obvious that these ought not to have been set on fire. To *sink* them was the only safe way of destroying them. Finding it, however, an easier thing to *burn* these vessels than to *sink* them, the Spanish officer to whom the matter had been intrusted, set them on fire. On board of one of them, *L'Iris*, a frigate, there were, at the moment, several thousand barrels of gunpowder. By the explosion which immediately took place, attended with a terrific report, several vessels were blown into the air, shivering to pieces those that were around them, and covering the water with dead and drowning men. Two of the English gun-boats were destroyed. Many of the officers and crew were either scorched to death by the explosion, or precipitated into the sea. Among these officers was Captain Hare, who commanded the fire-ship, the guns of which became so heated as to explode of themselves, carrying death into the crowds who were around them.

The flotilla of Sir S. Smith, to which were now added two Spanish vessels, proceeded next to destroy the French ships of the line. Two twenty-fours, *Le Hero* and *Le Themistocle*, were set on fire. In the latter of these were confined the prisoners of war, who had hitherto prevented the approach of the English vessels. They were now, however, overcome by the terror of the scene. The apprehension of being burned alive threw them into a state of stupefaction, of which the English commander duly availed himself. He urged upon them the necessity of attending to their own preservation; and made them proposals to which they very gratefully listened. As the number of these prisoners was considerably greater than that of the English, great caution was necessary in removing them from the ship about to be consumed. This was, however, safely effected; and the *Themistocle*, as well as all the others, great or small, that were within reach, was immediately set on fire.

The force employed in this service was, as has been stated, comparatively small; the men became exhausted, and the necessary materials were wanting for the farther prosecution of the enterprise. The Spanish vessels had expended the whole of the ammunition, and by the explosion of the ships laden with gunpowder, two of the English boats had been destroyed. Thus weakened, Sir Sidney Smith was unable to accomplish all that he designed. Several ships and magazines were left undestroyed, and fell, of course, into the hands of the Republicans.

There were consumed nine ships of the line, ready for service; two of these were of eighty, the others were of seventy-four guns each. Four others—one of eighty, and three of seventy-four guns—which were under repair in the docks, met with the same fate. Of smaller ships, five frigates of thirty-two guns each, one of sixteen guns, and two sloops of war of twenty guns, were also destroyed. Four ships of the line, all of them seventy-fours, and a sloop of war of twenty guns, had been previously dispatched on an expedition to the northern coasts; another, *Le Scipio*, a seventy-four, was burned by accident in an Italian harbour.

The following ships were taken by the English:—*Le Commerce de Marseille* of a hundred and twenty guns; two seventy-fours; thirteen frigates and sloops of war, of from twenty to forty guns each; and a bomb-ship, carrying thirty-two guns. The Spaniards can scarcely be said to have shared in the booty. Only one French sloop of war, of eighteen guns, was fitted out by them; the Neapolitans carried off one vessel of twenty; and the Sardinians, one frigate of thirty-two guns. There remained in Toulon one ship of the line, of a hundred and twenty-four guns; one eighty gun-ship; five seventy-fours; a frigate of twenty; and a sloop of war of eighteen guns. In the harbour of Lepanto there were, belonging to the Toulon fleet, one seventy-four gun-ship, and thirteen frigates of from twenty-four to forty guns each. One seventy-four, and two frigates of forty-two guns were left upon the stocks.

Never, perhaps, did the eyes of man look upon a more terrible scene than that which the town and harbour of Toulon presented on that miserable night. It was a picture of nature's dissolution. The flames from so many huge ships of war, magazines, and other buildings, ascending to the heavens, the ear was deafened by the thunder of the cannon and exploding bombs; there were heard at intervals the wild shouts of the sailors and firemen, and the howling of many thousands of men, women, and children, who filled the air with their lamentations. These unfortunate beings had already lost almost everything that they possessed, and they were now in expectation that their lives also should be forfeited. They pressed in crowds to the harbour with boxes and packets containing the poor remains of their property. Many of them left even these behind, in the hope of preserving their wretched lives. They threw themselves into the sea with the view of reaching the boats and ships. About four hundred of them were drowned; six thousand, of whom three thousand were rescued by the humanity of the English, had the good fortune to escape.

The Spanish Admiral Langara ordered the French Admiral Trogoff to follow him with his ships, but the latter getting the start, joined the English fleet, and sailed along with it. Captain Elphinstone, of the British fleet, sailed in the rear, leaving the harbour of Toulon about midnight. The fort of *La Malgue* was abandoned, and, at the same time, every foot of ground which had hitherto been in the possession of the Allies.

During these frightful occurrences, the besiegers showed neither activity nor courage. They contented themselves with using their artillery, in bombarding the town and the shipping within their reach, leaving the enemy to retire unmolested. It was not till about three o'clock in the morning that they began to rush into the town, cutting down, irrespective of age or sex, every one who came in their way. They afterwards scoured the streets, seizing the people and putting them to death, as if they had been so many wild beasts.

The loss of the Allies on this occasion was understood to be about twelve hundred; of whom the English reckoned 338 killed and wounded. The year closed with this important event. The Allied fleet was afterwards separated. The Spaniards proceeded towards home, putting the soldiers and the people belonging to Toulon on shore at Port Mahon. The Neapolitans sailed for Naples. The English fleet separated into two divisions; one squadron took the direction of Elba, where the emigrants from Toulon, who were on board the British ships, were landed; the other squadron sailed towards Corsica.

There is no doubt that the remaining inhabitants—amounting to about ten thousand persons—suffered fearful evils on the town being taken possession of by the French troops; though it has been recorded to the honour of Dugommier that he did everything in his power to restrain the excesses of the soldiery. Two hundred of the citizens, it has been said, were, for a considerable time, beheaded daily; and twelve thousand labourers were hired from the surrounding departments to demolish the buildings of the city. A revolutionary tribunal was established,

whose judgments were not always just, seldom merciful. One of its victims was an old merchant, named Hughes, eighty-four years of age, deaf, and almost blind. He is said to have offered all his wealth, amounting to £500,000, reserving only about a fortieth part of it for his subsistence, to save his life; but the judge sent him to the scaffold, and confiscated the whole. 'When I beheld this old man executed,' said Napoleon, 'I felt as if the end of the world was at hand.' Among those struck down in one of the fusillades, was an old man, severely but not mortally wounded. The executioners conceiving him dead, retired; and the persons who succeeded them, to strip the bodies, passing him by unperceived, in the darkness of the night, he was able to raise himself up, and move from the spot. His foot struck upon a prostrate body, which emitted a groan, and stooping down, he discovered that it was his own son, left, like himself, for dead, but still alive. Favoured by the darkness and the intoxication of the guards, they contrived to escape; and lived to recount a tale which might have been reckoned fictitious, if experience had not proved in many instances that the horrors and vicissitudes of a revolution exceed anything which the imagination of romance could have conceived.

CHINESE STROLLING DOCTORS.

THE comforts and elegancies of life are of easy access in China, and so are many of its plagues: among these latter may be reckoned the drugs and advice of quack doctors, who take up their stations in any convenient spot, display their wares, and harangue the populace in praise of them. A cloth is spread upon the ground, and is strewed with small jars, packets neatly folded up, and a store of pitch-plasters. Here and there are also strewed, in due order, long scrolls of paper setting forth the excellency of the art, and the greatness of their success. In a very few instances a table is substituted for the earth, as a platform for exhibition, and then the seller seems to rise a step in medical consideration. The doctor usually plants himself behind his humble stall; and, if gifted with speech, lectures the wondering bystanders, till, by dint of argument, and the witchery of his eloquence, those who came only to look and to laugh are possessed with the most lively faith and credit, which they would perchance have ridiculed in moments of greater sobriety. The doctors are fully aware, however, that novelty is an important element in oratorical fascination; hence they seldom stay long in one place, but travel over many provinces in seeking a compass, and appear at the same place only after a long interval. One of these, who seemed to have larger endowments of a professional kind than the average of his brethren, had ranged his varied medicaments in front of the senate-house at Macao; and at the time I approached the crowded circle that thronged round him, he was engaged in a surgical operation. A poor fellow, who had lost his sight, was seated upon a stool in an attitude of meekness and resignation, while the doctor was busied in tugging at one of his ears. He had made an incision behind the conch, or free portion, and was labouring to elicit as much blood from the wound as friction could start from its hiding-place. Whether he took the hint from what dogs are very fond of doing to the ear of a stray pig, I cannot tell, but he imitated the process as exactly as if he had made it his study. As soon as he was satisfied with the result of his operation, he stood face to face with the patient, and asked, with a well-affected air of impatience, whether he saw the light. To this interrogatory the blind man replied, 'No.' On this the doctor sat down beside him, and began to describe a method which would infallibly have the desired effect; but at the close of each well-finished period, the burden 'no money' (*moo teem*) fell in with a melancholy cadence. At this juncture, when many were looking for some great thing, and the blind man's case promised neither honour nor pence, the quick-sighted glance of the doctor lighted upon the *fan kwai*, who was peeping from between a group of

persons not very conspicuous for their outward polish. The *fan kwei* wore a countenance of civility, which earned from the doctor a bow and a smile of recognition. After this necessary prelude, he made a few remarks to his hearers upon the peculiarities of the *fan kwei*'s face; and then, with a smile of great complacency, went up to him and began to enter into the details of a phrenological analysis. He pointed out some of the chief marks of distinction between a Chinese and an European, especially the breadth of the forehead, the height of the cheek-bones, and the form of the chin. In a Chinese, the forehead is narrow, the cheek-bones broad and high, and the chin flat; in an European, the forehead is broad, the cheek-bones low, and the chin prominent. When he had dispatched the head and the face, he descended to the muscles, and firmly grasping the stranger's arm, and then that of a native bystander, expatiated upon the difference between the elastic tension of the one, and the yielding pliancy of the other. His decision seemed to be that the European has the advantage not only in compactness of texture, but also in symmetry of form. In this he seemed to have the sympathy of his auditory; for whatever the Chinese may affect to think, they often betray their admiration of the *fan kwei*'s person. Many a time have I seen them gaze at the stranger with silence and a kind of 'awe-struck' wonder, while their eyes beamed with an interest which seemed to say, 'A complexion so fair, and features so well proportioned, are things not indigenous in the middle nation.' This quack doctor had travelled much, and had consequently learned many things which an acquisitive mind cannot overlook in shifting from place to place amidst an ever-changing assortment of companions. He had a merry countenance and a sparkling eye, which drew attention. His elocution was clear, and his arms moved with great pliancy to give effect to whatever he uttered. But his popularity was not of long continuance; and so, after a few days, he was obliged to employ a youth to act the part of clown, and thus assemble a troop of wags by drollery, when eloquence and skill had proved ineffectual.

Some time after this, while passing through the Chinese market-place of Macao, I heard another of these quack betoricians addressing a circle of bystanders upon the proprieties of a mode of treatment he was just going to dapt in the case of an old man, who was squatted close by his side. It appeared as if, a few seconds before my rival, a bargain had been concluded between them nearly in these terms of reciprocity:—'I will impart to you,' saith the doctor, 'the full benefit of my professional skill, and you shall give me all the money you have got about you;' for immediately upon the close of the harangue the old man proceeded, with cheerful haste, to empty his money-bag into the lap of the young *Æsculapius*, who, feeling to be disappointed, accused his patient of con-aling some of his *tseem*, or cash, amidst the folds of his garment; but as a common man in summer is very thinly clad, a shake or two of his doublet satisfied the lookers-on that all the personal effects had been fairly delivered. The old man then retired, but soon after came back with a basin of water, and placed it at the feet of the doctor, who then took out a paper, and made him swallow small quantity of whitish powder, without the aid of mey, treacle, or any other agreeable menstruum. The fact of this powder was supposed to be that of rendering a patient incapable of feeling any pain which might attend the operation to be performed. He then drew me needles from a paper with an air of grave preparation, and after rubbing some of the aforesaid powder upon his own thigh, stuck one of the needles into it as if it had been a sort of pincushion. The next step in the process is the selection of a few seeds from a paper parcel, putting them into his mouth, and giving the remnant to the patient, as a pledge of his generosity. While the seeds are undergoing the process of mastication by themselves, I took a pair of wooden cylinders, and, after holding a plaited roll of paper within them, clapped them upon the chest of the old man. After they had remained a few

minutes upon the spot, they were removed, and left behind them two raised *areolæ*, or bumps, which the doctor, after sipping a little water, rubbed with the seeds, by this time well reduced by maceration and grinding. He next pricked the bumps with the needle which had been all the while sticking in his own flesh. To extract the blood, he applied his mouth, and drew with such violence, that the old man began to heave a sigh, and the crowd to respond by a look of anxiety. All the while he pressed his hands upon the neighbourhood of the spot, as if he wished to make the blood flow in that direction. After the ceremony of washing the mouth, he applied a pitch plaster between the *areolæ*, and proceeded to treat the back after the same sort. Here was a sample of 'much ado about nothing;' when to have made one or two incisions with his knife, and then applied one of these cylinders, or cupping vessels over them, with a roll of lighted paper within it, would have caused a gush of blood, and rendered the poor old fellow a real service. The art of cupping is very ancient, and was perhaps long ago known to the Chinese, though I have not yet found any mention of it in their books. I was told by a Chinaman that, while young, he was visited by a native practitioner, who assured his father, that unless something of a serious kind were done, the disease then afflicting him would endanger his life. The father intimated that the physician might use his discretion; upon which he cupped the sick son very freely, and a speedy restoration to health was the result. But, in this instance, the quack either mistook the proper method, or invented one of his own, which, while it would appear more ostentatious, should effect the least possible amount of good.

Among the persons who figure in the list of itinerant doctors, I may reckon one who dealt in antidotes against the bite of serpents. He had selected a very ingenious mode of proving the efficacy of the drug, and which did not fail to carry conviction to the mind of every one who had the happiness to view the procedure. A large hooded snake, or *cobra copella*, was treated as a kind of imp or familiar by its master, who held it in his hand, and made it rear its neck at his pleasure. When he advanced his hand or face near the venomous creature, it immediately attempted to bite, but was prevented by the dexterity of the juggler. When he had amused the crowd with the spectacle till he thought he had convinced them that the snake had the strongest disposition to bite, and therefore still retained all its mischievous propensities, he returned it into the basket, and took out a ball of some medicament, and with great fluency insisted upon its excellent use as an antidote against the assault of all poisonous reptiles. All that was necessary for the person who feared such things was to carry this ball in his pocket. To demonstrate the truth of this, he lifted the pugnacious beast from its concealment, and held the ball to its mouth, on which it started back with seeming disgust. He then rubbed the ball upon his forehead, and presented it to the snake, which threw itself back, and receded as far from him as its length would allow. A variety of simple experiments were tried, all of which went to prove that the creature had a mortal aversion to the ball. While he was busy in descanting upon its efficacy on the strength of such convincing proofs, the snake took the opportunity of biting his arm, just by way of quietly showing how much it really cared for both the doctor and his physic. But his sleeve being thick, the teeth did not penetrate the skin, and the crowd were in too great an ecstasy to use their natural eyesight; so this circumstance passed without observation from any except the *fan kwei*, who, though greatly delighted with the ingenuity of the fellow, was too much in the habit of scrutinizing the exhibitions of China to let it escape his notice. The ball was priced at fifteen *cash*, that is, at about three farthings, to place it within the reach of every class of purchasers; and the crowd pressed around the seller with so much eagerness, that his stock was sold ere I could get close enough to present my fifteen *cash* for one of them.—*The Chinese as they are*,

WITNESSES FOR GOD.

There is one important respect in which all objects in the universe, from the atom to the archangel, unite—all are witnesses for God. He who made all things for himself, has so made them, that, voluntarily or involuntarily, according to their respective natures, they distinctly attest the Divine existence and character. He has not left it contingent whether they give such testimony or not. The great name of the Maker is inwoven into the texture of everything he has made. So that even if the creature possess a will, and that will become depraved, and guiltily withhold its intelligent testimony to the divine existence, an eloquent and incorruptible witness is still to be found in the physical constitution of that creature; if the fool should say in his heart 'There is no God,' every pulse of that heart replies 'There is;' and every atom of that vital organ adds, 'He is thy Maker.'—*Dr Harris.*

STRENGTH OF THE CHRISTIAN EVIDENCES.

Let the priests of another faith ply their prudential expedients, and look so wise and so wary in the execution of them. But Christianity stands in a higher and a firmer attitude. The defensive armour of a shrinking or timid policy does not suit her. Hers is the naked majesty of truth; and with all the grandeur of age, but with none of its infirmities, has she come down to us, and gathered new strength from the battles she has won in the many controversies of many generations. With such a religion as this there is nothing to hide. All should be above boards; and the broadest light of day should be made fully and freely to circulate throughout all her secretaries. But secrets she has none; to her belong the frankness and the simplicity of conscious greatness; and whether she has to contend with the pride of philosophy, or stand in fronted opposition to the prejudices of the multitude, she does it upon her own strength, and spurns all the props and all the auxiliaries of superstition away from her.—*Dr Chalmers.*

THE SKYLARK.

I have found it of infinite use, in the course of my observations on the habits and manners of animals, never to lose sight of the principle, which I hold to be an invariable one, that every created being is formed in the best possible manner with reference to its peculiar habits, either for self-preservation, or for procuring its food; and that nothing is given to it but what is intended to answer some good and useful purpose, however unable we may be to account for what may appear to us so ill contrived and unnecessary. With this conviction I have been, for some time past, endeavouring to assign a use for the remarkable, and indeed what appears the disproportionate length of the claws of the skylark; and it lately afforded me no small satisfaction to think that I had discovered the purposes for which they were furnished with them. That they were not intended to enable the bird to search the earth for food, or to fix itself more securely on the branches of trees, is evident, as they neither search the ground nor roost on trees. The lark makes its nest generally in grass fields, where it is liable to be injured either by cattle grazing over it, or by the mower. In case of alarm from either these or other causes, the parent birds, by means of their long claws, remove their eggs to a place of greater security; and this transportation I have observed to be effected in a very short space of time. By placing a lark's egg (which is rather large in proportion to the size of the bird) in the foot, and then drawing the claws over it, you will perceive that they are of sufficient length to secure the egg firmly; and by this means the bird is enabled to convey its eggs to another place, where she can sit upon and hatch them. When one of my mowers first told me of this fact, I was somewhat disinclined to credit it; but I have since ascertained it beyond a doubt; and a friend informs me that, when he was recently in Scotland, a shepherd mentioned having witnessed the same circumstance. It is another strong proof in the economy of nature, by means of which this affectionate bird is enabled to secure its forthcoming offspring.—*Jesse's Gleamings.*

MISERIES OF LIFE.

If we could from one of the battlements of heaven espie how many men and women at this time lie fainting and dying for want of bread; how many young men are hewn down by the sword of war; how many poor orphans are now weeping over the graves of their fathers, by whose life they were enabled to eat; if we could but hear how many mariners and passengers are at this moment in storm, and shriek out because their keel dashes against rock, or bulges under them; how many people there are that weep with want, and are mad with oppression, or are desperate by too quick a sense of a constant infelicity—all reason we should be glad to be out of the noise and participation of so many evils. This is a place of sorrow and tears—of so great evils and a constant calamity: let us remove from hence, at least in affection and preparation of mind.—*Bishop Taylor.*

THE SONG OF FANCY.

My home is where immortality's reign
Is glorious and bright o'er a sunny domain;
Where the dew-drops are pearls too bright to behold,
And the streamlets are waters whose channels are gold;
Where the skies are skies of ethereal blue,
And the flowerets are flowers of celestial hue,
And the blossoms are blossoms for ever that bloom,
And the people are people who seek not the tomb.

I wander away by the greenwood shade,
And sport in the spray of the cool cascade;
I climb the hills where the daisies grow,
And wildly laugh at the cataract's flow;
I love to roam by the wild retreat,
Where the violets spring, and the blue bells sweet;
Where the wild mountain-flowers are deep in their glow,
And soft perfumed breezes for ever do blow.

I dip my wings in the sparkling light,
And the radiant glow of the rainbow bright;
And, soaring away in the ether afar,
I pluck a flower from each wandering star.
I rest in the bowers where the roses are spread,
And the lilies are bending their forms o'er my head;
And Fancy is lost in one deep maze of light,
As visions of glory crowd thick on the sight.

D. F.

GRACEFULNESS OF SHRUBS.

Every shrub that blows exhibits the bounty of Heaven in diffusing beauty to delight the eye and cheer the heart of man. The branches, elegantly inserted in the trunk, are spread out in a globular or conical form, not regularly directed by the line, and the plummet, and the compass, but bending with easy inflexions. The foliage presents the various shades of vegetable verdure. The blossom grows in the rich luxuriance of spring; or the fruit displays the mellow tints of autumn. Every part conspires to fill the mind with gay and lively sensations; while the connexion of the parts and their mutual subordination render the form easily comprehended. Destroy the figure by lopping off a principal branch, and every eye will perceive the defect. Let the gothic pruner stretch his line upon it, and mould it with his scissors into a rude image of some Egyptian pyramid, or of some living creature, and we lament that it is no more. Adam and Eve are yew, and the serpent in ground-ivy, will please no person who can relish the beauties of nature. Such fantastical representations were indeed once common; so that, as Mr Pope proposes, any gentleman might have his lady's effigy in myrtle, or his own in hornbeam. This was one of the caprices of fashion, which lasted for a short time, but at last gave way to a juster and more natural taste.—*Professor Arthur.*

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ETCHINGS FROM LIFE.

MARY HALDANE.

THERE is a class of women of whom we never think without a feeling of respect and sympathy. They are those who, without father, brother, or husband to support or protect them—often with some helpless relation dependent on their exertions—are left to struggle alone for subsistence, with few rays of sunshine to gladden or cheer their monotonous life. Some women there are of such masculine and energetic temperament that, if thrown on their own resources, they would feel as if they had just got into their element—would plan, extricate, and succeed, while others, in a like situation, would ponder and hesitate, and shrink from roughing it on the busy, bustling scene of life.

Neither of these characters belongs to Mary Haldane; he is neither bold nor energetic, nor is she shrinking or timorous; she is merely a simple-hearted, steadfast, persevering woman, perfectly devoid of selfishness. She is the second of a family of four, and it was just at that season of existence—between the girl and the woman—when to others life generally presents its fairest prospects, that her cares began.

Her father advanced a very considerable sum of money to his eldest son, George, who was the favourite of both his parents, to start him in business in the neighbouring town. George was a weak-minded youth, very fond of show, and accordingly he commenced in the most dashing way possible; his love of gaiety made him forget his business; his own and his father's ruin was the consequence, and the would-be gentleman shrunk into the rags of blackguardism, and finally died in a common air.

His father was stupified by the intelligence of the disgrace of his favourite son, and his mother, whose health and temper had been long giving way under the influence of a painful and lingering disease, was fretted and disappointed to a great degree by the failure of her hopes for her darling boy.

Mary had every one's burden to bear; forgetting her own feelings, she had to act for her father, and endeavour to rouse him from the lethargic state into which he had sunk, while her strength was worn, and her spirit exhausted, by attending to her mother's continual wants and repinings; no thanks were bestowed on her, no word of encouragement met her ear—she was born to struggle alone. But determination and action of some kind were necessary, and she took a lease of an humble shop in a small town at a distance from the scene of her brother's misery. She stocked it with groceries principally, and a

great variety of nondescript articles, and applied herself to the task of reconciling her parents to their change of circumstances. Her father heard as though he heard her not; with her mother it was not needful, she sank beneath grief and disease before the contemplated removal took place.

By dint of exertion and industry Mary contrived to support herself and family; she was the last up at night and the first astir in the morning; her little shop was open every day by seven o'clock; her window was always clean and bright, and her wares displayed in the most tempting manner.

Old John Haldane never recovered the shock occasioned by his son's misconduct. He took no interest in any of Mary's little concerns, but seemed gradually to fall into a kind of dotage; he survived two years, and all that time Mary never ceased to hope and pray for her father's recovery. He seldom spoke; death was at hand; and as she hung over his bed, soothing him and anticipating his wishes, she felt herself well repaid for all her care when one day he abruptly said, 'Mary, you are a good girl, God will reward you.' She wept for joy; they were the last words her father uttered.

James Haldane, Mary's younger brother, was now beyond the years of boyhood, and promised to do well; but not long after his father's death he caught fever, which, after a few days' illness, proved fatal. This was a dreadful trial for Mary; she and her sister were now alone in the world, and that sister not in a condition to share either her griefs or anxiety, for Grace Haldane was the victim of insanity. When she thought of her trials, and of all her sister might have been to her, she was almost ready to sink, but, fortunately, she had little time for thinking—she must be constantly behind her counter, and with a cheerful face too, if she wished to keep her business.

It was about this time I became acquainted with Mary. Her well-stored window, with its crystal jars, filled with sweetmeats, was wont to attract the childish gaze of our little family when we passed it in our walks. Our visits were frequent; and I remember her, as she received us with her kindly smile, as she stood the very pattern of neatness; for if one word applied exclusively to her it was neatness. She was neat herself, her dress was neat, it was never either above or below her station; her gown, of whatever material it was, fitted like a glove, generally crossing on the bosom over a muslin neckerchief, clean and white, fastened with a small brooch, which was neatness and modesty itself. No one ever saw Mary in a hurry however many customers might be waiting; every one was served leisurely and exactly by turn, and all with equal courtesy, from the half crazy creature, who came

in for a halfpenny worth of tea, and requested her 'to hold it rather large,' to the servant of the wealthy and patronising widow of her acquaintance, who, by marrying a rich old man, had got far above Mary in the world.

Patience we should suppose to be a cardinal virtue in a shopkeeper, in order to preserve an unruffled temper when serving a capricious customer; this, however, was a gift which had not been very lavishly bestowed on Mary—she had no sympathy with people who wasted half an hour on a mere trifle; nevertheless, great was the patience she exercised towards myself and brothers and sisters. We were in the habit of repairing to her shop to spend our pocket-money in the purchase of small books, of which she always had a stock; of course, we generally took a considerable time for selection. Indeed, one of our number was so difficult to please, that one day, after spending a long time in overhauling the collection and perusing the greater part of it, he finally departed without finding one to suit; Mary's good nature prevailed, and she laughed heartily at Johnnie's juvenile sagacity.

As years passed on, I began to get into Mary's confidence a little, when she related to me the above particulars of her history. She also poured forth to me her feelings with regard to her sister—a subject on which few ever heard her speak. A very mistaken idea of kindness caused her to oppose every measure towards sending Grace to an asylum, which indeed was the only chance for her recovery; but nothing would persuade Mary that such a proceeding would not be a harsh act; and her affection for her helpless sister was so great, that she could not bear the thought of her being from under her own roof. In mercy, however, Grace Haldane was, some years ago, removed by death, and, although most sincerely mourned by Mary, still she felt thankful, as it released her mind from the dreadful apprehension of leaving her behind, in the case of her own death, to the mercy of strangers.

I have often wondered, while thinking of Mary and her many good qualities, that she has not been married. Single blessedness must certainly have been her own wish; however, this is a topic on which she never touches, and, with all her simplicity, no one would ever presume to jest Mary Haldane on it. It was said that she had some engagement of this sort in her girlish and more prosperous days, but that, when adversity overtook the family, her lover suddenly withdrew his attentions; if true, this must have been a great addition to her trials at that time. There was also a report some time after she settled in our little town, about a youth of the name of Swinton being very anxious to get Mary for his wife. He had to pass her door every morning at seven o'clock on the way to his work; and there, every morning, one very severe winter, pointed to the hour, was Mary Haldane, out amongst the snow, taking down her shutters. He first thought it a pity to see such a nice-looking young woman out so early in such cold weather, then he wished to assist her, and finally he resolved to ask her to marry him. No marriage, however, took place. Swinton, one way or other, has risen to be an extensive ironfounder in the immediate neighbourhood, and as his workmen pass Mary's door, every morning when the foundry-bell rings, there she is, still as punctual as ever, opening her shop at the same hour. Strange indeed if she does not feel just the slightest degree of envy, when she sees Mrs Swinton roll past in her carriage, wrapped to the throat in furs, while she is reaching into her little window for a halfpenny worth of 'mixtures,' or handing change for a penny to a ragged little urchin, her hands all the time smarting with the frost. But Mary feels the constant attendance on her shop even more irksome in summer than in winter. In the bright warm season, when the sultry sun beats into her close little back-room the live-long day, when the streets begin to be thinly peopled, the houses gradually shut up, and when every one is setting off for the country, or the sea-side, or somewhere, she must still plod on at home, and contentedly she does so, although born among green fields and waving trees, and still retaining a strong affection for the beautiful scenes of her childhood.

She has lived in this way for the last thirty years, and she does so yet, now that her hair is beginning to be streaked with silver, and the infirmities of age are creeping over her. Humbly and obscurely, but with cheerful, heartfelt faith, she has trodden the path of duty, and she will meet her recompense.

We believe there may be many in the isolated condition of the subject of this sketch, in whose bosoms her brief history may strike a sympathetic chord. The same upright motives which animated Mary will support them in fulfilling the round of duties allotted to them; and although 'never heard of half a mile from home,' they will have the full reward of their labours, in the consciousness of having, in forgetfulness of self, exerted themselves in behalf of those around them.

A GALLERY OF LITERARY PORTRAITS.*

IN the ordinary intercourse of life how often do we meet with persons—most estimable persons withal—about whom we feel assured that any attempt to make them conform to the manners and usages current in society would be fruitless and vain. We do not of course refer to the great laws of religion and morality, which no man can openly violate without injuring himself in the opinions of the wise and good, but to those conventional rules, which, if not sacred and lasting in their obligations like the former, are in the main exceedingly useful. To these, however, the parties in question cannot be made to bend. They would appear all the more amiable and not a whit the less clever were they somewhat liker their neighbours, but it is quite idle to expect any change. To say that nonconformity in the matters referred to flows in every instance from affectation would, we think, be saying too much. Eccentricity and affectation, it must be admitted, are closely allied; but we think we know several queer, eccentric people, who in their tastes, their dress, their manners, and the like, differ completely from those around them, and yet they would subscribe heartily to the sentiment which the poet expresses in these well-known lines:

'In man or woman, but far most in man,
And most of all in man that ministers
And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe
All affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn—
Object of my implacable disgust.'

They are notwithstanding most intractable subjects. It would seem as if Nature had fashioned them in one of her wayward moods, or shall we not rather say that they have been sent here to relieve the dull monotony of the scene? Many such characters, we repeat, may be met with in every-day life, nor are they wanting in the world of letters. Here, too, we have nonconformists to prevailing tastes and long-established rules, writers who venture to be exceedingly odd, to think and to express their thoughts quite differently from other people, and about whom, moreover, we have this conviction, that it were idle to expect them to forego their peculiarities.

To this class of authors, as a peep into 'his Portrait Gallery' will satisfy our readers, Mr Gillfillan belongs. That every man who has enough of invention has as good a right to set up a model for himself as either Johnson or Addison had, this clearly is a foremost article in his literary creed. He lives in a world of his own—he 'digs apart.' 'Among them, but not of them,' is the relation which he feels he sustains to the rest of mankind.

* By the Rev. GEORGE GILFILLAN, Dundee. Edited by William Tait.

looks on men and things through a strange and peculiar medium. Mr Gilfillan in truth is intellectually a dreamer, and a very beautiful dreamer he is at times. An idolator of genius, it were vain to deny that a considerable portion of the prized boon has fallen to his own share. Everything associated with it, the faults and errors of its possessors, we must say, excepted, has a strong charm, a marvellous fascination for him, and we must discard Gall and Spurzheim for ever if his bump of veneration be not immense. A disciple of the Carlyle school—we speak of him *merely in his literary capacity*—he is by no means to be regarded as a servile imitator of its great master; and his 'hero-worship' is never so intense as to lead him to forget what is due to that divine system of truth—the truth as it is in Jesus—which he has the honour to preach to others. Sometimes, indeed, we could wish that Mr Gilfillan had indicated with more distinctness than he has done the vast difference between the mere possession of intellectual power and its right application; yet there are numerous passages throughout the volume which prove that on this point its author's convictions are both sound and strong. The following extract from his sketch of the poet Shelly, besides giving the reader a very good specimen of what we call the exuberance of Mr Gilfillan's style, attests the truth of our remark:—

'Shelly was far too harshly treated in his speculative boyhood; and it has often struck us that, had pity and kind-hearted expostulation been tried, instead of reproach and abrupt expulsion, they might have weaned him, ere long, from the dry dogs of atheism, to the milky breast of the faith and 'worship of sorrow;' and the touching spectacle had been renewed, of the demoniac sitting 'clothed, and in his right mind,' at the feet of Jesus. As it is, we deplore the atheism of such a spirit, with humility and bitterness of heart; and 'wonder at it with a great admiration,' that a being of such richly endowed intellect, and warm quick-beating heart—who was no profligate, no riddling, tinged with no selfish or sinister motives, but a sincere, shy, and lofty enthusiast—standing up in a creation so infinitely full of testimonies to the existence of a Great Spirit; where there is not a flower that blossoms in the garden but preaches that there is a God, nor a leaf that twinkles in the sunbeam, nor a cloud that passes over the moon, nor an insect which flutters in the breath of the gale, nor creates a tiny tempest on the waves of the pool, but repeats and re-echoes the testimony that there is a God; where the lion roars it out amid his native wilds, and the humming-bird says it in every colour of her plumage, and very wafture of her wing; where the eagle screams up his tidings to the sun, and the sun, in reply, writes them round the burning iris of the eagle's eye; where the thunder, like a funeral bell hung aloft in the clouds, tolls out here is a Deity, and the earthquake mutters and stammers the same great truth below; where snow in its silence and form in its turmoil, summer in its beauty and winter in its wrath, the blossoms of spring and the golden glories of autumn, alike testify to a God; where the ten thousand creators of nature, the thunderbolts, the hailstones, the rain-drops, the winds, the ocean waves, the flushing and the falling foliage of the woods, the lightnings of the sky, and the cataracts of the wilderness, are all crashing out, blazing out, thundering out, whispering out, and murmuring out, true and solemn tidings about the being who made them all; who gave the torrents

Their strength, their fury, and their joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam;

who clothed the woods; who scooped out the bed of the river, who bringeth the wind out of his treasuries, and who hath a path for the lightning of the thunder! That a being, placed in the centre of so sublime a circle of

witnesses, should say, 'I doubt, I deny, I cannot believe that there is a God;' nay, that he should have realised, in his imaginary experience, the tremendous dream of Jean Paul—have lifted himself up through the starry splendours of the universe, but found no God—have risen above their remotest suns, but found no God—have descended to the lowest limits of space—have looked down into the abyss, and heard the rain-drops descending, and the everlasting storm raging, but found no God; should have come back from an empty heaven to a fatherless world, and said, 'We are all orphans: neither I nor you have any God,'—is, in truth, a profound, and awful, and inscrutable mystery.

Oh, star-eyed Shelly, didst thou wander there,
To waft us home the message of despair!

What ailed, we may well inquire, this great but misled spirit, against the God who had so bountifully enriched him? What ailed him against his holy child Jesus, with his perfect character and his bleeding love? Why did he not just reverse his own first principle, which would have brought him to the first principle—the life and essence of the Christian faith? He said, 'Love is God.' Why did he not change it into 'God is love?' He defied a vague but beautiful principle of benevolence. Why did he not turn and see it in a purer, loftier form, condensed in the countenance, illustrated in the character, and sealed by the blood of Jesus?

Among the many things we admire in Mr Gilfillan's Gallery, not the least is the liberal and fervent spirit in which he eulogises those he depicts, and the utter absence of anything like devotion to sect or party. The generosity of his heart, however, combined with the peculiar structure of his intellect, rather unfits him for severe analysis, besides that it makes his praise too indiscriminate, and occasionally far too high. The same cause, if we mistake not, make him not the very safest guide in matters of fact. We wonder how Christopher North will look when he is reminded of that extraordinary prayer of his, to which, in his sketch of him, Mr Gilfillan thus alludes:—

'The main current of his nature is rapt and religious. In proof of this, we have heard that on one occasion he was crossing the hills from St Mary's Loch to Moffat. It was a misty morning; but, as he ascended, the mist began to break into columns before the radiant finger of the rising sun. Wilson's feelings became too excited for silence, and he began to speak, and from speaking began to pray, and prayed aloud and alone, for thirty miles together, in the misty morn. We can conceive what a prayer it would be, and with what awe some passing shepherd may have heard the incarnate voice 'sounding on its dim and perilous way.'

Credulity, in reference to men of genius, is undeniably one of our author's foibles, and we confess we do not like him the worse for it: it is the necessary result of his enthusiasm, his intense 'hero-worship.' The scene in the parish church of Kilmeny, with which the name of one of the greatest and best men of the present time is associated, will gain, perhaps, as little credit from some of our readers as Professor Wilson's 'thirty miles' prayer. No matter, we give the passage entire. In closing his portrait of Dr Chalmers, Mr Gilfillan says—

'It can hardly be necessary to do more than allude to the events of his life, or to the manner of his public speaking. He was born in Anstruther, Fife, and educated at St Andrews, where he distinguished himself much in the mathematical and chemical classes. When licensed to preach the gospel, he was settled in the parish of Kilmeny, the kirk of which stands so picturesquely among its embosoming woods, and by its still, rural burying-place. There, for many years, he is said to have paid more attention to his philosophical studies than to his flock. A story is yet

current in Fife, that he was one Sabbath, during the interval of the service, botanizing in the woods, when the bells rung for church. Huddling on his hat, full of specimens, earth, &c., he ran to the pulpit; but, as he went up the stair, imprudently took it off, and the grasses and flowers, tumbling about his ears, betrayed the secret of his unclerical pursuits to his gaping congregation. Some time ere leaving Kilmeny, a remarkable change took place in his character and deportment. Partly through the circumstance of being requested to write on the 'Evidences of Christianity,' for the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, his mind was deeply and permanently impressed with a sense of religion. He felt that his preaching had hitherto been a 'sham.' With characteristic determination, he altered it from its foundation. Ceasing to be an 'Ape of Epictetus,' he became, for the first time, a preacher of Christ crucified. The consequence was, that his popularity, not only increased in the district, but far cities began to hear of his fame. After preaching some overwhelming public sermons in Dundee, Edinburgh, Glasgow, &c., he was translated to the Tron Church in the last-named city. Here he was attended by great crowds; and, by all accounts, his preaching deserved its popularity. Those who heard him, have told us, that we have no idea of what he was then from his more recent exhibitions. He 'laid about him like a man inspired.' He spoke with the freshness and fervour of one to whom all things had become new. His eye seemed to see the invisible. His body trembled and panted under the burden of the present God. He proclaimed openly and aloud the nuptials of science and faith. He took up the peculiarities of Calvinism, and bound them as a crown unto him. He assailed the money-loving and the sceptical spirit which then prevailed in our western metropolis. He set in motion, at the same time, a thousand schemes of benevolence. Glasgow was planet-struck: its gayest and most dissipated young men were arrested, and hung upon his lips like 'leaves on uncertain flowers.' It became suddenly a religious, or at least an ecclesiastical city, and, with all its mills and machineries, seemed to revolve for a season round the one pulpit of Chalmers. 'Not the least striking tribute to the power of his eloquence were the tears which he drew from Professor Young's old eyes! It was fine, they say, to see the stern Grecian's face, first radiant with rapture, and then dissolved and bedewed, under the power of an eloquence still higher than his own. His subsequent translation to St John's, his removal to the Professorship of Moral Philosophy in St Andrews, the impulse he gave to that stagnant and grass-grown city, his transference to the Divinity Chair of Edinburgh, &c., are well known.

'Called by circumstances, rather than choice, to the theological chair, unprepared by previous training and habits of study for its peculiar duties, he yet resolutely set himself and the resources of his mind to 'do what he could.' He read, and he made his students read. He taught himself while instructing them. He relieved the occasional sameness of his own style and imagery, by large and grateful excerpts from leading theological writers. He threw the glow of his genius into all that was done. He shook from the professorial chair the dust of ages. He evoked the spirit of great departed worthies. His enthusiasm became infectious: the most commonplace of his students caught it. The more ambitious 'out-Heroded Herod' in imitations of his style, and manner, and voice.

Many who strove to imitate his flight,
With weaker wing, unearthy fluttering made.

Still much good was done, and an impression produced which has formed an era in the history of the Scottish Church, and of the entire religious world.

'His appearance and mode of speaking have been often described. His eye, especially when excited, has a grey glare of insanity about it; his brow is broad rather than lofty; his step quick and eager; his accents fast and hurrying; his pronunciation barbarous; his gesture awkward; his delivery monotonous; but, need we say? all these de-

fects are forgotten and drowned in the fierce and rapid stream of his eloquence. We have seen his face flushing up, like crystal goblet when filled with wine, as he warmed with his theme: his eye the while almost starting out of its socket, as if determined, in spite of itself, to become eloquent. No one quotes poetry with more effect, and we have heard him give to a doggerel hymn an effect almost sublime. In private he is the most benign and cordial of men: a generous critic, and a warm sympathiser with every species of genuine excellence. Altogether, though with many of his peculiar views we do not coincide; though with the flatteries of his parasites we do not agree; though we do not think him a Jeremy Taylor, nor a Barrow, nor a Chrysostom, nor a Burke, we are free to confess, that he is a good, a wise, an honest, and a great man.'

Our estimate of Thomas Carlyle differs in many essential respects from that of Mr Gillilan. Their style, barbarous though we think it, is not the greatest objection we have to his works. No sympathy have we with the desperate battle he does for that 'deep hearted son of the wilderness, with the black beaming eyes,' Mahomet. Earnestness is not all that is requisite to make a great, far less good character. There is such a thing, moreover, as arraying very common-place thoughts in a grotesque and uncouth dress, and seeming very original in consequence. So with these hints we dismiss the subject at present, and with Mr Gillilan's leave introduce to our readers 'the truest Diogenes of these times.'

'Thomas Carlyle was born at Ecclefechan, Annandale. His parents were 'good farmer people,' his father an elder in the Secession church there, and a man of strong native sense, whose words were said to 'nail a subject to the wall.' His excellent mother still lives, and we had the pleasure of meeting her lately in the company of her illustrious son; and beautiful it was to see his profound and tender regard, and her motherly and yearning reverence—to hear her fine old covenanting accents concerting with his transcendental tones. He studied in Edinburgh. Previous to this, he had become intimate with Edward Irving, an intimacy which continued unimpaired to the close of the latter's eccentric career. Like most Scottish students, he had many struggles to encounter in the course of his education; and had, we believe, to support himself by private tuition, translations for the booksellers, &c. The day-star of German literature arose early in his soul, and has been his guide and genius ever since. He entered into a correspondence with Goethe, which lasted at intervals, till the latter's death. Yet he has never, we understand, visited Germany. He was originally destined for the church. At one period he taught as academy in Dysart, at the same time that Irving was teaching in Kirkcaldy. After his marriage, he resided partly at Comely Bank, Edinburgh; and for a year or two in Craigenputtock, a wild and solitary farm-house in the upper part of Dumfriesshire. Here, however, far from society, save that of the 'great dumb monsters of mountains,' he wearied out his very heart. A ludicrous story is told of Lord Jeffrey visiting him in this out-of-the-way region, when they were unapprised of his coming—had nothing in the house fit for the palate of the critic, and had, in dire haste and pother, to send off for the wherewithal to a market town about fifteen miles off. Here, too, as we may see hereafter, Emerson, on his way home from Italy, dropped in like a spirit, spent precisely twenty-four hours, and then 'forth uprose that lone wandering man,' to return to his native woods. He has, in several years of late, resided in Chelsea, London, where he lives in a plain simple fashion; occasionally, but seldom, appearing at the splendid soirées of Lady Blessington, but listened to, when he goes, as an oracle; receiving at his tea-table visitors from every part of the world; forming an amicable centre for men of the most opposite opinions and professions, Poets and Preachers, Painters

and Puritans, Tennysons and Scotts, Cavanaighs and Eskinees, Sterlings and Robertsons, smoking his perpetual pipe, and pouring out, in copious stream, his rich and quaint philosophy. His appearance is fine, without being ostentatiously singular;—his hair dark—his brow marked, though neither very broad nor very lofty—his cheek tinged with a healthy red—his eye, the truest index of his genius, flashing out, at times, a wild and mystic fire from its dark and quiet surface. He is above the middle size, stoops slightly, dresses carefully, but without any approach to foppery. His address, somewhat high and distant at first, softens into simplicity and cordial kindness. His conversation is abundant, inartificial, flowing on, and warbling as it flows, more practical than you would expect from the cast of his writings—picturesque and graphic in a high measure—full of the results of extensive and minute observation, often terribly direct and strong, garnished with French and German phrase, rendered racy by the accompaniment of the purest Annandale accent, and coming to its climax, ever and anon, in long, deep, chest-shaking bursts of laughter.'

We think one of the freshest and finest portraits in Mr Gilfillan's gallery is that of Edward Irving. It has been beautifully said of Mr Irving, that, 'like the eagle, he soared too near the sun, and was struck blind. He was misled by sparks of his own kindling. He set out on the Christian ministry, like some war-ship with streaming pennants, and with majestic way; but the storms beat, and the waves arose, and prudence was driven from the helm; and perchance the seven spirits that are before the throne ceased to breathe upon the sail, and battered, and tossed, and rifted, she foundered amid rocks and shoals.' With Mr Gilfillan's sketch of this able but misguided man we are more than pleased, and with a portion of it we shall close our extracts from this interesting and eloquent volume:—

'Irving was a Danton spiritualized. Had he been born in France, and subjected to its desecrating influences, and hurled head foremost into the vortex of its revolution, he would, in all probability, have cut some such tremendous figure as the Mirabeau of the Sans-culottes; he would have laid about him as wildly at the massacres of September, and carried his huge black head as high in the death-cart, and under the guillotine. Had he been born in England, in certain circles, he had perhaps emerged from obscurity in the shape of an actor, the most powerful that ever trode the stage, combining the statuesque figure and sonorous voice of the Kemble family, with the energy, the starts, and bursts, and inspired fury of Kean, added to some qualities peculiarly his own. Had he turned his thoughts to the tuneful art, he had written rugged and fervent verse, containing much of Milton's grandeur, and much of Wordsworth's oracular simplicity. Had he snatched the pencil, he would have wielded it with the savage force of Salvator Rosa, and his conceptions would have partaken, now of Blake's fantastic quaintness, and now of Martin's gigantic monotony. Had he lived in the age of chivalry, he might have stood side by side in glorious and well-foughten field with Cœur de Lion himself, and died in his steel harness full knightly. Had he lived in an age of persecution, he had been either a hardy martyr, leaping into the flames as into his wedding suit, or else a fierce inquisitor, aggravating by his portentous frown, and more portentous squint, the agonies of his victim. Had he been born in Calabria, he had been as picturesque a bandit as ever stood on the point of a rock between a belated painter and the red evening sky, at once an object of irresistible terror and irresistible admiration, leaving the poor artist in doubt whether to take to his pencil or to his heels. But in whatever part or age of the world he had lived, he must have been an extraordinary man, one of those rare specimens of humanity who balance all their lives between the pinnacle of genius

and the abyss of frenzy, and whom the strong handwriting of nature itself, upon face, and figure, and bearing (and passing spirit-like glares and glances beyond the habitual expression of their countenance), marks out as the foremost of their species, links fearfully and wonderfully connecting man with some superior order of intelligences. Nature had certainly given the world 'assurance of a man' in the form, stature, broad brow, swarthy complexion, shaggy locks, and wild sinister glare of Edward Irving.

'It was the correspondence, the reflection of his powers and passions upon his person; independence stalking in his stride, intellect enthroned on his brow, imagination dreaming on his lips, physical energy stringing his frame, and athwart the whole a cross ray, as from bedlam, shooting in his eye; it was this which excited such curiosity, wonder, awe, rapture, and tears, and made his very enemies, even while abusing, confess his power, and tremble in his presence. It was this which made ladies flock and faint, which divided attention with the theatres, eclipsed the oratory of parliament, drew demireps to hear themselves abused, made Canning's fine countenance flush with pleasure, 'as if his veins ran lightning,' accelerated in an alarming manner the twitch in Brougham's dusky visage, and elicited from his eye, as from 'some pit miles back in his head,' those singular glances half of envy and half of admiration, which are his truest tokens of applause, and made such men as Hazlitt protest, on returning, half squeezed to death, from one of his displays, that a monologue from Coleridge, a recitation of one of his own poems from Wordsworth, a burst of puns from Lamb, and a burst of passion from Kean, were nothing to a sermon from Edward Irving.'

In Mr Gilfillan's Gallery we find much to admire, something likewise to find fault with. His imagery is rich and sparkling; many of his comparisons are beautifully and vividly drawn; his descriptions of scenery are worthy of one who, all his life long, must have 'mused on nature with a poet's eye;' on almost every page we find him doing honour to the purest and best sympathies of our nature; and, upon the whole, we have a faithful portrait of many of the leading spirits of modern times. His book may not become popular, in the wide sense of that term; but in literary circles it will be so.

As we have just hinted, the work is not without its defects and blemishes. In his preface Mr Gilfillan informs us that 'the men he has selected are in his judgment the leading lights—the *decora et tutamina* of their age.' From this judgment we beg humbly but decidedly to differ. We have no idea of some of Mr Gilfillan's 'heroes' having a place assigned them among the '*ornaments and safeguards*' of their age; we care not in what sense these terms may be taken. Several of those he has sketched assuredly belong to this class; but of how few of them could it be said as has been said of one to whom we think he has scarcely done justice—'The name of Robert Hall is rich in sacred as well as splendid associations; a memento of consecrated intellect and energy; an inspiring watchword for the cultivation of Christian graces and of heavenly affections; an antidote to all that is unworthy in principle or practice; an attraction to whatever, in the intellectual or moral system, bears the stamp of unaffected excellence; whatever qualifies for the fruition of spiritual and eternal blessings; whatever is allied to the love of Christ and God.'

Regarding style Mr Gilfillan has some peculiar ideas, which our readers will find in his sketch of Thomas Carlyle. With these we do not sympathise, assured as we feel that accuracy and elegance are not necessarily indicative either of tameness or feebleness. The portraits in

Mr Gillilan's Gallery, and this we think a pervading fault, are too highly worked; there is too much colour thrown on the canvass; they want, taking them as a whole, for there are several marked and beautiful exceptions, the softer and more delicate touches. Externally, the volume is well got up. Should a second edition be called for, we would advise the cancelling of the *et ceteras* which are rather numerous and offend the eye. The portraits (we mean the lithographed ones) might also be left out with advantage. That of Robert Hall is hideous: we have cut it out of our copy, and given it to the flames.

INFLUENCE OF EXTERNAL AGENTS ON THE WELFARE OF THE PEOPLE.

VENTILATION.

No one who has any acquaintance with the structure and functions of the human body can doubt the importance of pure air. When it is remembered that we respire every twenty-four hours such an immense quantity of it, and that the whole blood passes through the veins five hundred times in one day, and is powerfully acted on by the air which we inhale, it is easy to see how speedily the whole system may be affected by respiration.

The influence of ventilation on public health has received much attention of late from Dr D. B. Reid, and Robert Ritchie, Esq., civil engineer, whose publications on the subject are well worthy of perusal. It has also engaged the attention of her Majesty's Commissioners on the Health of Towns; and our object is to give as much publicity as may be in our power to the results of these investigations, and to present the mischievous effects of impure air to the mass of the people in a form as popular and palpable as we can.

It is surely unnecessary to institute any process of reasoning, or offer any induction of facts, to show that pure air is more salubrious than that which is polluted with deleterious gases. Statistics prove beyond all doubt that country air is better than that of towns, and that our peasantry, with all their exposure to the weather, are more robust than the labouring population of large cities. The tables of Mr Farr give the average of human life in the country at 52, and in the city at 37; and Mr Price tells us that the average of deaths in towns is about 1 in 23, whereas in the country it rarely exceeds 1 in 40 or 50. The necessity of a plentiful supply of pure air may be demonstrated by a reference to every part of creation. All animals are furnished with organs of respiration, whose healthy action is essential to their existence. Insects have trachee or air-vessels; fishes have gills, which enable them to breathe under water; even plants have their respiratory functions, and absorb the air on the surface of their leaves; and mother earth herself must have fresh air, for vegetation would cease if the healthful breeze could not penetrate the soil.

If some of our working people who coop themselves up in close and ill-ventilated apartments would have proof of the insalubrity of the atmosphere which they almost constantly breathe, let them recollect that the air which has once passed through the lungs is exhausted of those ingredients which support the vital functions, and cannot with benefit pass through them again, but becomes poisonous, and is only prevented from producing death by the admixture of the remainder of atmospheric air which may linger in the room. A visit to some of the dairies kept in close places, for supplying milk to large towns, would show them the operation of defective ventilation in the cows, who were wont to die in large numbers of scrofula and other diseases, to the no small astonishment of the proprietors. Not many years ago the same could be affirmed of the horses in our cavalry barracks, which perished by the score for want of sufficient air. Nor is this matter of surprise; for if a man in sound health inhales sixty gallons of air per hour, one of these animals

must require a much larger supply. Dr Arnott tells us of a house erected at the Zoological Gardens in London for the special reception of sixty monkeys; it was necessary to exclude the cold, and in doing so no provision was made for the requisite supply of air, and thus ventilation was destroyed; the consequence was, that in one month fifty of the monkeys perished, and the rest were left in a dying state.

With these facts before us, we may well ask in astonishment, Why are not the dwellings of the people better ventilated? Will their organs of respiration be satisfied with air which would soon extinguish life in the lower animals? Will their blood be kept pure and healthy by breathing an atmosphere which sends disease and death into every other branch of animate creation? We have asked the question—Why are they not better ventilated? Perhaps it may be well to point out a few of the preventives of proper ventilation, some of which at least are easily removable by the people themselves.

Ignorance of the evil is probably the chief reason why remedies are so seldom applied. Habit has a powerful effect in reconciling the constitution to vitiated air. The first shock on opening the door of an ill-ventilated room is the worst; after entering and remaining in it for a time, you become almost unconscious of those noxious effluvia which would at once tell on a man fresh from the country. But whether conscious of it or not, the evil is there, rioting upon the constitution, till the pale cheek, sunken eye, and emaciated limbs of the inmate proclaim in language not to be mistaken, that death is busy with his work.

Scanty fare is another preventive of proper ventilation. It is well known that a keen bracing atmosphere produces a good appetite. Hence they who are ill fed are less able to resist cold, and are induced carefully to close door and window, and stuff up every crevice which would admit air into their dwellings. Good food furnishes the body with caloric, and renders it less sensitive to the bitterness of the breeze, which, in general, is the only source of ventilation for the dwellings of the poor.

The same observations will apply to *want of fuel and scarcity of bed-clothes*. Destitute, or nearly so, of these means of comfort, many of the poorer classes carefully exclude every breath of air from their sitting and sleeping apartments, that they may retain all the natural heat arising from their own bodies. It ought to be more universally known that heating an apartment is not the sole use of a fire. It is one of the very best assistants to ventilation, creating a gentle suction in the apartment, and carrying off the vitiated air by the chimney. But, from the scarcity of fuel through the day, and of bed-clothes during night, in such a season as the present, the poor are literally compelled to crowd together in a small room—six or eight sleeping together—afraid to open the smallest portion of door or window—and the atmosphere of the place so dense and deleterious that a person fresh from the street is almost suffocated on entering. Add to all this the densely built portions of our towns and cities, the crowded state of our courts and alleys, the vast amount of local impurity, and the defective structural arrangements, and we have an array of obstacles to proper ventilation which may seem almost insuperable.

But if a stimulus is needed to stir up the people to have these obstacles removed and a better state of things introduced, let us only glance for a little at the dreadful effects of defective ventilation in a variety of cases. The of late years the mortality was much greater in our prisons and ships than it is now. The former were so ill ventilated that, if disease once got into them, it was almost impossible to banish it even by the most stringent measures. It was long believed that jail fever was caused chiefly by the filthy state of the prisons; but John Howard proved that there must be some other cause: for the continental prisons, though less fatal, were found to be as filthy as ours, but they were much better ventilated; hence the dirt and effluvia were not so hurtful. Where there is no admission of air in such places, the clothes and the whole

system become saturated with noxious exhalations, and contamination is carried wherever the prisoners move. In the first fleet that sailed from England to America, two thousand men died in a short time. And why? Because some prisoners from these filthy and ill ventilated places of confinement brought the infection of jail fever into equally ill ventilated ships. Similar results might be exhibited in the history of our public hospitals, which are now happily so much improved in this respect. But in many other public buildings and places of public resort the evil still remains with all its aggravations.

Why does the wood and especially the roofing of our churches decay more speedily than in other structures? Why does the plaster on the walls run down with streams of water? Why do so many sleep and so many swoon in them? Why do so many catch pulmonary infections there? Why does the minister melt with perspiration, and his voice, which is probably sonorous enough, die away in a full house? All these questions have but one answer—**BECAUSE THEY ARE NOT PROPERLY VENTILATED.** Yet there are many such churches, of modern date, even in the metropolis of Scotland. No provision is made either for the ingress or egress of air to sustain the vital functions of the multitudes within, and preserve the comfort and stability of the buildings. And if injurious consequences arise from sitting two hours in a heated church once in the week, how much more injurious the effects of an ill-ventilated school-room, where children are confined for many hours every day of the week! At first when the attention of medical men was turned to this subject, the general mortality was attributed to deficiency in food and clothing—or to any cause but the right one—which, after numerous experiments, was fully demonstrated to be want of ventilation. It is needless to load our remarks with illustrative cases, they must be familiar to every observer; nor shall we dwell on the deteriorating effects of impure air, especially on children, in dwelling-houses. Our chief desire is to call attention to the fearful consequences of a defective supply of pure air in the **WORKSHOPS OF THE LABOURING CLASSES.**

Did we wish to paint in strong colours the evils arising from the inhaling of a pestiferous atmosphere, we might remind the reader of deaths produced by wearing a poisoned glove or smelling a poisoned rose; we might tell him of the Indian tree, near which no bird or beast approaches, and beneath whose pestilential branches the traveller who seeks repose falls asleep for ever; we might point him to an island in the Indian seas where there is a valley within which no living thing survives, and which is filled with numerous bones, as a proof of the fate of those who have entered it. But we require not to travel so far to find a similar valley of dead bones, and see our fellow-creatures wasting away by the respiration of impure and poisonous air. If we visit the workshops of many of our mechanics we find the aspect pale, respiration difficult, and the whole person wearied and restless; we meet others suffering from debility and drowsiness, and a general feebleness of habit, and not a few from disease of the lungs; and, what for some time was still more inexplicable, whole classes of tradesmen were discovered who were more degraded and dissipated in their habits than other classes. But careful investigation and medical skill soon solved the difficulty, and gave abundant proof that our tradesmen were injured in their health and degraded in their habits from want of ventilation.

Defective ventilation, then, is a cause of intemperance. Dr D. B. Reid, who has turned his attention to this topic, informs us that 'defective ventilation reducing the power of oxygenating the blood and sustaining the temperature, produces a morbid condition, which diminishes the relish for, and power of digesting plain food: unnatural stimuli, such as ardent spirits, are required to excite the languid circulation.' In consonance with this opinion, we find many lamentable facts. A visit to some of the larger workshops in London and some of the manufacturing towns, would instantly lessen our wonder at the dissipated habits of the men, and explain the reason why certain classes

of operatives are more intemperate than others. The pent up and polluted air, exhausted of all moisture, or floating with particles of dust, has a depressing effect on the nervous energies of the men, and proves an almost irresistible provocation to the use of ardent spirits and other strong drinks. At the risk of being somewhat personal, and that we may not be suspected of dealing in vague generalities, we condescend on two classes of tradesmen, who, on inquiry, were found to be more dissipated than others from this very cause—we mean flax-dressers and tailors. Of the former we can testify from our own observation, that, while there are many honourable exceptions, as a class they are the most addicted to intemperance of any in those districts where flax-spinning is prevalent. Yet they have no worse example and no greater temptations before them than other operatives; but then they live in an atmosphere both dry and *dusty*—literally loaded with particles of flax. Let this evil be remedied or removed, and we are persuaded the craving for stimulants would be greatly diminished. With respect to tailors as a class, we submit the following extracts from the Report on the Sanitary Condition of the Labouring Population:—Thomas Brownlow worked eight years at Messrs Allen's, Old Bond Street, London. There were from eighty to a hundred men in a room sixteen yards long and eight yards wide, close together, nearly knee to knee. The heat was twenty degrees higher than outside. The heat and smell were intolerable. I have known young men faint away. It had a very depressing effect on the energies. Many could not stay out the hours. The natural effect of the depression was that we had recourse to drink as a stimulant. Gin was the first thing used in the morning at seven o'clock, an hour after beginning work. Gin and beer at eleven o'clock! Beer and gin at three o'clock; and gin and beer at five o'clock—five times in one day! In answer to the query—'After work was there any drinking?' the same person says 'Yes; nearly all the young men went to the public-house, and some of the others.' Here, then, was literally a hot-house for rearing drunkards! Other facts and statistics in abundance are at hand to prove that the same tradesmen in rural districts working by themselves, or only two or three together, in cooler places, are not specially addicted to drinking.

Defective ventilation in these workshops is also a special cause of disease. This might be argued as a deduction from its producing dissipated habits; but even where the men are sober, it is stated in the Second Report on Health of Towns, as the result of a large induction of facts, that an impure atmosphere in factories 'induces consumption—renders the constitution more prone to, and less able to resist the attacks of diseases of various kinds, especially fever.' Hence in Dundee we find one tithe of the whole population attacked with fever during the last seven years, and in Glasgow no fewer than 21,000 fever cases have occurred in one year—the chief victims being working people, exposed to a close and impure atmosphere. In the evidence of Thomas Brownlow regarding the tailors, we find the following testimony—'Great numbers of them die of consumption. By their own rules, a man of fifty years of age is superannuated, and is thought not to be fit for a full day's work.'

These being the deplorable effects of a defective supply of pure air in the houses and workshops of the people, it becomes an important element in vital statistics—How is this clamant evil to be remedied? On practical details it is impossible for us at present to enter. The grand remedy, however, is plain and patent to all—a free circulation of fresh air. The amount of the supply and the manner of its admission must in some measure depend on the character of the house or workshop in question. Eminent scientific men have paid attention to these details, and we must again refer the reader to the elaborate work of Dr Reid, and likewise to the excellent pamphlet of Mr Ritchie on the sanitary arrangements of factories.

For schools, churches, and factories, something may and ought to be done for the purpose of securing a sufficient

supply of air without unnecessary cold, or currents; but it is the opinion of her Majesty's commissioners and other judicious writers, that the ventilation of domestic dwellings must depend on the people themselves. Let individuals, then, bestir themselves, and adopt without delay such simple modes of ventilation as may be within their reach. Some have suggested an aperture at the top of each room to carry off the vitiated air by a flue passing up the side of the chimney. In this case great care must be taken to draw the supply of fresh air from unpolluted sources—not from common passages, fever wards, or filthy districts. Others have successfully ventilated private dwellings by inserting into the windows plates of pierced zinc for the admission of fresh air. This will be sufficient without any aperture in the ceiling, provided there is a fire in the room to cause a draught and carry the foul air up the chimney. Where no other remedy is at hand, let in the breeze as often as possible by opening the upper sash of a window, or such a portion of the door as will not create a disagreeable current.

The bearing of our subject on health and morals must now be obvious to all; and however costly the alterations necessary to procure cleanliness and ventilation, the sacrifice should be freely made. In a community like ours, it will soon be made up by the savings on doctors' bills; and this, added to the improvement of general health, and a higher tone of morality, will more than compensate for temporary trouble and outlay.

EVENINGS AT HADDON HALL.*

THIS splendid drawing-room volume consists of a series of tales in the manner of the Decameron, the scene of narration being fixed at Haddon Hall, in Derbyshire, the princely seat of the Duke of Rutland. Here a brilliant party, assembled to commemorate the anniversary of the youthful Lady Eva's birth-day, find themselves suddenly menaced with ennui, from the failure of the ordinary modes of amusement. At this juncture a happy thought strikes the heroine of the scene. Turning over a portfolio of beautiful designs, she conceives the idea of drawing on the intellectual resources of the guests for a series of narratives which shall explain and illustrate the pictures before her. Such at least is the imaginary origin assigned by the noble editress to her work, which, as a specimen of the arts of typography and engraving, in their very highest perfection, is one of the most attractive that has ever fallen under our notice. The literary portion, we are told, is from the pens of various eminent writers, and the tales are woven into a consecutive narrative by the introduction of a *dramatis personæ* consisting of many well-known personages in the literary and fashionable world. The designs alluded to, from the pencil of Cattermole, of course constitute the engraved illustrations to the volume, which are twenty-four in number. As the work is one which may not otherwise meet the eye of many of our readers, we select as a specimen of its contents the following beautiful tale, slightly abridged:—

THE NUBIAN SLAVE.

Over a parched and arid desert a train of captives painfully pursued their way. The air was heavy with intense heat. Around, below, above, heat was present, as if it were concentrated into a palpable substance, resting heavily on the head, weighing down the limbs, oppressing and suffocating respiration. To rest was to perish. The captives, with languid steps and throbbing temples, moved on, animated by the prospect of moistening their parched lips, as the guide indicated that wells were at hand. 'Water, water!' was repeated in many dialects of Africa—one desire in a dozen languages, and by hundreds of voices—'Water, water, or we die!' Old Haloo, the chief of the band,

whose life had been passed in the traffic of slaves, looked on the fainting throng as if to calculate how much longer nature could support existence.

The train was numerous. Most of the captives were young—some mere children, others rising into youth, others approaching lusty maturity. In this band there were almost as many girls as lads and men. With few exceptions, all were unconfined. There was no fear of their attempting to escape upon the desert. Their homes were hundreds of miles away. Around the neck of each was a bag containing roasted maize. This was the sole provision for their journey. Each carried a supply for several days. They received water only at the appointed resting-places, which were often at the distance of a long and weary day's travel. They were driven forward like a herd of cattle, kept from straying by natural instinct. When they approached a habitable country, they were bound together in gangs, to prevent any from deserting. In this mode they were hurried to the sea-shore, to be borne across the Atlantic, and commence their life of slavery. But now they thought not of the future. They had but one wish: they believed they should be happy if they could but satisfy the thirst which consumed them.

The horrors of that day drew to a close at last. In the distance, the guides who had advanced were seen filling skins and vessels from the well. A cry of joy resounded through the train. The single camel of the expedition stretched forth his long neck and quickened his pace, while his large lips trembled with desire. As the resting-place was reached, the sun went down, and water and shade were attained together. The younger captives forgot everything in the exquisite sense of relief and delight they experienced. When their wants were relieved they were careless of the future, and sank to rest beneath the large palms, which, at the edge of the desert, gave promise of a more fruitful country.

One man alone had performed that day's march with fetters to his wrists, and a thick rope attached to his ankles. He had been brought from a province of Nubia, where the White River watered the sultry plains, and tall mountains cast on them a grateful shade. A tribe of the Desert had invaded his village, burnt the dwellings to the ground, and made him prisoner. He had struggled desperately, but in vain; though well had he maintained his reputation for courage, and justified the confidence reposed in him. Three of the savages fell by his hand; at last, he was only overpowered by numbers. Bound hand and foot, he had been transferred from one tribe to another, till he formed part of the band destined for the sea-coast. This man was prized by Old Haloo for his youth, large frame, and prodigious strength. No labour seemed to tire him, no punishment to subdue his spirit. He never complained. He took food and water when offered him, but he never asked for either, and, unlike the other captives, he disdained to carry provision for his journey. He was considered of too much value to be neglected, and so was supplied with sufficient nourishment to support life. He had more than once endeavoured to escape, and was now so fettered that no struggle could avail him. At night he was securely tied to several of the other prisoners.

When the well was reached, this man had thrown himself to the ground and closed his eyes. Water was paraded before him, but he did not heed it. He did not stretch forth his hand for one draught of that precious fluid which the herd of captives sought so eagerly. All were first served, and then was taken to him a few drops of water, sufficient to support life but not to quench thirst. This was gratuitous torture, for the element was now abundant. When the vessel was offered to him, he struck it to the ground, and dealt a heavy blow to the slave who bore it. His outcries brought Old Haloo to the spot. He was enraged; but did not wish to lose the 100 dollars which he knew he should receive for so valuable a prize on the coast, and a larger supply was brought. The Nubian drank it, and ate some grains of maize. He next received the punishment of the scourge, ordered him to

* Edited by the Baroness de Calabrella. London: Henry Colburn. 1846.

is disobedience, without a word, and appeared easily to all asleep.

No one could pierce into the thoughts of the Nubian that night, or tell the pains of his body, the misery of his spirit. He lay still, but he did not rest. Sometimes a low groan escaped him, which he sought to suppress, as unworthy his fortitude. His bonds had fretted him, and now he could gain no relief from their pressure. To him, of all the band, that night brought no relief. He longed for the dawning of day, though with his sufferings would recommence; the rest and silence of night he found more intolerable than the toils and action of the day.

In his village home some scattered light of Christian truth had reached him. He had gathered that one God reigned in heaven, and that love and justice were his attributes. Often were his fettered hands raised to the sky. As his muttered prayer for deliverance or for vengeance? He must have thought the answer long delayed. Yet it did not seem that hope deserted him. His fellow-captives sometimes saw him on his knees, and they attributed his uprising resolution and untiring strength to the supernatural aid he received in those moments from the Deity he worshipped.

Twelve days more of privation and of fatigue to fainting, brought that band in diminished numbers to the shore. The discipline that tames the lion and the tiger—hunger and weariness—had made them obedient to the slightest gesture of their drivers. They were weak in body, but not weaker in spirit. They humbly entered the boats, though the raging surf threatened their destruction, and were conveyed on board the vessel anchored in the distance. The Nubian went with the rest, for he was now incapable of resistance. If these poor creatures had any thought, they must have wondered for what end iron fetters were rivetted to their limbs, when they of themselves were almost incapable of moving them. They were towed thickly in the hold, without light and without air. The slave-decks were ready, the schooner sank deep in the water with her cargo of flesh and blood, and her anchor was raised.

Fair but roughly blew the breeze. The vessel rose to the swell, and gallantly flew over the waters to the west. Night and day the ship rolled onwards, no pause in her motion for an instant, no abatement of the heaving of the waters. Frightful were the groans and shrieks of the captives. "Tis no matter," said the captain; "they are safe. No escape here." He was wrong. The escapes were numerous. Each morning the dead were separated from the living—not before. Those who were not on the hatch, yet heard in their berths below the sullen plash in the waters which sounded the funeral knell of the victims.

It was horrible to see the shoal of sharks which followed that ship. They seemed, like the rolling waters, to know no rest. They knew their prey was in that vessel, and they never forsook it. Often, in the day, they were not seen. They knew their time, and they observed it regularly. Long before the sun rose, these monsters, in the earliest dawn of light, were observed moving on the surface of the water, opening their huge jaws, springing over each other, touching the sides of the ship, as if they smelt their prey through the planks, and manifesting the most voracious eagerness to obtain it.

The captain was naturally more careless than cruel. When matters went well, he was good-humoured enough; but when crossed, he lost all control over himself, and his mad passions blazed forth with irrestrainable fury. In his wrath he was a perfect fiend. The slave-trade brought him wealth, and he was indifferent about the rest. There were many characters like him in the world, though not all are exposed to the same temptation, who suffer themselves to be guided by events, without a thought for the consequences. He had no interest in his cargo, but he felt a pride, as he expressed it, in landing it in good order. He had amassed wealth, for his schooner was a smart thing, and had distanced many an English cruiser. She had so

and besides the traffic in slaves, the captain did something in ivory and other commodities. He was British born, and had been bred to the sea, but had lived a free life in the West Indies. For the last ten years he had said, 'A few more trips, and I will give over this trade;' but the temptation was too strong for him. The profits of a run from Africa to the Brazils or Cuba were enormous, and he was so well known, and had so great a reputation for dexterity and success, that he had abundance of commissions offered him. No one, it was found, made the passage so quick, or brought home so full a cargo. As for the guilt of his occupation, that troubled not him. When his wife remonstrated, he shook a bag of gold in her ear. 'Negroes, hey,' said he, after a successful voyage, 'pooh, pooh! My trade is in gold dust, nothing else.' This man was as fond of his family as one of his rugged nature could be, and for his sole child, a girl, he hoarded the wealth made by his perilous and criminal voyages.

His present cargo had been reduced in strength beyond the safe limit. Their wretched confinement, coming immediately after their dreadful journey, had produced a malignant fever among them, and the mortality was so great that it seemed likely the captain would have but a scanty complement to land. This soured his temper; and when some of the crew fell sick, and he had scarcely hands enough to work the vessel, he fretted like an enraged brute. He had but one consolation. The voyage promised to be unusually rapid. He was bound for the Havannah; and though he had lost a third of the slaves on board, he congratulated himself on being within three or four days' sail of port. A new mortification awaited him.

The wind changed, and with the change his glass fell. He saw certain indications of stormy weather, and prepared to meet it, cursing the mischance which deprived him of half-a-dozen stout hands. Thick clouds gathered, but at night the wind went down with the sun. In the morning it increased to a gale, and, as if to complete his ill-luck, a fine brig was seen in the distance with the union-jack flying at her mast-head. She was an English cruiser, that was quite clear; and it was soon evident that she had suspicions of the schooner, and was crowding all sail the gale would allow her to carry in pursuit. The captain's mind was made up to run for it. He hoisted canvass till the schooner's masts groaned with the press, and adopted every resource of experienced seamanship to baffle his pursuer. He resolutely disregarded all signals. He believed that he could hold his distance till night, and in the darkness he did not doubt he could escape. But it soon appeared that the cruiser was the better sailer, and that her commander, heavy as the gale was, did not fear to put her sailing qualities to the proof. By noon, the distance was greatly lessened, and the captain saw that the guns of his enemy would be brought to bear upon him long before night.

His position was desperate, and he determined to try an expedient which he had more than once before found successful. A raft was rudely constructed of some spare spars; to this were lashed half-a-dozen of the captives. Their entreaties were no more regarded than the whistling of the wind. As a wave advanced, the raft was lowered to its surface. The result was watched by the crew of the slaver with breathless suspense. The captain calculated rightly on the humanity of the English commander. The height of the sea was disregarded—a boat was lowered from the brig; the chase was for the moment slighted, in anxiety to save the wretched beings whom the waves threatened each instant to engulf. They were safely got on board, but not until the distance between the two vessels was perceptibly increased. Three several times was the same plan tried with the like success. At evening the schooner was still beyond range of her pursuer's guns.

Still the gale increased; the sky was obscured by pitchy clouds, and the schooner plunged madly through the darkness. Tremendous squalls of wind and hail swept the decks; one fearful sea, breaking over the bows, carried

taken in, but not before two seamen had been carried from the yards with the sail they were reefing. The long swollen waves strained the vessel fearfully, as she scudded under bare poles. At one moment she rose on the crest of a mountain of water, and at the next plunged down into the black gulph which seemed yawning to swallow her up.

Suddenly a wild uproar rose from below, a clanking of chains, and a rush against the slave-decks and bulk-headings, which made the stout timbers of the schooner quiver. The captives, feeble as they were, had become possessed with the strength of madness, as they felt the waters rising round them. The ship had sprung a leak, and the sea rushed in through the gaping seam. The desperate slaves, banded together, rushed against the partitions which confined them, or trampling down the weakest, made a platform of their bodies, and beat their fetters against the decks above them.

The seamen, worn out at the pumps, left them. The ship, they said, wanted lightening.

The captain laughed fiendishly as he caught their words. 'Ha! ha!' he raved, 'we'll lighten the ship and quiet those noisy fellows down here together. Now run out a plank there; so, so. There shall be a clean ship, if we're caught at last.'

The slaves were ordered up on deck by half-dozens. They complied with alacrity, believing they should be saved from the waters that rose around them, reaching now almost to the necks of those who were stowed lowest. They came, to meet a more certain and speedy death. The captain's hoarse voice was heard above the howling of the storm. 'If they resist, kill them, and throw their bodies overboard.' All shared the same fate; there was no distinction of sex or age. Most fled from the gleaming steel to the raging waters. That wild scene of massacre is too horrid for mortal view.

With the last batch came the Nubian, worn almost to a skeleton, yet with some portion of his vigour remaining. He obeyed the order, and came on deck. He had heard the screams of those who ascended before him, and at a glance saw his intended fate. A plank stretched to the sea; he must tread it, or be cut down by the cutlasses of the merciless men around him. He advanced firmly and unresistingly to the plank. As his foot touched it, and the armed men were off their guard, he turned, and his eyes met those of the captain, glaring with the fury of a tiger about to spring upon his prey. The glance exchanged was momentary, but of terrible import. It spoke the mortal hatred and defiance of deadly foes. The captain raised his arm to strike. The Nubian sprang aside, struck with his fettered arm a sailor who opposed him into the sea, and leaping forward, agilely ascended the foremast, clinging to portions of the rigging. With a fierce oath, the captain called for a musket; he raised it to fire. At that instant the clouds opened, and his aim was dazzled by a stream of lightning, which, illuminating for an instant all the scene, showed the Nubian clinging to the mast, yet shaking his chains in defiance at his enemy—the blood-stained deck, the dimmed cutlasses, the black waves, and here and there a human form, tossing up its hands in wild despair above its head, ere it sank for ever in the depths of ocean. The rage of the elements was hushed for a moment, as in awe, but as the thunder rolled away, a terrific storm-gust made the ship groan fearfully; another, and the foremast, snapping near the waist, fell with a tremendous crash into the boiling sea.

In the morning, the schooner lay like a log upon the water. But her pursuer was nowhere to be seen, and she reached port in safety. Of her captives, not one remained. When the blood-stains were scraped from the deck, all trace of the massacre was lost.

Through the night the Nubian clung to the mast. Despite of his chained hands, he lashed part of the rigging around him, and kept himself above the sea. When day broke, he raised his head, but he could see only the mountainous waters rising on every side. As the long waves

swept by, he could discern the heads of sunken rocks above the trough in which he rolled. A few sea-birds flew above him, as if awaiting the moment when life should be extinct, to dart upon his body. These signs assured him that land was near, though he despaired of reaching it. He was saved beyond hope.

A maiden, in the first blush of youth, and bright and beautiful as morning, looked from the topmost window of her dwelling on the northern shore of Jamaica. She was watchful, for her father was at sea, and she had been taught to dread the fatal fury of the tempest, as she dreaded the hurricane which sometimes swept the shore of produce and of life. She perceived a speck on the distant waters, though hardly could she discern a living form. Issuing from her dwelling, she hastened to the beach, and offered a reward to the fishers who would venture forth and make for that fragment of a wreck—a father, she said, might be clinging to it in agony. A stout boat was manned; it returned with the senseless Nubian. He had fainted when taken from the mast. The young girl had him conveyed to her house; there he was tended during a delirious fever. His language was not understood; but the visions that distracted his mind could be gathered from his gestures. He shrank appalled from the frightful images terror had stamped upon his brain, or with raised hands seemed to call down maledictions from Heaven upon the authors of the guilty scenes that were ever present to his fancy.

His treatment was kind and merciful. A great reproach had just been removed from the English name. The truth, long since recognised, that all men were brothers of one great family, was now practically acted on. Property in man was abolished in all our possessions; a coloured man was no longer thought unfit for freedom, or deemed a bar to the immortality of heaven.

In the gentle breast of this young maiden a peculiar interest had been awakened for the African race. She had been taught that a long arrear of justice and benevolence was due to them for the wrongs they had suffered, and her heart, filled with pure and kindly feeling, gladly received lessons which made the exercise of its gracious tendencies a duty. A minister of the English church had settled in the neighbourhood of her dwelling. He had left home, ambitious hopes, the pleasures of society, the chance of distinction and wealth, to take up his abode in this retired district, that he might gather the despised negroes into a church, and prepare them for freedom. In the long intervals of her father's absence, the sweet girl found in this good man a friend and instructor. Delighted with the child-like and artless simplicity of her nature, he watched over her education, and taught her the graces of polished life. He was glad that she had rescued the shipwrecked Nubian, and now attended to him; for he believed that all the virtues required exercise, and that they flourish best when their blossom is left to ripen into fruit.

The name of this young girl was Mary Langley. She was a child when her mother died, and as she saw her father so seldom, her disposition had been much left to the guidance of nature. She grew up with the untrained beauty of the plants that made her home a garden. In her heart, the love and charities of her faith had flourished in the wilder luxuriance for being untrained. When her father saw her, he was satisfied with her lovely and blooming appearance. Though now rising into womanhood, he would still treat her as a child, would take her up in his rough arms as he did in her infancy, and let her silky brown tresses flow on his breast, while her graceful arm embraced his neck, and he decked her out with trinkets. He could not understand all the tenderness of her character, nor make out why she was sometimes sad when he was boisterous in mirth. He saw in her only the innocence and endearments of childhood. Sometimes she would laughingly try to make him share her feelings. He listened as men do who hear mysteries of which they can make nothing, so he interrupted her by telling her what a fortune she would have when she was a woman. Yet

these two beings, so opposite in sentiment and disposition, loved each other fondly. Nature had linked them together with those mysterious bonds of affection which triumph over time, separation, and death. If her father did not soon return, the maiden was to join him at a port in South America.

The Nubian recovered, but it was evident that he had suffered much; his manner was dejected and reserved, and sometimes it seemed that the visions of his delirium returned, for a convulsive movement, momentary but frightful, passed over his usually rigid features. He appeared not wholly ignorant of Christianity, for he recognised a gold cross which Mary wore about her neck, and devoutly kissed it as the emblem of salvation. On the past he was silent; a nurse, who had recognised some words he had spoken in his fever, addressed him in the same tongue, but he remained mute. He made rapid progress, however, in acquiring some knowledge of English. When he spoke in that language, he said he had been dragged from his home, and wrecked on his passage. He would say no more.

His gratitude to the young girl who had saved him seemed boundless; he recognised her as the preserver of his life, and was willing to devote himself to her service. Her care in his recovery, her kind tones, her beaming smile when she met him, penetrated his heart with a sense of her goodness. His large frame remained motionless while she addressed him, his full and expressive eyes alone spoke his emotion, and betrayed the eagerness with which he sought to comprehend her meaning, when he only partially understood her words. He seemed to know her wishes by intuition, and to take delight in studying and gratifying her tastes. Her garden, under his care, was beautifully kept. The spot was richly favoured by nature, it was open to the cool winds, and shaded from the fierce heats by hills and plantations of cocoas and tamarinds. All the choice and varied vegetation of the fertile soil assumed, under his hands, the most luxuriant growth and beautiful arrangement. There was no toll to which he seemed unequal. Once Mary expressed a wish for a shaded walk, the Nubian knew no rest until the appointed space was planted with young trees of the choicest kinds.

When abroad, an antelope and an elephant could scarcely have presented a greater contrast than these two beings. Mary was only just rising into womanhood, though in that ardent clime nature brings the human form, as she does all other things, to maturity earlier than in colder regions. For her height, her shape was exquisitely delicate—only beginning to acquire that smooth roundness which indicates the ripening of the child into the maiden. All her motions were full of airy joyousness; she had been subjected to none of the discipline of schools, and loved to let the evening air sweep her tresses from her face, and to play amid the wild luxuriance and beautiful solitudes of her home, with the delights that nature presented to her. The Nubian's massive frame was firmly knit; he had just entered into the period of rigorous manhood; his motions were grave, slow, and measured. When the young girl was revelling in the soft cool air, that blew from the ocean at evening, he remained standing motionless, like a colossal statue, with his hands crossed upon his breast, and his eyes to the earth. They seemed personifications of grace and power met in amity. Hers was the will to devise, his the strength to execute.

The Nubian was attentive to the offices of the church, and had been formally baptised by the name of Christian. The good minister, regretting to see his time passed in a way that could be little useful to him, mentioned in his yearning that labour was greatly wanted at a neighbouring plantation, and that, in the present scarcity of hands, strength and industry were equal to a fortune. He had not calculated wrongly on the Nubian's quickness—the next morning he was gone. The young girl pouted a little for his loss, but the minister showed her how much better a life of toil would be for Christian, by which he

might realise an independence, than a life of profitless servitude. She was convinced and yielded.

The Nubian's proffered service was readily accepted. He toiled with unremitting energy, and was speedily noticed as a prosperous man. His savings were large, and were prudently invested. He soon saw that in this country wealth was power, and power he coveted, to realize the projects which now began to shape themselves in his soul.

He saw the gentle Mary but once in the week—he knelt with her in the house of prayer. When the service was ended, he stood beyond the church porch, tranquil and motionless, to wait her words. His answers to her questions were brief, yet, it seemed, nothing of what she said was lost to him. He appeared impassible and motionless, but each accent of her tongue was treasured up in his heart. For her he often obtained the choicest fruit, the finest mangoes, the largest cocoas; sometimes, too, rare shells and beautiful plants. These offerings were delivered to her attendants without a word. He departed as swiftly and as silently as he came.

A sorrow, which no care could remove, clouded the brow of the sweet girl. Her father wrote to her of crosses and misfortunes, which rendered it impossible for him to come to the island. Months after those notices of disaster came word that she should quit her home in a vessel which would call for her, and join him at Rio Janeiro. He intended, he said, finally to settle at Jamaica, but he had arrangements to make first, and he could not bear longer to be deprived of the delight of seeing his dear daughter. She who had been born on this spot was loth to leave the flowers she had tended with so much care—the domestics who had grown so fond of her—the dear minister who had been her friend from childhood; she loved them all, yet her heart told her the faithful Christian would suffer from her absence the most. When she took leave of him, he remained mute and still, as though he had no power of motion; but he lost not a word of her parting instructions. She would write often, she said, to the good minister. His eye glistened with delight as she added, 'And sometimes to you too, Christian, for I shall never cease to take an interest in your welfare.' He made no answer, but kneeling, raised her hand to his lips. His gesture was full of devotion and love; he seemed to be performing an act of adoration; when he rose, he bent his head upon his breast and left her.

Four years passed by, and then a letter was received from Mary, announcing her speedy arrival. Her father would follow; she came first to prepare his reception.

In this interval the Nubian prospered beyond all expectation. By his unceasing labour he had amassed wealth, which the diminished value of land enabled him to lay out to excellent advantage. When the foundation of his fortune was thus laid, his progress was rapid, for on himself he spent nothing. A fortunate speculation proved his shrewdness. He foresaw the failure of the next year's sugar-crop, and bought extensively at a low price; the result justified his expectations. He cleared an enormous profit by the transaction, and at once established himself both as a merchant and a planter. His estates were thenceforth prudently managed. He was a kind but vigilant master, and soon acquired all the details of commerce. He still maintained his reserve of manner, but with that few persons troubled themselves; they were content to know that he was prosperous and wealthy.

When Miss Langley arrived, he was the first to welcome her. To her his fortunes had made no change in his manner; he was still humble and submissive in her presence as when he first devoted himself to her service. She found her home more beautiful than she left it, for the Nubian had been unceasing in his care to heighten the charms of the spot; nothing had been omitted that could gratify her taste, or minister to her convenience. He had made that sheltered dell a paradise of nature, having collected in it whatever was most rare and beautiful in that beautiful clime. When, after her first burst of plea-

sure at the improvement she saw around, she remonstrated at the expense that must have been incurred, the Nubian intimated, in a quiet though sufficiently expressive manner, that he regarded her as his mistress still, and held himself indebted to her for all that he possessed. Mary was touched by gratitude so fervent and unusual; she allowed the Nubian to pursue that course from which he seemed to derive most pleasure, and he was thankful to her for this compliance with his wishes. Each morning he sent to her some token of his remembrance, trifling, but sufficient as a tribute of homage. To him this seemed an acknowledgment that his life was due to her, as a single prayer in the morning consecrates us to the service of Heaven through the day. He saw her but once a week, on the Sabbath, as before; and he still waited, with crossed arms, beyond the porch, for her to address him. Sometimes he escorted her home, and walked with her through the beautifully shaded paths he had helped to form. Custom easily reconciles us to outward appearance. Mary no longer thought of the colour of his skin; she conversed with him as she did with the minister, and regarded him as almost a dear friend. She was pleased with his penetrating remarks; and on his side he was never wearied of hearing Mary's descriptions of the various lands she had visited. Her voice was, in his ear, sweeter harmony than music could ever form. He never ventured to speak of her personal appearance, yet he thought, and with truth, that she had become more lovely during her absence.

Mary was at this time one-and-twenty. Born of English parents, her skin had been purely fair, but it had been tinged by the sun, so that it had now always that shade of beautiful and healthy red which we observe with admiration colours the face and bust of a blonde when exertion or excitement makes the blood dance with quicker motion through the veins. From contrast with this hue of her complexion, her eyes appeared of a deeper and purer blue, and to float in more brilliant lustre. Her bright hair hung in curling masses down her face, framing the sweet profile, which looked forth in gay playfulness. She had become more thoughtful but not less innocent. Her travel had taught her more of the world's crimes, but had not fixed one stain upon her heart.

The morning was bright, when a ship was perceived in the distance. Langley had at length arrived to commence his life of calm tranquillity. The news ran over the neighbourhood, and the surrounding residents came down to the beach to welcome the voyager—the Nubian with the rest. Mary was caught in her father's embrace as he stepped from the beach. Her companionship had smoothed the natural roughness of his disposition. He returned kind greetings to all who met him, clasping the good minister warmly by the hand. Mary turned to introduce the Nubian, but he was nowhere to be seen. She was vexed at this, for she wished to present him to her father at a favourable moment, when he would perceive the estimation in which the fortunate Christian was held. She knew his general dislike and contempt of coloured people, and for that reason had not said a word to him of Christian's rescue from the sea by her means. She preferred that her father should first view him prosperous, before he was told of his destitution some years previously.

From that day the Nubian was absent for weeks. At his dwelling it was told that he had been called by urgent business to Kingston, the capital of the island.

In his calmer and secluded hours, with Mary as his guardian angel always near him, the conversion of Langley went on. He experienced a felicity he never knew before. He had been used to consider the clergyman a fanatic; he now regarded him as a sober and a sensible man. People having only a partial acquaintance with the world are apt to mistake sentiment for character. The two are wholly apart from each other. Langley was as bold, as adventurous, as active, as ever he was, but his energies were now turned into a new channel. He became an ardent experimentalist on the qualities of soils; he invented improvements in crushing-mills; and, in short, brought into the life and occupations of a planter all the

industry and resources which had distinguished him in another career. He learned to take an interest in Mary's flowers and her schools for poor children, and talked of building a church after his own design. But in the midst of this new and happy life he never looked back.

He sat one evening, in company with the good minister engaged in cheerful chat. Mary had just finished an exquisite little air. The wax-lights brightly illuminated the large and lofty apartment, rendered cool by the evening air stealing in through the closed balconies. The minister was not one of those austere spirits who dislike whatever savours of gaiety and enjoyment. The soul, he held, resembled wax in this—that an impression was often most surely and lastingly stamped on it when it was relaxed. He sometimes quietly told that he had done more with the planters in a few words over a game of chess, or a hand at piquet, than he could effect by his best sermons. He sat now keeping Langley company with an excellent Havannah.

The turn of conversation is often singular. A moment before, they were discussing the flavour of cigars; now they spoke of the consequences of sin. The captain was curious to know if, with a new course of life, all past crimes and errors were truly forgiven. Mary listened with more anxiety than marked the tone in which the question was put; for the past had so little the captain liked to look back on, that he contrived to banish it from his remembrance altogether. The minister replied, undoubtedly; that to the repentant, sin was forgiven; but he remarked that, in some way or other, a punishment was attached to the original crime, from which it could not escape. 'Sin is pardoned, without doubt,' he said; 'but believe this, that not one guilty action can be committed which will not meet with a strict reckoning, and for which a full and severe penalty will not be exacted in this world or the next; sometimes by mental, sometimes by bodily agony. To no man is it permitted to greatly offend with impunity.'

The captain thought this doctrine carried a great deal too far. He was for a scheme of general amnesty, such as is granted by tottering states, which confound weakness with mercy, giving out that it fails to punish, not from impotence, but from an excess of charity and good nature.

The scene and conversation had hitherto been commonplace enough, though the changes which passed over Mary's face as she listened to the argument, threw in that touch of poetic feeling which is often found in the most ordinary occurrences. She knew herself deeply interested in the topic; for there were passages in her father's life, darkly hinted at sometimes by him, which chilled her blood when she thought of them.

The captain grew warm, and applied the argument, to heated persons will do, to himself. 'Look here, now,' said he; 'suppose that I, when I wasn't so wise as I am at present, had a cargo of slaves on board? Well, we'll say the ship leaked, that she wanted lightening, that, no matter how, it was necessary to turn them out; do you mean to say now, that I should be punished for that when I took up with better notions?'

'I should say,' replied the minister, regarding the case quite hypothetically, 'that in this world or the next would a fearful punishment be awarded you.'

The captain grew a little paler. As for Mary, she gave a faint scream; it was not without great difficulty that she could further suppress her feelings.

'Tush, man!' said Langley, roughly, 'I have done such things in my time, yet what am I the worse for it now; where's my accuser?'

A voice that filled the room with terror, said, distinctly, 'Here!'

All eyes were instantly turned to the spot whence that voice issued.

The Nubian stood in the door-way, his figure dimly beyond the grand proportions of nature. For the first time the glance of these two men met, and the man, though his accuser was unarmed, felt that he was the weaker man.

His courage did not desert him, though horror almost froze his blood and deprived him of sense. He rose to meet the Nubian's gaze. 'With what,' he said, 'do you charge me?'

The black said, simply, 'With murder!'

Langley advanced to grapple with his accuser; but Mary, quick as light, threw herself on the Nubian, beseeching him to withdraw at once, telling him that he had accused her father—that he was in error—that he knew not what he was about.

Never had the Nubian seemed more calm as he said—'Almost I would to God I did not. Gentle girl, you speak to me in vain, I am but the agent of Heaven. The cry of the blood that wretched man has wantonly spilt has risen to the Almighty throne. The hour of retribution has come!'

Four men entered the room at these words. The Nubian said to them, 'Behold your prisoner!'

His terrible calmness carried conviction to Mary's heart. She tried to struggle with her dread—to address the Nubian. In vain; her faculties were paralyzed; she sank senseless at his feet.

Langley fiercely grappled with the men who held him. 'Villains!' he shouted, 'let me go; that fiend would kill father and daughter at one blow!'

The Nubian had laid the fainting form on a couch, and knelt beside it. He raised his eyes, and said, in tones of deep pathos, 'Thou hearest, gracious God—thou hearest! still am I doomed to suffer!'

'Detested monster!' exclaimed Langley, 'why didst thou come here to destroy our peace?'

The Nubian answered him not. He saw in the brightening colour of Mary's lips signs of returning life. 'Guard well your prisoner,' he said to the men. Then grasping the hand of the minister, who, during the few minutes of this dreadful scene, had been motionless with astonishment, he bade him watch over her. 'I will not shock her by my presence. It may be, I shall never see her more.' He bent down to imprint one kiss on her yet cold hand, and left the room, answering not one word to the fierce reproaches of his enemy.

The Nubian had recognised the captain of the slaver he instant Langley set his foot upon the shore. His mind was torn by the storm of contending passions. The horrors of that night of massacre, setting the seal of blood on the long career of desperate cruelty and wickedness he had witnessed, was never absent from his mind. He made a vow of vengeance, but he prayed Heaven to make him the human instrument of its justice. For this end he conceived that in his labour he was gifted with supernatural strength. Accident, or, as it seemed to him, providence, had thrown in his way two of the seamen of the slave-ship. These men, as less guilty than their principal, he had constantly kept in the island, in the full belief that no distant time would the captain be delivered into his hands, that their testimony might be joined to his own against him. If he came not to that island within five years, the Nubian resolved to wander over the earth in search of him. That time was within three days of its accomplishment when he saw Langley land.

The struggle of his soul ended in the conquest of the inner passion. A voice within him cried out for ever—'Justice—justice!' With all haste he departed for Kingston. For the event that had arrived he had long been prepared. His own testimony, express and clear, was supported by that, equally decided, of his witnesses. When the depositions were taken, he felt secure that no mortal power could deprive justice of its victim. 'This day,' he exclaimed, as he left the court, 'have I built up the scaffold on which that man shall die!'

As the intelligence of Langley's crime became known, excited the greatest horror and detestation. He was examined and committed for murder. By the advice of counsel he received his defence; his advisers frankly told him they saw no chance of his escape, if the Nubian pressed the prosecution against him with the same vigour, and the witnesses all appeared on the trial. Mary

had never left her father since his capture. Those words filled her with hope. She believed she had the power to save him, and that belief filled her with courage.

Christian now resided in the capital. He still persevered in his business with all his former regularity, though he felt the time was at hand when he should no longer continue it. Mary proceeded to his dwelling, and was directed to his private room. She entered it unannounced. He was standing at a desk, apparently wrapped in profound thought, with his face shaded by his hand. Before him was a small miniature, which Mary instantly recognised as one of herself, that, at the earnest request of the minister, she had sent Christian in return for his continued course of kindness and benevolence during her absence. From beneath his hand large scalding tears fell on the glass of the miniature. He presented no other trace of emotion. His large form was as rigid as if it had been carved of stone.

Mary seized the moment as most favourable to her wishes. The life of her father was at stake; with that thought what had she to do with scruples? She laid her hand softly on the Nubian's shoulder. He started back for an instant, then gazed upon her with a look of indescribable love, admiration, and reverence. Mary, who knew the usual reserve of his manner, and had prepared herself for opening the interview, was surprised and affected when he threw himself at her feet, and raised his hands to her in an attitude of supplication.

'Pure and beautiful being!' he said, in tones of the deepest feeling, 'how can I ever hope for thy forgiveness? yet how can I live, how can I die, without it?'

Mary felt that the barrier of reserve she dreaded to encounter was broken down by the Nubian's action in an instant. She addressed him with the simplicity of times past.

'My forgiveness, Christian! Oh, you may obtain more than that! Save my father, as you yet may easily, and you shall have my regard and gratitude for ever.'

Anguish was written in every line of his face, as he replied—'This is not my act, but God's. I am but the instrument he wields in his hand.'

'Christian! Christian! beware how you mistake the impulse of revenge for the dictate of Heaven! Vengeance is not yours. Come, you have been deceived by bad spirits. Hear what it is I ask of you—only this, that you take no part against my father. Fly! leave this island at once. I—I, who saved your life—Christian, I speak not this boastfully, but as a claim to your gratitude—I beseech, I implore this of you, as the greatest boon that one creature can ask of another!'

He groaned as if his spirit were racked by mortal agony. 'This is torture!' he said; 'but it cannot conquer me. Lady, if you had seen what I have seen, the long train of fainting captives, the horrors of that hold, dark, suffocating, filthy, in which fever raged, and the dead and living lay together, the massacre of that night, which even now turns my brain as I speak of it, you could no longer doubt that the justice of Heaven cries aloud for atonement.' He sprang to his feet, having his mind filled only at that instant with all the crimes he had witnessed, and the sense that he was the chosen agent to avenge them. 'He must die!' he said, firmly—'die, that the awful warning may be carried through all lands—die, that human justice may be vindicated—die, that the cry of innocent blood may be silenced—die, that the oppressor over all the earth may know God reigneth in heaven!'

The hope of Mary fainted in her breast as those awful words, delivered with the vehemence and fire of inspiration, fell upon her ear. Yet she made one effort more to turn the Nubian from his purpose. She raised her eyes to his, and waited till she saw them melting with tenderness and affection.

'Christian,' she said, 'though I have never breathed my thought into mortal ear, nor hardly looked on it myself, yet I now know well with what feeling you have regarded me. I have your love, such love as men feel for a chosen bride.' She saw him start, and fix on her a

gaze of passionate love. 'My hand, my faith pledged on the altar, shall be yours, if you consent that we fly together. Think! will not a life of wedded love, my father's years of penitence, be more dear to you than a moment of vengeance?'

The Nubian turned from her for the space of an instant. When he looked on her again his face was more tranquil. 'Angelic creature!' he exclaimed, 'worthy, not of love, but of worship, thou art more beautiful than my dreams ever painted thee. Never did I adore thee as in this hour. No mortal heart can ever conceive the temptation thou hast offered to my soul. To save thee from an uneasy thought I would have died—I would have deemed all the torture to which man could put me repaid by one kind word from thy lips. Yet we part now, and for ever. Wretched that I am, I dare not ask thy pardon.'

He led her out unresistingly, but his keen sense saw that she shrank from the pressure of his hand. This alone was wanting to complete his agony. As she passed from his dwelling, his strong frame fell heavily to the ground.

A gibbet stood long on a promontory of the Jamaica coast. The chains clanked dismally as the sea-breeze caught them. In that case of iron swung the bones of the murderer Langley.

The Nubian, true to his purpose, stayed to see his victim die. He had previously settled his affairs as one who was about to quit the world, giving his last instructions to a trusty agent. A ship waited for him till the execution was over. His parting words were only that his mission on earth was accomplished. No one knew whither he went.

The pure and gentle Mary parted from her father only at the foot of the scaffold, when his spirit seemed wholly Heaven's. With the good minister she quitted that island, which now presented to her only images of terror. Her heart was too confiding to live long without an object. When time had softened her grief, a lieutenant, poor, but high-minded, gained her affections. He had previously been unfortunate, but now all things prospered with him. He rose rapidly in rank; his promotion was secured by purchase; he could never learn whose was the wealth that advanced him, that cleared off his incumbrances, and that made him a happy and a prosperous man. His sweet wife, though ignorant of the agent, suspected the source; but the thought was too full of painful recollections to be willingly indulged in.

A few years since, there came reports of a deadly conflict between a party of Africans in a province of Nubia, and a band of savage slave-dealers. The Nubians were victorious, but their leader received his death-wound in the struggle. One of those who survived him, and who, it seems, had his confidence, took from his breast a miniature, and transmitted it by a safe hand to England. It reached Mary, then a fond wife and mother, with a few words from the seaman to whose care it was consigned, telling how he who wore it fell. It was the miniature she had given to the unfortunate Nubian, and was now stained with his heart's blood.

If in spirit he ever hovered over earth, he must have rejoiced as he saw that that picture, so dearly prized in life, was sometimes dimmed by Mary's tears.

RAMBLES IN LONDON.

NAPOLEON MUSEUM.

THE Egyptian Hall is a handsome, pilastered edifice, situated at the west end of London, in the well known street called Piccadilly. It has for some time held one wonder within its walls, namely, the Napoleon Museum. At present it can boast of two, the lion-king, Mr Carter, having placed for exhibition in the under part of the edifice a horse of great size, which he calls 'The Mammoth Horse.' Indubitably the creature, which we first visited on going to the Egyptian Hall, is of colossal dimensions, being fully twenty hands in height, and of proportionable girth.

It is also most symmetrically formed, and of a pure black hue, not one tint of white being perceivable upon its entire hide. The tail alone displeased us on viewing the animal, being sadly bare and scrubby; a circumstance owing to the greedy curiosity of previous visitors, who have raised the caudal beauty of the horse, by plucking locks of his tail in memorial of their visits. So said the lion-king himself, Mr Carter, with whom we had the pleasure of a long conversation, and who seems to be an intelligent man, though we cannot admire his choice of a calling, no Davis urging him thereto compulsorily. He appears to be a most devoted admirer of his own Mammoth-like possession, for a match to which, in bulk and form, he has publicly offered no less a sum than one thousand pounds. If it were a perfect horse, which it is not, the creature would really be of immense value.

But, however worthy of a passing glance the mammoth horse may be, the Napoleon Museum is the great object of attraction at the Egyptian Hall. In the large apartments devoted to this exhibition, we find such a quantity of likenesses and relics of Napoleon as might even have satisfied William Hazlitt, whose devotion to the memory of the renowned Corsican was one of the absorbing passions of his singularly impassioned life. We have been wont to consider the Duke of Wellington as the man of this age whose outward form has been most frequently painted, graven, and sculptured, but we believe on the whole, after seeing the Egyptian Hall, that the effigy of Bonaparte must be still more widely circulated over the known world. Here we have fac-similes of him by hundreds, in marble, bronze, oils, inks, ivory, porcelain, and every material, in short, which can convey portraiture. Here, too, we discover all the members of that house rendered by him so illustrious, from Joseph Bonaparte the eldest, to Caroline the youngest, wife of the ill-fated Murat. Here, moreover, we find resemblances and mementoes of all the eminent marshals whom he sent out to battle under the imperial eagles—Massena, Soult, Marmont, Juvet, Davoust, Ney, Lannes, and the rest of that immortal brotherhood of warriors. Of all of these, Soult alone now remains in possession of life, power, and honours. Bernadotte rose higher, leaving at his recent death a kingdom to his posterity, and so far completing the parallel between Napoleon and Alexander the Great, whose captains became monarchs through his victories. It is a remarkable proof of the intellectual superiority of these two famous men, that so many chiefs, accustomed to rule countries and head great armies, and who would have stooped to none else, bowed before them, and were contented to play the parts of subordinates. Julius Caesar seems to have differed from Napoleon and Alexander in this respect. For or none of Caesar's captains have left their names to history. The passer of the Rubicon acted for himself in every emergency, requiring no aid, seemingly, from Ptolemies and Parmenios, from Soult and Massenas; and after all, one cannot but feel inclined to rank him as the great esting of the conquering three. Wonderful are the mental powers and resources shown in Napoleon's St Helena revelations—and nowhere, perhaps, does he display his genius to more advantage, appearing almost equally at home on all topics, whether war, legislation, or literature—the commentaries of Caesar on his own campaigns must ever be held to evince an order of intellect still more comprehensive and commanding.

But we must not thus leave our immediate subject, which is an account of the contents of the Napoleon Museum, such as may incite the reader to a visit when he has an opportunity. Some of the likenesses and relics of Napoleon may not be authentic, but the great majority undoubtedly are so. For example, about Canova's splendid marble bust of Napoleon as first consul (No. 56), or the similar colossal work in marble by Chantrey (No. 84), there can be no doubt; the productions are historical like the artists. Many of the paintings and drawings, however, are even more interesting to ordinary spectators than the busts, however noble these may be as works of art. The former often tell most attractive stories of the

life of Napoleon. Who can look without emotion at the piece (No. 43) representing the interview of the Princess D'Hatsfeld with him at Berlin in 1808, when she came to beg the pardon of her husband, of whose enactment of the part of a spy Napoleon held in his possession incontrovertible proofs? Supported by Murat, the princess is making her appeal. As an eye-witness says—'The princess sobbed convulsively, and could only repeat, 'Ah, sire, my husband is innocent!' The emperor made no answer, but went to his scrutoire, and taking from it the prince's letter, held it towards her in silence. She looked at the unfortunate paper, burst into tears, and striking her forehead with her clasped hands, exclaimed in consternation, 'Oh, yes, it is his writing!' The prince had evidently been acting the part of a spy. Napoleon, subdued by her frankness, advanced to the princess, and putting the letter into her hand, said, with a graciousness which doubled the value of his clemency—'Make what use you please of the paper, which is the only evidence against your husband; when it no longer exists, I shall have no power to punish him;' and he pointed to the fire. The letter was burned. The emperor had feelings of humanity and affection, whatever may be said to the contrary, and stronger perhaps than may be believed.'

This tale is beautifully told by the artist, several whole length portraits being introduced. Again, we have fine pictures, in oil or drawings, of Napoleon at the Champ de Mai, at his Coronation, at the Pyramids, at Fontainebleau, at St Helena, and in many other historical situations, each piece having its story to relate, and doing it well. One of the coronation pictures is the *original* by David, the celebrated painter to Napoleon, representing the emperor with a crown raised in both hands, which he is about to place on the head of Josephine. This was but a part of David's more extended view of the coronation, and was executed by him that Napoleon might see it before its introduction there. The emperor did see and approve of it; and it was when leaving the artist's saloon after the inspection that he announced, with consummate delicacy, for the first time, the elevation of David to the peerage. Monsieur *le Baron* David, said he with emphasis, 'je vous salue,' and the departed, leaving his painter and all round in pleased surprise. George IV. imitated this proceeding in a small way at Edinburgh, when, at the banquet given to him by Provost Arbuthnot and the city, he announced the elevation of the chief magistrate to a serenity, by drinking to the health of Sir William Arbuthnot and the rest of the civic body.

General Bonaparte at the battle of the Pyramids (No. 5) is another interesting composition in the Museum. It rings strikingly to mind the famous exclamation, which, uttered to the susceptible French, made defeat impossible: 'Soldiers, fourteen centuries look down on you from the mounds of these pyramids.' It places before us the singular chief himself, whose soul seemed to disdain the acknowledgment of subjection to the power of the elements, as, like even Murat rolled on the ground in agony under the stifling heat, he trode the sands, wrapped up in the same grey surcoat which he wore when the ice lay thick in the bosom of the Seine. It recalls to our eyes the warlike Kleber, the 'Fire-Sultan' of the Egyptians, and reminds us of the rebuke which Napoleon gave to him, when the latter, a tall and fine-looking veteran, had allowed himself to sneer at the youth and slight figure of his superior, as well as to neglect orders given. Bonaparte sent for him and thus addressed him, 'Monsieur Kleber, you are a tall and very fine man, Monsieur Kleber. You are one head taller than I am: One more act of disobedience, Monsieur Kleber, and the difference will disappear. *Hez!*'

The Napoleon Museum, as might be expected, is rich in portraits and busts of Josephine. She is represented in numerous situations—as a crowned empress, and a moral's wife, at the Tuilleries, and at Malmaison. All these pieces are interesting, or at least were felt to be so by us; for we have ever looked on this celebrated woman

and as having scarcely yet had justice done to her in history. In one piece, after the eminent artist Isabey, we find Josephine standing at a table in the hall of the palace at Malmaison, selecting flowers; and we are reminded of the melancholy period which she spent there after her cruel divorce. We recollect what is told of her when she heard of the fall of the emperor in 1814. Though Alexander of Russia, and all the allied leaders, visited her in her retirement, and endeavoured to console her by their attentions, she brooded, fatally for her health, over the reverses even of him who had cast her off. She petitioned to be allowed to join him in his exile, but the boon could not be granted, and soon afterwards she died broken-hearted, the last words on her lips being 'Mon pauvre Cid—mon Achille!' showing her expiring thoughts to be with her fallen and banished hero.

'Austria's pale flower,' Maria Louisa, is also represented to us abundantly in the Napoleon Museum. One beautiful marble bust of her by Bosio is here, with a fine whole length portrait in state costume, after Gerard. But a deeper interest hangs around the various likenesses of the son of Maria Louisa, the boy of Napoleon, at whose birth an hundred cannon pealed forth a note of rejoicing, responded to enthusiastically by one of the greatest nations of the earth. Poor youth! with the fall of his sire, the grandeur of his position expired, and he spent his life almost as a state-prisoner. Here we find him in his favourite hussar costume, as Duke of Reichstadt, and may note the combination in him of the tallness of person of the Austrian family with the broad square front of Napoleon. There is something most melancholy in the looks as in the history of this boy. It is said that he never forgot the lofty elevation of his early days, child as he was when cast down from it. One of the Austrian archdukes, his maternal uncle, showed to him once a small portrait or medallion, and asked if he knew who it was. 'C'est moi,' said the boy proudly, 'quand j'étais Roi de Rome'—'It is I, when I was King of Rome,' the title given to him by his father. According to the statements of his governor, though kind to the few whom he trusted, he preserved a haughty reserve to the world generally; his whole thoughts dwelt secretly on France, whither, as he grew up, he nourished warm hopes of being recalled. Afraid of being found unprepared, he went through a course of studies, chiefly military, of almost unparalleled severity, and had little pleasure, save at the head of his regiment, or in following out the mimic warfare of the chase. His restless spirit wore out a weak body, and he died young—before Edward Irving, who had ventured to prophesy that he was to be the tenth horn of the beast, or some such thing, and was to found a sovereignty far greater than that of his father.

So much for the young Napoleon. He has led us again away so far that we have scarcely space left to notice the other members of the court and camp of Bonaparte. It would be wrong, however, not to mention one fine portrait of Madame Mere, by Gerard—of the mother of Napoleon—destined to see the fall of her son from his high estate. A blooming countenance this aged woman preserved when her locks were like snow; and most affecting, we remember, does Lady E. S. Wortley describe a visit to her in her last days, when the venerable lady was found lying in her chamber, surrounded by portraits of her crowned sons, Joseph of Spain, Louis of Holland, Jerome of Westphalia, her son-in-law Murat of Naples, and the star of all, the imperial Napoleon. What feelings of mingled pride and sorrow must have filled the breast of that aged mother of monarchs! Turn we again to Murat and his queen Caroline Bonaparte, of whom the museum contains various memorials. Again do we feel our interest awakened by *Le Beau Sabreur*, the 'first cavalry officer in the world,' as Napoleon called him, and whose dashing gallantry made even the rude Cossacks gaze on him with admiration. Ney is here too, the 'bravest of the brave,' with the rest of the martial fraternity of the empire. But they must be seen to be appreciated fully, and this is all

seum, we must merely remark, that they are of all kinds, from the eagles under which the armies of the republic and empire marched to victory, to the very bottle from which the emperor poured wine during breakfast at Philippi, on the morning after Waterloo. It has an 'N.' surmounted by an imperial crown blown on the front of it, and is enclosed in a morocco case, with the imperial arms. It was presented to the late proprietor of the Napoleon Museum by Colonel Coutan, the emperor's interpreter at that period, who kept his snuff in it for twenty years. He said nothing should have induced him to part with it but the sight of the Napoleon Museum, containing a collection of which it ought to form a part.

It may be added that there are several volumes of prints, containing a vast number of fine portraits of the eminent characters of the republic, consulate, and empire of France.

SABBATH ASSOCIATIONS.

The Sabbath is a day which has been sanctified by the faithful through every successive generation from the beginning of time; outliving the revolutions of this shadowy and fitful world, during which the monuments and institutions of men have perished; and thus forming a connecting link between the most distant ages and communities. It carries us back to the creation of man, when he was made in the likeness of God; and brings us down, through the long and ever-widening vista of former dispensations, to the resurrection from the dead of our Lord Jesus Christ; thus reminding us that, even amidst the ruins of apostacy and sin, his interests and his happiness have been always dear to God. Not to value and enjoy it, is to experience no pleasure in thinking of the majestic attributes of Jehovah, the stupendous phenomena of redemption, and the awful grandeurs of eternity—is to have no taste for conceiving of the Great Spirit of the universe as surveying, with complacency, the glorious fabric he has reared, and retiring from his work—is to have no taste for calling to mind the long-lost but impressive ceremonies of the Jewish worship—is to have no taste for stationing one's self, in imagination, by the tomb of a crucified Redeemer, and beholding it suddenly unclosed by a messenger from above, and the reanimated potentate coming forth as a mighty victor, triumphing over death, and deriding the power of the grave—is to have no taste for taking our stand upon the threshold of another world, and contemplating the splendours of the heavenly temple.—*Dobson.*

MEMORY.

How varied, yet how soothing are the effects produced by memory on the mind, paining while they please! When we retrace our steps along the pathway of life, how much of sorrow blends with the recollections of the past! friendships broken—hopes frustrated—schemes of happiness, as brilliant as the bubbles blown by a sportive child—like them, lost in air. The tomb has closed over many who were dear to us; others, with whom we thought to tread the maze of life, have turned from us, lured by the flowers that spring in pleasure's path, or dazzled by the attractions of wealthier or more honoured acquaintance. Yet memory, in recalling our griefs, sheds her softening influence over our souls; draws the sting from our wounds, and bids us feel a melancholy pleasure in recurring to the past. On the virtues of the dead we dwell in sad though pleasing retrospection; and if friends have proved false, memory, though a pang attends the recollection, recalls the happy hours we have passed in their society, and paints so vividly past scenes of enjoyment, that the remembrance of their faithlessness is for a time obliterated by the recollection of their social qualities. Should memory recur to hopes defeated, we have learned by experience, that we should have derived but little gratification from their realization. Thus, for every sting that memory inflicts she provides a balm; and when she turns our thoughts to a fault expiated, an evil deed relinquished, or a virtuous act completed, how soothing, how exhilarating is the thought! To youth, to manhood, to age,

memory brings pleasure. In youth, we look back with delight to the innocent gratifications of childhood, when 'the tear, forgot as soon as shed,' dimmed for a moment but impaired not the lustre of our eyes; the man, strong in health and firm of purpose, amid the storms of life turns with pleasurable emotions to the recollection of his youthful follies; and the aged, deprived, by the infirm attendant on the decline of life, of present enjoyment, seek, amid the treasures of memory, relief for the weariness attached to a life of inaction.

THE VOICES OF THE DEAD.

Ye dead, in the dreams of the night I hear
The sound of your voices, low, deep, and clear:
Low, deep, and clear, as ye used to speak,
When the light of life beam'd on each lov'd cheek.

In the hush'd stillness of moonlight hours,
I have heard your voices by old grey towers.
I have heard them in England's old 'Minster's' dim,
Mingling in the chant of the evening hymn.

I have heard them in mirth—in sunny hours,
When hope sung sweet among life's young flowers.
I have heard them in grief, deep, calm, and low,
When the heart was crush'd with a weight of woe.

But ye have pass'd away from this changing earth,
With your voices of kindness and songs of mirth;
No more are they heard by woods and streams,
Yet still do I hear them in my dreams.

Pleasant is the sound of streams when they meet,
And the songs of the stars are passing sweet,
But your voices, ye dead, are sweeter far
To me than the music of stream or star.

W. L.

THE GREAT SNOW STORM OF 1620.

The snow fell during thirteen days and nights with very little intermission, accompanied with great cold, and a keen, biting wind. About the fifth and sixth days, the young sheep fell into a torpid state and died; and about the ninth and tenth days, the shepherds began to build up large semicircular walls of the dead, in order to afford some shelter for the living; but the protection was of little service. Impelled by hunger, the sheep were frequently seen tearing at one another's wool with their teeth. On the fourteenth day, there was, on many a high-lying farm, not a survivor of extensive flocks to be found. Large misshapen walls of dead surrounding a small separate group, likewise dead, and stiffly frozen in their last met the eye of the forlorn shepherd and his master. Upwards of twenty thousand sheep maintained in the extensive pastoral district of Eakdale Moor, only about forty-five were left alive.—*Gallery of Nature.*

CHRYSALES OF SILK-WORMS.

M. Favand states that, during his residence as a missionary in China, he has often seen the chrysalis of silk-worms used as food. He has himself partaken of them, and found them at once strengthening and cooling, and particularly good for delicate persons. After having washed the silk off, they are dried in the frying-pan, in order to get quit of the aqueous matter. They are then fried in butter, lard, or oil, and moistened with broth, of which that of chicken gives the best flavour. When they are boiled in this for about five minutes, they are crushed with a wooden spoon, and well stirred up from the bottom. The mandarins and rich people add the yolks of eggs, in a proportion of one yolk to a hundred chrysalises; and when this is poured over it, it becomes a golden-coloured cream, and is of an exquisite flavour. The poorer people are contented with salt, pepper, and vinegar; or, after stripping them, cooking them with oil.

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BENEFIT SOCIETIES.*

FIRST ARTICLE.

ANY one who has paid the slightest attention to the operation of Benefit Societies among the working classes, must be aware that they have almost universally failed in accomplishing the object which they had in view. Many an industrious man, actuated by a noble spirit of independence, has entered one or more of these societies during the period of youth and of health, and has imagined that, by this exercise of self-denial, he has made provision for the sickness and frailty to which man is exposed, in his passage through this world. For a time, all seemed fair and prosperous, and the funds were more than sufficient to meet the demands that were made upon them; but alas! how often has it happened that, just at the season when aid was most needed, and the pressure of increasing sickness and old age was beginning to be felt, the society is found unable to meet its engagements, the rate of weekly payment is reduced far below what was promised, and as no new members will connect themselves with a society in this condition of decay, even this reduced scale cannot be acted upon, it becomes insolvent, and its scanty stock is divided among its members! What is the condition, and what are the prospects now of the old members? What society would now receive them, and impose upon itself the injurious and heavy responsibility of making provision for them? What then remains? Dependence upon relations; parochial charity; the poor-house! If there are younger members belonging to the society which has become insolvent, they will readily find admission into another, whose finances are in a most flourishing condition, and for some years they may congratulate themselves on the favourable change which has taken place, and that, whenever sickness attacks them, they are certain of receiving the benefits which have been guaranteed. But by and by the difficulties appear; the machine begins to work heavily; sickness increases without a proportionate increase in the funds; suspicions are sown abroad that the society is declining, and young and healthy persons are every year more reluctant to enter it, and at last decline altogether; the pecuniary

affairs are rapidly becoming more embarrassed; there is a diminished rate of payment; and insolvency is the result. Within the limits of our own observation, we could point to the cases of several persons who connected themselves with no less than three of these societies, for the sake at once of greater security and comfort; and yet, when they had arrived at the age of fifty or sixty, they were all bankrupt. Is there no remedy for this state of things? Is this melancholy circle ever to be repeated of hardships and disappointments in these benevolent institutions? Must our industrious population still become the victims of scheme after scheme, which, holding out large advantages, and realising them for a period, closes with misery and ruin? Yes, there is a way—simple and effective; all these evils may be prevented by calling into their assistance the principles of science, and by subjecting all the rules and payments of friendly societies to as rigid a scrutiny as that which is employed upon the insurance societies which are supported by the middle and higher ranks of society. And we expect to be of considerable service to the great bulk of our honest and industrious brethren in the humble walks of life, by furnishing them with a clear and simple statement of the principles upon which their benefit societies should be founded, and of the class of errors which has almost invariably led to their destruction. What then are the principles on which these societies should be based? The following is the answer to this most important question.

In the formation of an Insurance Society, whose operations are confined to granting a prescribed sum at the death of a person, upon condition of certain payments being made during his life, there are two elements of calculation required. The first is, the rate of interest which money bears in our country, upon an average of years. It is generally understood that, viewing matters upon a large scale, not more than three per cent. can be depended upon. More favourable investments can sometimes be obtained, but it is prudent not to calculate upon a larger return than what has now been mentioned. It is a very simple process to estimate the value of money laid out at three per cent., compound interest. We have thus a fixed quantity. The second element of calculation is the rate of mortality. Out of a thousand persons of the class whose lives are insured, how many will die every year? Nor is this a difficult calculation considering the numerous and valuable materials with which we are supplied. Suppose there were a thousand boys before us, all ten years old, and the question were asked by some one, How long, upon an average, will these boys live? the proper reply would be—that will very much depend upon the employment which they shall afterwards follow. But it

* This and a subsequent article on the same topic are from the pen of the Rev. Professor M'Michael, Dunfermline. The high scientific attainments of the Professor, and the warm interest he has ever evinced in the welfare of the working classes, entitle him to the confidence of those among them for whose guidance the publication of his views upon Benefit Societies is especially intended. In common with the learned Professor we wish those views disseminated as widely as possible, satisfied that in giving them publicity we are rendering a most important service to the community at large.

may be said, make them all agricultural labourers, when will one half of them be dead? In this case, one half of them will be dead $61\frac{1}{2}$ years after this; there will then be only 500 alive. Make them all miners, one half of them will be dead $51\frac{1}{2}$ years after this, ten years sooner than the agricultural labourers. Make them all bakers, how long will they live? One half will be dead $49\frac{1}{2}$ years after this, two years sooner than the miners. Make them all plumbers, painters, or glaziers, one half will be dead $46\frac{1}{2}$ years after this, three years sooner than the bakers. Make them all clerks, when will one half of them be dead? We are almost afraid to write the correct statement. Make them all clerks, whose feet are never damp, whose coat is never off, whose heaviest instrument is a quill, and whose fingers are never soiled by anything worse than ink, and only one half of them will be alive $41\frac{1}{2}$ years after this. Commencing our calculation, as we have done, at the age of ten, it thus appears that the value of life to a clerk is five years less than that of a plumber or painter, eight years less than that of a baker, ten years less than that of a miner, and twenty years less than that of an agricultural labourer. This illustration is employed in order to show how very extensive and accurate are the materials of computation which modern science and research have put into our hands. Now, make a fair calculation of these two elements—the rate of interest and the rate of mortality—and you have a safe foundation for any insurance society, which contemplates merely the granting a certain sum upon the death of the person insured.

In the formation of what is called a Benefit Society, another element of calculation is required. We now require three things—the rate of interest, the rate of mortality, and the rate of sickness. We require the rate of mortality, because in all benefit societies a specified sum is paid at the death of each member, in the name of funeral-money. We require the rate of sickness, because the chief object of the society is to supply a certain weekly allowance during illness. But it happens most unfortunately that it has been found a matter of great difficulty to determine the rate of sickness. There has been until of late a want of information sufficiently accurate and extensive to bring this question to a satisfactory issue. It is not in our power to determine the rate of sickness from the rate of mortality. Some persons never seem to enjoy good health, and yet their constitutions wear well; aged people bear an amount of sickness which would prove fatal at an earlier period of life; the indisposition which would keep a miner or a mason from pursuing his ordinary labour would not prevent a clerk or a compositor from being found at his daily employment. A man who is a member of a friendly society may be expected to refrain from working for a week, when under temporary illness, more readily than he would have done had his family been entirely dependent upon the produce of his industry for that period. This would be the case, even where there is no deception attempted or practised; but, at the same time, it is a fact which cannot be overlooked by any person of observation, that the amount of sickness in friendly societies will depend, to a certain extent, upon the conscientiousness of their members; for if this principle be deficient, all the certificates of medical men and all the inspection of office-bearers will not prevent occasional deceit. These considerations may serve to make it probable that the rate of sickness among members of

friendly societies will be greater than among the working classes in general; while another mode of reasoning would lead to the conclusion that the rate of mortality among them is smaller, as they, for the most part, form a higher, more industrious, and respectable grade than their brethren in the same rank of life who make no provision for days of darkness and calamity. It was thus necessary that calculations should be made from the actual amount of sickness which has been experienced in friendly societies; and, in fact, this has now been accomplished. Mr Neison, an actuary in London, obtained returns from several thousand societies, and after four years' incessant labour, and at an expense of about £3000, he has given to the world the result of his researches. His paper was read before the Statistical Society, March 17, 1845.* We consider this paper as the most valuable contribution to the laws of sickness and mortality which has hitherto appeared. It has placed the author at once in the foremost ranks of statisticians, though he is but a young man. He has proved himself the greatest benefactor to friendly societies, by his exposure of the erroneous principles upon which they are based; and though he has met with much obloquy and opposition because he has had the courage to tell the whole truth, and thus clashed with apparent existing interests, there is little rashness in the prediction that, before many years go round, the members of friendly societies will look upon Francis Neison in somewhat the same light that all intelligent men regard Rowland Hill as the great reformer of the Post-office. In so far as our influence extends we would cheer him on in his patriotic and benevolent work, and bid him God-speed. It is due to him to make the statement, that it was the perusal of his work which first opened our eyes to the enormous evils and errors connected with the present machinery of friendly societies; and we were so much startled at its disclosures as to form the resolution of throwing the results of our reading and investigation into a popular form, and of giving them as large a circulation as possible, for the benefit of the industrial classes.

We now proceed to apply the principles laid down to that benefit society called the Odd Fellows' society. This is singled out from the other benefit societies for two reasons especially. The first is, the Odd Fellows' society is, we presume, the most numerous of this description in the world. It has branches not only in all parts of Great Britain but in several of the Colonies. It has probably near 400,000 members in Great Britain. The second is, there are better means of acquiring correct information regarding this society than any other. It has its weekly and monthly periodicals. It sends forth its quarterly and annual reports. Moreover, the publication of Mr Neison's work has fallen like a thunderbolt into the midst of this society, and awakened a spirit of earnest inquiry, which, there is no doubt whatever, will end in great good. But while the Odd Fellows' society is thus selected for the reasons above assigned, it is to be understood that the remarks will apply more or less to almost every other friendly society that exists. What are the errors connected with the operation of these societies?

* Contributions to Vital Statistics: being a Development of the Rate of Mortality and the Laws of Sickness, from original and extensive data, procured from Friendly Societies, showing the Habitability of Friendly Societies, Odd Fellows, Bechamites, &c.; with an Inquiry into the Influence of Locality on Health. By F. NEISON, F.L.S., &c., actuary to the Medical Invalid and General Life Office. Second Edition. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

The Odd Fellows' society has erred in its calculation of the amount of sickness experienced by its members. As a benefit society has sickness chiefly in view, a mistake here is fatal. All societies of this description have assumed a less amount of sickness among their members than is really the case. The Highland Society published tables of sickness which have been much followed, but they were found so far beneath the truth that they were disapproved of by a committee of the House of Commons, in 1825. Mr Ansel has since compiled a set of tables which have been partially used. They were drawn up from the only correct source—returns from benefit societies, but the period embraced was only four years (from 1823 to 1827), and included only 24,323 persons, and by consequence they were very defective. They, however, give a higher rate of sickness than those of the Highland Society. Mr Neilson's returns embrace several thousand societies, and he makes the amount of sickness much higher than either; and it should here be mentioned that the calculations of Mr Neilson were incidentally verified by the amount of sickness experienced by the Odd Fellows' society in 1844. The returns were not indeed complete, but they give the amount of sickness of nearly a quarter a million of members. The difference may thus be stated. According to the Highland Society's tables, a man, in the interval betwixt twenty and seventy years of age, should have 88 weeks' sickness. According to Mr Ansel's tables, he should have 112 weeks' sickness. According to Mr Neilson's tables, he should have 141 weeks' sickness. This may be put in another form, supposing that ten shillings per week is the sum granted during sickness—According to the Highland Society's tables, each member, upon an average, betwixt twenty and seventy years of age, should cost the society for sickness—money £44. According to Mr Ansel's tables, he should cost the society £56. According to Mr Neilson's tables, he should cost the society £76, 10s. If Mr Ansel's tables be used, each member, during this period, receives from the society in sickness—money alone, £14, 10s. more than what can be afforded. If the Highland Society's tables be used, he receives £26, 10s. more than what can be afforded. What must be the issue if such a state of affairs be continued? The society has no money except what it obtains from its members. Why, every one can tell what will happen. What has taken place in hundreds and thousands of societies before will be repeated with a disastrous sameness. Those who come on first get their own share and the share of others besides, and when the infirmities of advanced life attack the second section, they are told that the funds are exhausted, and that nothing remains for them.

It is impossible to tell what are the tables used by the Odd Fellows' society. No one can determine whether as a body they employ the tables of Mr Ansel, or those of the Highland Society. It is to be feared that there is no uniformity at present among the various lodges upon this matter. Indeed, considering that this society is a vast confederation consisting of a large number of lodges in Great Britain, not mentioning the Colonies, that membership in one lodge constitutes membership in another, and that a person can transfer himself from one lodge to another, and become entitled to all its benefits, by the payment of a small fine of one shilling and sixpence, which is called clearance-money, the want of order and organisation in it is such as would scarcely be believed by any one who has not paid attention to the subject. There has been no king in Israel—each lodge has done that which was right in its own eyes, and has by far too much regarded itself as an independent body. Hence, one lodge promised more for threepence-halfpenny per week, than another did for fourpence—more sick-money, more funeral-money for the member himself, and more funeral-money for the wife of the member. Hence one lodge offered as great benefits for fourpence per week as another for sixpence, with the single exception that the member who paid the larger weekly sum received three pounds more at the death of his wife. It is truly wonderful that these

federated union; but it affords us pleasure to add, that this evil was remedied last May. A meeting of the general committee was then held, at which it was resolved that the weekly payments in the different lodges be equalized. So far this is well, but it will be seen in a subsequent article, that this improvement does not affect the great problem—*Will the uniform scale of payments meet the demands of sickness and mortality?*

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

HENRY FIELDING.

THERE are some men whose lives may be regarded rather as a warning and an example of the evil consequences of vice and imprudence, than as objects of imitation or admiration. This becomes still more the case when the persons, along with their vices and follies, possess great talents and some natural virtues fitted to excite our esteem. These remarks are especially true of the subject of our present memoir, whose character, like that of the heroes of several of his fictions, contained such a mixture of good and bad qualities, as to render it a dangerous object of imitation to those who have not sufficient discernment to distinguish between what is truly good and honourable, and what only appears so from accidental association.

Henry Fielding was born on the 22d April, 1707, at Sharpham Park, near Glastonbury, in Somersetshire. His father was a descendant of the first Earl of Denbigh, ennobled by James I., and one of the constant adherents of his unfortunate son during the civil wars. Edmund Fielding had obtained the rank of lieutenant-general under Marlborough, and had also some private fortune, which enabled him to give a good education to his children. Henry was first educated at home, and then removed to Eton School, where he met the elder Pitt, Fox, the first Lord Lyttelton, and some other men afterwards highly distinguished. When eighteen years of age, he left this school and studied civil law with great assiduity in the University of Leyden. His father, however, having married a second wife, and being encumbered with a large family, was not able to continue the remittances necessary for his support, and at the end of two years he was obliged to return to England. Here he took up his residence in London, and was soon involved in all the dissipation of that metropolis. His wit and humour procured him ready access to the society of men of letters, but also made him a welcome addition to society of another character. He plunged headlong into all the dissipation of the metropolis, without a monitor to warn him or a friend to support him, and consequently was soon involved in pecuniary difficulties, and obliged to turn his thoughts to some means of procuring the necessities of life. In his own words, he had no resource but to become a hackney-writer or a hackney-coachman. For the drama he had always shown a strong predilection, and produced a comedy named 'Love in several Masques,' which was published in 1727, with a dedication to his second cousin, the well known Lady Mary Wortley Montague. This piece met with considerable success, and was followed in the next two years by a farce and two other comedies. Fielding was now regularly engaged in writing for the stage, but with no higher ambition than to obtain mere temporary approbation and the means of gratifying his sensual passions. His evenings were generally spent in taverns, and his compositions hurried over in the mornings or in the hours that ought to have been devoted to sleep; whole scenes being sometimes written on the paper in which his favourite tobacco had been wrapped up.

In 1730, there appeared his burlesque, *Tragedy of Tragedies, or the Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great*, in which many of the most striking absurdities of Dryden, and some other of his predecessors, were parodied. In the following year he produced three farces and a play, which met with indifferent success. In 1732, his *Mock*

from the same author, who in his turn had been indebted to Plautus, were published, and have retained possession of the stage for a longer period than most of his other dramas. Don Quixote in England, begun during his residence at Leyden, followed in 1733, with several other pieces; and in the succeeding year he also produced a play which was soon laid aside. He had now been engaged on dramatic works for six years, during which he had brought out seventeen pieces, some of them very well received by the public at the time, and the source of considerable emolument. His expenses, however, still exceeded his income, and in 1735 he had recourse to new means for supplying his necessities. Collecting a company, he opened a theatre in the Haymarket, at which he represented pieces of a political tendency. In these he satirized men in power, especially Sir Robert Walpole, whom he had a few years before complimented as 'our nation's envy and its pride,' but who had now incurred his resentment by refusing him some place or sinecure for which he had asked in a poetical epistle. He named his actors The Great Mogul's Company of Comedians, and the first piece represented was *Pasquin*, a dramatic satire on the times, which drew crowded houses for fifty nights successively. It seems to have owed this favourable reception rather to the novelty of the plan, and the allusions to temporary incidents, than to real merit, since it is now almost forgotten. The following season he produced other pieces of a similar nature; but the public was now tired of such trifles, and one of them was actually hissed off the stage. The attendance, too, fell off to such a degree that the company, who, as he expressed it, seemed to have dropped from the clouds, had to disperse, and Fielding, who had not yet learned prudence or economy, was left no richer than when he had begun this series of entertainments. The most permanent result of his attempt was, that Walpole, who had been extremely galled by the satire, resolved to prevent such annoyances in future, and brought a bill into parliament for the regulation of the theatre. In an act in the twelfth year of Queen Anne's reign, players had been classed with rogues and vagabonds, and in this they were treated almost as such. No play, prologue, epilogue, or song could be produced at any theatre without being first inspected and licensed by the Lord Chamberlain, and the crown was even deprived of the power of licensing any new theatres. This measure met with much opposition, both from the public, who viewed it as an encroachment on the liberty of the press, and in parliament, where the arguments for it were eloquently exposed by Lord Chesterfield. The power of the minister, however, prevailed, and the bill was passed into a law in 1737, which thus forms an important epoch in the history of the British stage.

About this time Fielding married a young lady from Salisbury of the name of Craddock, who, with considerable personal attractions, was likewise the possessor of £1500. At the same time he succeeded to an estate at Stower, in Derbyshire, of £200 per annum, and with common prudence might have been thus independent. He had, with the purpose of reforming his life, left London, and now resided on his estate in the country. But one folly only took the place of another. He endeavoured to rival or surpass his more wealthy neighbours, by the number and costly liveries of his retinue, by a profuse and unbounded hospitality, and by a complete establishment of horses and hounds. The consequence might easily have been foreseen. In three years of extravagance his means were wholly squandered, and he was again thrown on his own exertions for support. He returned to London with new purposes of reformation, entered the Temple as a student, and applied closely to the law. His early habits of dissipation, however, still adhered to him, and his evenings were too frequently spent in taverns, and in the enjoyments of society. In due course he was called to the bar, and his knowledge of law enabled him to make no inconsiderable figure in Westminster Hall. His attention to his profession might even have raised him to consider-

able eminence, had not his health been destroyed by his previous course of intemperance. He was now attacked by violent fits of the gout and other distempers, so that it was impossible to bestow that attention on his duties which was necessary for success. At the same time he had to provide for the wants of his family by literary labour, being engaged sometimes in writing for the stage, at other times with political pamphlets, and for a period being the principal support of a periodical paper named the *Champion*.

Fielding was now about to enter on a new department of literature, hitherto but little cultivated in the English language. The prose works of fiction which had formerly appeared, were of the most inferior character, both in respect to genius and morality. Richardson's novel of *Pamela* had, however, been very favourably received, and on this Fielding founded his own story of 'the History of the Adventures of Joseph Andrews,' published in 1741 & 1742. He describes this work in the preface as a comic romance, written in the manner of Cervantes, but it seems in reality to have been intended as a parody on the *Pamela* of Richardson, the style, principles, and passages of which were all caricatured. Though he pretended to describe, not men, but manners, not an individual, but the species, yet several of the characters were at once recognised among his acquaintance. Thus Parson Adams is supposed to have been designed for the Rev. Mr. Young, a valued friend of Fielding, as remarkable for his love of Greek, his veneration for *Æschylus*, his great benevolence and absence of mind, as his fictitious representative. As an instance of the latter, it is related, that when chaplain to one of the regiments in Flanders, one fine summer evening, in a fit of meditation on some passage of his favourite poet, he wandered from his own camp, till he was stopped by the sentries before that of the enemy. He was with difficulty recalled to a sense of his situation, and brought before the commanding officer, who, struck with his extreme simplicity, allowed him to return in safety. Parson Trulliber is said to have been intended for another clergyman, at one time tutor to Fielding. This novel met with considerable success, though in many respects inferior to those that followed.

Next year, Fielding produced the comedy of the *Wedding Day*, which, notwithstanding the exertions of Garrick, was very short lived. The actor had recommended the omission of a particular scene, as likely to displease the audience, but the author would not consent, remarking, that 'if the scene is not a good one, let them hiss that out.' The scene was hissed, and Garrick, much disconcerted, retired to the green-room, where Fielding was regaling himself with champagne and tobacco. He inquired, 'What's the matter, Garrick? what are they hissing now?' 'Why, the scene I begged you to retract,' replied the actor; 'I knew it would not do.' 'Oh! hang them,' replied Fielding, with perfect coolness, 'they have found it out, have they?' In 1743, some other pieces of less importance were written, which concluded his connection with the stage. About the same time, he also printed a volume of miscellanies, containing some essays and poems, and also a 'Journey from this World to the Next.' The latter piece was afterwards published separately, and was accused of irreligion, but seems to have been intended by the author simply as an allegorical and satirical work. It has now lost all interest, since the allusions to persons and incidents which it contains have ceased to be understood. The *History of the Life of Jonathan Wild the Great* appeared about the same time; and may be regarded as the parent of a numerous tribe of romances, which have since been composed. Though not founded on the real adventures of a remarkable person who lived in London at that time, it is in general so fictitious, roguery in general, and not any particular rogue being the subject. As a picture of complete vice, unrelieved by any spark of virtue or humanity, it can scarcely merit even the limited popularity it obtained.

For some years after this time, no event of importance is noticed in the life of Fielding. His attention, however,

have been principally directed to his profession, but the injuries inflicted on his constitution by dissipation, occasioned such frequent interruptions in his practice, that he only derived from it very precarious means of support. He was thus often reduced to great pecuniary straits, during which he does not seem to have been very scrupulous of the means adopted to supply his immediate wants. Many of his writings show how little he regarded his literary reputation, and he now appeared ready to sacrifice his independence, and to trust to the occasional liberality of his friends for his support. To add to his afflictions, his wife, whose health had been gradually declining, now died, when his grief was so violent, that it was apprehended his reason was affected. Time, however, soothed his affliction, and he soon again engaged in the political struggles of the country. In 1746, at the time of the rebellion, he commenced a periodical paper, named the 'True Patriot,' in which he laboured to arouse the loyalty of the people in favour of the established government. It displayed considerable ability, and was distinguished by occasional sallies of humour not unworthy of Swift or Addison, but met with so little encouragement, that it was soon discontinued. In the end of 1747, he began the *Jacobite Journal*, a similar periodical, intended to counteract the spirit of disaffection which continued to prevail in the country after open insurrection had been crushed on the field of Culloden. He also published an answer to a pamphlet, in which Marlborough, Godolphin, and other of the men in power, were accused of being secret Jacobites, characterising this as a scurrilous libel, destitute even of plausibility—an opinion which history has not confirmed. In his political writings, Fielding indulged in the grossest abuse of his opponents, and did not hesitate to stigmatize any who differed from the minister he supported as disloyal subjects and enemies to the constitution. It has been said in excuse, that he was sincere in these accusations; but his whole character and conduct give but too much countenance to the belief that he was influenced by other motives. He never takes a large or enlightened view of the measures he praises or condemns, nor examines into their justice, but is content to try them by the low tests of expediency and interest. It cannot therefore seem wonderful that his writings on these subjects are now wholly forgotten.

As the reward of his services, Fielding, in 1749, obtained a small pension from the government, and was also appointed an acting magistrate for Westminster—or a *trading justice*, as these officials were then named, from their supposed venality. If the accusations of his enemies may be believed, Fielding was no exception to the rule; and he himself complains that his pension from the secret service money would have been much larger, had his 'great patron' not believed that his judicial situation 'was known to all the world to be a very lucrative one.' On one occasion, he had to publish a pamphlet in vindication of his conduct. At the same time, he seems to have been very attentive to his duties, and 'by composing, instead of inflaming, the quarrels of porters and beggars,' greatly reduced his income. He also published several tracts on subjects connected with the execution of justice and the repression of crime, one of the most interesting being an Inquiry into the Causes of the late increase of Robbers; in which he gives his views of the constitution of the country and the condition of the lower classes. Among the changes on the manners of the people resulting from trade, he instances, 'the narrowness of their fortune is changed into wealth; the simplicity of their manners into craft; their frugality into luxury; their humility into pride; and their subjection into equality.' He then adds, 'The philosopher and the poet will think this a bad exchange; but the politician finds many emoluments to compensate the moral evils introduced by trade.' He enumerates drinking, gaming, and expensive amusements, as causes of the increase of criminals; and also pointed out the evils resulting from the defective regulation of the houses of correction, which, he says, 'were

not places of punishment for the idle, but, in reality, schools of vice, and common sewers of nastiness and disease.' He anticipated some modern jurists in the opinion, that frequent pardons were an encouragement to robbers, affirming that, though mercy may appear more amiable, severity is the more wholesome virtue; that the hope of pardon rendered the threatenings of the law ineffectual; and that pardons have brought many more men to the gallows than they have saved from it.

His next work, the novel of Tom Jones, or the History of a Foundling, was composed amidst much family distress, pecuniary embarrassments, and interruptions of all kinds. Yet it is confessedly his greatest work, and that by which he has most chance of being known to posterity. It is distinguished for the originality and perfect delineation of the characters, for graphic description, and the high interest both of the whole and of many individual scenes. It is, however, disfigured by expressions and situations of such extreme indelicacy as to excite the highest disgust, and to render it totally unfit for general perusal. Squire Western, it has been remarked, addresses his daughter in terms and on subjects which would shock the ear of a modern waiting-maid, to say nothing of her mistress. Even the generosity and high spirit of the hero do not compensate for the degrading connexions into which he is continually falling, and Lady M. W. Montague but too accurately describes him and Mr Booth as 'sorry scoundrels.' The estimate formed by this acute observer of the real tendency of Fielding's novels is also deserving of notice. 'All this sort of books have the same fault, which I cannot easily pardon, being very mischievous. They place a merit in extravagant passions, and encourage young people to hope for impossible events, to draw them out of the misery they chose to plunge themselves into expecting legacies from unknown relations and generous benefactors to distressed virtue, as much out of nature as fairy treasures.' The moral tendency of this work seems, on the whole, of a low character, and by no means fitted to raise our opinions, either of the writer or the age in which he lived. As a picture of the latter, we consider the work as chiefly valuable, forming as it does a kind of land-mark to show the progress of society. Tom Jones has been said to represent Fielding himself, and Sophia Western his wife; and it can hardly be doubted that many of the incidents were taken from real life. The work was dedicated to Mr (afterwards Lord) Lyttelton, to whom Fielding seems to have been frequently under great obligations. In the dedication, he also expresses his acknowledgments for the 'princely benefactions' of the Duke of Bedford; and of a third person, not named, but thought to be Mr Ralph Allen, praised by Pope as one who 'did good by stealth and blushed to find it fame.' Tom Jones was soon translated into French in an abridged form, and published; but the sale of it was stopped by an arrest from the council of state, probably on account of its supposed immoral tendency.

Fielding seems to have again married before this time, but no particular account of this event remains. In 1751, he published his *Amelia*, who is also said to have been intended for his first wife, as Booth was for the author himself. In this work, his powers of invention and fervour of imagination were evidently failing. The picture it presents of dissipation, ingratitude, and misery, only excites our disgust, and it is far less attractive as a whole than his former novel. It was also less favourably received by the public; and Fielding announced his intention to undertake no more works of a similar character, in a periodical in which he was again engaged. This was the *Covent Garden Journal*, published twice a-week, which, like its predecessors, contained many attacks on contemporary periodicals. He continued to manage this paper for ten months, when his health compelled him to discontinue it. In 1752, he also published a tract on the State of the Poor, and the best means of providing for their wants, of amending their morals, and rendering them useful to society. In this he partly recommends

the scheme which has since been adopted in England, especially the erection of a large workhouse for the reception of the idle and those destitute of employment.

Fielding's active and busy life was now drawing to a conclusion. Dropsy, jaundice, and asthma at once attacked his already weakened constitution. In August, 1753, he was advised to try the effect of the Bath waters, but was detained by examining into the circumstances of five different murders, which had been committed in London in one week, by gangs of street robbers. He then received a letter from the Duke of Newcastle, the prime minister, requiring his attendance on business of importance. He at first excused himself on account of disease; but had to comply with a second requisition. The minister wished to consult him on the means of suppressing the numerous robberies and murders committed on the streets of the metropolis. He drew up a method in writing, which was approved of by the privy council, and the author appointed to carry it into execution. This office his pecuniary embarrassments induced him to accept, though the whole sum allowed was only £800; and he performed it so effectually, as in a few weeks to extirpate those gangs of daring villains who had before reigned, almost without control, in the metropolis and its vicinity. The necessary exertions, however, reduced him to the last extremity of weakness, and he was obliged to resign his office to his brother John, who, though blind from his infancy, published several tracts on law, and discharged the duties of justice of the peace, with singular zeal and activity, till his death in 1780. Fielding then retired to the country, and tried several remedies, among others that of tar-water, so strongly recommended by Bishop Berkeley, but all without effect. As a last resource, he was advised to try a warm climate, and left England for Lisbon in the end of June, 1754. He was now deprived of the use of his limbs, and his whole appearance was strongly marked by disease. He was with difficulty conveyed on board the ship, amidst the inhuman jests of the sailors and watermen. The vessel was detained in the river by contrary winds, and afterwards remained some days on the Isle of Wight, so that it was the 10th of August before he reached Lisbon. Here he lingered for about two months, having died in October, 1754, in the 48th year of his age. So much was he already forgotten, that it is said no notice of his death is to be found in any of the periodical works of the day.

In person Fielding was above six feet high, and of a remarkably strong and robust constitution, till it was broken up by the gout and other consequences of his dissipation. His character may be understood from this sketch of his history. He was at all times remarkable for his gaiety and love of pleasure; but in his latter years, at least, these alternated with fits of peevishness and bad temper. His kindheartedness frequently degenerated into imprudence, and his generosity was often exerted at the expense of justice. Most of his misfortunes and vices arose from his levity of disposition, fondness for society, improvidence, and extravagance. These led him into difficulties, subjected him to dependence on his friends or public men, so as to destroy all freedom of action or opinion. The following remarks of one of his biographers contain all perhaps that can be said for his character:—'In short, our author was unhappy not vicious in his nature; in his understanding lively yet solid; rich in invention, yet a lover of real science; an observer of mankind, yet a scholar of enlarged reading; a spirited enemy, yet an indefatigable friend; a satirist of vice and evil manners, yet a lover of mankind; a useful citizen; a polished and instructive wit; and a magistrate zealous for the order and welfare of the community which he served.' He has been extolled for his tenderness and constancy to his wife and the strongest affection to his children, yet this must be qualified by the fact that he involved both in poverty, and left the latter dependent on the bounty of his friends. His whole history is indeed a warning lesson of the evils that vice and imprudence entail on their votaries. Not only did they ruin his constitution and health, exhaust

his fortune, impede all his endeavours to restore his affairs, and blast his happiness and character while living, but have since his death injured his reputation as an author, and greatly diminished that fame which his genius might justly have won. As his cousin Lady Mary Wortley Montague truly says, 'He would have approached nearer to his excellence, if not forced by necessity to publish without correction, and to throw many productions into the world he would have thrown into the fire, if he could have been got without money, or money without scribbling.' And the same evil fortune attends him still; the licentious and immoral nature of many portions of his writings, though it might gain them a temporary popularity, has destroyed its permanence, and renders them unfit for the perusal of a large portion of society. Though scarce a century has elapsed since their publication, the taste and moral feeling of the mass of the reading public has far outgrown them; and all their wit, humour, and genius hardly secure them from that oblivion to which their faults seem destined to condemn them.

THE INFLUENCE OF FAITH UPON INTELLECTUAL CHARACTER.*

In this age, so far removed from the influence of ancient opinions, and among a people so eminently practical as we are, any allusion to a faith which controlled the nations twenty or thirty centuries ago, may appear like the pedantry of a school-boy, or at least be considered an unwise attempt to draw off the mind from its active duties in the real world, to wander among the visions of an purely ideal.

A belief in the invisible has very little direct influence upon our nation. Indeed, Protestant Christendom yields but slightly to any impressions from the spiritual world. This is a matter of fact era, and facts, with us, are such truths as can be tested by the senses. Whatever can be touched and seen and used moreover, for some profitable purpose, is allowed to have a real being. A railroad, or a steam-boat, or a cotton-factory, or a bond and mortgage, or bank-notes at par, or coin, they are veritable things. A man may believe in them and not be called a dreamer, or a fanatic; but whosoever will not shut, 'these are thy gods, O Israel,' is stared at as a relic of the stupid past.

If we were called upon to name the one great fact of modern times, the truth most interesting to all classes, we should mention 'available funds' as decidedly, and without a rival, holding the first place in the human mind. Mammon and Philosophy have preached a crusade against all spiritual things, and they have well nigh hunted them from the earth. There are no fairies now to make their homes in the flower cups, to sleep under the shadow of a leaf, or to revel by moonlight on the green sward. The good genii have been banished, the witches have all been exorcised, and the land has rest. It was said of Cervantes, that he 'smiled Spain's chivalry away.' Thus Mammon and Philosophy have sneered at of existence that unseen world, which once presented many wonders and beauties to the imagination of man. Even the nurses have been compelled to invent new stories wherewith to frighten the young. The infant philosopher will smile in contempt at wizards and fairies, and speak of a ghost as an optical illusion. It will be said, perhaps, this is well: the spirits which flitted in the twilight of paganism must of course be banished by the beams of true religion. It is well; blessed be our Redeemer for disenchanted the world. But though we grant this, there still remains a question of deep importance to the present age. Are we not in danger of forgetting that the presence and power of that false system which once ruled the nation, demonstrate the existence of a spiritual world, which is not a falsehood, but a solemn and enduring reality? The counterfeit is the representative of the genuine coin.

* From the American Biblical Repository.

in the eager and praiseworthy attempt to release the mind from the thralldom of the ancient superstition, have we not, in a measure, banished the false and the true together? As the fantastic shapes of the Grecian mythology melted away, have we not forgotten the substance of which they were the distorted reflection?

In speaking of the influence of faith upon the intellect, we do not propose to confine our remarks to *evangelical faith*, but shall speak of that general belief which links the soul to a spiritual world and binds it to a hereafter. For our first illustration, we turn to those nations with whose mental powers, with whose poetry, and eloquence, and excellence in the fine arts, and religious belief and institutions, every scholar is familiar—the Romans and the Greeks.

One of the most significant facts connected with the aganism of Greece and Rome is, that beneath its influence the intellect of man towered upward in more gigantic proportions than it has elsewhere reached on earth, with one single exception. As an intellectual being man was then 'soaring in his pride of place.' In whatever depends simply upon the powers of the understanding, the Greek and Roman are accounted giants still.

If we would be charmed with those creations of poetry, which have their birthplace in the highest heaven of invention, we must ascend to those former times when an invocation to Calliope was something more than a classic formula; when the soul of the poet was under the full influence of a spell whose power over the world is gone. If we would be moved by an eloquence which cannot die while human nature endures, we must sit at the feet of those masters who lived before the light of Christianity trembled over the marbles of the Acropolis; before Paul had explained its principles to the Athenian senate, or reached in the household of Cæsar.

In power and grandeur of thought, the philosophers of aganism have never been surpassed by uninspired men, and modern art has not been able to throw over the sculptured form that matchless grace which floats round even the mutilated fragments which Time has spared from Greece. These are significant facts, and it is certainly worthy of serious inquiry, whether this mental excellence was gained independently of the false religion with which it was cotemporary; whether it was reached in spite of the adverse influences of heathenism, or whether there was some element in the pagan system which stimulated into gigantic growth and vigorous exercise the intellect of man? Is there any thing in Christianity which forbids, or even hinders the widest expansion, the loftiest achievement of the human mind? We deem these questions of unspeakable importance; for unless it can be shown that Christianity is superior to the ancient religion in its power to develop and strengthen even the intellect, how shall we commend it as a revelation from God, adapted to the *whole nature of man*?

In order that we may more easily form an opinion in regard to these interesting inquiries, we shall call the reader's attention a moment to some of the more important features of the religion of Greece and Rome, not with the idea of imparting instruction upon these points, but that all our memories may be refreshed with truths from which we propose hereafter to draw some important conclusions.

Let us, however, examine these systems as they appeared in the earlier, rather than the later periods of these governments—as they have been represented by their purest and noblest men; nor must we forget that in the later times of luxury and corruption, this religion had very little influence upon the public mind. In fact, a majority of at least the higher classes considered the whole as a dream of the poet or a contrivance of the priest. They were infidels in regard to their own pagan system. In its purest and original form, this religion presented the idea of One Supreme Being, Creator and Governor of all things; a Being of unbending justice, the rewarder of the good, and swift to avenge himself upon the workers

self in the concerns of mortals; the hearer and answerer of prayer. The immortality of the soul was another article in this creed. Tartarus burned with everlasting fire for the wicked, and for the virtuous it provided an eternity of joy. We discover also the idea of a universal law, emanating from the Supreme Being, clothed with his authority, and binding every intelligent creature. For every transgression of this law, justice demanded satisfaction—an *atonement*. In addition to the One Supreme Being, the Greeks and Romans, as all are aware, peopled heaven and earth with a race of spiritual creatures; lesser gods, benevolent and evil. The air, the woods, the waters, were all swarming with these imaginary beings; and if we look at the general theory of this system, rather than its absurd details, we may perhaps discover that modern philosophy has yet to prove that its own teachings approach nearer to the true economy of the spiritual world.

For the sake of an inference to be used hereafter, will the reader dwell, a moment, with us upon the characters of some of the spiritual dwellers in that ancient world? That was a delicate conception of the gentle hamadryad, born with the opening bud, who had her home for ever among the branches; whose shriek of terror sometimes mingled with the sound of the woodman's axe, and whose harmless life ended with that of the tree over whose destiny it had unceasingly watched. There was the home of a nymph in the shadow of every grot, and by the mosses of every fountain. There were spirits who guided the husbandman in his labours, who protected his flocks, and guarded them from the evil spirit's eye. There were those who watched over the springing grain, to cherish the tender blade, to shield it from mildew and blight, and to make effectual the influence of the dew, the shower, and the sunbeam, in bringing to maturity the ripening ear. The spirit of the storms was heard abroad upon the mountains, uprooting the forests with his mighty breath, and the song of the sea-nymph floated over the moonlit sea. Each individual was thought to have a good and evil spirit to attend him through life, and he was fortunate or otherwise as one or the other, for the time, obtained control over his destiny. What a beautiful and touching idea was that of the Lares, the spirits of departed friends, watching over those whom they loved on earth; giving full power to the holy and purifying belief, that the departed, the loved, are still lingering by our sides unseen, our spirit-guardians, attending with sleepless eye and holy affection all our wandering steps, or watching beside our pillows! The inhabitants of the unseen world were more numerous than those of the visible; and every operation of the natural world, from the opening of a flower to the heaving of an earthquake and the rush of the whirlwind, was under their supervision; and every interest of man, from the protection of the sleeping infant to the planting and uprooting of a kingdom, was in some sort subjected to the ministration of these spirits by the Supreme Governor of all. The Greek knew little of that 'philosophical god,' the 'laws of nature,' and therefore he referred to direct spiritual agency the phenomena of earth and sky.

With the fall of paganism, and the introduction of Christianity, these viewless beings were banished, though gradually, from the earth. The nymph lingered long by the secluded fountain, and a dim belief in various spiritual creatures walking the earth and waters, is to be traced through modern Europe. But they are all gone now; the last gentle spirit has departed, and philosophy has decided that they were all but shadowy creations of the poetic dream, and our faith is narrowed down to the visible, tangible, *profitable* things. The error has been effectually destroyed and abandoned. It remains to be seen whether modern philosophy, in performing this work, has not outrun the commands of the Bible, and lost sight of a most important truth.

Let us first inquire, Whence did the Greek and Roman derive that complicated system of which we have spoken, which overshadowed all society with its influence, and was interwoven alike with life's grandest and minutest con-

or was it a distorted shadow of something real, something purer than itself? The last supposition is undoubtedly the true one. It is wholly inconceivable that the human mind, unsettled by revelation, could have formed any such conceptions of a world which in no point comes under the observation of the senses, and in regard to which reason can form no definite conclusions. Imagination has no power equal to the creation of such a world as has been opened to the eye of faith, and we are compelled to search for a religious system embracing three worlds, in other regions than the imagination of man.

We have already spoken of some important doctrines which are discoverable amid the rubbish of the ancient mythology; a belief in One Supreme Being, in the immortality of the soul, in future rewards and punishments; a punishment in fire which was eternal, an everlasting home of happiness for the good; in an all-embracing divine law, and the necessity of a satisfaction—an atonement for transgression. These doctrines, as they were then believed, were so strictly in accordance, in their general features, with the teachings of the Bible, that we cannot resist the idea, that both have been derived from some common origin. But what was that origin? How shall we trace back the corrupted stream as it flowed through Greece and Rome to the original well-springs whence the truths of the Bible were drawn? Rejecting as improbable the hypothesis that the early Grecian tribes derived it from their intercourse with the Jews, we adopt another. The religious system of Greece and Rome bears marks of a more venerable antiquity. It seems to date its beginnings further back than the exodus; it appears to strike its roots far upward toward the beginnings of time. We believe this religious system had its origin in the earliest revelations given by God to man. We refer it to the primitive instruction vouchsafed to Adam, preserved by the teachings of the antediluvian patriarchs, handed across the waters of the deluge by Noah, and again preserved in the far East, with more or less mingling of idolatrous rites, till the calling of Abraham, and finally lost, among the Jews, in the clearer light of the written word and the Mosaic economy. As the families of the earth divided after the deluge, and leaving Shinar wandered westward in search of a home, they carried with them this primitive belief, at first a direct revelation from heaven, but gradually corrupted by the wickedness of the natural heart, and obscured from age to age, until it became that foul and abominable thing, which polluted earth and disgraced man at the period of the Saviour's advent.

If, then, we have given a correct idea of the origin of the principal features of doctrine which are half hidden, half revealed, amid the rubbish of paganism, to what source shall we trace a belief in those crowds of spiritual creatures with which the fervid imagination of the Greeks had peopled their beautiful land? Was this a dream, a mere fiction; or may we refer this spiritual supervision of earthly things, this mingling of good and evil spirits in human affairs, to some source in the region of truth? Is this simply a corruption of some important doctrine—some revelation once made by God to man? We have no doubt that the latter is true, and that in all the lesser deities of the ancient world, in the good and evil spirits that swarmed in air, or walked the earth, we have but a monstrous corruption of an original truth—one of the most beautiful and interesting doctrines of Scripture—the ministration of angels. 'Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister unto the heirs of salvation?' Setting aside the absurdity of the details of the ancient system, and looking only at the general theory, we consider its correspondence to the teachings of Scripture remarkable and important. From the views here presented, we are, perhaps, better prepared to judge of the influence of such a system upon the intellectual character.

The Greek and Roman, but more especially the Greek, lived and acted under an all-pervading sense of the reality of a spiritual world. Such was the power of his faith, that the unseen was to him a verity, and his soul neces-

sarily around him. His soul on glowing wings rose upward to the abodes of the gods, and there he held converse with beings of unconquerable might, of majestic form, of matchless beauty, of indescribable grace of motion; whose eloquence was irresistible in its power to awe, instruct, or win; whose music could tame a fury's heart, and beat all heaven with rapture. These to the Grecian soul were parts of the real creation as much as the visible things. These were the associates of his spirit; with them he held entrancing communion. By the very necessities of the mental constitution he became assimilated to his celestial companions, in proportion to the power and vividness of his faith. By the power of association he was changed into their image. His actions were moulded by this belief in the invisible; his thoughts were coloured with brightness from above. He had standards, models of thought and action, higher than himself. He lived each day amid the creations of his faith, and heaven came down to him in his dreams. We do not pretend that such a belief could purify the corrupted heart, or open the way of salvation. We speak only of its effect upon the intellect, and we deem it not extravagant to assert, that the Greek was intellectually great, because of his strong living faith in the reality of a spiritual world—something more enduring, more excellent than earth. From that source he derived whatever was excellent in his character, whatever was great in his achievements. That faith enabled him to make the marble speak, and the canvass breathe; and that was the Castalian fount where his spirit drank the inspiration of poetry. He saw, it must be admitted, a dim distorted shadow, but it was cast from the true substance; it was a faint reflection from that light so clearly revealed in the Bible. His faith raised his soul above the carnal and the earthly, and brought it into habitual communion with the spiritual, the invisible, partially revealing the beautiful and the true.

We now return, a moment, to the consideration of our own age and its characteristics. We feel constrained to express the belief that it is sadly wanting in that most powerful of all the quickeners of the intellect, a strong controlling faith in the realities of the spiritual world. It is an era of physical rather than spiritual life. We hear of an iron age, of a golden age; this age is of the earth, earthy. The fires on our altars burn low, and the vision is dim. In Mammon's 'chambers of imagery' the young men and the ancient burn incense and adore. Gram has forgotten his vocation; he has come down from his heavenward soarings, and walks a 'merchant upon change.' He has grown fat, with aldermen, on turtle soup, and is busy 'in the cotton trade and sugar line.' Instead of walking with Milton on the 'mount of God,' he writes sonnets to the swiftest steam-boat, and manufactures 'to order' villainous rhymes upon political candidates.

Could we suppose a Greek of the olden time, and a modern utilitarian now walking the earth in company, we might perhaps imagine their differing thoughts and feelings. On the banks of some stream where the Greek would recognise the home of some river god, or the haunt of some nymph of the fountains, the modern would simply calculate the value of the water power. Where the Greek would gaze from some eminence, enraptured with the mingling glories of earth and sky, of ocean, mount, and river, the modern would consider the expediency of a railroad, and the possibility of a successful speculation in the lots of a lithographic city. While the Greek would listen for the voice of the hamadryad in the branching oak, the modern would cut it down for a steam-boat. While the Greek would seek the forum that he might yield himself to the fascination of eloquence or song, the modern would visit the exchange and start a joint stock corporation for a factory or a bank. The Greek would mark the bounding animal, and study the elegant proportions and the graces of its attitudes, in order that he might transfer them to the canvass, or reproduce them in the marble; the modern would estimate the value of the skin for leather, the flesh for food, the entrails for musical instruments, the horns and hoofs for buttons and combs.

and the swans of Venus, and Juno's more gorgeous fowl, the modern would shoot them all and stuff them for a museum.

This may seem to partake of the spirit of caricature, and yet it embodies a most important truth. It shows that the prevailing spirit of our times is, to provide for the wants of our physical being, while the spiritual life and the means of promoting it are comparatively overlooked and forgotten. The wants of the body, these are the objects of science; these are the end of improvement. The soul is the body's slave, and its mighty energies are tasked by night and by day to devise means and processes, by which the lordly, lazy body may be swiftly transported, delicately clothed, sumptuously fed. The relation of body and soul in this age might be not unaptly represented by Dives, for the body, faring sumptuously, in fine linen and purple, while the soul should be seen harnessed to his carriage, sawing his wood and cooking his dinner.

(To be concluded in next Number.)

THE SNOW-STORM.

BY G. E. SARGENT.

"The only son of his mother, and she was a widow.

MARTIN RAY and his mother lived in a lonely cottage on Blackstone Flat. So lonely, indeed, was this cottage, that many days often passed without a stranger being seen in its neighbourhood. The nearest house to the Widow Ray's, and the only one besides on the flat—which was a wide tract of almost uncultivated moorland—was half a mile distant, and inhabited by a young shepherd and his wife, who lived there for the convenience of tending a flock of sheep belonging to the owner of the moor. But lonely as was the place, Martin Ray and his mother were not lonely. No one who chanced to be passing over the desolate moor, but would have chosen to stop for a minute to ask a trifling question of the cheerful widow, who might often be seen sitting at her wheel or her needlework at the little cottage-door. Or, if the widow were not to be seen, the stranger's attention would very possibly be arrested by the open-faced, curly-headed boy who might be seen sometimes reading out of a tattered book, sometimes playing with a little brown terrier, his own property, or at others, digging with might and main the little strip of garden-ground that separated the cottage from the moor. More than one traveller who had happened to pass that way had solicited the guidance of little Martin to the edge of the flat, or to the nearest by-road, that he might indulge his curiosity, and at the same time his benevolence: the former, by inducing the boy to talk of his mother and himself; the latter, by offering a small gratuity for the service.

Yes; the mother of Martin Ray was a poor widow. The stroke that had many years before taken from the young wife and infant child a kind husband and fond father, had deprived them also of their only earthly stay, and removed them from their comfortable farm to a lonely cottage on Blackstone Flat. 'But,' said Ellen Ray, when she talked of her losses and trials—'I have never been forsaken; I have never known what want means. The Lord has promised to be a father to the fatherless, and a husband to the widow; and I have found it so.'

'But are you not lonesome?' her friend inquired.

'Lonesome!' was Ellen's reply; 'oh, no; I never feel lonesome; I have got my Bible and my boy, and always plenty of work. It would be a shame to feel lonesome.'

And lonesome she was not. Many a cottage, and many a mansion too, might have been searched, and searched in vain, for a happier heart than Ellen Ray's.

At the time when the following events took place, Martin was ten years old. It was winter, and a cold wind blew across the wide, unenclosed flat. It was on the morning of a Sabbath-day, and the widow had more than once opened her cottage-door, and looked carefully all around,

thankfulness that she and her boy had a warm fireside to cheer them amidst the dreariness of the outward scene. She had looked out for the third time when Martin made his appearance from the chamber above, warmly equipped, as it appeared, for some distant expedition. A rough great-coat was buttoned up to his chin, under which were tied the flaps of a fur cap, so as to protect his ears and face. He was drawing on his thick worsted gloves as he entered the room below.

'Well, Martin,' said his mother, and there was a slight shade of anxiety on her countenance as she spoke, 'I think it is right you should go; but I am afraid there is a storm coming on.'

'Oh, mother,' the boy replied, 'I don't care for a little wetting; besides my greatcoat will keep out all the rain.' 'Yes, but your boots won't keep out much, Martin,' and Ellen looked sorrowfully at the well-patched, but well-worn pair which he had on; 'but, after all, I think you ought to go; so here is your dinner,' and she reached down a little basket that hung from the ceiling; 'and here are the gloves that I have knit for the minister. Give my respects to him, and tell him that I hope he will be pleased to accept them, and that they will keep his hands warm through the cold weather; and say that I should have been at the meeting only that I have not quite got over my poorness, and that I am almost afraid to venture so far while the weather is so sharp. And, Martin, you will make haste home as soon as the afternoon service is over, for it soon gets dark these short days.'

These various messages, accompanied by an affectionate farewell, having been given and received, the little fellow strode sturdily across the cheerless waste; and the mother, after watching his progress awhile, returned to her fireside, and reaching down an old volume from her small book-shelf, began to read.

The meeting-house towards which Martin Ray was bending his steps, was situated in a small village, about five miles from that part of Blackstone Flat on which the widow's house was built. It was a venerable old building that same meeting-house, and larger than might have been expected for such a small and scattered place. It had been raised in times of persecution, when dissenters were not permitted to meet for the worship of God in cities and towns, and were thus driven to distant and obscure villages, where they would be safer from the cruel and unjust law. And when at length better times came, the old meeting-house, which had been to many as a tabernacle in the wilderness, was not deserted. Oh, it is even now a pleasant sight, while standing on the rising ground which overlooks that old meeting-house, to see, on a fine Sabbath morning, the crowds of well-dressed people flocking from every part of the country around towards the time-honoured sanctuary; and to notice the variety of equipages called into requisition by the more distant worshippers, from the farmer's open cart, drawn by a rough uncombed and untrimmed heavy draught-horse, to the gay chariot and pair, and drab liveries, of the rich country squire.

On the day of which we are writing, however, this animating scene was wanting. Before the time for service, a cold drizzling rain had set in, and instead of the numerous congregation of brighter days, a dreary array of pews with only here and there an occupant, presented itself to the view of the venerable minister as he ascended the pulpit to commence the accustomed devotions. The kind old man looked round on his diminished flock, and perhaps a sigh escaped him at the recollection that there had been a time when gospel privileges would have been too highly valued to be lightly foregone because of a passing shower. But the sigh was checked when his eye fell upon the slight form of little Martin, who had just entered the meeting-house, and was silently taking off his dripping cap and coat, preparatory to taking his accustomed seat near the door.

'Poor orphan,' thought the minister; 'who can tell

And when, after the morning service, the gentle little fellow delivered his mother's present and his mother's message, the good man was moved almost to tears. 'It is the widow's mite,' he said; 'and the widow's mite was never disregarded, and never will be. But you must not stay in the cold meeting-house to eat your dinner to-day; you must come with me, and get a good warm before the afternoon, and dry your coat ready to go home in; and I want to have a little talk with you, my boy.'

And proud was Martin to go to the minister's house, and sit at the minister's table, and warm himself by the fire; and more glad still was he to go into the minister's study, and speak about his hopes and his fears, his doubts and his sorrows; and lightened was his young heart to be assured that the words of the blessed Saviour were for him—'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

The shades of evening were rapidly closing in, and the mother once and again had opened the cottage-door, and strained her sight through the fast-falling snow, in expectation of her son's return. But she looked in vain; for so thickly was the air filled with the fast-descending flakes that her view was limited to a few yards at most from the door.

'Oh, dear, this is sad weather for the poor boy to be out in alone,' said the now disquieted mother to herself, as she piled fresh fuel upon the hearth, ready to warm his benumbed limbs at his return.

It was sad weather for a solitary wanderer—far more so than the poor widow imagined. As she had through the day been busied in her little domestic avocations, or reading her favourite volume by her cheerful fireside, she had, indeed, been conscious that the gloom of the morning had broken into a small drizzling mist; and that the mist had changed into a steady fall of snow; and she had been aware that the snow had continued to fall without intermission since it commenced. But she had not noticed how rapidly the moor around had been covered with its wintry robe; and how thickly this robe lay in its dazzling purity, while every minute added to the still increasing bulk. And she had not imagined it as interposing any serious obstacle to a bewildered traveller in his attempt to traverse the trackless waste. Still, she felt an uneasy sensation coming over her as minute after minute passed by, and her son yet exposed to the cold and discomfort of the storm.

An hour had passed heavily since the mother last looked, or tried to look, across the flat, for her absent boy. She had stirred the fire, and stirred it again; she had put on the kettle of cold water, and now it boiled; she had lighted her candle, and now it was one-fourth burned away; she had tried to read, but her thoughts wandered to the snow-covered moor.

'Sure he must be near at hand now,' she thought; and she once more opened her door. The candle was in her hand, but in a moment she was left in darkness. A sharp frosty blast had extinguished the light, and, at the same time, half covered her with large flakes of driven snow. 'Oh, this is terrible!' she exclaimed; 'to think of poor Martin being out in such weather as this—and so dark too.'

And then the thought first came to her that Martin might lose his way. She hastily shut the door again, and with almost frantic eagerness re-lighted her candle—and then another—and another, and placed them on the sill of her casement window. Such an illumination the cottage walls had never before known; three candles burning at once!

Again Helen Ray approached the door, and, opening it more carefully than before, succeeded in placing herself on the outside of her cottage and closing the door behind her, without disturbing the flickering lights. She did not feel the chilling cold nor the falling snow. What mother cares for cold or snow in comparison with the safety and comfort of an only child—and that mother a widow? This mother did not; but, rapidly passing through her little garden enclosure, she placed her foot on the moor beyond it. And now she discovered how active the ele-

ments had been. The low fence of her garden had prevented much accumulation within; but the first step beyond, and her foot sank deep into the yielding mass.

'It is drifted here,' she thought; 'it ~~must~~ be drifted; it cannot be so deep all over the flat.' But no, every succeeding footstep sank deeper still. At about twenty steps from her enclosure she stopped, and placing her hands so as to screen her eyes, she tried to look through the surrounding gloom; but in vain. Nothing was visible but a dim haze above, and a still more dim circle a few feet around her. She turned to see what effect the lights in her window produced at that small distance; but her cottage and the lights were alike invisible. This was fearful: she felt her utter helplessness, and traced, with difficulty, her way back again; but not before she had again and again shouted the name of her son, in the hope of her voice reaching his ear. But she heard no voice in reply.

'I have but one resource left,' she thought, as she re-entered her cottage; 'but that resource will not fail me, for *He* is a very present help in time of trouble;' and she poured out broken but heart-felt petitions for the safety of her beloved son.

Another half-hour, and her trembling watchings were disturbed by a distant call. Once more she stood on the threshold of her cottage, and bent forward in the direction whence it had appeared to proceed. It was repeated, and answered by her, and presently a dim light was visible through the gloom. She rushed forward—alas! it was not her boy, but her neighbour, the shepherd, with a lantern in his hand.

'Blessings on you, dame, for your light,' was his first salutation; 'though I very nearly ran against your house before I saw it. I never knew such a night as this before, anyhow.'

'Is it so very bad?' asked the poor anxious woman. 'You have not seen my poor boy anywhere, have you, shepherd?'

'What!' exclaimed the man; 'you don't say that little Martin is out such a night as this?'

'He went to meeting this morning, and is not come home yet.'

'Mercy on him, then, poor little fellow!' muttered the shepherd. 'Why, dame,' he continued; 'he will never find his way home if he is out alone. I was lost myself when I ran against your palings, and thought I was a mile the other way.'

Ellen turned deadly pale.

'But cheer up, dame, most likely he stopped somewhere on the road. I should say they kept him at the parsonage when they saw what a night was coming on. It would not be the first time they have done such a thing.'

Ellen shook her head despondingly.

'Why, I would not,' continued the shepherd, 'have turned out such a night as this, only one of my sheep, poor thing, was missing, when I housed the flock; and I have been hunting after it these two hours; but I can't find it anywhere.'

'And to think of poor Martin being out in the snow, shepherd,' sobbed the afflicted widow.

The shepherd felt the appeal. 'You are right, dame; you are right. A Christian is worth more than a sheep, anyhow, setting aside it's your Martin. I will go out and find him if I can, dame.'

'Bless you for your kindness. I will go with you, shepherd.'

'You, dame!' expostulated the man; but Ellen would not be denied.

'Where is Rover?' asked the shepherd, as they went about to close the door behind them.

'Asleep by the fire, poor fellow.'

'Then let us have him with us; he may do more good than the two of us besides.'

'So Rover was called, and thus attended the afflicted mother and her good-natured companion cautiously and painfully traversed the moor to a considerable distance, and, as near as they could guess, in the direction from

which the boy would return. But the still fast falling snow almost blinded them, as well as covered or shut out all the usual landmarks, and it was only by guess that they could proceed. When compelled to pause for a moment to rest, the shepherd filled the air with his loud and animating shouts; but still without success.

After spending nearly two hours in this vain search, and as they were endeavouring—dispirited and hopeless—to retrace their fast disappearing footmarks, they were roused by the loud barking of Rover at a little distance from them.

'It is he!' exclaimed the widow, and darted forward into the mist; 'Martin, my boy—my poor boy—where are you? Oh, mercy! he is lying on the cold snow.'

There was, indeed, a dingy white form stretched, apparently senseless, there, the little dog standing by, and, having called attention to it by his barking, was now endeavouring to arouse it by caresses.

'Poor thing,' said the shepherd, stooping down; but this is not your Martin, dame; it is my poor stray sheep; saying which, he threw it upon his shoulder, while the feeble struggle which showed that life yet remained, told also of the state of weakness to which the exposure had reduced it.

'Well, dame,' continued the kind-hearted man, 'I can't see that we can do any more good. If we could, I would search all night. But there can't be a doubt that Martin has found shelter somewhere, and will come home in the morning safe and sound. He has more sense than a sheep, you know, to lie down in the snow to perish.'

It was, indeed, too evident that the task was a hopeless one; and having with difficulty found their way back to the cottage, the shepherd went homeward, promising to all as soon as it should be light in the morning, to see whether Martin had returned, and if not to go to the distant village to meet him.

The poor widowed mother was thus left alone in her sorrow: but a gleam of hope had beamed upon her soul. 'Why,' thought she, 'should I despair of my son? Did not Providence direct us to that poor sheep? And was not that as much as to say, I will take care of your boy? Yes; not a hair of his head can fall to the ground without my Father's permission. Besides, is it not likely to be the shepherd says, that the kind minister saw what a sight was coming on, and so kept him at the parsonage?'

With this consolation, then, we will leave Ellen Ray, or see what was really become of her boy.

When the afternoon congregation of the village meeting-house separated, the little boy, in obedience to his mother's injunctions, hastily slipped on his greatcoat, and tying its cap under his chin, prepared manfully to face the storm. The first mile of his walk lay along the public road; this he accomplished without much difficulty, though the snow was, in many places, more than knee deep. But the hedge by the roadside served as a screen from the wind, and prevented the accumulation of drifts. He soon had to leave this friendly shelter behind him, and to strike across the fields, through which a rude footpath conducted to the edge of the flat, at about two miles distant from his mother's cottage. Martin paused at the stile which led into the fields, to take breath and to save himself for more strenuous exertions than had yet been called forth. It was a cheerless prospect that lay before him: the pathway hidden deep beneath the surface of the snow; the evening rapidly gathering in; and the stillness storm driving full in his face. But though the way was long and the prospect disheartening, his heart was happy within him, and he went on his way rejoicing.

Guided by the well-known hedgerows, which yet appeared above the surface of the snow, like rocks lifting their tops above the waves, little Martin at length, and after having twice to retrace his course, arrived at the borders of the flat. Here he knew he must leave behind all visible assistance. It had taken him nearly two hours to advance thus far, and night had now set in. He was very much fatigued, too, by the difficulties he had already met with; but still he kept on cheerily, and, commanding himself to the protection of his invisible yet almighty

Friend, and with thoughts of his mother and his home, he pressed onward over the flat.

One hour—two hours—more—thus passed away; but still his home was unattained. Poor child! the trembling tear drops began to mingle with the cold snow-flakes which beat upon his pallid cheeks; and the cold shiver of despair convulsed his lips, as he sat down upon a hardened drift to rest his wearied limbs. He soon rose again upon his legs, for he felt them already numbened by the momentary inaction, and he was conscious of the approaches of that sickening drowsiness which he had heard had proved fatal to many a poor snow-bewildered traveller; and it was hard to resign himself so soon and so suddenly to the hand of death. No, he would make one effort more. He tried to run; but besides the depth to which he sunk at every step, he found that he was not equal to the exertion. And where could he run, or where could he even walk? He had lost all idea of his course, and knew not in which direction to turn his farther footsteps. Still he staggered on, until his progress was all at once arrested by a hedge, into which he had nearly fallen before he perceived it. Martin knew that the nearest hedge to his mother's cottage was that which he had, as he thought, left behind him two long miles.

'It is of no use to try any more,' he said, in the agony of his disappointment, and the warm tears gushed fast from his eyes. 'God help my poor mother, and comfort her, and take me to heaven;' and then he laid himself down to die.

A few minutes more, and the sleep of death would have sealed his eyes for ever: but help was near. He had but just sunk upon the snow when he became conscious of a sniffling noise near him; and he raised his head to listen. At that moment the cold nose of a dog was thrust into his face, and a low growl from the animal was heard. Then a rough-looking head was thrust from what appeared to be a large snow-drift, at the foot of which the boy had lain down, and a voice was heard calling the dog away.

'Help, help!' cried Martin, in the loudest voice he could command; and at the cry, the man sprang forward, and in a moment held the boy in his arms. In another moment Martin was breathing the warm atmosphere of a gipsy's travelling cart.

'It was a lucky thing for you that I put my cart up here, young master,' said the gipsy, as he sat little Martin down upon a heap of rags beside the stove, in which a bright fire was burning. But the poor boy had no power to answer, for the sudden change from cold to heat was too much for his strength: he had fainted.

'Get some snow, Jem, and rub him with it,' said a female, who was hushing a child to sleep in her arms. 'Poor boy,' she continued, as she laid down her own child to give her attention to the stranger, 'you had nearly caught a cold death of it.'

The application recommended by the woman was effectual in restoring the wanderer to his senses; and he was soon sleeping comfortably and safely on the coarse bed which the gipsies kindly made up for him.

Two days had passed by and Ellen had heard no tidings of her boy. The shepherd, according to his promise, had started early on the day after the storm to the village in search of him. But he returned after several hours, and declared that the fields beyond the flat were quite impassable. The snow had continued falling through the whole of the night, and was drifted, in many places, to the depth of ten or twelve feet above the surface of the ground, and he had been compelled to return.

'Did you see no footmarks?' asked the disconsolate mother.

'No; our own footmarks are quite covered.'

'God help my poor boy,' prayed Ellen; 'but, shepherd,' she continued, eagerly, 'how is the poor sheep that we found last night?'

'Well enough this morning, dame. I nursed her up when I got home; and now she is as brisk as any of the flock.'

'And why should I despair about poor Martin?' said the

widow; 'surely God would take care of him too. I know he can do it, and I believe he has done it, blessed be his name! But if he has thought fit to take him to himself, I will try to say, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.'

Now it was not an easy matter for Ellen Ray to say this, or to think it. Once before in her life, she had been called to the severest trial that, as an affectionate wife, she had thought could be laid upon her; but when the hour arrived, and she for the last time held the cold clammy hand of her dying husband between her own, she felt that all had been done that human skill and kindness could devise; she acknowledged the supreme right of her heavenly Father to take away—since it pleased him—the desire of her eyes; and she felt resigned to his will. Once in her life she had also sat by the cot of her orphan child, and, with the full expectation that every laboured breath would be his last, she had been enabled to say, 'Thy will be done.' But it seemed harder now. Then, she had expected, and prepared herself for the bereavement; now, it was sudden, unexpected, and fearful. To think of her tender boy sinking through weariness in the bitter night air, and finding an unpitied grave in the cold snow-wreath—it was dreadful. Yet she did try to say, 'Not my will, but thine be done.'

It was the evening of the second day. The shepherd had not forsaken his neighbour in her distress; he had made a fresh attempt, and with better success. By avoiding the snow-drifts, and thus making a circuit of several miles, he had been able, though with great difficulty and risk, to reach the village; and he had just returned to report his progress.

'But I cannot hear anything of the poor boy,' he said, 'only that the minister saw him leave the chapel before he could get to speak to him again; and the woman that lives at the half-way house is pretty sure she saw him go across the fields; but it was getting dark, and she cannot be certain that it was he. But the minister came back with me as far as Mr Hill's farm, and he is going to get some men there to look about over the flat, and other places, to see if they can light upon him.'

'The minister! May God reward him for his kindness to a poor widow; and you, too, shepherd: but, oh, if he should be found, and brought home stiff and cold——' she stopped, for she felt that she was beginning to rebel against her Father's will, and her Father's providence.

'And now, can I do anything else for you, dame?' continued the shepherd. 'I don't like to give it up while there is any hope left. I can't feel quite easy about the poor boy.'

A loud shout from the flat interrupted the mournful conference. The shepherd ran to the door; the mother fell back fainting in her chair. In another minute the arms of her living son were around her neck, and his warm tears and kisses soon restored her to consciousness. She looked around on the assembled group with a bewildered gaze. There was the white-haired minister, and his rustic attendants; and a little apart from them stood the rough gipsy attended by his faithful dog; and it was hard to say which of them all seemed most affected or best pleased with the scene. But the mother's eye rested not long on these; but, clasping her boy to her heart, she sobbed, in the ecstasy of her gladness, 'This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.'

A few words will explain the cause of Martin's lengthened absence. The poor little fellow had, in his wanderings of that terrible night, traversed the whole length of the flat, a distance, in a straight line, of more than six miles, to say nothing of the doublings and windings that he had probably made in his perplexing uncertainty. In the morning after his rescue by the gipsy, he discovered that he was four miles from home, stiff with fatigue, and the way blocked up by snow. The gipsies were kind to him; and on the following day, the man had yielded to Martin's anxiety to return home, and assisted him on the way, and thus fell in with the minister and his friends.

It was a heart-touching sermon that the kind old man

preached in the old meeting-house on the following Sabbath; and this was the text—'The only son of his mother, and she was a widow.'

RAMBLES IN LONDON.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

In noticing this interesting establishment on a previous occasion, a promise was made that the subject should be resumed; and still conceiving it to be worthy of such additional consideration, we now fulfil that engagement. Few objects, among the multitudes placed before the spectator in the institution, are likely, if we may judge from our own impressions, to arrest his attention so forcibly as a series of casts taken from the walls of the state-prisons in the Tower of London, and representing the inscriptions placed there by unhappy captives in other days. The history of these casts is rather singular. The keepers of the Tower, and other parties who ought to have felt an interest in the matter, had recklessly allowed these affecting memorials to become buried in whitewash and plaster, so that many were altogether undiscoverable, and the majority nearly illegible. A private lady, Miss Wilson, urged by an enthusiasm which does her honour, resolved to rescue these relics from oblivion ere it became too late, and was the more impelled to do so, in consequence of the great fire which destroyed part of the Tower buildings some years ago. She asked and obtained permission to wash and cleanse the walls on which the inscriptions were placed, and the result of her labours is to be found in the pretty numerous range of casts to which we have alluded. Thus we have preserved to us genuine historical autographs of Jane Grey, of the Dudleys who were involved in her sad fate, and of other prisoners whose names are recorded in our country's annals. To these we shall now advert individually.

One of the principal state-prison rooms of the Tower was situated in the Beauchamp Tower, a structure in the mid-part of the western side of the fortress, or that highest up the river. It derived its common name from Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, confined there as early as 1397; but sometimes it has been also called the Cobham Tower, from the Cobhams imprisoned by Queen Mary for sharing in the Wyatt conspiracy. On the dreary walls of this prison-chamber, then, are to be discovered the principal records, executed by their own hands of many eminent state-captives of English history, who, cruelly deprived of books and every similar solace, were glad to beguile their solitary hours by such rude carvings as a rusty nail, or some implement of the kind, permitted them to maké. Some, as Miss Wilson's casts testify, have left memorials of their faith; others recorded their names and dates of confinement; some have breathed forth sentiments of piety and resignation; others have shown a repining spirit; while another class, and these seemingly of prouder souls, have passed their lonely moments in sculpturing coats-of-arms and family cognisances. The most prominent of all the gravings in the Beauchamp Tower is one of the latter description. It is a large and rather well executed piece of sculpture, by John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, eldest son of John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, whose ambitious attempt to set aside the succession of the direct Tudor line in favour of Lady Jane Grey, wedded to his son Lord Guilford Dudley, brought himself to the scaffold, and his whole house to destruction. The carving represents the family cognisance of the bear and ragged staff, with the tail of a lion; the name of the sculptor in the spelling of that age; and, around the whole, a border formed of oak sprigs, roses, and two other kinds of flowers not easily recognisable. The following inscription completes the piece:—

'Yow that these beaests do wel behold and se,
May deme with ease wherefore here made they be,
With borders eke wherein
4 brothers names who list to seerche the ground.'

The imperfect or illegible portion of the sculpture may.

naturally be filled up with 'there may be found,' but the greater difficulty remains of discovering the emblems of the names of the graver's four brethren. They were called Ambrose, Robert, Guildford, and Henry. It has been conjectured that the roses are significative of the name of Ambrose, and that the sprigs of oak, in Latin *robur*, indicate the name of Robert. The remaining parts, however, are mysterious, and must be left as a puzzle for the ardent. The author of this remarkable device did not perish on the scaffold like his father, but his fate was little sadder. He died a prisoner in the Tower.

Another cast from the walls of the Beauchamp prison-chamber is even more interesting than the above, and chiefly from its extreme simplicity. The word *IANE* constitutes the whole inscription. The high and pure character of Lady Jane Grey, her learning and accomplishments, so rare in a female of that age, and her melancholy fate, have thrown a lasting charm over all connected with her name. It has been doubted whether this memorial of her imprisonment could be of her own handiwork; but, while no single good argument can be advanced against its authenticity, many reasons might be adduced on the other side. Jane was kept a close prisoner in the Tower for several months, and nothing was more natural than that she should have imitated the examples set before her by others in the same sad predicament. Does the single word 'Jane' indicate that she could not quite forget her 'high blood's royalty' even in her fall? There was another inscription placed by her on the Tower walls, if we may trust to a statement in Fox's Book of Martyrs:—

'Non aliena putes homini quæ obtingere possunt;
Sors hodierna mihi, eras erit illa tibi.'

Which may be thus Englished in spirit:

'Hold thee not safe from any mortal sorrow;
My fate to-day may be thine own to-morrow.'

But this inscription is not to be found among the casts from the Tower walls; and, indeed, is said to have been wholly obliterated.

Another interesting cast is taken from the stone over the fire-place, being the work of Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, eldest son of Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, who was beheaded in 1572, for aspiring to the hand of Mary Queen of Scots. Though only thirty years of age when first imprisoned, and newly married, the Earl of Arundel bore a tedious confinement of ten years with exemplary patience, notwithstanding that Queen Elizabeth endeavoured, again and again, to bend him from his religious faith, at one time by severity, denying him the sight of his wife, and his yet unseen infant son; and, at another time, by fair promises, offering him liberty, and the restoration of all his titles and estates, in the event of his compliance with her will. The pious nobleman preferred the prison-house, where he left these records of his feelings:

'Quæto plus afflictionis pro Christo in hoc seculo, tanto plus honoris cum Christo in futuro.

Gloria et honore cum coronasti Domine.
In memoria eterna eris justus.

For the pains of this world for Christ, it is a crown, for Christ to sustain the bonds of this world, the greatest glory is. Arundell. May 8, 1597.'

Thus in English:

'The greater the affliction borne for Christ in this world, the greater the glory with Christ in that to come.

With glory and honour thou hast crowned him Lord.

The just will be in eternal remembrance.

It is to bear bondage for sins is disgraceful, so, on the other hand, to endure the fetters of captivity for Christ is the highest glory.'

The title of Earl of Arundel has lately been revived in the Howard family, being in reality inalienable, parlia-

ment having adjudged it in the time of Henry VI. to be a local dignity, dependent on the possession of Arundel Castle; and the same Philip, mentioned above, notwithstanding the forfeiture, by his father, of the Dukedom of Norfolk, was summoned to Westminster among the other peers in right of his mother, the heiress of the ancient Earls of Arundel.

Several casts from the Beauchamp Tower present the name of Charles Bailly, a young man who seems to have suffered for his adherence to the cause of Mary of Scotland. He appears to have been a cultivated scholar, writing in Latin, French, and Italian, as well as in English. One piece of sculpture runs thus:

'I. H. R.

1571, die 10^a Aprilis.

Wise men ought circumspectly to see what they do; to examine before they speak; to prove before they take in hand; to beware whose company they use; and, above all things, to whom they trust.—Charles Bailly.

This language may be held, to hint at treachery suffered by the unfortunate captive, and several other short sentences point to something like the same conclusion. As for example, 'Be friend to one. Be enemy to none.' But he showed a resigned spirit at other times, as when he noted down the words—'The most unhappy man in the world is he that is not patient in adversities; for men are not killed with the adversities they have; but with ye impatience which they suffer.' A letter from Bailly, entreating a lenient consideration of his case, exists among the Burleigh papers, and that statesman seems to have procured his pardon. At least there is no further record of his confinement.

Not so fortunate was another individual whom these casts commemorate in the following brief terms: '1570. IHN STORE, DOCTOR.' This Dr Store, or Story, was a follower of the profession of the civil law, and a warm adherent of the Catholic faith, for which he was greatly favoured by Queen Mary, whose cruelties he is said to have encouraged. Having fled to Antwerp, he was there entrapped, brought to England, and condemned under Elizabeth. At the age of seventy, he suffered a most barbarous death, being hanged at Tyburn, cut down quickly, and disembowelled ere the life had left his body.

While many prisoners have left records, indicating the serious nature of their reflections in that prison-house from which few escaped with life in those days of stern severity, some few appear not to have forgotten the things dear to them in this world. Such was Thomas Willingar, a man of whom the subjoined inscription is the sole, sad record. A bleeding heart is rudely sculptured, with the initials T. W. on one side, and on the other P. A., the first letters probably of the name of his wife or mistress, since they are accompanied by the words 'Thomas Willingar, goldsmith—My heart is yours tel dethe.' And that he looked forward only to that release from his duration is further indicated by a figure of death, with a dart in the left hand, and an hour-glass in the right. Another unknown party has carved some lines in strong capitals, that point to the darker doings of the prison-house:

Thomas Miagh which lieth here alone,
That fayne wold from hens begon,
By torture strange mi trouth was
Tried, yet of my libertie denied.

1581. THOMAS MIAGH.

It may be here observed by the way, that we need not wonder at Thomas Miagh varying in this short space the spelling of his patronymic, since Shakspeare himself, in signing the single document of his will, gives us three different forms of his own name. The spread of printing alone terminated such caprices or inconsistencies. Dr Thomas Abel, chaplain to Catherine of Arragon, and who was executed for supporting her cause against the wish of Henry VIII., has left his name in a pun. Below the word 'Thomas' is a bell fairly graven, with the letter A thereon, thus showing, though Richard II. doubted it, 'that sick men can play nicely with their names'—for

* In proof of the timeous service done by the lady already adverted to, in cleansing and taking casts of these inscriptions, it may be noticed that Bayley, in his History of the Tower (1830), describes the Arundel carvings as 'plastered over and invisible.' Not so now.

certainly, the man who lay at the eighth Henry's mercy could not but feel 'well nigh sick unto death.'

But we must leave these interesting records of captivity, contenting ourselves with the thought, that our readers know them to be preserved—and where. One other inscription, however, placed on the chimney-piece of a room in the Tower by a noble Scottish lady, and of which an excellent cast has been taken, may be given in conclusion. 'Upon the twenty daie of June in the yere of our Lord a thousande five hundred thre score and five, was the right honorable Countes of Lennox Grace committede prysoner to thys lodgyng for the marraige of her sonne my Lord Henry Darnle and the Queene of Scotland. Here is their names that do wayte upon her noble Grace in thys place—M. Eliz^b. Hussey, M. Jane Bailly, M. Eliz^b. Chamberleyn, M. Robert Partington, Edward Cuffin. Anno Domini 1566.' A good deal of pride seems to lurk here, as if her noble Grace of Lennox was rather elevated than depressed by having incurred the jealousy of Queen Elizabeth.

ACCIDENTS IN WELLS.

Our native country is so happily situated as respects facilities for obtaining pure water, that wells are rarely sunk to any great depth; and consequently a class of accidents comparatively common in many other lands is scarcely known among us. We allude to the falling in of the sides of shafts or bores upon workmen, either during the process of excavation, or while the necessary repairs in such cases are in progress. Two very remarkable instances of the kind occurred in France within these few years. In the one case, Dufavel, one of the labourers employed in forming a well near Lyons, had descended to the bottom of the shaft, which had been carried to a depth of sixty-two feet, when several of the side supports gave way at once, and a large mass of sand fell down upon him. Fortunately, the broken supports sunk in such a manner as to form an arch a short way above his head, and to sustain the superincumbent sand, otherwise he must have been smothered immediately. The mass covered him to the extent of about fifteen feet in depth. Dufavel had his basket with him, suspended by a strong rope, and the first thing which his terrified comrades above did, in their ignorance of his position, was to attempt to pull him up by force. The captive saw that they were shaking the supports overhead, and, with great presence of mind, he cut the rope, thus giving the earliest indication that he was in life. The hole formed by the rope was of the greatest use to him afterwards, as well in admitting air, as ultimately in allowing nourishment to be transmitted to him. Strange to say, it was also singularly serviceable in permitting the passage of a fly, the companionship of which gave him much comfort, he afterwards declared, and by the buzzing or stillness of which he could distinguish night from day. As may be supposed, the unfortunate man was not permitted to remain in his dark abode without exertions for his rescue. The authorities of Lyons, on learning what had occurred, sent a body of military miners to the spot, who, under the guidance of experienced officers, began to form an excavation, with the view of reaching him by a subterranean passage. But, though they worked night and day, a week elapsed ere they got down to the level of the bottom of the well, and long before this period, the situation of Dufavel had become truly appalling. At first he had had a vacant space around him seven feet in height, but, by the third day, the sand had so accumulated, that he was pressed

down on his back against the bottom of the well, while the upper part of his body was bent forward by the plank, his right leg doubled back beneath him, and his left extended, with the foot squeezed among the wood-work. Things became now nearly stationary, and, supported by strong broths and wine through the rope-hole, as well as receiving air from a forge-bellows, the poor fellow kept up his spirits most courageously, sending cheering messages to his wife through those who descended to speak to him. Meanwhile, from the shifting nature of the soil, by which the work of a day was often undone in a moment, thirteen days elapsed ere the miners came within twelve inches of Dufavel, and, such was the caution required, that two more passed ere they reached him. Finally, however, on the fifteenth day, they got behind his shoulders, and were able to drag him, shouting for joy, into the transverse tunnel, and thence to the light of day. Great care was of course taken of him, and he soon recovered perfectly from the effects of his confinement. It may be added, that, ever partial to strong excitement, our French neighbours had 'Dufavel in the Well' on the stage within a week, and strong inducements were held out to Dufavel to undertake his own part, but he found the matter too serious to burlesque his sufferings, though he published a description of his durance, and thereby turned it to his account.

The other case of this kind to which we adverted was that of Etienne Billard, who was buried (in March, 1837) in a well, one hundred and twenty feet deep, in a spot in the department of the Indre. Again was the sufferer here preserved by the formation of an arch, about three feet above his head, and which saved him from the overlying mass above, twenty feet in thickness. Billard's voice was distinctly heard in answers to the calls made. 'I am a lost man,' he cried, 'but I suffer no pain, and I breathe freely.' As the well was an old one, and, only under repair, it was resolved to lift the stones of the sides one by one, and attempt to relieve the prisoner, when it could thus be safely tried, by taking off the superincumbent materials. This work went on incessantly, though slowly, under competent directions, and on the morning of the third day, the workmen had raised the side-stones, and also reached within six feet of the captive. Extreme caution now became necessary, as the dislodgement of the large stones above Billard might crush or suffocate him in an instant. On the night of the third day, while the labourers were working with the utmost care, they were shocked at the change which came over the captive. No nourishment could be got to him as to Dufavel, and his strength, physical and moral, gave way. He became delirious, and shouted, wept, and laughed by turns, sending a shudder through all that heard him. A surgeon at the spot hurried on the operations, saying that the sufferer could live but a few hours in that state. Thus impelled, the workmen moved more quickly, but slopingly, towards Billard's head, and, after three days and three nights of incessant toil, they liberated his head, and soon afterwards extricated him entirely. Billard recovered his senses speedily, and, with care, nourishment, and sleep, soon was restored to his usual health.

These two cases may serve as an introduction to the similar one which has just occurred in Scotland, and of which the following short account has been published, on a separate sheet, by one of the northern journals:—

About ten o'clock on the forenoon of Wednesday, 16th December, 1845, the whole community of Forfar was thrown into a state of extreme excitement by a report that William Brown and William M'Leish, two labourers, had been suffocated while employed in repairing a well on the property of James Barclay, Esq., writer, situated a short distance south from the town. Hundreds of people were seen hurrying from all quarters towards the scene of the catastrophe, manifesting the greatest possible anxiety for the safety of the unfortunate men. The well, which is about 61 feet deep, is in the centre of a small area to the back of the dwelling-house, and close upon a stone wall, forming the boundary or enclosure of the yard.

perty. It was soon ascertained that both of the men were alive, though closely wedged into the well by part of the rubbish, the wooden work at the top of the well having fallen down. This had been occasioned by part of the boxing having given way. M'Leish was said to be uppermost; his body was quite free, excepting his feet and ankles, which were entangled among the beams of wood; and Brown was enclosed a small way down from him, and was forced into a sort of stooping posture, though quite uninjured. Hundreds of people in the town were soon engaged in cutting a large trench into the garden leading to the well; and about midday, when these operations were suspended, information was sent to the Procurator Fiscal, who immediately proceeded to the spot. The stonework at the side of the well, and the staircase leading from the road to the area, were taken down, so as to remove the pressure from the top of the well. The people continued to work in the trench all day, and in the evening, by the light of torches, when it was proposed to dig another pit about six feet distant from the well, so as to get out Brown, the lowest down. When it was proposed at the outset to M'Leish to take him out, he magnanimously replied that, were the beam cut through which entangled his feet, the rubbish and wood would be sure to fall and suffocate Brown, and he would therefore remain in that position, although it was for a day, until they had dugged down and taken out Brown. Brown was rather downcast during this day, and his comrade M'Leish did what he could to encourage and support him. Upwards of fifty of the townsmen generously volunteered their services to work during the night.

On the following day (Thursday) the men continued to dig in the pit by turns. A small gas-pipe was inserted through the rubbish to Brown, and soup and stimulating liquors were conveyed down to him through the pipe. A small hand-saw was also conveyed down this aperture, and he cut through a beam of wood which was lying across his breast, and thus got himself relieved. Throughout Thursday Brown's spirits continued to rally, while those of M'Leish, from the pain of his injuries, fell somewhat. Brown, in his turn, encouraged him. Throughout this day Mr Sheriff Robertson, Provost Potter, and the other burgh authorities, remained upon the spot, stimulating the men in their humane exertions; and to do them justice, they really wrought nobly. It was fondly anticipated throughout the day, that the men would be extricated from their perilous situations by the afternoon. Afternoon came, and still they had to penetrate farther down, until they got as low down as Brown. By ten o'clock at night the workmen reached the necessary depth, but they now became apprehensive of danger from the boxing giving way and the rubbish falling down, and fears were also expressed for the dwelling-house giving way, since its foundation was somewhat endangered by the process of digging. At this stage of the proceedings, it would be unpardonable not to notice the noble-minded and gallant conduct of Mr Alexander Grant, coal-merchant. He had continued to work night and day since the accident occurred, and now, when every person was shrinking back from venturing farther than they had done, he boldly volunteered to go down and peril his life to relieve the men, trusting that his fellow-workmen would work with him by turns. They, however, shrunk back from the bold and perilous enterprise. By this time a consultation was held by the sheriff, the clergymen of the town, and the workmen, when it was resolved in the meantime to suspend operations, to send expresses to Dundee and Glamis, for Messrs Leslie and Blackadder, engineers. During the night the men were engaged in supporting the lower part of the building. By four o'clock on Friday morning Mr Leslie arrived from Dundee. Mr Blackadder was from home. Mr Leslie, on surveying the spot, appeared to have his fears regarding the success of the operations. He immediately gave orders to send to Arbroath, with all expedition, for iron screws to pierce the partition between the well and the pit. The principal

a clay consistency, and not of sand, it would have been far safer and more easily cut through. We understand that Mr Leslie was also apprehensive of the building giving way, and gave orders to get strong trees to support it. Meantime, the community were in an awful ferment—work having been almost suspended, and all waiting with breathless suspense for the issue.

After the house had been sufficiently propped up, and the new descent rendered perfectly safe, agreeably to Mr Leslie's instructions, the workmen, after much trouble, were enabled to communicate freely with Brown, who was at a depth of about forty feet, by means of a tunnel between the two excavations; but being so closely wedged in by the fallen rubbish, he was unable to avail himself of that means of escape. At this critical juncture, his brother boldly passed through the tunnel, and at the risk of being precipitated to the bottom of the well, he, by the aid of a crowbar, succeeded in disentangling him from his perilous situation. By four o'clock Brown had cleared the excavation, and was conveyed to an apartment in Mr Barclay's house, where he was duly attended to. Great anxiety was now manifested for the extrication of his unfortunate companion, M'Leish; he was, we believe, made aware by Brown himself of his happy escape. During the remainder of Saturday and the whole of Sunday, the workmen were incessant in their labours. M'Leish was found to be about three feet above this tunnel, which was on a level with the head and shoulders of Brown before he was lifted out; but at one time, in attempting to cut the beams so as to enable him to change his position, it was found that the whole rubbish in the well slipped down, taking him along with it, so much so as to enable the workman at the tunnel to shake hands with him. Ropes were fastened round his body for the purpose of supporting him in the event of the mass of rubbish giving way. About twelve o'clock noon on Sunday, Mr Grant, who had never deserted his post, came to the surface, and expressed an opinion that if the poor sufferer was not already dead, he was on the eve of dissolution, upon which it was deemed imprudent to risk life in such a hopeless case, so that the work was suspended. Although stunned by the descent, however, the tinkling of a small bell, with which he had been furnished, was again faintly heard, and the work of deliverance was renewed with untiring activity.

Immediately after Brown's release, Mr Leslie put everything in proper order for the extrication of M'Leish, and having every confidence in the exertions of Mr Grant, he left for Dundee; but we are sorry to say that, owing to the above circumstances, an express was sent to Dundee, on Sunday evening, for Mr Leslie's immediate attendance at Forfar, and that gentleman instantly obeyed the summons. Mr Leslie arrived at half-past five, and it was determined to make another attempt to save the unfortunate man M'Leish, by beginning at the top of the well, and to renew the boxing of it all the way down to where he was; it having been ascertained that M'Leish was still alive; but notwithstanding all the exertions that were made to save him, poor M'Leish died on Monday in his horrid prison; from which his body was only exhumed on Friday the 19th, thus having been nine days altogether under ground.

Lord Panmure most generously gave ten pounds to be divided betwixt the families of M'Leish and Brown, requesting the latter at the same time not to undertake any work till fully recovered, and permitted to do so by his medical attendants, and promising also to take care of his further employment and maintenance.

On Sabbath (the 14th) the usual services were not performed in any of the churches of the burgh, the time being spent in prayer and thanksgiving by the different religious bodies.

It is only justice to all concerned to state, that the arrangements of the authorities were excellent, and the business-like orders of our talented harbour-engineer, Mr Leslie, and his assistants from Dundee, were executed by the various tradesmen with a hearty enthusiasm which

THE POET'S CALLING.

The true poet, to seize on the full advantages and to reap the full reward of his glorious vocation, must work in the better spirit of his time. It is not enough that he can gracefully dally with the flowers and the breezes by the wayside; that he can feel and make felt the glories of nature, and weave into his lays the beams of sun, and moon, and stars. These the genuine poet must and will recognize in all their beauty, and appropriate them as costly material in building the house of his fame. He will fashion them into a rainbow that shall span the weeping vale of earth, and make it radiant with the hues of heaven, even when darkest with storms. But this is not enough. Man is the grand work of nature, or rather of God; and it is in man, and his destinies and struggles, that the poet must find his noblest theme. The true vocation of the poet unquestionably is to animate the human race in their progress from barbarism towards virtue and greatness. He is appointed by Providence to arouse to generous exertion, and to console in distress. There is nothing so full of the elements of poetry as the fortunes, and aspirations, and achievements of the vast human family. Its endeavours to escape from the sensual into the intellectual life; its errors, its failures, its sorrows, and its crimes, all are prolific of poetic and dramatic matter of the most intense interest. To guide and encourage humanity in its arduous but ever onward career; to assist it to tread down despotism and oppression; to give effect to the tears and groans of the suffering; to trumpet abroad wrong in all its shapes; to whisper into the fainting soul the glorious hopes of a still higher existence—these are and have ever been the godlike tasks of the true poet, and therefore has he been styled a prophet and a priest.—*Eclectic Review*.

THE LENGTH OF THE YEAR.

The length of a year was fixed by Julius Cæsar at 365 days and six hours, which is about eleven minutes and a fifth more than the true solar year, amounting in 130 years to one entire day, and a small fraction over. At the time of the Council of Nice, in the year 325, it was found that the vernal equinox had changed from the 25th to the 21st of March, and there it was fixed by the Council; but in 1582 it had receded to the 11th. To bring it back, therefore, Pope Gregory decreed that ten days should be taken out of the month of October, 1582; and that what would otherwise have been called the 10th should be called the 20th. It was, moreover, decreed that, to prevent the accumulation of the same error in future, three days should be abated in every 400 years, by restoring leap years to common years at the end of three successive centuries, and making leap year again at the close of every fourth century. In other words, the year 1600 should be leap year as usual, but 1700, 1800, and 1900, the first three successive centuries, although their numbers are divisible by 4, should be common years, allowing February but 28 days; while the year 2000, being at the close of the fourth century, should be leap year; and thus in every subsequent 400 years. This correction leaves but a small error, amounting to less than a day and a half in 5000 years. As different European nations then commenced the year at different periods, some on the 1st of January, some on the 25th of March, and others on the 25th of December, Pope Gregory, in order to produce uniformity, adopted the Roman method, and decreed that the year should commence on the 1st of January. Catholic nations and Catholic writers immediately adopted these regulations of the Pope, but they were for a long time rejected by Protestants. The Scots, who from time immemorial commenced the year on the 25th of March, adopted the Gregorian style in 1599, but the English held out against these regulations for more than 150 years; during which time all their historians retained the old style in their dates. In 1751, the English Parliament enacted that the year should commence on the 1st of January, and that the 3d of September of that year should be called the 14th, thereby striking out eleven days, which the English calendar then required to reduce it to the Gregorian.

THERMOMETERS IN SCHOOL-ROOMS.

A thermometer should be kept in every school-room and hung on the coolest side of it. The proper temperature should be determined by unchangeable laws, not the variable feelings or caprice of any individual. Without a thermometer—if the teacher be habituated to it in the open air; if he be healthy, vigorous, and young if he walk a mile, or several miles, to school; and especially if he keep upon his feet during school-hours—scholars will be drilled and scolded into a resignation great suffering from cold. If, on the other hand, the teacher lead a sedentary life, if his health be feeble, if he step into the school-room from a neighbouring desk he will perhaps unconsciously create a little summer for himself, and subject the children to a perilous transition in temperature whenever they leave his tropical region. In this way a child's lungs may get a wound in early life which neither Cuba nor the South of France can afterwards heal.—*American Report on the Subject School-houses*.

A FABLE.

It chanced upon a winter day
A sportive child went forth to play;
Careering o'er the frozen ground,
An icy spray, well pleased, he found,
Bedeck'd with gems, in crystal wrought.
The frosty twig was quickly brought
To grace the mantel-piece. Beside
Bright spar and ore, it form'd the pride
Of that gay scene. The fire beneath,
Alas! soon dimm'd his diamond wreath.
The gems that deck'd his glittering prize
Seem'd to have sought his tearful eyes;
For, once bedeck'd with pearls so thick,
That twig turn'd out a frosty stick.

Have you not seen the child full-grown,
His glittering bauble made his own,
Find the fond charms he thought to clasp
Annihilated in his grasp—
The votary of wealth or fame
Find that a curse and this a name—
The lover smit with heavenly charms
Find a mere mortal in his arms—
The very king, ambition-sick,
His sceptre find a frosty stick?

T. C.

SUNRISE.

How beautiful the scene! pen cannot paint, nor eye that has not seen imagine, the splendour of this morn. On one side, piles of rich crimson clouds recline upon a bed of brilliant purple; on the other, the sky, of the most delicate blue that ever canopied the heavens, is shaded with a delicate pink: while splendid arches, in form like heaven's own radiant bow, but glowing with a vivid rosy tint, seem to encircle earth and sky. Two lovely stars, though rendered paler by the glare around, shine like diamonds in the azure sky. From yonder meads a silver mist ascends, veiling, not concealing, the radiant turf, as if earth offered her morning incense to her Maker; while the gentle robin pours forth a strain, so sweet, so clear, as though the beauty of the scene gladdened his little heart, and bade him sing his matin hymn in louder tones. Look where you may on Nature's face, the hand of her Creator is easily descried; seen mid the glories of the breaking morn, visible when the shades of eve enrich earth and sky; and seen, ah! clearly seen, amid the splendour of the storm, when the thunder's roar proclaims his power; and the lightning's flash, that comes we know not whence, lighting for a moment earth and heaven, then flies we know not whither, speaks in plain language an Almighty Maker.

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BENEFIT SOCIETIES.

SECOND ARTICLE.

THERE is another error connected with the Odd Fellows' society, and with almost every other benefit society of its class. No provision is made for the diversity of age at which members join it. It will be seen immediately that this is not true to the very letter; but it will be manifest, at the same time, that the provision actually made is an absolute mockery. Our statement is therefore substantially and fatally correct, that, in the most of the benefit societies of the working classes, no provision is made for the different ages at which admission to the privileges of membership is gained. There is, indeed, a period beyond which no person is permitted to enter the society; and in many, if not most of the societies, the limit is forty years. As a general rule, it may be affirmed, that all persons between 18 and 40 are admitted upon condition of paying the same amount weekly, with this exception only, that the more advanced candidates for membership are required to pay a little more initiation-money than those who enter at an earlier period. These articles are written for the benefit of those in the humbler walks of life, who have had few to assist them in their honourable efforts to secure independence during sickness and old age, and who have been allowed from generation to generation to perpetuate their mistakes, and to reap the bitter fruits of disappointed expectations, when the evil had advanced to such a height as to admit of no remedy. We therefore call their attention especially to this error, as it is one on which we anticipate more opposition than the other, and which, in our opinion, will be found in practice the last and most difficult to root out. But we beg to assure them that this is an error which is exclusively confined to themselves; that it has no existence in any society supported by the middle and higher classes; and that any insurance office which should propose to insure persons of different ages upon the same yearly or monthly premiums, would not receive as much money as would pay the expense of its prospectuses and advertisements. And yet, will it be believed, that until May, 1844, all persons between the ages of 18 and 35 were admitted into the Odd Fellows' society upon exactly the same terms?—no more initiation-money was required—no higher weekly premiums. Such, however, was the case. At a meeting held in May, 1844, a small additional sum was demanded at 24 years, and increased according to the age. But even on the reformed scale, a man 35 years of age pays only £1, 1s. more of entrance-money than a lad of 18. Let us now make a supposition. Two persons enter the society, one at 18 and the other at 35. It promises to give

each of them 10s. per week during sickness, £6 at the decease of his wife, and £10 to his relations at his own death. Let it be conceded that 17 years have passed away—the former is now 35 and the other is 52. The one who is now 35 has paid in as much money to the society as the person who is 52, the entrance-money excepted, for which an allowance will afterwards be made. The society has received as large a sum in weekly payments from the man at 35 as the man at 52. Which of these two is likeliest to become a speedy and heavy burden upon the society? Which is most exposed to sickness? Which is most liable to death? We need not go to tables of mortality and sickness to determine this question; it is not necessary to search the government registrations of deaths, or to consult the records of benefit societies. The experience and observation of the poorest man tell as forcibly as the calculations of the most eminent actuaries, that there is no comparison betwixt the two cases. But this is not all the inequality. We have seen that these two paid in the same sum to the society at their respective ages of 35 and 52; but have they received the same pecuniary assistance during this period of 17 years? They have not. In this interval, the younger member has had a fraction more than 15 weeks' sickness, and has thus obtained £7, 13s.; the older member, within the same time, has had a fraction more than 27 weeks' sickness, and has accordingly received £13, 10s. Let us see now how the account stands. Here are the two members, one at 35 and the other at 52; and balancing receipts and payments, and making the fullest allowance for the yearly value of the additional entrance-money, we come to this result, that the society has received from the old member £3, 14s. 6d. less than from the young one, and yet it has actually to meet all the increased liabilities of old age and infirmity. Is it probable—is it possible—that any society can exist long which is based upon these principles? It may, indeed, stand for a time, when there is a rush of young members, and the rate of mortality and sickness is low; but woe to those who have entered it when the bloom of youth is upon their cheek, and who have paid up their premiums regularly for a series of years, expecting an honest independence in old age and sickness! They will then find that it is bankrupt and penniless. How is this inequality to be met? Some say by an increased entrance-money, varying with the age at admission. But to a person of 30, 35, or 40, this would require a far larger sum than can reasonably be expected from the labouring classes. We have no hope whatever of seeing this carried into effect upon a large scale. Of course, if any one chooses to pay the additional sum required to meet the greater risk of sickness and mortality at these ages, he may do so, and make his weekly pay-

ments as low as if he had entered at 18. But as a general principle, the graduation must be made in the weekly premiums; and if this were done upon just and scientific principles, there would be no more danger of receiving a member at 40, 50, or 60, than at 20 or 30. Any insurance office will insure a life at 60 or 70 as readily as at 20. The increased hazard is covered by the higher rates.

As the lesson respecting the different ages at admission is the one most needed by the labouring classes, we are desirous of presenting it in another form. It is our object to carry conviction home to the understandings of all, and to make the matter so plain, that the least educated of our readers, and the least accustomed to scientific or arithmetical calculations, will understand it thoroughly by a little attention. And let no one who has received the advantages of a liberal education imagine that we are dwelling upon this branch of the question with an unnecessary minuteness. A few months ago, this would have been our own opinion; but a somewhat large and comprehensive examination of the principles of friendly societies has laid open the fact, that this simple (and one is tempted to add obvious) truth is scarcely recognized in their constitution, and that the neglect of it has occasioned their ruin by hundreds and by thousands. And now for our lesson in arithmetic, upon the value of initiation-money. A person who enters the Odd Fellows' society between the age of 35 and 38, pays £1, 1s. more initiation-money than a young man of 18. What is the yearly value of this sum at this period of life? It is equal to an annual contribution of 1s. 6d.; that is, it is the same to the society whether he pays in this money upon his admission, or adds 1s. 9d. per year to his ordinary premiums so long as he lives. Let us look at this a little closely, and examine again whether there be either safety or justice in acting upon these principles. Let us take the following illustration. Suppose a society were formed among the working classes, which had no other object in view than to grant £10 at the decease of each member, which made no provision either for sickness or for funeral expenses at the death of a member's wife; and let it be further supposed that it was a financial regulation that the same weekly payments should be made by all connected with the society, and that the difference of age should be equalized by a proportionate advance in the initiation-money—in this case, what is the additional sum that should be imposed upon a man at 35 over one at 18? He would require to pay at least £1 additional, in order to cover the greater risk of this small sum of £10 alone. This admits of easy proof, from the yearly value of initiation-money which has been mentioned above. In order to insure this sum of £10 at death, a man at 18 should pay a yearly premium of 2s. 8d., while a man at 35 should pay 4s. 4d. This covers the risk merely, without defraying the expenses of management, which of course makes the rates less than otherwise they would be; but the proportion will answer our purpose sufficiently. The difference betwixt these two sums is 1s. 8d. Convert this from a yearly payment into a fixed amount, to be paid at 35, and it will be found to be £1, being one shilling less than the additional guinea demanded by the new scale. In other words, the weekly premiums being the same at both ages, a man at 35 should pay to a friendly society one pound more initiation-money than a person at 18, in order merely to secure the small sum of £10 at death. We take up at random, from a mass of reports lying before us, the tables of a respectable insurance office. It does not insure for small sums, but, reducing the scale, we perceive, that for a sum of £10 payable at death, it requires at 18 a yearly premium of 3s. 1½d.; and at 35 of 4s. 11d.; being a difference of 1s. 9½d. per year. The rates are higher, but the proportions nearly correspond. Convert this annual premium into initiation-money, and it is £1, 1s. 6d., being a sixpence more than the additional sum demanded by the new scale. According to the tables of this insurance office, the weekly payments being still supposed the same, a man at 35 should pay £1, 1s. 6d. more initiation-money than one at 18, to obtain this

sum of £10. And yet with this sum of one guinea, the Odd Fellows' society promises to cover the increased risk, not merely of those ten pounds of funeral money for the member, but also of six pounds at the decease of his wife and the sickness to which he is exposed. Who can fail to be convinced that this state of things is radically unsound, and that, unless it be speedily remedied, the disease will go beyond the possibility of cure? In order to bring out these opinions more distinctly, and to make their power felt by a constant repetition, we take advantage of a table which is published in the quarterly report of this society, for January 1845. It is computed by Mr Griffith Davies, actuary, and though it is without note or comment, the general committee must have had good reasons for its insertion. We are using it at present to show the absolute ruin which must come upon any society which will not look this evil boldly in the face, and make a graduated scale of payments, according to the age at admission. Upon looking at this table, we perceive that it professes to tell how much should be paid in order to insure 10s. per week during sickness, and £5 at the death of a member. This, it will be remembered, is £11 less funeral money than what is promised by the Odd Fellows' society. According to Mr Davies' table, a man at 18 should pay 4½d. per week; at 35, 7½d.; that is, a person at 35 should pay nearly 3d. per week more than a lad of 18, for the same benefits; or, to clear away the small fractions, he should pay exactly 10½d. per month more than the younger member. Convert the difference betwixt the two payments into initiation-money, and it will amount to £6, 16s. 6d. In other words, if a benefit society should adopt Mr Davies' tables as the basis of their financial regulations; and if it were deemed more convenient or more advisable in other respects that the weekly rates from all the members should be uniform, it would be requisite, supposing a man at 18 to pay no money at admission, that one at 35 hand over to the committee £6, 16s. 6d. Similarly, if an uniform scale of 4d. per week were adopted in the Odd Fellows' society, a member entering at 35 should pay nearly £10 more than one at 18, in order that both parties may be placed upon an equitable footing. It is obvious that dissolution is inevitable without a sweeping reform.

We have before stated, that two amendments have been made within a year and a-half in the constitution of this society. Formerly, the same entrance-money was demanded from all members betwixt 18 and 35. But now an additional sum is required when the person has reached the age of 24: he then pays 1s. more than at 18; at 30 the initiation-money is increased 8s. 6d.; and at 35 it reaches to a guinea. Thus, for example, a member at 18 pays £1, 1s.; at 24, £1, 2s.; at 30, £1, 9s. 6d.; and at 35, £2, 2s. There are intermediate sums between these years, which are not mentioned, as it is merely intended to bring out the proportional amount. This regulation commenced at the close of May, 1844. The preceding calculations and reasonings have been entirely thrown away, if they do not prove that this alteration is perfectly inadequate to accomplish the object intended. The same remark applies to the resolution which takes effect in January, 1846, and which insists upon an uniform scale of rates and benefits in all the lodges. Both of these are useful, merely as showing that the repose of the society is broken up, and that it has made two steps in the right direction; but they are far from rendering it a safe institution. The new scale proposes no graduation of weekly payments to correspond with the difference of age; and the diversity of initiation-money is a miserable device, if it be intended as a remedy for this inherent defect. The want of this, apart from any examination of rates, is sufficient to condemn the whole system in the hands of a scientific man; and we would not risk five shillings of our money in any society based upon principles so vicious and unjust. Details are wearisome, but the scales of payment may be examined with advantage. It is promised that, on payment of 5d. per week, £10 will be granted each week during sickness, £10 at the

he member himself, and £5 at that of his wife. By the valuable statistics put forth by the society, and which include returns from nearly a quarter of a million of members, it appears that their average age is no more than 32 years. This enables us to test the stability of the society in a very simple and effectual manner. We have only to ascertain how much premium a person at this age should give, that he may realize the three benefits promised. He will require to pay £1, 19s. 5½d. per year. If we reduce this to weekly payments, it is equal to 8½d. per week; and if only 5d. is paid, the society loses annually by him 6s. 2½d. If a man is younger than this, he ought, as a matter of course, to pay less than 8½d. per week; and if older, he should pay more. It is our decided conviction that no lower rate is safe, and that it is foolish in any person to enter a society whose terms are inferior to this. The authority of Mr Neison may here be quoted. According to his calculation, if the new scale to commence in January, 1846, be acted upon and kept in operation until all now upon the society's books be dead, the benefits promised to them cannot be realized, unless each of them, upon an average, contribute this year to the funds of the institution no less a sum than SEVENTEEN POUNDS. To make the society safe at present, even according to the reformed scale, it would require to have a capital of £4,275,181. Instead of this, it has only £700,000, being £50,000 less than what should have been realized from the sums paid at admission. There is thus a deficiency of more than THREE AND A HALF MILLIONS OF POUNDS.

But this is not all. When it is said that a man entering the society at 32 years of age would require to pay 8½d. per week, in order to obtain the three benefits which are promised, it must be distinctly understood that this premium affords no provision for expenses of management, unless their amount be very trifling. Nothing but the stern necessities of truth, and an earnest desire to prevent the recurrence of similar evils among our friends of the working classes, have induced us to state the fact that, in many lodges of the Odd Fellows' society, a very wasteful expenditure has been indulged in. This has been the case especially in England, though it has not been confined to the southern part of Great Britain. In nine lodges out of ten, in a particular district, one-third of the sums received from the members was sunk in general expenses; in nine lodges out of ten, more money was consumed in general management than what was given to the sick members. And how were these funds spent? In silver watches and snuff-boxes presented to the office-bearers on the periodical release from their duties; in gold and silver medals; in regalia, in sashes, and ribands, and rosettes; in silk flags and banners; in gowns of white, pink, purple, and scarlet. We are not disposed to deny that these things are suitable enough for a Lord Mayor's show, or an Eglintoun tournament, but that those who earn their bread by the sweat of their brows should throw away their scanty means upon such fooleries is at once ludicrous and painful. And shame on the persons who could thus mispend the money which was raised for a purpose so sacred, and which, had it not been squandered in this manner, might have relieved many a sickbed, might have softened many a dying pillow, and delivered from additional anguish the heart of the widow and the orphan. The law, therefore, of every benefit society should be, that if the members believe these displays to be essential to their interests, and will indulge in this profusion, it must be done out of their private resources, and that they will no longer be allowed the liberty of robbing the sick, the dying, and the dead. It gives us pleasure to add that the general committee have recently had this evil under their serious consideration, and have passed a resolution against it, so that no lodge connected with them will be allowed henceforth to indulge in such foolish and discreditable conduct. There is, however, a number of lodges in England and that disclaim the authority of any general committee, and repudiate all interference in their financial arrangements. They are at present in a state of secession; they call themselves the 'National Independent Order of Odd

Fellows,' as opposed to the 'Manchester Unity of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows,' which is now undergoing the changes we have before mentioned. There is no reform as yet, so far as we know, in the National Independent Order, and their lodges were generally the most extravagant. And it should be observed that when the 'Odd Fellows' society' is referred to without explanation, it is the Manchester Unity which is meant.

The reasons which have induced us to select the Odd Fellows' society as the basis of our remarks, are complimentary to it rather than discreditable; and whatever be the constitution of the friendly societies with which any of our readers are connected, the strictures made will enable them to form an accurate opinion as to their stability or insecurity. But to avoid even the appearance of an invidious partiality, we shall mention two other societies, whose regulations are now before us. Anything more than a passing remark, after the fullness of the preceding discussion, would be out of place. One of these is the Rechabites' society. It consists entirely of persons who abstain from all intoxicating liquors. Its object is highly benevolent, and, were it placed upon a safe foundation, it deserves every encouragement; for it not only makes a provision for sickness and death, but acts as a salutary check upon breaking the pledge of abstinence. Its terms are the following:—The initiation-money varies from 16 to 40, increasing from 5s. to £2, 10s. Its rates are uniform. By the weekly payment of 4d. a promise is made that 10s. per week will be given during sickness, and after 70 years of age a permanent allowance of 5s. per week till death. A sum of £10 is given at the decease of each member, which is raised by an annual premium of 3s. Let us take the extreme ages. One man is admitted at 40; what should he pay every year for these benefits, making a proper allowance for his entry-money? He should pay £2, 10s. 9d. The society is thus an annual loser by every member aged 40, to the amount of £1, 13s. 5d. Another is admitted at 16; how much should he pay every year? £1, 2s. 8d. What loss does the society incur annually from him? It is 5s. 4d. It is of no use to pursue these details further. The present members of this society may rest assured that, long before they arrive at the age of 70, it will be found to their sad experience that they are just as certain of receiving a permanent annuity of £5 per week as 5s. The society, as at present constructed, is a complete delusion. It matters not who drew up the scale of premiums and benefits, for it is an insult to all the rules of science, and to all the results of observation; and unless this society be agitated, and so agitated as to be thoroughly reorganized, much as we value its object, and anxious as we are to encourage it, we advise every working man to abandon it. He is throwing away his money for that which will give him no bread, at the season when he most needs it.

The second is the Foresters' Society, which has a considerable organization, and has lodges in England and Scotland. It underwent some modifications in October, 1844, at least in the district where we write. It promises £10 at the death of each member, and £6 at that of his wife; 10s. per week until the sick member has received £25, when it is reduced one half; and when an additional sum of £10 has been thus paid out, it is ultimately and permanently brought down to 2s. 6d. per week. There is no difference of entry-money betwixt 18 and 38: the amount being 12s. during this period. There is a graduation of weekly payments, according to age, which is doubtless an improvement upon the constitutions of the Rechabites' and Odd Fellows' societies; but it has two defects, which we shall do no more than state. The rates are too low, and they are unequal. They are too low for safety; and even if they were safe, they are unjust to a large class of the members. This society is unsound, and cannot stand with its present regulations; and it will become the directors and members of all friendly societies which are not based upon scientific principles, to remember that they cannot be expected henceforth to exist as long as they formerly did. The days of contented unthinking

Ignorance are passing away; the voice of alarm is now sounding by patriotic men, who have the interests of their brethren of the working classes at heart, and who have abundance of means for making their opinions known and their influence felt. A spirit of inquiry will speedily be excited through the whole country, and young tradesmen and labourers will no longer connect themselves with societies, unless they have the assurance of competent judges that they are upon a right foundation. And if few or no young persons join an unsafe society, and if the membership be confined to those who are at present enrolled, the day of ruin is not far distant.

What then is to be done? The first thing is to make the evil known as extensively as possible among the members of benefit societies. The greater part of these belong to the working classes, who have not knowledge sufficient to examine minute tables and algebraical formulae. No one is competent for this work who has not paid considerable attention to the exact sciences, and who has not also at his disposal a large collection of facts. Let the conductors of periodicals, whose object is the promotion of the public welfare, take up the question; and, without filling their pages with columns of figures, or entering into minute details, they might be of the most efficient service to the industrial masses of the population, by pressing upon their attention the fact, that the present machinery of benefit societies is, generally speaking, vicious and unjust; and that, unless it be quickly remedied, it will end in the disappointment and misery of hundreds of thousands, who are now looking to them for aid, when the hand of disease or old age is laid upon them. Nor should any one take offence at the plain statements which are necessary to expose the evils of the existing system, for the misery occasioned has been the result not of design but of ignorance. But ample materials are now at our disposal for rectifying the errors: the whole system must be revised, and societies organized anew from their very foundation. No heed must be paid to prejudice, nor should there be any listening to the cry, that if the whole truth regarding benefit societies be told, and a searching exposure be made of their defects, they will be broken up. It admits of no question that they will and ought to be dissolved, unless they be amended, to suit the requirements of a scientific analysis; and it is a very significant circumstance in connexion with this, that although 40,000 joined the Odd Fellows' society in 1844, 20,000 left it in the same year. They chose rather to forfeit the sums which had been already paid in than to lose more, as they would certainly do, according to the present constitution of the society. But this fact, connected with other exposures of evils, is creating great excitement among the various lodges, and, in our opinion, is preparing the way for an extensive and beneficial change. It is not, however, desirable that benefit societies be broken-up, though it is decidedly better that this should take place rather than that matters remain in their present condition. There is a more excellent way. Let the case of friendly societies throughout the country be submitted to a body of men—men of such knowledge that they are not likely to fall into error, and of such probity that they will not willingly deceive; men of high standing in society, and influenced by a desire for that honourable reputation which is dear to every upright mind—let them bring all the resources of their science and information to bear upon the subject, and construct tables of rates and benefits graduated for every age; and when this is done, they will be placed upon as stable a foundation as that of any insurance office in the kingdom, which is patronised by the middle and upper classes; and if the expectations be not so great as at present, there is this consolation, there will not be a single disappointment.

Had we the ear of the working classes, we would now say to them, Encourage friendly societies, so soon as they are placed upon a sure foundation. Savings banks are admirable institutions; they have peculiar benefits, and, if your circumstances can afford it, deposit some of your earnings there. But benefit societies have also advantages confined to themselves, and every person in the humbler

rank of life should regard it as a religious duty to be connected with one or more of them. By a little exercise of self-denial upon your part, you will be laying up something upon which you can trust when you are laid upon a sickbed. You will not require to be dependent upon poor's rates, or to be shut up in a poorhouse; nor will you be distressed at the thought of any one pointing his finger at you, and saying, There is another pauper coming upon us. You will do much to prevent that combination of evils of which our national poet has spoken:—

But see him on the edge of life
With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want, oh, ill-matched pair!
Show man was made to mourn.

And thus comforted in your advanced years, you will have the pleasing reflection not only that your wants are cared for, until you are summoned from this lower sphere, but that the bread which you eat is your own. It is not the bread of charity, but it is the result of your own industry, and purchased by the sweat of your brow, years before it was required. And even when the messenger of death enters your dwelling, and bids you depart into the invisible world, it is no small consolation that there is a sum of money laid up in the coffers of the society which will carry you with decency to the house appointed for all living, and, at the same time, afford a partial relief to the present wants of your widow and orphan children.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

THE CARACCI.

EXCELLENCE in the fine arts is said to be indicative of a high state of civilization; but it cannot be assumed that, even in their perfection, they characterise a highly moral or correctly religious community. Phidias lavished his talents upon the embodiment of abstractions that formed the ideal deities of a debasing mythology; and Demetrius, who raised an uproar against the inspired apostle who preached salvation to the Gentiles, expended his ingenuity upon the manufacture of shrines for the gorgeous temple of Diana at Ephesus. The worshippers of Aps, Osiris, and Isis, erected edifices, whose crumbling ruins yet attest their skill in architecture; and the Romans, many of whose superstitious were so debasing, were so accomplished sculptors, painters, and poets. Christianity, whose simplicity, in its early ages did not shield it from obloquy, and whose humility did not protect its disciples from persecution, put on gay robes after the accession of Constantine. Elegant cathedrals, with glittering spires, richly fretted columns, and splendidly adorned walls, superseded the undistinguished meeting-houses of the primitive Christians, and the genius of the greatest sculptors and painters was for ages applied to the beautifying of the former. The fame which attached to the creations, and excited the wonder and admiration of all beholders, called forth an active and vigorous emulation, which reached its climax in the sixteenth century. Amongst the most distinguished painters of that epoch were the triumvirate whose common surname heads our sketch.

LUDOVICO CARACCI was born at Bologna in 1555, and at an early age was placed under the tuition of Prospero Fontana, with the view of becoming a painter. His progress was so tardy, and Fontana was so convinced of his inability to excel in the profession, that he dismissed his phlegmatic pupil from prosecuting it. The strictures of his master seem to have roused the dormant energies of the youth. He left Bologna, and applied himself to the study of Titian, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese at Venice, and of Parmigiano and Correggio at Parma, and with such success as to completely confute the prognostics of his early instructor. He returned to Bologna as much an enthusiast in the art as it was possible for one of his calm temperament to be; and finding his cousin-german, Agostino and Annibal, disposed to embrace his profession, he prevailed upon his uncle to allow them to follow a pursuit which they had early evinced a predisposition to.

Agostino was born at Bologna; according to some authors in 1557, others affirm in 1558. His father was a tailor, who, giving his son a liberal education, intended him for one of the learned professions. Agostino and Annibal had delighted more in covering their school-books with sketches than in poring over treatises on law or physics; and when Agostino's inclinations began to point to a congenial calling, he forsook the path of learning for the occupation of a goldsmith. Possessed of rare genius, but fickle and unconcentrative, he next devoted himself to engraving under Cornelius Cort, and became so proficient that he equalled him in his peculiar art, and surpassed him in drawing, by which his productions were distinguished from those of his master. Ludovico placed him next with his own early teacher, and afterwards with Passerotti; but his inconstancy and singularly versatile genius led him into so many pursuits that he was only found at his easel as he was prompted by caprice.

ANNIBAL, the younger brother of Agostino, was also born at Bologna in 1560, and afforded a striking contrast to his brother's accomplished variability, and the calm disposition of his cousin. Enthusiastically devoted to his vocation, he laboured with an unwearied zeal and concentratedness of purpose that neither knew abatement nor suffered a single deviation. He travelled to Venice that he might improve himself by studying the works of Tintoretto, Titian, and Veronese; and he sought to combine the excellences of these accomplished painters in his own works. He visited Parma for the like purpose; and at Bologna, in conjunction with his cousin and brother, established that celebrated school which has since been known as the Farnese's Academy, or the Bolognese School. This academy was opened in the studio of Ludovico, and thither all the students who were ambitious of fame resorted for instruction in the principles of the art, and there the Caracci disseminated the fruits of their own research and abilities, without any of that spirit of reserved exclusiveness which too often accompanies singularly superior acquisitions. Ludovico devoted himself to the collecting of antique designs, both statues and bas-reliefs. The works of the best masters, and curious books having reference to painting, were at the command of their disciples. A skilful anatomist taught the positions, conjunctions, and action of the muscles, the structure and adaptation of the bones; and whatever else might conduce to a knowledge of the human frame, with a view to the advancement of their art. Painters and men of science attended the assemblies of these celebrated kinsmen, and not only took part in the disputations of the academicians but proposed questions on subjects connected with their calling, which were always decided by Ludovico. Their gallery was open to all who chose to visit it; and opportunities of improvement were always available, amongst the models and antiquities they had collected.

Their method of teaching was judicious and efficient. Their time was divided into distinct periods, and each period was devoted to the exposition of a distinct branch of the art, as drawing, colouring, or *chiaro-scuro*; and so productive was their system of beneficial results that the superiority of their scholars spread abroad their fame. At length the Cardinal Odoardo Farnese heard of the gifted Bolognese, and he invited Annibal to come to Rome and paint the gallery of his palace. Annibal was desirous of beholding the works of the great Raphael Da Urbino, and also the antique statues and bas-reliefs which were in the 'eternal city'; he therefore more readily complied with the cardinal's request. He set out either accompanied or closely followed by Agostino; and the two brothers were enraptured with the productions of the gifted Raphael and the scarcely less famous Michael Angelo. It is problematical whether Annibal improved by his studies at Rome or not. His style became more learned and refined; but in departing from his Bolognian simplicity, he adopted a manner that was less natural, both in design and colouring. Annibal engaged with his usual enthusiasm in the execution of the vast design which was at once to

means of crushing his spirit. The gallery of Farnese's palace occupied his devoted attention, and Agostino occasionally assisted him; but the elder brother divided his love for painting with poetry, music, natural philosophy, and most of the liberal arts, which called forth the angry invectives of the impetuous and exclusive Annibal upon his want of progress. They could not agree, and Farnese sent Agostino to the court of the Duke of Parma.

While Annibal prosecuted his labours at Rome, and Agostino removed to the ducal court, Ludovico's fame brought him flattering invitations from all parts of Lombardy to execute pictures; and the clergy were especially solicitous that he should produce paintings to beautify their churches. His capacity and rapidity of execution may be judged of from the preference he obtained over other painters, and the number of his pieces that exist.

This celebrated trio, however, were destined to be further divided than even their dissimilarity of character and individual occupations had caused them to be. The accomplished and elegant Agostino died in the year 1602, in the forty-fourth or forty-fifth year of his age. As an engraver he surpassed all the masters of his time. He was capricious to a fault, but yet possessed so capacious a mind that he excelled in all his pursuits. His best picture in oil is the celebrated piece of the 'Communion of St Jerome,' which, for a long period, was in the Certosa of Bologna, but now enriches the gallery of the Louvre, together with Ludovico's chef d'œuvre, the famous 'St John the Baptist.'

In the mean time Annibal laboured in the Farnesean gallery with extraordinary care and indefatigable zeal; and so impressed was he with an idea of the importance and magnitude of the work, that he earnestly importuned Ludovico to come to his aid. Induced by the urgent appeals of his kinsman, the amiable Ludovico set out for Rome, and corrected several of the things in the gallery of the cardinal. He painted a few figures himself, and returned once more to his native city to resume his own labours.

At last the magnificent gallery of Farnese was finished, and in a style which admits of no rivalry. The paintings were executed with a care and in a style worthy of the painter, and were entitled to the highest encomiums and the most princely remuneration. Annibal, justly proud of the creations of his pencil, which are said to have occupied him incessantly during eight or ten years, hoped that his employer would reward him in proportion to the excellence of the work and the length of time expended upon it. But the poor painter was cruelly disappointed. Influenced by an ignorant Spanish domestic, who was named Don Gto, and who was at the same time the cardinal's flatterer and dependant, Annibal was presented with five hundred crowns, or little more than £125 (the escudi or Roman crown being 5s. 1d.), for his diligent and protracted labours. When the money was presented to him, surprise at the injustice done him completely sealed up his tongue; he gazed on the person who brought him his wages, which, instead of hundreds, should have been twice as many thousands, and indignation and disgust took possession of his mind. His temper naturally inclined to melancholy, and this blow confirmed his gloomy predisposition. He forsook the calling which had engrossed his undivided energies, and vowed that he would never more lift a pencil. There is every likelihood that he would have persevered in this certainly foolish resolution had not poverty driven him to the resumption of the palette. But his morbid melancholy increased to such a degree that it is said to have sometimes deprived him of reason. To the meanness of Cardinal Farnese may be ascribed the ruin of the gifted Annibal Caracci. The art which he had adorned with the productions of his fancy and pencil had now no charms for him. The pursuits which he had followed with passionate intensity were now engaged in merely as a source of sustenance. He retired to Naples for the improvement of his health, where, giving way to dissipation, he superinduced a disease that cut him off in 1609 at the age of forty-nine. Ludovico survived his cousin

So great was the veneration of Annibal Caracci for the illustrious Raphael that his last request was that he might sleep with him in the same grave. According to his desire his remains were conveyed to the Pantheon or Rotunda at Rome, and his ashes mingle with those of his illustrious predecessor, and the object of his artistic devotion. Unlike his fickle but accomplished brother, and also differing in a marked degree from the phlegmatic but ingenious Ludovico, Annibal is nevertheless said to have been friendly in his disposition, with a plain, honest open-heartedness of character that was rendered even more amiable by his active benevolence. He withheld no communication that could conduce to the improvement of his scholars; and his money and paints are said to have lain in the same box, and to have been equally at the service of the disciples who studied under his immediate tuition. Yet he was rude and impatient in his temper.

Several prints of the Virgin, which were etched by this great artist, are yet in existence, together with some other subjects; but the most profless and famous of his works was the gallery of Farnese. He was excellent in every branch of his profession—whether in depicting the human face, transcribing the beauties of nature, or illustrating on canvass the events recorded in history—but he seems not to have perfectly understood *chiaro-scuro*, or the art of distributing the lights and shadows of a picture, both with regard to the easing of the eye and the effect of the whole piece. The compositions of Agostino and Annibal possess more fire in them than those of Ludovico; but in many respects each was inferior to neither. Some of the pictures of these celebrated masters form at this day the property of individuals who, trusting to the progress of general intelligence and the rapidly improving taste of the community, publicly exhibit them in the towns and cities of Great Britain. Persons who can appreciate these treasures of art, and can discriminate the niceties of difference in them, will perceive features illustrative of the temperaments of their authors—the fiery energy of Annibal, the elegance of Agostino, and the gracefully subdued manner of Ludovico.

The career of these gifted men exhibits the triumph of genius and industry in a striking manner. In the success of the preceptor of his cousins, we see the qualities of a great mind slowly developing themselves, and attaining a precision of conception that was only equalled by the artist's power of delineation. In Agostino we behold nature, unassisted by extraordinary application, producing a painter who might with truth be said to possess that innate gift called genius; while Annibal, who was remarkable for what Sir Joshua Reynolds reckoned the certain precursor of excellence (in his opinion, misnamed talent, but truly known as *perseverance*), rose to the zenith of his profession. They are examples also of that spontaneity of genius which rises from the masses of mankind, and ever and anon gilds the annals of the socially obscure with bright and radiant pages. But the fate of Annibal, while it illustrates the vanity of worshipping one pursuit, and shows how necessary it is that the mind should at least have one resource that can never fail to soothe its irritation or dispel its clouds, also demonstrates that whatever fame the clergy of Rome may have gained as patrons of the arts, could not apply to the paltry Farnese in his relation to the youngest of the Caracci.

RAMBLES IN LONDON.

INVENTIONS AND GENERAL MATTERS.

THE application of steam to its now numberless uses by land and sea, and the development of the splendid and valuable illuminative qualities of gas, may be considered as the two supereminent feats of invention of the present age. But the ingenuity of the past and passing generation, to whom the credit of these wonders is due, has extended itself in a thousand other directions, evolving the powers of nature in a degree not less surprising, though for less important ends, and furnishing, it may be remarked by the way, an unanswerable argument against

those who declare the spread of general education has produced no good results, if it has not been positively injurious to society. That there are such reasoners is undeniable; and our own more immediate day has witnessed the rise of a party in the country, who declaim constantly about the 'merry and happy England' of olden times and actually would fain restore both it and its inhabitants to their bygone condition. What era do these gentlemen fix upon, we should like to know, as that of old England's especial merriment and happiness? Surely can it be the age of the first Plantagenets, when the people lay helplessly at the mercy of every paltry feudal baron, endowed with power to murder, torture, imprisonment, and plunder at will, and by no means sparing of its exercise, as the ruins of their frightful castle-dungeons sufficiently testify. It cannot be the epoch of the first Edwards, who dragged their subjects from their homes to war unceasingly with one or another of the neighbouring nations. Are we to look to the period of the Wars of the Roses, when Edward IV. fought on his native soil thirty pitched battles, and shed deluges of blood, every drop flowing from the veins of Englishmen? Will the most ardent eulogist of the past land to us the reign of Richard III., Henry VIII., and Bloody Queen Mary? Able as Elizabeth was, the public executions during her sway, many of them for petty freedoms of speech or the conscientious exercise of religious choice, show upon how precarious a foundation—one despotic will—life, liberty, and happiness then rested in England. It would be ridiculous to talk of surpassing popular comfort in the times of the favourite-ridden James I., during the long civil wars of his successor, or whilst the licentious Charles II. held the sceptre, and sent the noblest and best of the land—Russell, Sidney, and the rest—to the scaffold, not to speak of the multitudes of guiltless victims of the most plots of the same age. It is needless to pursue the argument further. We have said enough to justify the question, if we are seriously to be asked to regard England as merry and happy to a miracle in the days alluded to, and to regret that they cannot be restored. The deprivation for one hour, in fact, of the numberless conveniences of life, which civilization has accumulated around them, would cause the eulogists of these times to wish that they might again be made denizens of England in the nineteenth century. Let no man hastily become what Horace laughed at long ago, 'Laudator temporis acti' (a praiser of the past), to the disparagement of the age in which his lot has been cast by Providence.

Digressive all this so far is, but not unconnected with our present subject. It is impossible to reflect on the multiplicity of recent inventions, useful and ornamental, without feeling irritated at those who decry the times in which we live, as well as forming high hopes of the future. From the abstraction of men's minds from the too long cherished thoughts of war and strife, and their direction to the furtherance of social enjoyment and the development of the powers and beauties of nature. The wondrous subject of electricity has more directly led us into this train of thinking at present, and still more directly have we had in our mind's eye one of the most extraordinary and important applications of the electric or galvanic power ever made by science. Daguerre discovered, that, by rendering a metallic surface sensitive to light by means of iodine (chiefly), Nature could be made an artist or painter of the most brilliant order, stamping on the metal the images of objects, animate and inanimate, with unrivalled fidelity. The ELECTROTYPE is not a less wonderful discovery than the daguerrotype. It may be called nature's mode of producing metallic duplicates of all natural and artificial objects. Besides its convertibility to its purposes of art in multiplying engraved plates, the same process, as many may know, has been of late extensively set in action for *gilding* and *silvering* the baser metals, by which articles of great value and utility have been produced. The Polytechnic Institution has enabled us to witness these and other kindred processes.

The galvanic battery is the immediate means by which

the electric or galvanic power is used in electrotyping and gilding. It may be stated, firstly, that a galvanic battery, in its simplest form, consists of a plate of copper and a plate of zinc. On these being joined together, and immersed in any convenient vessel containing an acid or saline solution, a current of voltaic electricity is instantly established, flowing from the zinc through the liquid to the copper plate, and returning to the zinc. To give a powerful battery, a number of plates of these metals are used, being placed in a series in a box; but the principle of the electrotype may be best understood by supposing the battery to be of the simplest kind. In a glass vessel (glass being a non-conductor, and therefore not marring the process) let a plate of zinc and a plate of copper be placed, in an acid or saline solution (for which muriatic acid or a salt thereof is commonly employed), and let a wire of copper pass, without touching, from each plate into another vessel containing a solution of sulphate of copper or blue vitriol. If the wires be allowed to remain in the solution at the distance of about one inch from each other, at the expiration of a few hours, a beautiful pink deposit of pure copper will be formed on the surface of the wire connected with the zinc, while the wire in connexion with the plate of copper will on examination be found to have lost considerably; and if the experiment has been carefully performed, the one wire will be found to have gained the exact quantity of metal lost by the other. The solution of copper, by the passage of the electricity through it, is decomposed, giving up a part of its constituents agreeably to certain definite laws. That part here is the metallic copper deposited on the zinc wire. The solution of sulphate of copper, however, is not diminished in strength, the copper plate of the battery not only sending electricity into the solution, but also fresh accessions of copper. It will be readily understood that the deposited metal, being thrown down in inconceivably minute atoms, will assume the exact form of any surface on which it is cast. This is the principle, therefore, on which the electrotype acts. The battery remaining as mentioned, with wires from the zinc and copper plates, an engraved copperplate, which is to be copied in copper, is placed upright in another box or vessel full of a solution of blue vitriol, and connected with the wire from the zinc. To further the supply of copper for deposition, a plate of that metal is also put beside the graven plate, and is attached to the wire from the copper in the battery. A current of electricity thus circulates incessantly, and the deposit goes on till an exact impression coats the graven surface. Deposited impressions can be again copied in a similar way. A writer on this subject says:—'The Art Union of London numbers nearly 12,000 subscribers; each, on paying his guinea, is entitled to an impression from an engraving: but how can this be done with any degree of fairness? Yet that plate may, from some peculiarity, be one which all would like to possess; consequently some thousands of the subscribers must necessarily have very inferior impressions to those obtained from the first set; but by making electrotype duplicates, if 120,000 were required, they could, by this mode, be readily furnished.' And the Art-Union Journal of 1844 adds:—'The *rationale* of the matter stands thus:—Let that which is valuable in art be multiplied by means of the electrotype, inasmuch as to be sold at five shillings instead of five guineas. Abundance and low price, according to the known principle, will create a demand; and, instead of the sale of one thousand, there will be sold a hundred thousand, affording means of remuneration to the artist.'

Electro-gilding and electro-silvering, as well as bronzing, the electrotyping of seals, medals, and the like articles, are processes all dependent on the decomposition of the solutions of metallic oxides, as above described, and the consequent deposition of the several metals. But we must not now dwell on these points in detail, as (from a fear of trenching on the variety necessary to please general readers, rather than any exhaustion of materials) we must now bring these rambling notices to a close. Though the multitudinous inventions of metropolitan

science chanced chiefly to arrest our own attention, a thousand other matters of interest may present themselves to visitors of different tastes in London. One thing every one must be struck with, who observes the present arrangement of the shops in the capital. In Edinburgh, the shops have at least some fair proportion of wall in front, intervening betwixt door and door, window and window. In the Great Babylon, all is window together—so that piles of show-goods, nay, the whole stock of the dealer nearly, are exhibited. 'There is nothing new under the sun,' says Solomon; and what is this recent fashion of open shop-display but a recurrence to the custom of former times? 'The goods (of London tradesmen in the age of James I.) were exposed to sale in open cases,' remarks the author of the *Fortunes of Nigel*, 'only defended from the weather by a covering of canvass; and the whole resembled the stalls and booths now erected for the temporary accommodation of dealers at a country fair, rather than the established emporium of a respectable citizen.' Sir Walter adjoins, that all this differed very much from what was in his day to be seen in the same locality. Put 'glass' for 'canvass' and there is now little difference betwixt the state of things formerly and at present; and, indeed, the modern shopkeepers of London, wherever the streets will permit, adopt the fashion of their fathers wholly, and place their goods on stalls cut-of-doors. Almost all butchers do so especially. Well said old Dan Chaucer, therefore, following the wise son of David, 'Nothing is new but what has been old.'

Talking of shops, we were both astonished and grieved to find the opening of places of business on that holy day seemingly on the increase in London. Not only cigar and snuff-shops, but common grocer-shops, tea-warehouses, and the like, were carrying on sales—at least in the intervals of service; not to speak of those abominable hot-beds of misery, the gin-palaces. Pianofortes, too, are not rarely to be heard sounding by the street-pedestrian, decency being only so far observed as respects the gravity of the airs borne to his ears. In the evenings, some of the suburbs of London present anything but commendable scenes of moral instruction for youth. Near Primrose Hill, towards Hampstead, we remarked immense swings and circular hobby-horse machines, in full play on several Sunday evenings consecutively, according, we believe, to an established custom. The frolickers here were chiefly boys, seemingly old enough to be apprentices to tradesmen and merchants; and we own that the recollection of George Barnwell came across our mind as we saw these lads paying their pence reiterately for a prolonged swing, and *treating* girls about their own age and standing to the same enjoyment. The flushed faces of the most of the parties spoke also of other indulgences. At the same spot might likewise be seen youngsters, of lesser age generally, following the amusement of riding on asses, provided by men there for 'a consideration.' The galloppings over the short penny-course, the tumbles, the shouting, and the swearing which fell on the hearing on the occasion, formed anything but an agreeable subject of reflection. We cannot but deplore the existence of such scenes as these, and think with ominous regret of Paris and its open Sunday theatres. The description which Dr Harris gives in his 'Christian Citizen' of the desecration of the Sabbath in the metropolis is by no means too highly coloured. Speaking of the many forms and sources of evil existing in London, he says—'But does not the return of the Sabbath form an exception to this state? It does—but an exception of the most fearful kind—for it consists in their state *then* being aggravated tenfold: 650,000 human beings then stand up and say in the face of heaven, 'There shall be no Sabbath. As far as the scriptural observance of the day is concerned, *there shall be no Sabbath*. We will rest from our ordinary labour only to toil in sin—the day shall be set apart to evil.' And in obedience to this fearful decree, issued as from the throne of wickedness, the temples of vice are early thrown open, and thronged with impious devotees; the press issues its weekly manual of slander and sedition, impurity and blasphemy; every

minister of evil is then in full employ, aided by numerous helpers, called in for the occasion. In many districts, the ordinary market is quickened into the bustle and riot of a fair; the quiet of the week is broken up by the carnival of the Sabbath; the great volcano of iniquity heaves, and rises, and discharges its desolating contents into the country for miles around; every available form of art is pressed into the service of sin; the whole satanic system of depravity is in active and universal operation; and vice holds its saturnalia. Such is their *Sabbath state*. Let us hope and pray, that the progress of moral and religious education will soon change this fearful state of things.

We have before hinted, in these rambling notices, at the description of amusements to which many of the young men of London, of somewhat older standing than the swing-loving apprentice-boys, love to consecrate their week-day evenings. Tavern-theatres, where dramatic and musical entertainments are presented before audiences seated in the enjoyment of liquors and tobacco; Free and Easy Clubs, Spouting Clubs, Harmonics, and the like, where singers and speakers are paid by the landlords to attend professionally, though usually seated among others as casual visitors—these and similar nightly or hebdomadal amusements are frequented in London to an extent which Scotsmen could only believe on witnessing them. The denser the population anywhere, the more gregarious man seems to become in his tastes and habits; and, besides, we really believe that Englishmen are more social in temperament, on the whole, than Scotsmen. The Scot takes his chop in his inn alone; the Englishman loves to seat himself at an ordinary, with as many companions around him as possible. In business matters, too, the North Briton is commonly self-dependent, and acts singly; as in the business of dining, the trading southern greatly prefers to act associatedly. In a knowledge of the pursuits in which each is engaged, Englishmen are inferior to none, but they follow gregarious and social amusements at private hours, while the Scot reads at the same periods. The consequence is, that though a superficial smattering of information very often veils over the real intrinsic nakedness, the Englishman has usually less of solid knowledge than his fellow-countryman of the north.

We must now, however, conclude these Rambles; and, as our last observation is so far depreciatory of the civilization of Englishmen, we add, as strict justice prompts, one farewell word on the other side. The Englishman is more open, downright, and manly in bearing than the Scot; and though the covering of caution and reserve worn by the latter may not affect the sterling qualities within, it does look almost like meanness when contrasted with the southern manner and demeanour. Honest frankness is a marked peculiarity of John Bull, and all praise be to him accordingly.

KATE PERCIVAL.

AN AMERICAN TALE OF REAL LIFE.

It was at the close of a long sultry day in June, that Mrs Percival sat alone at the open window of her chamber. The setting sun tinged with its last bright rays the peaceful landscape that was spread before her. The verdant lawn, with its noble, venerable trees, the flowers she had reared with care, and the graceful vines that her own hands had twined round their rustic props, the clear blue waters of the gentle stream that flowed murmuring at its foot, and the green hills rising far away in the distance, all lay smiling in placid beauty in that quiet hour. Beautiful indeed was that scene to the eye of the languid, feverish invalid, and long and earnestly she gazed on it. Pale, very pale, was her calm, thoughtful face, and each blue vein of the fair hand on which her brow rested was distinctly visible. An expression of holy peace, of inward, chastened happiness, marked her countenance, and shone in the subdued glance of her dark bright eye. She knew that she was passing away; that she would tread no more the sunny paths of that blooming parterre; that her hand would never again twine the clinging tendrils of those

fragrant vines; that her eye would soon look for the last time on that lovely scene, still to bloom on bright and gay, when she was no more seen, and her memory had faded for ever from the earth. She knew it all, but with unshaken confidence in Him who had conquered death and opened the gates of eternal life, she looked calmly upward, and longed for the promised 'rest that remaineth for the people of God.'

Bitter indeed had been the experience that had led her to garner up her hopes 'where only true joys can be found.' Deprived in childhood of both her parents, she had married early in life one who had sought her hand for the sake of the wealth to which she was sole heiress. Possessed of her fair lands, he cared nought for the heart that had intrusted its happiness to his keeping, but pursued his pleasures in scenes of vice and dissipation, while his young and lovely wife sat alone in her solitary home. Deeply did she feel her wrong, and bitterly did her stricken heart mourn the destruction of its dearest hopes, the early blighting of its rich affections. As years rolled by, she tasted again of happiness in the fond endearments of the fair children who sprang up around her heartily, but one by one they faded from her sight, while yet in tender infancy, transplanted to a brighter clime, and none remained to cheer her home save one—her eldest child and only daughter. Over this surviving blossom Mrs Percival watched with a mother's untiring and devoted love. Affliction had taught her that the only source of true happiness was in the love and service of her Redeemer, and most earnestly did she endeavour to lead the heart of her precious charge to depend in humble gratitude and affection on Him in 'whom is no variableness neither shadow of turning.' Especially had she sought to do this during the last few months, when it became apparent to herself and all around her that her delicate frame was slowly sinking beneath the pressure of severe afflictions, and the still deeper daily sorrow produced by the neglect and dissipation of him who was bound to her by the tenderest tie, and to whom her heart clung with all a woman's constant, intense affection.

'Mother, dear mother, look at my beautiful flowers,' said a low sweet voice at her side.

Mrs Percival turned with looks of tenderness to the gentle girl, whose light footstep had failed to disturb her musings.

'They are indeed beautiful, my Kate, particularly this half-opened rose—it is so very fragrant.'

'I wish you could see the bush, mother. You know it bore but two or three flowers last season, now there are many in bloom, and next year I think it will be full.'

'I shall not be here when it blooms again, my child. Before another summer returns, I hope to be where flowers never fade.'

A slight flush of emotion spread over Mrs Percival's face as she spoke, and the bright hectic colour deepened on her cheek.

'Think of me then,' she continued, as Kate knelt beside her, and wept silently on her bosom; 'think of me then, dearest, as free from all sin and sorrow—happier, yes, happier far, than I should be with you here. Will me not back again; but oh! my beloved child, make my God your God, my Saviour your Saviour, and we shall meet again in those blessed mansions where death cannot enter. When your heart is lonely and sad, go with all your cares and griefs to your Father in heaven. He will not leave you comfortless. I commit you to his holy keeping. I know he will not leave you, nor forsake you. Trust in him at all times.' Seek him as your Redeemer, your Friend, and Guide.'

'Mother, dear mother,' murmured the weeping girl, 'speak not thus—it will break my heart. I cannot part from you—you must not leave me alone!'

Mrs Percival replied not; and when, after a moment's pause, Kate raised her eyes to her face, she was startled by its death-like paleness, and hastily summoned from an adjoining apartment the faithful nurse, who had been her mother's constant attendant from infancy.

A few more weeks and Kate wept in bitter anguish over her mother's grave.

Her father, who had returned from an excursion of pleasure on which he had been absent during the last weeks of his wife's illness, only in time to receive her parting message, and her last look of undying love, seemed for a little while to be moved by the solemn scenes which he had witnessed. He spoke kindly, even affectionately to his mourning child; sought to divert her mind from constantly dwelling on the past; told her of the many pleasant young companions she would find in the school of which she was soon to become an inmate; praised her beauty, which could not fail to attract the attention of every beholder; and predicted the admiration she would excite, when, as an accomplished young lady, she entered the gay world. Poor Kate, to whom the thought of leaving the home endeared to her by so many hallowed associations, and the consequent separation from the aged and affectionate attendant who still remained to cheer her lonely hours, was the most terrible that could be presented, wept bitterly whenever any allusion was made to her removal. Once she even overcame her natural timidity, and earnestly besought her father to allow her to remain where every spot was fraught with blessed memories of her beloved sainted mother. He was displeased by her entreaties, called her wish childish folly, and bade her speak no more upon the subject—that his resolution was not to be shaken by her foolish tears. Silently, yet with an almost breaking heart, Kate witnessed the preparations made for her departure. During the twelve happy years of her life, she had never been separated from her fond parent; and now the thought of going among strangers, where no familiar face would be seen, no voice speak in well-known accents the words of tenderness that had ever been her portion, was almost intolerable. As the time of separation approached, her heart clung still closer to her humble but faithful friend. For hours she sat by her side, listening to her vivid description of her mother's girlish days, of her gay and happy childhood, and the sad events of her after life. Together they retraced each little incident of her sickness and death, mingling sad yet soothing tears. Then, too, they spoke of her present happiness in the kingdom of her Lord, and many beautiful and comforting descriptions of the blessedness of the saints in heaven did little Kate find in the precious volume that had been her dying gift. Often the sorrowful child rambled forth alone over her mother's favourite walks, where every tree and shrub seemed to speak of her, and resting on some rustic seat that her delicate taste had designed, read from her little Bible portions marked by that parent's trembling hand for the guidance and comfort of the beloved one left behind her. Sweet and consoling lessons the gentle girl gathered from those sacred pages, and many proofs of her heavenly father's love did she receive in the peace and comfort which his gracious promises afforded her fainting heart.

Summer passed away, and, when autumn robed in rich and varied colours the woods and hills around her quiet home, Kate Percival bade farewell to her favourite haunts, and parting from all dear to her young heart, proceeded with her father to a neighbouring city, where he placed her in a large and fashionable boarding-school, desiring that she should be instructed in all the varied accomplishments of her sex.

'Kate Percival, Kate Percival, where are you?' cried Rose Lennox at the top of her voice, in the large school-room in which noisy groups of laughing, talking girls were collected, at the close of their daily exercises, one warm summer afternoon towards the last of June, about a year after the events above recorded took place. Rose looked anxiously among all the merry faces around her, but Kate was nowhere to be seen. She ran quickly from one recitation-room to another in search of her, alike in vain; then, with a look of disappointment, began slowly to ascend what seemed to her an interminable flight of stairs, to the little room in the attic occupied by Kate and herself as a sleeping apartment.

'Pray, Miss Smith, have you seen anything of Kate Percival since school?' said she to a young lady she met on the landing.

'I think she is in your room, Rose; I caught a glimpse of some one sitting at the window as I passed the door.'

'Dear me! I might have known she was there, for where else is she ever to be found when school is over?'

'Poor Kate!' thought Rose, as she continued to pursue her upward course, 'how sad she has been the last week. I think she will be sorry when our vacation commences. But I don't wonder at it; she has no mother to welcome her home, no brothers or sisters to meet her; and I do think her father must be a strange man; he has only been to see her once this term, and he does not write to her often. I wonder what this letter has in it; I hope it is to say that she need not go home, for then I mean to persuade papa to take her with us: dear, kind papa! I know he will if I ask him.'

Rose's usually bright face became still brighter at this pleasant thought. She cautiously opened the door of their room, which stood a little ajar, and quietly entered. It was a small apartment, with a low, sloping ceiling, containing two single beds; a chest of drawers, the joint property of the two; a round table, on which lay a pile of books; and several large trunks. One of these was open, and contained a few articles in the bottom closely packed, apparently selected from a heap of wearing apparel that was piled around it, which Rose had collected early that morning, declaring she meant to pack a little every day, hoping it would make the long week before the vacation pass more quickly. This employment had been hastily deserted at the sound of the breakfast-bell, nor remembered again until the neglected articles caught the eye of Rose as she entered. She gave them but one glance, however, and stole noiselessly to the side of her friend, who was sitting, with her back to the door, at the only window of the chamber, gazing in silent admiration at the beautiful clouds that could be seen over the roofs of the bustling city, glittering in gorgeous splendour far away in the distant west. Rose stood behind her for a moment, then playfully dropped the letter she held in her hand into her lap. Kate sprang up quickly, with an exclamation of surprise.

'My dear Rose, how you startled me.'

'And how you have tired me! What a search I have had after you! Really, Kate, one might almost carry you off without your knowing it. But read your letter—be quick—I want to know what it has in it, for I have got a bright thought in my head.'

Rose turned away as Kate broke the seal, and kneeling beside her trunk, resumed her morning employment, folding, rolling, and carefully packing her scattered wardrobe. A sudden exclamation from Kate stopped her. She turned her head, and saw that the letter had fallen from her hand to the floor, and that a death-like paleness had spread over her face.

'Dear Kate, what is the matter—what has happened?'

inquired Rose, much alarmed.

Kate raised her eyes to her friend's face with an earnest bewildered look, as though she could not comprehend the reality of some startling truth, then pointed silently to the letter. Rose took it up and began to read, but suddenly paused at the end of the first few sentences; her fine face flushed with emotion, and her eyes filled with tears.

'Is it true, Rose—can it be so?' asked Kate in a low hoarse voice.

'It must be so, my dear, dear Kate,' replied Rose soothingly, putting her arm round the trembling form of her friend. Kate laid her head on her shoulder and burst into tears, continuing long to sob bitterly, while Rose, drawing her still closer to her bosom, wept in silence by her side.

Mr Percival's letter to his daughter abruptly imparted to her the intelligence of his marriage to a young lady in the south, whom she was to find, on her return home, filling the place of her beloved mother.

How changed indeed to Kate was that once quiet home, where every spot yet retained for her sad and tender associations of the departed! It had become the scene of gay and brilliant festivities, and the apartments that had been almost deserted during her mother's lingering illness were thronged with visitors from the neighbouring city, or with the friends of its new mistress, who, glad to escape from the heat of a southern clime, had accepted the invitation of the fair bride to share her summer retreat. Poor Kate, whose little heart beat with intense emotion at the thought of meeting her new relative, was received by her with much apparent kindness, and with many compliments on her graceful appearance and blooming looks; but there was no affection in her embrace, and her words sounded coldly in the ears of the trembling child. She hastened to her own little room, where every article of furniture reminded her of the happy companionship she had once enjoyed, and wept such tears as childhood never sheds on the bosom of maternal love. How precious to Kate then would have been one kind, familiar voice; but there was none to comfort her. Her faithful nurse had long since left a spot from whence all she loved had departed, and was living with her son in a distant village; and Rose, sweet Rose Lennox, she too was far away, in the midst of the cheerful loving circle of her happy home. But He 'who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities,' whose ear is ever open even to the young heart's transient griefs, bent in sympathy and love over the weeping child, and comforted her with the rich consolations of his grace, and gently led her to the 'green pastures and still waters' which his abounding mercy has prepared for the tender lambs of his fold.

The weeks of the vacation passed slowly away; and Kate, who shrunk from mingling in the festivities around her, and who rarely, if ever, saw her parents alone, was glad to find herself again at school, and folded in the arms of her loving Rose, who met her with joy and ardent expressions of unabated affection.

There are events in the life of every individual that seem so obviously to divide the past from the future that he cannot but feel, in reference to the portion thus cut off, that it is gone beyond recall, and his connexion with it ceased for ever. No reflective mind can be conscious of such an era in its existence without casting back on the scenes that are receding from its view many a 'longing, lingering look' of regret for duties left unperformed or carelessly discharged, or of sad and affectionate farewell to joys that will return no more. Hope may paint the future in her brightest colours, but the heart knows it is resigning certain treasures for those that may never be obtained, or disappoint if they elude not the grasp. The past seems like an old and tried friend, whose excellences have been discovered and appreciated, and have contributed to our happiness and profit—whose very blemishes, though they may have caused us care and sorrow, have yet become so familiar that we have almost ceased to feel the pain they at first inflicted; but the future, so fair and smiling in aspect, appears only as a stranger, whose winning charms delight the eye, but to whose promises we dare not trust, because we know not their truth. We cling to the memory of the days that are fled; we shrink from trusting our trembling spirits to the new companionship of coming years, though they be more bright in the shadowy distance.

So thought Kate Percival as she sat by the side of her friend the evening before their final removal from school. The day had been one of busy employments, the last of the term. In the upper apartments of the mansion there had been much bustle and confusion, much laughing and talking and running from room to room of girls who had obtained permission to engage in the delightful occupation of packing—much assistance offered and accepted from busy neighbours and room-mates that had been better dispensed with, thereby causing sundry overturnings of well-filled trunks, in search of articles thoughtlessly deposited in the bottom, that ought to have been left out, or to replace those that had been forgotten. In

the school-room what noisy activity—what an endless clearing out of desks—what valuable discoveries of lost pens, and pencils, and ink-wipers, long concealed from their sorrowing owners in some unexplored corner—what loads of books, appearing and then disappearing, carried off in triumph in the arms or on the heads of their respective proprietors, to be packed up in the heavy trunks of those who would need them no more, or to be carefully stowed away to await the expected return of others at the end of the two months' vacation, that seemed to them, in prospect, as years! What continual expressions of delight from the younger girls, as they portrayed to each other the pleasures of that long-expected period—the meeting with merry brothers and sisters, with kind uncles and aunts, loaded with presents, with smiling cousins and affectionate playmates! Oh, how varied and engrossing were the hourly employments of that busy day!

There were some among the elder pupils—among those who had completed their school days—who were going forth to assume a responsible station in the world—to exert over all around them woman's gentle yet mighty sway, whose countenances bore traces of deeper and sadder feelings. Among these were Kate Percival and Rose Lennox. It was not surprising that Kate, over whose beautiful and intellectual face early sorrow had cast a shade of pensive thought that rendered it still more lovely and attractive, should look grave; but that Rose—merry, light-hearted Rose Lennox—whose every feature seemed formed to wear and win smiles—whose laughing tones, like the sweet carol of a bird, made the heart thrill with sudden joy, and banished care and sorrow from the brow—whose buoyant step seemed scarcely to touch the earth—that she should be sad, and even be seen to shed tears as she gave a parting look to the desk and seat so long her peculiar property, was something new indeed, and scarcely to be credited. But so it really was; and when all these last occupations were concluded, and she sat down with Kate to enjoy one more quiet hour together in their little room, her sunny face still wore an expression of unwonted emotion.

'Well, Kate, we have had many, very many happy hours here,' said Rose with a sigh.

'They will not soon be forgotten,' replied Kate, sadly; 'I shall long remember them. I dare not think how I shall miss you. When we are separated I shall feel entirely alone. You have been more than a sister to me, Rose. I know not how I can do without you.'

'Hush! hush! my dear sober Kate, I shall not let you talk in this mournful way,' said Rose, smiling through her tears; 'we will not long be separated. Am I not going to ask your father, when he comes to-morrow, to let you pass next winter with me, in my own dear southern home? Surely he will grant my request, for I shall employ my sweetest looks and most winning words—and you know, Miss Percival, how successful they always are; and then, if you are good, have I not promised you a visit in the summer, when we make our annual tour to my uncle's in Boston? Oh, we shall be very happy together; there are many bright days in store for us yet! I don't think, however,' continued Rose, looking archly round the room, 'that I shall ever be able to afford you a chamber so far removed from the 'noisy Babel' of the busy world as this aerial abode. Well! well! it has been a safe retreat for us from the bustling crowds below.'

'What a sunbeam you are, Rose,' said Kate, smiling; 'one cannot be grave in your presence.'

'A fine proof of my power are you, Kate: for pray, how long a time have I ever been able to drive the shadows from your face?'

'I am afraid the shadows will be deeper still when you are gone, my dearest Rose.'

Sad indeed to Kate was the thought of parting from her cheerful and warm-hearted friend. For five years they had shared the same tasks, the same difficulties, and the same pleasures. The contrast between their natural temperaments fitted them not only to be pleasant but profitable companions, and most confiding and devoted friends.

friends. With deep, refined, and intensely sensitive feelings, shrinking from every word and look of harshness, and with a mind matured in thought and judgment beyond her years, Kate needed just such a companion as the gentle, affectionate, and ever cheerful Rose, who, while she imparted some of her own peculiarly sunny colours to Kate's darker pictures, received, in return, much benefit from the superior prudence and strength of character possessed by her friend. They were both governed by religious principles, and animated by the same heavenly hopes and aims; and this holy bond strengthened, as with a mighty chain, their mutual esteem and confidence.

The pleasant plan which Rose had formed for the promotion of their re-union, and which cast a gleam of sunshine over the dark future, afforded much comfort to Kate, as she looked forward with dread to their approaching separation. Even this hope faded when the morrow brought not her father, but a messenger in much haste to impart the alarming intelligence of the sudden and dangerous illness of Mr Percival, and to convey her with all possible speed to her home. Truly bitter was now the anguish of that parting hour.

'Farewell, my dearest Rose,' murmured Kate, as, pale and trembling, she received the last embraces of her friend; 'if we meet not again on earth, there is another, a brighter world'—her voice failed, but the uplifted eye revealed the holy hope that animated her gentle bosom.

Blessed Gospel, that with sweet promises of unfailing strength and peace in this land of exile, and of eternal rest in the Paradise of God, doth sustain the fainting, wearied spirit! what were life without thee, or whither could the children of men turn for comfort, amid the troublous waves of this changing state, didst not thou, bright Star of Bethlehem, shine on their dreary path? Fervently may our grateful hearts exclaim—'Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift!'

The disease which had attacked Mr Percival, and which had been produced by the dissipation in which he had indulged for years, baffled by its violence all the efforts of his medical attendants, and, after a few days of extreme suffering, terminated his earthly existence.

Stunned by this unexpected blow, Kate was roused from the passive inactivity of grief by the startling disclosures which followed an investigation of her father's pecuniary affairs. Rumours had often been afloat, during the years that had passed since his second marriage, respecting the extravagance and dissipation that were, together, wasting the immense fortune of his young and thoughtless wife, and it was now found that the extent of the evil far exceeded even public expectations. The whole of his estates, including even the home of his ancestors, his hereditary possession, were seized by his clamorous creditors. His widow immediately determined to return, with her two little sons, to her friends in the south. Kate had no claims on their protection, nor was she willing to depend on the maintenance of strangers. Deprived of the natural guardians of her youth, alone and soon to be homeless, she looked up with child-like confidence to Him who has promised to be a 'Father to the fatherless,' and sought calmly to surmount the difficulties of her situation, and to procure some honest though humble method of obtaining an independent support. Rose Lennox had written to her, immediately on hearing of her father's death, a letter overflowing with the love and sympathy of her affectionate heart. Kate delayed replying to it until she should have decided on the place of her abode, knowing well that if her desolate situation was understood by her friend, she would insist upon affording her at least a temporary asylum. Many hearts glowed with pity for the lonely orphan, and would have gladly afforded her relief if their means had been ample as their desires; and some, who remembered the gentle loveliness of her sainted mother, earnestly proffered their aid. Kindly, yet with the firmness of maturer years, Kate declined their friendly offers, declaring it her decided intention to endeavour to procure a home in some private family as a governess. A situation at length offered, and, though not such as the orphan

had desired, she felt compelled, in her pressing necessity, to accept of it. Mrs Howell, a lady with whom she had been slightly acquainted in her childish years, invited her to become an inmate of her family as a governess to her two little daughters, and her own assistant in plain needlework, of which her large family needed a constant supply. She resided in a city, and one in which Kate hoped to find a more congenial situation as a teacher in some female seminary in the spring.

As soon as she was settled in her new abode in P—, Kate wrote to her friend Rose. She detailed the circumstances and cause of her removal, but carefully concealed the unpleasantness of her present position—for soon, too soon, had she learned the difficulties attending her station. Her office of instructor to Mary and Ellen Howell, children of three and five years of age, Kate found to exist only in name; their mother considered the cultivation of their minds as a matter of very minor importance to their external adorning; for to promote the latter object with reference to them and the other branches of her large family, she lavished not only her own time and attention, but kept her young companion's needle in constant requisition. Besides these two little girls there were three noisy boys, from the ages of ten to fifteen, and two young ladies, whose time was entirely engrossed by the world of fashion and gaiety in which they moved. Jane, the eldest, was a tall, fine-looking girl, and would have been quite prepossessing in appearance had it not been for the languishing, listless manner she thought proper to assume, and which was, truly, a correct expression of her indolence both of mind and body. Every movement seemed to require an effort, and was not made without much deliberation. She never took any unnecessary trouble, or attempted to surmount a difficulty. At home, she was but a useless appendage to the family circle, requiring much attention from others, but bestowing none in return; complaining of fatigue if required to make the slightest exertion, and indulged in every whim by her fond mother, who thought her inactivity arose from a delicacy of constitution, which caused her much anxiety. Sarah Howell, who was just seventeen, and had recently finished her education at a fashionable boarding-school, was very unlike her sister. Gay, brilliant, and witty, though not so beautiful as Jane, she attracted far more attention and admiration in society. Unfortunately, her home was the only spot in which she did not shine. Here, free from the observation of strangers, she was irritable and peevish, destroying rather than increasing the happiness of those around her.

About a week after Kate's arrival, Mrs Howell and her eldest daughters were together at twilight in their large and splendid parlours; Jane, half-reclining in a graceful attitude on the sofa, and Sarah seated with her mother at one of the front windows, indulging in many pertinent though not very charitable remarks on the passers-by.

'Who is that handsome young man?' inquired Mrs Howell, as a gentleman of remarkably attractive exterior bowed gracefully to her daughter.

'Oh, that is Howard Lansing, a young physician from the south. He has recently settled in our neighbourhood. We met him for the first time, last evening, at Emma Wallace's. I had quite a long conversation with him, and I see he has not forgotten me. He is to be at Gertrude Abbot's party to-morrow night. Is he not very handsome?'

'I thought he appeared to admire Mary Baker very much last evening,' remarked Jane, who had actually taken the trouble to rise and go to the window, that she might catch a glimpse of the subject of her mother's inquiry.

'Admire Mary Baker!' repeated Sarah, in a tone of surprise and vexation. 'I am sure I don't know how he expressed his admiration, for he did not address a sentence to her during the whole evening.'

'There you are mistaken. He did converse with her whenever he could find an opportunity, which was certainly not very often, for you kept him pretty con-

stantly occupied; but his looks expressed a desire to draw her into conversation.'

'Any man is a dunce to admire such a silent statue as she is,' retorted Sarah.

'I am sure she looked beautiful last evening, and I think she talked quite enough to be interesting. I do not like to see a young lady entertaining a whole room-full of people,' replied Jane, with more spirit than she usually displayed in conversation. 'But, mamma,' she continued, resuming her former position on the sofa, 'I want my light silk dress altered to wear to-morrow evening. It looks quite old-fashioned now. I saw a piece of silk that just matches it at Newman's this morning. I should like to get a few more yards of it, and have new sleeves made, and trimming put round the skirt.'

'Well, you can have it altered if you wish,' answered her mother; 'Kate can do it for you. She has a great deal of taste, and if she sews steadily, can easily have it finished in time for you to wear to-morrow evening. My old satin that she altered looks almost as well as it did when new. I intend that she shall make a new bodice for my mantua, she can fit so neatly. I am very glad I thought of proposing to her to come here. I think we shall not need a dressmaker but two or three days this autumn; for, after taking a few lessons, Kate will be able to make our dresses herself, which will save a deal of expense.'

'I wish you would not send her into the parlour again, mamma, as you did this morning; particularly when I have visitors,' said Jane. 'Gertrude Abbott made so many inquiries about her, and was so much interested in her appearance; and George Hadley, who was with her, actually declared she was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen. I was quite vexed; it was so annoying!'

'Poor thing! For once you felt yourself quite eclipsed,' observed Sarah, sarcastically.

The entrance of Mr Howell and the boys prevented further conversation.

That evening, in a party of their young friends, Jane Howell was praised as being remarkably lovely and sympathizing, and Sarah was loudly commended for the amiability that made her vivacity so charming.

So little does the world know of the true characters of those whom it judges. Happy are they who, careless of its praise or blame, find, in the daily companions of their private walks, witnesses ever ready to 'rise up and call them blessed.'

Mrs Howell did not intend or wish Kate to appear at all on an equality with her daughters. Had not her own native tact foreseen the difficulty resulting from such a juxtaposition, the remarks of those of her friends who incidentally saw the orphan would have taught her its inexpediency. 'Who is that very interesting-looking girl?' was a question too often asked on such occasions, not to show her the necessity of keeping her new assistant as much as possible in the background.

Poor Kate! how slowly passed the days of that long winter! From morning till night she occupied one seat in the corner of a small back chamber, adjoining Mrs Howell's dressing-room, engaged in an unending round of the same tedious and monotonous employment, her fine mind craving knowledge which it could not seek, and her heart yearning for the sympathy and love once its portion, but now denied it. She rose with the dawn, that she might steal a few moments for mental improvement; but save the hour devoted to the study of the word of God, seldom found time for the gratification of her natural love for literary pursuits, and she was generally too wearied by the exertions of the day to seek it after the family had retired to rest. When she sat up till a late hour of the night to await the return of the young ladies from a fashionable party or ball, Mrs Howell usually contrived to find her sufficient employment for every moment; for that lady prudently considered all time devoted by Kate to books as wasted. Bitterly did the lonely orphan feel the want of consideration displayed in the conduct of those who should have bound up her wounded heart. Memory recalled with vividness the joys and the sorrows

of the past; every scene in her childhood and youth returned in freshness to her mental eye. She often sat for hours, absorbed in lonely musings over pleasures passed for ever from her reach. There was one subject of bitter thought to Kate, awaking feelings almost too full of misery for her young heart to bear. This was the silence, the mysterious silence of Rose—her own Rose Leaver. After waiting several weeks for a reply to her first letter, written immediately after her removal to Mrs Howell, she had written again in all the confidence of a youthful attachment, but not one word had ever reached her from her distant friend. Her spirit sickened with long deferred hope, as day after day, when the postman called with letters, none came for her. At first her heart beat tumultuously at the sound of his voice, but it gradually learned to lay aside expectations that only ended in renewed disappointment. How precious would have been but a single line, to say that she was not quite forgotten—that one being in the wide world still cherished her memory, and loved her name. She knew that her fortune and station in society was a test that many professing friendship could not endure; but that Rose should be among that selfish and calculating number, it was impossible for Kate to believe, and was too inconsistent with all she had known and experienced of her friend's pure and ardent attachment. She therefore justified Rose in her heart, and still indulged a faint hope that time would bring an explanation of that seeming neglect that entered as iron into her soul.

(To be concluded in next Number.)

A HOT BATH AT ALGIERES.

I WENT attended by the French interpreter; we were carried into a saloon handsomely illuminated and covered with mats, where they undressed us, and afterwards covered us with two napkins, the one tied round us like a petticoat and the other upon our shoulders. Then we were led into another chamber, which was agreeably warm, where we remained some time, the better to prepare us for the sudden excess of heat into which we were to pass. Next, we proceeded to the grand saloon of the bath, which is covered with a spacious dome, and paved with white marble, having several closets round it. We were told to sit down upon a circular marble seat, in the middle of the hall, which we had no sooner done, than we became sensible of a very great increase of heat; for this, each of us, separately, was taken into a closet of milder temperature, where, after placing a white cloth on the floor, and taking off our napkins, they laid us down, leaving us to the further operations of two naked negroes. These men, newly brought from the interior of Africa, were ignorant of the Arabic spoken at Algiers. I could not tell them in what way I wished to be treated, and they handled me as roughly as if I had been a Mer inured to hardship. Kneeling with one knee upon the ground, each took me by the leg, and began rubbing the soles of my feet with a pumice-stone. After this operation on my feet, they put their hands into a small bag, and rubbed me all over with it as hard as they could. The distortions of my countenance must have told them what I endured, but they rubbed on, smiling at each other, and sometimes giving me an encouraging look, indicating by their gestures the good it would do me. While they were thus carrying me, they almost drowned me by throwing warm water upon me with large silver vessels, which were in the basin, under a cock fastened in the wall. When this was over, they raised me up, putting me down under the cock, by which means the water flowed all over my body; and, as if this was not sufficient, my attendants continued plying their vessels. Then, having dried me with very fine white napkins, they each of them respectfully kissed my hand. I considered this as a sign that all my torment was over, and was going to give myself, when one of the negroes, grimly smiling, seized me, till the other returned with a kind of stick, with which they began to rub all over my body, without touching

my inclination. I was as much surprised to see it take off all the hair, as I was pained in the operation; for this earth is so quick in its effect, that it burns the skin if left upon the body. This being finished, I went through a second ablation; after which, one of them seized me behind by the shoulders, and setting his two knees against the lower part of my back, made my bones crack, so that for a time I thought they were entirely dislocated. Nor was this all, for after whirling me about like a top, to the right and left, he delivered me to his comrade, who used me in the same manner; and then, to my no small satisfaction, opened the closet-door. The operations lasted half an hour.—*Blefield's Algeria.*

THE INFLUENCE OF FAITH UPON INTELLECTUAL CHARACTER.

(From the American Biblical Repository—continued from p. 345.)

Let us look seriously out upon the course and character of modern improvements. Have they awakened the most exalted powers of the human soul? We answer, No. You may build steam-engines and cotton factories innumerable, you may unite canals and railroads till they gird the earth, you may make our merchants princes, you may erect banks and brokers' offices on every corner, and prisons and poorhouses in the rear, and when you have accomplished all that modern physical improvement has ever promised or dreamed, you may embrace even a flying-machine in the catalogue, and still the most exalted feelings of man's soul will remain dormant—the highest powers even of the intellect will not be called into exercise. These things are indeed noble achievements, they feed the hungry, clothe the naked; they multiply those physical comforts which must precede cultivation and refinement of mind: but man's choicest powers stoop not to tasks like these. In man's heart of hearts, in the inner chambers of the immortal spirit, there is one celestial harp whose strings give no response to the touch of Mammon's fingers.

Man, through modern science and art, has won full many splendid triumphs over hitherto intractable matter, and as a crowing effort has made the lightnings his messenger; so that Ariel, who could 'put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes,' would now be much too slow for business operations; but still the question remains, whether all this is fitted to develop to the utmost the stupendous genius of the human soul—will the race in these things fulfil its highest earthly destiny?

Samson was not useless when grinding in the mills of the Philistines; but that was not surely his true vocation? Better there than in the lap of Delilah. But how much better still if the terrible warrior, with helm, and sword, and spear, had been at his post at the head of Judea's legions. Perhaps it is worthy of inquiry whether modern improvement has not proved a Delilah to the soul, and delivered it to Mammon, who has bound it and put out its eyes, and shorn its wings, and compelled it to labour amid his multifarious machinery.

Our next illustration of the power of faith upon the intellect is derived from the Hebrews. To the Jew, the real economy of the spiritual world was in a measure revealed. Instead of those imaginary beings who occupied the thought of the Greek, the true inhabitants of the unseen world held visible, almost daily communion with the Hebrew. He was the honoured associate of those who sat on thrones above, who were members of the principalities and dominions of heaven. They were ministering spirits attendant upon the heirs of promise. The Greek beheld the dim distorted shadow, the Jew the glorious reality. The Jew was more completely under the controlling influence of the spiritual world than even the Greek.

If, then, our theory be true, the Hebrew should be intellectually superior to the Greek. Perhaps all will not readily concede the point if we declare our belief that it was so. Nationally and individually, we are much inclined to believe the Jews superior to all of earth beside, and not without substantial reasons the favourites of Heaven. Greece and Rome, in the day of their pride, were not

so stupendous in their greatness as that small Hebrew commonwealth. It figures not on the pages of history, because authentic profane history reaches not back to the period of its glory. The military operations of the Jews appear insignificant, only on account of the brevity of the scriptural narrative, and because of the surpassing grandeur of the connected events. In that majestic solemn drama in which devils and angels and God himself are the actors, the slaying of half a million of men in a single battle is passed lightly over, leaving little impression upon the mind. Had the rise and fall of the Jewish state been described with that fullness of detail, and with that rich, not to say exaggerated colouring which characterizes profane history, it would have been the most amazing page in all the story of earth. But when we study history in the Bible, our stand-point is in eternity. We look as it were from heaven down on the busy world. We behold the whole broad stream of human life in its solemn flow toward eternity; and in the swift march of a thousand millions, the falling of a few hundred thousand here and there, is comparatively an unimportant affair.

In a literary point of view, it must certainly be admitted that the Hebrew stands without a competitor. True, it may be objected that the Jewish writers were under the immediate direction of the Holy Spirit, and therefore their example is not a case in point. But the intellectual power of these writers was not created by their inspiration. Their individuality remains unchanged by the heavenly afflatus. The Spirit suggested the subject, kept them to the line of truth, and then left the individual mind to its own strong workings. The results are unequalled in grandeur and in beauty. Homer has been surpassed in his battle-scenes by Miriam and Deborah; the Grecian drama rises not to the sublimity of Job; where shall we find sought even in the Orphic hymns to compare with the richness, the sweetness, the grandeur of David? who shall equal Isaiah in his lofty imaginings? who shall sing like Jeremiah the dirge of a fallen nation? who shall tread that burning pathway which is lighted by Ezekiel's genius?

If we mistake not, we may draw another and scarcely less vivid illustration of the influence of faith upon intellectual character, from the example of those who first peopled the shores of New England. We do not feel called upon to pronounce any eulogium upon New England, nor would we make any offensive comparison between her and other portions of our common country. Her reputation, whatever it may be, has been most dearly earned at the expense of patient toil, of treasure abundantly bestowed, of blood most freely shed. Far be it from us to dim one single ray of the truly brilliant qualities of those somewhat earlier settlers, who made their homes in the sunny south; nor have we forgotten those whose Teutonic blood reached America without passing round through English veins, who are Americans indeed, who have stood from the Revolution to the present hour, to defend with their fortunes and their lives our common liberties in the hour of extremest peril. We speak of the Pilgrims merely because their history seems to throw light upon a fact connected with the philosophy of mind. It is not necessary for us to spend a moment in an attempt to prove that the Puritans were strongly influenced by a faith which linked them to the invisible. Their very excesses sufficiently demonstrate this. No man could cast his vote for the hanging of a witch, or believe that the red warrior was an incarnation of an evil spirit, who was not living under an all-controlling influence from the spiritual world. Their enterprise was essentially a religious one; and in all the records of man's achievements in the planting of colonies or kingdoms, there is nothing to equal it, saving only the exodus of the Hebrews. Admitting the early Grecian expeditions to have been what poetry and fable describe; grant that the colonization of Italy from the wreck of burning Troy was as it is portrayed in 'Virgil's lay, and Livy's pictured page,' and yet they are unable to chain the mind with a spell of such intensity and power as that which has been breathed from the story of the settlement of New England.

We have spoken already of the influence of faith upon Grecian and Roman poetry, and of its excellence as the fruit of faith; and if our theory be true, it may be said that the richest strains of poetry should be found among the Puritans. Our readers may smile, perhaps, if we attempt to convince them that the true poetic feeling did exist in the land of blue-laws and bigotry and witchcraft—in a land where the only song was the harsh nasal chanting of some limping version of a psalm. But as the earth rings and echoes with unwritten music, so is there many a noble strain of unwritten poetry. There is, beyond dispute, a poetry of action, of a sublimer and more spiritual character than that which is expressed in words. As there is an eloquence in the eye which no language can equal, so is there a poetry of action loftier even than the strains of Milton. Who shall say there was no poetry in the bosoms of those in the Mayflower's cabin, when she hovered on that stern coast, like a wounded sea-fowl seeking a place to die, her torn rigging crackling in the December blast; behind, three thousand miles of water stretching between them and civilization; before them, an unbroken snow-covered forest, where the howl of the wild beast mingled with the wilder war-cry of the savage; and yet not a regret in man's heart to shake his high resolve, and not a tear to dim the lustre of a woman's eye? Was there no poetry in the transactions of that first long terrible winter, when disease was laying low the pride of manhood and the loveliness of woman; when, one by one in swift succession, the sad, stricken, but still high-souled and trusting band, laid their loved ones in that sloping bank which looks out toward England, and then returned undismayed to the task of unrolling a nation's destiny? Even omitting all the stormy and romantic incidents of the first half century, and confining ourselves to the pestilence, the famine, the cold, the awful solitude of that first winter, and the patience, the courage, the cheerfulness, the submission, with which they were met and endured, not only by men, but by high-bred and delicate women, in sickness and in weakness; will not every true American poet say, that there was more of the sublime, the heroic poetry of action, than has been written since?

Of the intellectual character of the Puritans, no word need now be spoken. The morning mists of prejudice are dissolving around them: they are so far revealed that we catch the outlines of their manly proportions. It surely need not be said, that they were strong men, who watched and guarded the cradle of liberty. The Puritan character was the result of faith, based on the habitual study of the Bible, a faith which brought them into communion with the unseen.

Why then is it that we, who claim to live amid the fuller developments of the Christian scheme, when, in addition to all which the Jew possessed, we have that superadded knowledge imparted by Him who brought life and immortality to light, and poured over the spiritual world the illumination of a new risen sun—why is it that we have fallen behind not the Hebrew only in poetry, but even the pagan, in poetry, eloquence, and art?

It is because Christendom is not and never has been fully baptized with the spirit of the gospel. It is because the intellect of the nations is moulded by earthly and carnal influences, not by the heavenly and the spiritual; because the mind of the world holds communion with earth and not with heaven. It grovels where it ought to soar, the fading visible excludes the eternal unseen, the present has banished the future, eternity is merged in time, and Mammon has usurped the throne of God.

With us, the universe was made for use and profit: it is not for us a glorious mirror, in which to behold the perfections of God. With us, a mountain is a pile of building-stone, a river is simply a water-power, a tree is nothing but firewood, heaven's lightnings are for forwarding the particulars of the last duel at Washington. How is it possible, then, that the earth-born, wingless spirit of Christendom should mount those summits where the glorious old Greek trod in the pride of his might, or dwell in still loftier regions with the Hebrew seer? It may not

be until over even Christian nations is breathed a new afflatus from the spiritual world.

Having thus endeavoured to trace the mental greatness of the Roman, the Greek, and the Hebrew, to the influence of a strong and living faith in the invisible; having expressed the opinion that our own times, because of unbelief, are unfavourable to the production of a similar excellence; we are ready at this point to inquire, whether we have any reason to expect that the human mind will yet awake to a higher life, so that in poetry, eloquence, and the fine arts, in all the fruits of the highest intellectual development, we shall not only reach but surpass whatever man has hitherto achieved? We believe this question should be answered in the affirmative: but we do not anticipate this result as a consequence of that system of improvement and those processes of education upon which the world seems to be placing its reliance. It certainly is not very apparent why man may not obtain all which natural science and the whole scheme of amelioration and improvement in the social system have power to impart, and yet all the noblest faculties of the heaven-born soul lie unawakened within him. Within the legitimate scope of all possible improvements in manufactures and the mechanical arts, of every imaginable alteration in whatever relates to man's physical nature, there is no object of sufficient magnitude to form a theme for the sublimest efforts of the poet, the orator, or the philosopher; there is no subject which can inspire the mind until it reproduces the excellence of the ancient artist. There are deep recesses and silent depths in the spirit of man, from which comes no response till you speak of something higher than earth.

Under the influences which now sway the nations, we may expect that natural philosophy will push her investigations to the utmost, and that every new discovery will aid in the amelioration of man's social condition; that agriculture, manufactures, and commerce will lay, yearly, new triumphs at the feet of man, that the wave of civilization will advance with unebbing flow, till idolatry and barbarism shall be swept from the globe; but a new and different era must succeed all this, before the soul can reach the fullness and maturity even of its earthly stature. For that, we must wait until earth is baptized anew with the spirit of the gospel, and a clear, strong, controlling faith in the unseen shall have full dominion over the soul. That era will surely come. The world-wide fever that causes Christendom to hiss and bubble, will reach at last its crisis. Earth will throw off its delirium, and become calm and convalescent. The millions who have mistaken Mammon for a god, will discover their error and forsake his shrine. Man will abandon his muck-rake gatherings and turn again his eye and thought to heaven. We believe there is no reason to doubt that an epoch is swiftly approaching which, in true science, and literature, and art, shall eclipse all preceding eras with a purer splendour, with a richer glory. This new excellence will be the result not of any improvements in civil government, or systems of education, but of the universal prevalence of a true and controlling religious feeling. It will be when the knowledge of the Lord shall fill the whole earth. Until then it cannot be; because the fountains at which alone true greatness can be nourished, spring in the spiritual world. The spark which kindles true genius rises not from earth, but descends from heaven.

Again, in that era, nobler and more stirring themes will be the subjects of thought than man has ever known. Prophecy has declared that a period is yet to come, when the affairs of earth shall no longer be separated in men's thoughts from their relations to God and to eternity, when the heavenly shall control the earthly, and all national movements and individual actions shall be regulated by faith in the unseen: when religion and the spiritual world shall hold a firmer and more constant control over the mind than of old over the soul of the Greek; and when the structure and economy of the invisible empire of Jehovah shall be revealed far more distinctly than even to the Hebrew; and all nations, shaking off the degrading

servitude of Mammon, shall awake to a sense of the 'only true and the only beautiful,' to a perfect consciousness of the amazing realities of that higher life which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. Knowledge, it is said, shall be the stability of those times. Man's soul shall then find food in heavenly things which its celestial nature can assimilate, by which the intellect shall be expanded to its true proportions and its perfect stature. To the eye of a living faith, standards of heavenly excellence will be continually present, and men by their contemplation shall be changed into the same image, from glory to glory.

The Roman and the Greek beheld the spiritual world clothed in the false drapery of a corrupt imagination, and yet that communion with something higher and nobler than earth, this gazing upon truth through even the glimmering twilight of paganism, made them giant men—a commonwealth of kings. What then shall man become, when the false shall be stripped away, and in the noonday of Christianity he shall live in the unveiled presence of the sublime, the beautiful, and the true? Then also shall such themes be presented for poetry and eloquence, such subjects for the historian and the artist, as shall surpass all the former experience of earth.

Between us and that dispensation of the fullness of times, lie all those mighty and thrilling events, which on the prophetic record cluster around earth's closing scenes. The oppressive institutions of this world, the whole vast overshadowing fabric of Satan's dominion, must be overthrown, crushed in sternest conflict, stamped into powder by the hot indignation of infuriate millions, and old things shall pass away. Who shall tell what convulsions shall attend the death-agonies of old systems, what frantic mirth shall hail the birth-throes of the new era? The thrones of despotism will not fall except in the shock of battle, and the phoenix of new political structures can only arise out of the conflagration and ashes of the old. Before liberty shall obtain her final triumph, the sun, the moon, and stars in the political heavens may be hurled down to be extinguished in blood. Earth seems ripening for disastrous change in all her great divisions. The Mohammedan crescent appears to be peacefully waning now, but its final setting may yet be amid the flash and roar of universal conflict, when other standards may also be trodden down. And how is the Romish hierarchy to be peaceably removed? Incapable from its very nature of reformation, it must be torn up and abolished utterly. Twined as its roots are with the very foundations of the social fabric, how can they be wrenched gently away? Yet between us and that brighter era of which we speak, lies the destruction of the 'Man of Sin.' Again the lost and scattered sons of Judah and Israel must also be gathered to their own, before the fullness of the Gentiles can come in, and the purity and the elevation of a Christian civilization prevail over all the earth.

In these spirit-stirring events, these closing scenes of the great drama of six thousand years, the mind will find a stimulus utterly unknown to the age in which we live. Then, when there shall be one faith and one God over all the earth, when prophecy shall be history, and one song shall employ all nations, shall Greek and Roman fame be eclipsed by the splendours of Christian genius, and all that Christian intellect has yet accomplished be surpassed by those who shall ascend to loftier elevations, and walk by those fountains which flow from the throne of God and the Lamb. Stimulated by the presence or the memory of those scenes at which we have glanced, and quickened by uninterrupted communion with the invisible, man shall reach the highest excellence of which an earthly state is capable, and language itself be refined and spiritualized, so as to become the fitting vehicle of the soul's nobler imaginings. As much as the grandeur and beauty of the real spiritual world surpasses the dim shadow which the ancients beheld, so much shall the efforts of a sanctified genius, enlightened by the teachings of the Infinite One, exceed the sublimest achievement of Grecian or Roman mind. Perhaps, on the very theatre of ancient

and baptized by the Spirit of God, shall yet send forth loftier and sweeter strains than ever floated over the Adriatic or breathed among the islands of the Ægean. From Judea's re-peopled hills some Miriam may send up songs of deliverance, some Deborah astonish the world with a second battle hymn, and the harps of David and Isaiah be strung again in Zion. Then too, perhaps, in our own Saxon race, poets shall arise with more than a double portion of Milton's spirit, and the world be bound by a more potent and yet a holier spell, than that which Shakspeare wove—when the weak among men shall be as Milton, and Homer, and Plato, and Socrates; and Demosthenes, and Tully, and all men become not only pure but intellectually great by association with the Spirit of God.

In what quarter of the earth mind shall then reach its fullest development is a question which cannot now be accurately solved. From lands now sunk in the depths of heathenism may spring giant minds that shall contend for superiority in literature and art with those nations who are now most favoured with civilization and religion. The far East was the land of science and elegant learning when Europe was inhabited by savages, and under the influence of a Christian faith she may regain her ancient supremacy, and the fires of genius burn with purest splendour on the very spot where first they were kindled. Emancipated Africa may yet cause earth to thrill with an eloquence of which the colder western mind is incapable; she may yet be regarded as the land of poetry and art, and demonstrate the great truth that God has made of one blood all the nations of the earth. If, however, we are to form our opinions of future results from the character of present events, we should expect that the Anglo-Saxon mind would hold over all the earth a controlling influence. Its star is now evidently in the ascendant. Its power is a conquering power, and it gives no indications of weakness or decay. It rises over the nations like an unebbing tide, higher, stronger, further on with every heave of the restless wave. If such anticipations are to be realized, then, perhaps, there are other reasons than those which spring from national vanity, which should lead us to look to America as the land where the intellect of man shall reach the culminating point of its greatness. I cannot but believe that we already possess more of those influences which promote the growth of mind than any other people. The vastness and magnificence of the features of our scenery, give strength, and boldness, and expansion to the soul. The intense activity produced by the genius of our institutions brings mind every where into sharp conflict with mind, producing mutual growth; and small though the influence of faith be upon the national character, there is in the United States more of true spiritual religion than in any other nation on earth. We only need, then, as it would seem, the intellect of the country to be fully pervaded by the religious sentiment, until the genius of the land shall feel the influence of a heaven-born faith, to cause the American mind to stand forth proudly pre-eminent in science, literature, and art. If ever our country obtain on earth an enduring fame as a cultivated nation, that reputation will be based upon a Christian literature, a Christian science, and a political structure drawn from the principles of the Gospel. Thus only shall we become even intellectually great.

The principles which have been stated, by an unavoidable inference, should place the American scholar by the side of the minister of the Gospel. Their task in its general features is the same—to elevate, expand, and refine the national mind by the power of truth; to devote the measureless influences of a cultivated mind to the bringing of his country under the power of a quick, strong faith in the realities of the spiritual world, until this great country, in all its vast concerns, shall live and move under a solemn sense of the presence of the invisible, of coming retribution, of an overshadowing heaven, from which even now angels come down and sweep past us on their errands of love, ministering to the heirs of salvation, and from which the sleepless eye of God looks down on the children

HALL AND COLERIDGE.

Robert Hall was greatly distinguished for his *conversational powers*, and was generally very communicative. In this respect a parallel might be instituted between him and Coleridge, presenting, however, some striking diversities. Coleridge was more studied in his conversations; Hall more free and spontaneous. Coleridge was frequently involved and metaphysical; Hall, simple, natural, and intelligible. Coleridge usurped and engrossed conversation; Hall never did so voluntarily. Coleridge could and would talk upon any thing; Hall required to be more invited and brought out by the remarks or inquiries of others. Coleridge was more profound; Hall more brilliant. Coleridge did not deal in polished sentences, but would continue to talk for hours in a plain and careless diction; Hall was invariably elegant and classical, commonly vivacious and sparkling with wit. Coleridge was sure to be heard; Hall to be remembered. Coleridge had the advantage of a more universal knowledge; Hall of a more unencumbered and clearly perceptive intellect. Each was in his day the first of his class, rarely equalled, and probably never surpassed.—*North British Review*.

OUR RAILWAY PROSPECTS.

Marvellous as is the change which has been wrought in the condition of mankind by the agency of the printing press, not less marvellous will be the result of railways, when they shall emerge from their present cramped condition into full development. Writing and printing are mediums of thought, but they are slow and imperfect processes, compared with speech. The press and the post-office link mind to mind, but do not thoroughly unite them. The railway serves to unite both mind and matter, and to draw the ends of the earth together. He who looks on the realities of nature and art, makes more rapid progress than he who studies their written or printed descriptions. The road is the first work, a newspaper the second, in all new settlements. It is the office of the railway to perfect the civilization which the road and the press have commenced. How much has already been done by English railways to increase our national wealth and national happiness, we do not now stop to inquire. Great it has been, and proud may be the boast of the men who have given such an example for the world, but the objects achieved are as nothing to those which may yet be attained, when the causes of retardation shall be removed.—*Westminster Review*.

TAILORS.

Sir John Hawkwood was usually styled Joannes Acutus, from the sharpness, it is said, of his needle or his sword. Fuller, the historian, says, he turned his needle into a sword, and his thimble into a shield. He was the son of a tanner—was bound apprentice to a tailor—and pressed for a soldier. He served under Edward III., and was knighted; distinguished himself at the battle of Poitiers, where he gained the esteem of the Black Prince, and finished his military career in the pay of the Florentines. He died in 1394, at Hedingham, in Essex, his native place, where there is a monument to his memory. Sir Ralph Blackwell was his fellow-apprentice—also knighted for his bravery by Edward III.—married his master's daughter—and founded Blackwell Hall. John Speed, the historian, was a Cheshire tailor; and John Stowe, the antiquary, was also a tailor: he was born in London in 1525, and lived to the age of eighty. Benjamin Robins was the son of a tailor at Bath; he compiled Lord Anson's Voyage round the World. Elliot's regiment of light-horse was chiefly composed of tailors; and the first man who suggested the idea of abolishing the slave trade was Thomas Woolman, a quaker and tailor of New Jersey. He published many tracts on this species of traffic—went great distances to consult individuals on the subject, on which business he came to England, and went to York, where he caught the small-pox, and died October 7, 1772.—*Old Magazine*.

MENTAL CULTIVATION.

What stubbing, ploughing, digging, and harrowing are to land, thinking, reflecting, and examining are to the mind. Each has its proper culture; and as the land that is suffered to lie waste and wild for a long time will be overspread with brushwood, brambles, thorns, and such vegetables, which have neither youth nor beauty, so there will not fail to sprout up in a neglected mind a great many prejudices and absurd opinions, which owe their origin partly to the soil itself, the passions and imperfections of the mind of man, and partly to those seeds which chance to be scattered in it by every wind of doctrine which the cunning of statesmen, the singularity of pedants, and the superstition of fools shall raise.—*Berkeley*.

MIGHT IS RIGHT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

Upon a tree a sparrow caught
A fine fat fly and held it fast;
Nor tears nor groans avail'd it nought—
Yet, 'Spare my life!' it cried at last.
'No!' Murder said, 'for my good beak
Is sharp and strong, and thine is weak.'
A hawk derided him at his feast
And shot down from his airy height—
'Let go your hold, you cruel beast!
'What have I done that is not right?'
'No,' Murder cried, 'you're fairly mine,
For my beak's stronger far than thine.'
Just then an eagle, poised to strike,
Pounced down, and snapp'd his back in two—
'Let go, my lord! you would not like
That one should do the same to you.'
'Pugh!' Murder cried, 'thou'rt justly mine,
For my beak's stronger far than thine.'
He scarce had seized his prey, when, lo!
A hunter's arrow pierced his head—
'My curse upon thee and thy bow—
The eagle cried, and fell down dead.
'Pugh!' Murder cried, 'thou'rt mine I wot,
For I'm a man, and thou art not.'
A hungry bear was passing by,
And struck the hunter to the ground—
'Presumptuous beast, know'st not that I
Your king, by God himself, am crown'd?'
'Pugh!' Murder cried, 'thou'rt mine I wot,
For I'm a bear, and thou art not.'
Is might not right, here, everywhere,
From fly to eagle, man to bear?*

G. A.

* The last verse is not in the original.

THE ANCIENT GREEK AND ROMAN TABLE.

The difference between that of the ancients and that of us moderns is very striking. The ancient Greeks and Romans used no alcoholic liquor, it being unknown to them; nor coffee, nor tea, nor chocolate, nor sugar, nor even butter; for Galen informs us he had seen butter but once in his life. They were ignorant of the greater number of tropical spices, as clove, nutmeg, mace, ginger, Jamaica pepper, curry, pimento. They used neither buckwheat, nor French beans, nor spinach, nor sago, tapioca, sales, arrow root, nor potato, nor even the common but a sort of small-grown bean, nor many of our fruits, as the orange-tangerine. On the other hand, they ate substances which we now neglect—the mallow, the herb ox-tongue, the wild acorn, the lupin. They used greatly radish, lettuce, and. They liked the flesh of wild asses, of little dogs, of the dormouse, of the fox, of the bear. They ate the flesh of parrots, and other rare birds, and of lizards. They were fond of a great many fish, and shell-fish which we now hold in no esteem. They employed as seasonings rue and assafoetida.—*Dick on Diet*.

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BIBLICAL LITERATURE IN SCOTLAND.

THEOLOGER appropriates to itself a large proportion of the literature of every country into which Christianity has been introduced. This province of 'the republic of letters' has been generally abandoned to those who are professionally engaged in the study of religion; and it is right that an intimate acquaintance with its stores should be held as an indispensable part of the professional education of all who have consecrated their lives to the defence and diffusion of Christian truth. Yet there is no reason why it should not be explored by the general reader: on the contrary, it appears most irrational that an educated person, who would be ashamed to avow his ignorance of the literature of philosophy, or history, or criticism, or fiction, should not scruple to avow his ignorance of another department, not inferior in excellence, merely because it is chiefly cultivated by a class to which he does not belong. Apart from the bearing of its subjects on individual happiness in the present or in the future world, theology must always draw toward itself, by the attraction of its own grandeur and sublimity, no inconsiderable number of the higher order of minds. British genius has nowhere reared a nobler monument of its own greatness than our theological literature affords; and if ever its glory should depart, the inquirer of other times will nowhere discover more incontestable evidence of its ancient triumphs. There are not, in any language, finer specimens of profound disquisition, of subtle argumentation, of brilliant description, of high-toned eloquence, of seraphic elevation, of devotional address, than you may cull from the writings of our divines.

Biblical literature is not co-extensive with theological. Its special object is the illustration of the Bible. It includes biblical criticism, or the investigation of the sacred text; Hermeneutics, or the laws of interpretation; and Exegesis, or the application of these laws to the exposition of particular passages or books. These three names designate a vast extent of territory, which furnishes constant employment to a regularly increasing body of labourers. The philologist who examines the structure and laws of the original languages; the geographer who identifies and describes the localities of the ancient world; the antiquarian who deciphers the hieroglyphics on an Egyptian pyramid or the inscription on a Roman coin; the chronologist who assigns to events their true position in the course of time; the traveller who observes the stereotyped manners and customs of eastern countries; the natural historian who explains the nature of minerals, vegetables, and animals different from our own; the phi-

losopher who ascertains the peculiarities of Jewish and Pagan science—all these contribute to the advancement of Biblical literature, because they enable us to read the Bible with greater intelligence.

There are several considerations which would have led us to anticipate that this department of literature would flourish in Scotland.

The Bible has hitherto been in Scotland a household book. Multitudes cannot remember the time when they were initiated into the knowledge of its leading facts and doctrines. Before they are able to read they are familiar with the story of Eve and the serpent, of Noah and the ark, of Joseph and his coat of many colours, of Moses and the bush, of David and the giant of Gath, of Jonah and the whale, of Daniel and the lions, of Jesus in Bethlehem, in Nazareth, in the wilderness, in the garden, on the cross. As most schools have a Bible-class, the school-room carries on what the nursery has commenced: so that, whatever may be thought of the propriety of employing the sacred volume as a text-book in seminaries of elementary instruction, all who learn to read, read more or less of the Bible. Wherever the practice prevails, which has been so touchingly described by Burns in 'The Cottar's Saturday Night,' and the family are accustomed, in Scottish phrase, 'to take the books,' the younger members insensibly imbibe a reverence for 'the Book of books,' and acquire an acquaintance with its contents; for along with 'the big ha' Bible,' which is reserved for the use of the priest of the household, there are produced sundry other volumes, of various dimensions, and in various degrees of preservation, on which the schoolmaster of the village has written the names of the brothers and sisters in his best hand. Then there is reason to believe that the private perusal of the Scriptures is at least as frequent here as in any other country. Is it not natural to expect that Scotland should be fertile in scholars, eminent for their illustration of what may be called without flattery 'The Scotchman's own book?'

Exposition of the Scriptures is a regular part of the course of religious instruction in the Scottish pulpit. Ministers of all denominations are accustomed to deliver an expository discourse ('a lecture,' as it is usually called) on the forenoon of each Sabbath. This practice is almost peculiar to Scotland; at least we are not aware that there is any part of the world where it is adopted with so few exceptions. On its manifold advantages this is not the place to dilate; how it conveys to the hearer accurate and comprehensive views of scriptural truth, how it yields to the preacher opportunities of advertent to topics which could not be properly treated in a separate discourse, and how it checks the undue love of excitement which might

otherwise be generated. The point before us is, how it compels every teacher of Christianity to become a student of biblical literature. In preparing his exposition, he must consider all the questions suggested by the passage which forms its groundwork; and as this process is repeated each successive week, he must, if his ministry be extended over the average duration, examine in detail no small part of the Bible. One would suppose that, in a country where thousands are daily practising an art which renders them conversant with biblical literature, many would become masters of it, and that Scotland should have produced hosts of biblical scholars, were it only by chance. Yet it is strange how few even of these expository discourses themselves have found their way to the press; so that we have scarcely half-a-dozen books which can be recommended as models for the lecturing of a Scottish clergyman. When we think, however, of the solid merits of such works as Lawson on Proverbs, Wardlaw on Ecclesiastes, M'Crie on Esther, Dick on Acts, Chalmers on Romans, and M'Lean on Hebrews, we cannot but regret that so many a goodly commentary should slumber in the portfolio of its author.

The philosophy of Scotland is not calculated to hinder, if it do not facilitate, the progress of biblical literature. To what degree our philosophy may affect our interpretation of the Bible, is either a very easy or a very difficult question, as we choose to view it. Viewed as a question of duty, nothing can be easier; what can be more undeniably improper than that the principles of a philosophy which was unknown to the sacred writers should be assumed as tests by which to determine their meaning. Viewed as a question of fact, it is far from being easy; it is the tendency of all interpreters to look at the Bible through the medium of spectacles which they have purchased or pilfered in the schools. There are few so superior to the fascination of 'the idols of the theatre' as to be able to divest themselves of all preconceived opinions, and to sit down in the attitude and in the spirit of a child to inquire 'what saith the Scripture.' Hence they fail to distinguish between what they *bring to* and what they *bring from* the book they profess to explain; so that many of the feuds which have exercised the pen of the ecclesiastical historian are as much philosophical as theological. The great controversy between Calvinists and Arminians, which, with some modifications of form, has disturbed the church for more than a thousand years, belongs essentially to philosophy; when the metaphysicians settle the claims of liberty and necessity, the theologians will soon cease to wrangle about the divine decrees. Robert Hall used to say, that when a person professed Arminianism, he inferred that he was not a good metaphysician, but not necessarily that he was not a good Christian; and without deciding whether the preponderance of philosophy is really on the side which he espoused, we gladly shelter our own opinion under the authority of this prince of modern preachers. It is impossible to exaggerate the evils which arise from applying a false system of philosophy to the interpretation of the sacred writings; nor can we be sufficiently grateful that in Scotland we are all but strangers to its baleful influence. Suppose that some of the theories which are now struggling to obtain for themselves 'a local habitation and a name' in the science of this country—such as phrenology, and mesmerism, and phreno-mesmerism—suppose that some of these theories should be patronized by a school of interpreters, contending that the writings of the Evangelists and Apostles should be construed in accordance with these discoveries of the nineteenth century, and bringing into requisition all the apparatus of critical torture for the purpose of reconciling the contradictions between what is written and what should have been written—would it not 'fright the isle from its propriety?' Something allied to this supposition has happened in Germany, which far outstrips all other countries in the cultivation of biblical literature. The philosophy of Kant, and Fichte, and Hegel, has successively gained the ascendancy; and each, in its turn, has been employed to explain the Scriptures, till it is no ex-

travagance to say, that if Matthew the publican, and Luke the beloved physician, and John the fisherman of Galilee, and Saul the lion-hearted disciple of Gamaliel, could be served with a copy of some German commentaries, they would scarcely be able to recognise their own inimitable common sense amid the clouds of transcendental jargon by which it has been obscured. We learn from the preface to the American edition of 'Coleridge's Aids to Reflection,' that the philosophy of that gifted but erratic sage is used by many of the clergy in the United States as the only key with which to unlock the storehouse of sacred truth. The colleges are swarming with apes of Coleridge, mimicking, of course, his eccentricity rather than his genius; and the churches are illuminated with sermons moulded according to his definition of 'nature' and 'reason' and kindred terms. Bush's Anastasis, a work in which a professor of Hebrew explains away the cardinal doctrine of the resurrection of the body, is a sufficient index of the natural result of this deference to 'science falsely so called.' What is generally known as the Scottish school of philosophy has little sympathy with a spirit of visionary speculation. There is nothing in the writings of Reid, or Stewart, or Brown, which arrays itself in avowed hostility to the authority of the Bible; and within these few years several works have been published on intellectual and moral philosophy, which leave to an enlightened Christian little to desiderate in this matter. We allude to Ballantyne's 'Examination,' Abercrombie's 'Intellectual Faculties and Moral Feelings,' Chalmers' 'Mental and Moral Philosophy,' Wardlaw's 'Christian Ethics,' and Douglas' 'Philosophy of the Mind.' The most profound study of the Scottish system of metaphysics, especially as it is developed in the pages of these authors, so deeply imbued with a diviner philosophy, is no detriment, but rather a safeguard, to those who have in prospect the study of theology. The training appears so excellent, that there is ample cause of wonder that these who have passed from the class-rooms of the professors of logic and moral philosophy, in our universities, to the divinity halls of our various religious denominations, have not done more to extend the interests of biblical literature in Scotland.

There has not been in Scotland any of that flagrant abuse of biblical science which elsewhere has awakened a prejudice against its cultivation. In Germany, it has urged its speculations to an excess so daring and so impious, that the friends of revelation are strongly tempted to abhor its very name. The system of interpretation introduced by Semler, has been followed out to its legitimate consequences by his disciples, till they have expunged from the Old and New Testament every trace of the supernatural, and treated a book which carries in its front so many marks of a divine origin with a degree of insult and indignity they would not have dared to show toward the most contemptible of the Greek or Roman classics. On a review of the ravages which have thus been wrought, a pious German might be excused for wishing that those giants in sacred literature, who have extended so widely the intellectual fame of his fatherland, had never been. The wish would not be wise, for the same era which the rationalists disfigure is adorned with the names of Tittman, Lucke, Olshausen, and Tholuck, of whom any country may be proud. The common sense which is allowed to form a leading feature of our national character, has preserved our biblical scholars from following their continental associates in their career of extravagance. Dr Geddes, indeed, who about the end of last century published a translation of part of the Bible, accompanied with critical remarks, propounded some opinions to which the author of 'The Age of Reason' might have affixed his name; but he has had no followers. The worst effect that has flowed from the increased attention to biblical study in Scotland (and it is a minor ill) is a deviation from the familiar phraseology of the older time in speaking and writing on certain subjects. This change must have been observed by all who have been accustomed to read books and hear discourses for a quarter of a cen-

tury. Abraham, who was then a patriarch, is now an Arabian Emir; Joseph, who rode in the second chariot of Egypt and married the daughter of the priest of On, is a young Hebrew promoted to the rank of an Egyptian Mufti, and strengthening his influence by a matrimonial alliance with the sacerdotal caste; the Israelites, instead of being forty years in the wilderness, are now in a nomadic condition; the period of the Judges has become the heroic age of the Jewish nation; the Psalms of Korah have been converted into Korahite or Korahitic; it is discovered that the Epistles of Paul, his sentiments, and his style, are all Pauline; a clause that explains another is exegetical; a noun without an article is anarthrous; and we are not sure if the innocent conjunction 'that' is not suspected of having sometimes a telic and sometimes an ecclastic sense. We do not object to the adoption of these more classical forms of speech, provided it be understood that a mere change of terms throws no light on the subject. But we do not like our understanding to be insulted by our being addressed as if we were so dull as not to be capable of distinguishing between words and thoughts.

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THOMAS MOORE.

To be the poet *par excellence* of Ireland, the cleverest man in the cleverest nation in the world, is to hold no mean position, and that position we claim for Thomas Moore. We do not of course mean that he is by many degrees the greatest poet at present alive; but for sparkle, wit, and brilliance, his country's qualities, he is unsurpassed. The bard of the butterflies, he is restless, gay, and gorgeous as the beautiful creatures he delights to depict. It would require his own style adequately to describe itself. Puck putting a girdle round about the globe in forty minutes—Ariel doing his spiriting gently—the Scotch fairy footing it in the moonlight, the stillness of which seems intended to set off the lively and aerial motion—any of these figures may faintly express to us the elegant activities of Moore's mind and fancy. We are never able to disconnect from his idea that of minuteness. Does he play in the 'plighted clouds'? It is as a 'creature of the element,' as tiny as he is tricky. Does he flutter in the sunbeam? It is as a bright mote. Does he hover over the form and face of beauty? It is as a sylph-like sprite, his little heart surcharged and his small wings trembling with passion. Does he ever enter on a darker and more daring flight? It is still rather the flight of a fire-fly than of a meteor or a comet. Does he assail powers and potentates? It is with a sting rather than a spear—a sting small, sharp, bright, and deadly.

Thomas Moore is a poet by temperament, and by intellect a wit. He has the warmth and the fancy of the poet, but hardly his powerful passion, his high solemn imagination, or his severe unity of purpose. His verses, therefore, are rather the star-dust of poetry than the sublime thing itself. Every sentence he writes is poetical, but the whole is not a poem. The dancing lightness of his motion affects you with very different feelings from those with which you contemplate the grave walk of didactic or the stormy race of impassioned poetry. You are delighted, you are dazzled; you wonder at the rapidity of the movements, the elegance of the attitudes, the perfect self-command and mastery of the performer; you cry out 'encore, encore,' but you seldom weep; you do not tremble or agonize; you do not become silent. Did the reader ever feel the blinding and giddy effect of level winter sunbeams pouring through the intervals of a railing as he went along? This is precisely the effect which Moore's rapid and bickering brilliance produces. Our mental optics are dazzled, our brain reels, we almost sicken of the monotonous and incessant splendour, 'distinct but distant, clear, but ah, how cold!'

Our great quarrel with Moore's poetry, apart from its

deep earnestness and of high purpose. Not more trivial is the dance of a fairy in the pale shine of the moon, than are the majority of his poems. And though he did belong to that beautiful family, he could not in his poetry meddle less with the great purposes, passions, and destinies of humanity. What to him are the ongoings and future prospects of what Oberon so finely calls the 'human mortals'? He must have his dance and his song out. We believe that Thomas Moore is a sincere lover of his kind, and has a deep sympathy with their welfare and progress, but we could scarcely deduce this with any certainty from his serious poetry. Indeed the term serious, as applied to his verse, is a total misnomer. Byron's poetry has often a sincerity of anguish about it which cannot be mistaken; he howls out, like the blinded Cyclops, his agony to earth and heaven. The verse of Wordsworth and Coleridge is a harmony solemn as that of the pines in the winter blast. Elliott's earnestness is almost terrific. But Moore flits, and flutters, and leaps, and runs, a very Peri, but who shall never be permitted to enter the paradise of highest song, and to whom the seventh heaven of invention is shut for ever.

It were needless to dilate upon the beauties which he has scattered around him in this unprofitable career. His fancy is prodigious in quantity and variety, and is as elegant as it is abundant. Images dance down about us like hailstones, illustrations breathlessly run after and outrun illustrations, fine and delicate shades melt into others still finer and more delicate, and often the general effect of his verse is like that of a large tree alive with bees, where a thousand sweet and minute tones are mingled in one hum of harmony. Add to this his free flow of exquisite versification, the riches of his luscious descriptions, the tenderness of many of his pictures, and the sunny glow, as of eastern day, which colours the whole, and you have the leading features of his poetical idiosyncrasy.

But it is as a wit and a satirist that Moore must survive. There is no 'horse play in his railery.' It is as delicate as it is deadly. He carves his foeman as a 'dish fit for the gods, but hews him as a carcass meet for hounds.' Such a gay gladiator, such a smiling murderer as he is! How small his weapon—how elegant his flourishes—how light but sinewy his arm—and how soon is the blow given—the deed done—the victim prostrate! His strokes are so keen that ere you have felt them they have found death. He is an aristocratic satirist not only in the objects but in the manner of his attack. Coarse game would not feel that fine tremulous edge by which he dissects his highbored and sensitive foes to the quick. We notice, too, in his sarcastic vein, and this very probably explains its superiority, a much deeper and heartier earnestness. When he means to be serious he trifles, when he trifles it is that he is most sincere. His work is play, his play is work. All his political feeling—all the moral indignation he possesses—all the hatred which as an Irishman and a gentleman he entertains for insincerity, humbug, and selfishness in high places—come out through the veil of his witty and elegant verse. Of a great satirist, only one element seems wanting in Moore, namely, that cool concentrated malignity which inspires Juvenal and Junius. He hates, they loathe. He tickles his opponent to death, they tear him to pieces. His arrows are polished, theirs are poisoned. His malice is that of a man, theirs is that of a demon. His wish is to gain a great end over the bodies of his antagonists, their sole object is to destroy or blacken the persons of their foes. His is a public and gallant encounter, theirs a sullen and solitary assassination.

Moore may be regarded under the four phases of an amatory poet, a narrative poet, a satirical poet, and a prose writer. As an amatory poet he assumed, every one knows, the *nom-de-guerre* of Tommy Little, and as such do not his merits and demerits live in the verse of Byron and in the prose of Jeffrey? These poems, lively, gay, shallow, meretricious, were the sins of youth; they were

and hardened manhood. Their object was to crown vice, but not to deny the existence of virtue. They were unjustifiably warm in their tone and colouring, but they did not seek to pollute the human heart itself. It was reserved for a mightier and darker spirit to make the desperate and infernal attempt, and to include in one 'wide waft' of scorn and disbelief—the existence of faithfulness in man and of innocence in woman. Little's lyrics, too, were neutralized by their general feebleness; they were pretty, but wanted body, unity, point, and power. Consequently, while they captivated idle lads and lovesick misses, they did comparatively little injury. It is indeed ludicrous, looking back through the vista of forty years, and thinking of the dire puddle and pother which such tiny transgressions produced among the critics and moralists of the time; they seem actually to have dreamed that the morality of Britain, which had survived the dramatists of Queen Elizabeth's day, the fouler fry of Charles II.'s playwrights, the novels of Fielding and Smollett, the numerous importations of iniquity from the Continent, was to fall before a few madrigals and double-entendres. No, like 'dew-drops from the lion's mane,' it shook them off, and pursued its way without impediment or pause. Whatever mischief was intended, little we are sure was done.

As a narrative poet, Moore aimed at higher things, and, so far as praise and popularity went, with triumphant success. His *Lalla Rookh* came forth amid a hum of general expectation. It was rumoured that he had written a great epic poem; that Catullus had matured into Homer. These expectations were too sanguine to be realized. It was soon found that *Lalla Rookh* was no epic—was not a great poem at all—that it was only a short series of Oriental tales, connected by a slight but exquisite framework. Catullus, though stripped of many of his voluptuous graces, and much of his false and florid taste, remained Catullus still. And the greatest admirer of the splendid diction, the airy verse, the melodramatic incident, the lavish fancy of the poem, could not but say, if the comparison came upon his mind at all—'Ye critics, say how poor was this to Homer's style.' The unity, the compactness, the interest growing to a climax, the heroic story, the bare and grand simplicity of style—all the qualities we expect in the epic, were wanting in *Lalla Rookh*. It was not so much a poem, indeed, as a rhymed romance. Still its popularity was instant and boundless. If it did not become a great still steadfast luminary in the heaven of song, it flashed before the eye of the world brief, beautiful, gorgeous, and frail—

— 'A tearless rainbow, such as span
The unclouded skies of Peristan.'

And even yet, after the lapse of twenty years, there are many who, admiring the fine moral of *Paradise and the Peri*, or melted by the delicate pathos of the *Fireworshippers*, own the soft seductions of *Lalla Rookh*, and in their hearts, if not in their understandings, prefer it to the chaster and more powerful poetry of the age.

The *Loaves of the Angels* was a bolder but not a more successful flight. It was a tale of the 'Arabian heaven,' and there is nothing certainly, in these wondrous 'thousand and one nights,' so rich, beautiful, and dream-like in its imagination and pathos, as in those impassioned stories. But it was only a castle in the clouds after all—one of those brilliant but fading pomps which the eye of the young dreamer sees 'for ever flushing round a summer's sky.' Its angels were mere winged dolls compared to the 'celestial ardours' whom Milton has portrayed, or even to those proud and impassioned beings whom Byron has drawn. In fact, the poem was unfortunate in appearing about the same time with Byron's *Heaven and Earth*, which many besides us consider his finest production as a piece of art. Mere atoms of the rainbow fluttering round were the pinions of Moore's angels compared to the mighty wings of those burning ones who came down over Ararat, drawn by the loadstars which shone in the eyes of the 'daughters of men,' and for which, without a sigh, they 'lost eternity.' And what comparison between the female characters in

the one poem and the two whom we see in the other, waiting with uplifted eyes and clasped hands for the descent of their celestial lovers, like angels for the advent of angels? And what scene in Moore can be named beside the deluge in Byron; with the gloomy silence of suspense which precedes it, the earnest whispers heard among the hills at dead of night, which tell of its coming, the waters rising solemnly to their work of judgment, as if conscious of its justice and grandeur—the cries heard of despair, of fury, of blasphemy, as if the poet himself were drowning in the surge—the milder and softer wall of resignation mingling with the sterner exclamations—the ark in the distance—the lost angels clasping their lost loves, and ascending with them from the doom of the waters to what we feel and know must be a direr doom?

We have spoken already of Moore's character as a witty poet, and need only now refer to the titles of his principal humorous compositions, such as the *Fudge Family in Paris*; the *Twopenny Post-Bag*; *Cash, Corn, Currency, and Catholics*, &c. They constitute a perfect gallery of fun without ferocity, without indecency, and without more malice than serves to give them poignancy and point.

From Moore's *Life of Sheridan* we might almost fancy that, though he had lisped in numbers, and early obtained a perfect command of the language and versification of poetry, yet that he was only beginning, or had but recently begun, to write prose. The juvenility, the framatality, the false glare, the load of useless figure, the ambition and effort of that production, are amazing in such a man at such an age. It contains, of course, much fine and forcible writing; but even Sheridan himself, in his most ornate and adventurous prose, which was invariably his worst, is never more unsuccessful than is sometimes his biographer. Perhaps it was but fitting that the life of such a heartless, faithless, though brilliant character, should be written in a style of elaborate falsehood and fudge.

We have a very different opinion indeed of his *Life of Byron*. It is not, we fear, a faithful or an honest record of that miserable and guilty mistake—the life of Byron. We know that Dr MacGinn, by no means a squeamish man, who was at first employed by Murray to write his biography, and had the materials put into his hands, refused, shrinking back disgusted at the masses of falsehood, treachery, heartlessness, malignity, and pollution which they revealed. The same materials were submitted to Moore, and from them he has constructed an image of his hero, bearing, we suspect, as correct a resemblance to his character as the ideal busts which abound do to his face. When will biographers learn that their business, their sole business, is to tell the truth or to be silent? How long will the public continue to be deceived by such gilded falsehoods as form the staple of obituaries and memoirs? It is high time that such were confined to the corners of newspapers and of churchyards. We like Moore's *Byron*, not for its subject or its moral tone, but solely for its literary execution. It is written throughout in a clear, chaste, dignified, and manly manner; the criticism it contains is eloquent and discriminating, and the friendship it discovers for Byron, if genuine, speaks much for its author's generosity and heart.

We must not speak of his other prose productions—his *Epicurean*, *History of Ireland*, &c. The wittiest thing of his in prose we have read is an article in the *Edinburgh Review* on *Boyd's Lives of the Fathers*, where, as in *Gibbon*, jests lurk under loads of learning, double-entendres disguise themselves in Greek, puns mount and crackle upon the backs of huge folios, and where you are at a loss whether most to chuckle at the wit, to detect the *anacrusis*, or to admire the erudition.

We had nearly omitted, which had been unpardonable, all mention of the *Irish Melodies*—those sweet and melodious strains which have hushed ten thousand drawing-rooms and drawn millions of such tears as drawing-rooms shed, but which have seldom won their way to the breasts of simple unsophisticated humanity—which are to the

songs of Burns what the lute is to the linn—*and which, in their title, are thus far unfortunate that, however melodious, they are not the melodies of Ireland. It was not Moore but Campbell who wrote Erin Mavourneen. 'He,' says Hazlitt, 'has changed the wild harp of Erin into a musical snuff-box.'*

Such is our ideal of Thomas Moore. If it do not come up to the estimate of some of his admirers, it is faithful to our own impressions, and what more from a critic can be required? We only add, that admired by many as a poet, by all as a wit, he is as a man the object of universal regard; and we believe there is not one who knows him but would be ready to join in the words—

'Were it the last drop in the well,
'Tis to thee that I would drink;
In that water as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Would be peace to thee and thine,
And a health to thee Tom Moore.'

A VISIT TO A COAL-PIT.

We have long had a desire to visit a coal-pit. 'Singular desire,' some reader may be ready to exclaim; 'and trifling the pleasure must be that flows from its gratification. Indeed, it does not appear that either pleasure or comfort can be experienced in such a place.' Now, indulgent reader, tastes differ, and ours certainly leads us in this direction, barren though it may appear. We speak not, at present, of comfort; but as to the matter of pleasure or enjoyment, it is even to be found in examining the deep, damp, dingy coal-mine. Our curiosity is pretty strong, leading us to pry, not into other people's affairs (that is abominable), but into the mysterious recesses of nature. In the *exercices* of this faculty there is great enjoyment; and the pleasure is doubled when the *end* of a proper curiosity is gained—a more intimate acquaintance with nature's wonders. While enjoying the comforts of a blazing fire of a winter's night, we have often thought of the nature, manner of formation, and the mode of excavating the coal; and the more we have meditated upon these points, the more have we been impressed with a sense of the goodness of that Being, who has stored up such vast quantities of fuel, in the bowels of the earth, for the use of man. The pleasure one feels in such a subject as this, springs partly from physical sources, and partly from moral considerations. Give us your ear for a little, and when we have told our tale, either our pen has been fearfully prosy, or your bump of curiosity sparingly developed, if you do not join us in thinking, that even in the blackest recesses of nature there is much to interest an intelligent observer.

The pit we visited is in the neighbourhood of Bannockburn; and on our way to it, we skirted the battlefield so famous in Scottish history. On this theme we do not dwell; ours is a humbler one. After leaving the old, irregular village of St Ninians, an extensive view burst upon us, greatly enlivened by the efforts of the farmer, in various directions, to secure the remainder of the fruits of the earth. Here and there, too, might be seen a busy cottar lifting his potatoes—the staple article in many a poor man's family. Before us stood the village of Bannockburn, with its neat spire; on the right rose in distant undulations a district of country largely worked as a coal-field; while on the left, stretched far away, what in the district is called the 'carse-land.' This level country is very fertile, and is neatly laid out in well cultivated fields. The river Forth rolls its sluggish waters, in many a winding, through its centre, till at Alloa it opens into the frith of the same name. Beyond this great natural basin, and forming its northern boundary, stretches away to the east the line of the Ochils; while it is separated from the vale of Monteth, on the west, by those romantic crags that spring up at the western point of the Ochil range, and on one of which the ancient town of Stirling is built. As from the southern margin of the basin we viewed the scene, many thoughts passed through our mind. We like to look upon

interested in the animated picture. As the ear caught the distant sound of the labourers' happy voices, and the eye rested on the fertile plain, or followed the well defined shadow of the swift-flying cloud on the grey sides of the Ochils, we felt our bosom swell with pleasing emotions.

When we arrived at the coal-pit, we found everything in a state of readiness. Here was our guide, and there the dress in which we were to descend the shaft. The worthy manager and grieve gave us a hearty welcome, and several tidy, healthy-looking females, sat near the 'pit-head,' speculating deeply on the strangers, and the object of their visit. Having doffed our upper garments, and been buttoned into an immense pea-jacket, reaching below the knee, and our heads surmounted with a little cap, we were prepared to make our descent. Our readers will know that the 'shaft' is the perpendicular opening up which the coal is brought. This opening is perhaps ten feet by five. Down the centre of it there goes a partition, leaving on each side a space of five feet square. In each of these squares there is fitted a box, that easily ascends or descends as required. In this box, when at the bottom, the little coal-waggon is placed, and immediately drawn up; meanwhile, the box on the other side of the partition is descending. The rate at which they ascend and descend is considerable, and the sensation produced in a stranger is not altogether pleasant. We stepped into the box, and were let slowly down, that we might have a rapid glance at the strata in passing. The depth of the shaft is seventy-two fathoms; and throughout the whole there is an alternation of beds of clay, shale, sandstone, and two thin beds of coal, not workable. There is no lime nor ironstone, although we found nodules of the latter below.

When we reached the bottom, we were gratified to find several men at work, and others lounging about. Although there was abundance of light, coming from a constellation of lamps, stuck in the front of the caps of the various workmen and boys who had gathered around us, still it was some time before we got a clear idea of our position. The first object which attracted our attention was a small steam-engine at work, for the purpose of raising the water from the lower parts of the mine to a level, by which it was carried off. When speaking of water we may say, once for all, that we were very little annoyed by it. In the shaft, and in a few other places, it dropped pretty freely from the superior strata, and in one instance it ran beneath our feet; but, upon the whole, there was much less of this element below than we had anticipated. From the bottom of the shaft we followed the main road, which extended to the north-west as far as any 'workings' existed. It was down-hill, at the rate of one foot in six, or so, and to its further end was laid with rude rails. From this main line branches go off on both sides, leading to the various 'rooms,' in which the workmen are engaged hewing out the coal.

Return with us to the bottom of the shaft. Our guide has trimmed his lamp; two or three have agreed to accompany us, and a dozen of boys with black faces, vermilion lips, ivory teeth, and sparkling eyes, make up our train. We had gone but a few yards, when, following the guide, we found ourselves in a somewhat spacious apartment, on the left of the line, smelling strongly of ammonia. This is the stable; for even at this depth horses live and work. They are used for dragging the waggons along the main line to the shaft; while boys are employed to push or drag them from the workmen to the line. We examined the stable, and found it as comfortable, perhaps, as it could be in the circumstances. However, the proprietor would certainly be no loser, were he to raise it a little in the roof, and create a freer circulation. The horses were seven in number, and all in good condition. They are low in stature, but well-knit, hardy cattle. They were feeding at this time; hence the number of boys that were lounging about. We passed onwards, marking what appeared interesting. The workmen had told us of a singular interruption the bed of coal had experienced a

curiosity. The whole bed of coal dips regularly to the north-west; but here it gradually assumes a level surface, and retains it for a number of yards, and then dips again at a much sharper angle, till it resumes its former position. The explanation is simple, although the miners were puzzled to account for the disturbance. After the coal seam had been deposited, and greatly consolidated, some disturbing power, from below, pressed upon this point of the seam, and elevated it above the general surface. This partial elevation is fourteen feet. Owing to the road being cut to the proper inclination, the protruding matter is exposed. This is a clayey material filled with nodules of iron, like almonds in a cake.

In a short time we arrived at a room where the miners were plying their work. The roof of the main line was so low, that we could not walk erect, even without the hat, but now we had to walk in a doubled position, and ultimately were compelled to take to all-fours. By this time we had spent a good hour in our examination, so the reader may well suppose in what state we were in. Having crept over a quantity of newly laid out coal, we got close to the face of the seam, the better to observe the process of mining. In walking and scrambling, we felt extremely awkward, and our efforts afforded much amusement to the younger portion of the company. The seam is about twenty-two inches thick: and it was, indeed, no easy matter to push one's self into such a small space. An oppressive sensation crept over us, and we felt as if the upper stratum would close up this space, and make fossils of us, that would puzzle the ingenuity of some future geologist!

The miner lies partly upon his side and partly upon his back in working, with his little oil lamp attached to the front of his cap. His tools are, a hammer, a wedge, and a pick; the latter instrument has a sharp tapering point at both ends. The process of mining is the following:—A wedge-like opening is made in the seam, perhaps a foot or more back. The mass of coal intended to be excavated has, by this means, two clear sides; a wedge is then forcibly inserted in the face of the rock, at a little distance from the opening, when a mass of coal is thereby detached, weighing, in many instances, some hundredweights. There is much tact in coal-mining; hence it is a common observation among the colliers, that as much depends upon the head as the hands. Each blow of the hammer is accompanied by an oppressive unpleasant sound, which is thought to make it tell the more. Of course, it is all a habit. The coal is removed by boys to the main line; along which it is dragged by horses to the shaft. There are no women employed now in coal-mines, since the bill of Lord Ashley passed into law.

In returning to the shaft, we had an opportunity of seeing the horses at work. They are trained to it, and it is astonishing to observe how accurately they attend to the stoppings, passings, and turnings upon the line.

We could find no traces of fossil impressions in this mine. The white sandstone that occupied the space above the coal seam, is separated from the latter by a thin bed of fine black shale; the corresponding bed in many pits contains fossils in abundance, but we searched in vain for them here. This was a disappointment, as in some of the older pits in the neighbourhood they are to be found. In the roof, that is the rock overhead, we observed various cracks or fissures, many of them large enough to admit the open hand, and some few of them might be a foot wide, and two or three long. In these openings many pebbles are found, waterworn and round like those spread upon a coarse sea-beach. The workmen informed us that there are eight or nine faults in this pit, some of which we examined. A fault is a break in the strata, when those on one side are depressed or elevated below or above those on the other. Sometimes the fault casts the seam a foot or two off the line of dip, in other instances a number of feet. We saw one two feet, and another one fathom, six feet. These breaks are filled up with clay and rubbish, and frequently prove a great hindrance to the mining operations. At the northern boundary of this coal-field the seam breaks off abruptly, and is not again found, although

search has been made a number of feet below the level. Whether it has been washed away from that part that forms the carse, or whether it has been depressed to a great depth, is a question which, so far as we know, has yet ascertained do not enable us to answer. This break, we observed, takes place exactly below the edge of the level carse-land. Maclaren, in his 'Geology of Fife and the Lothians,' states that the coal-seam passes beneath the Forth; that it exists on both sides is certain; but whether beneath also at this point, is a question. Below the principal seam a few fathoms, other seams occur, but so much inferior that they would not pay the cost of working. The coal from this pit is very good, and is extensively used all over the neighbouring country, and far to the north-west.

There were, at the time of our visit, forty-six men engaged below, and about thirty boys, all contented and happy, if we might judge from appearances. Having reached the surface again in safety, we gave 'an acknowledgment' to those concerned, underwent an ablution, and took our departure, much delighted with our subterranean excursion.

-KATE PERCIVAL.

AN AMERICAN TALE OF REAL LIFE.

(Continued from page 364.)

In her expectation of procuring a situation as a teacher, the orphan experienced only repeated disappointments. A stranger in the city of P—, friendless, and without recommendations from those of high standing in the literary world, she failed in all her attempts. The school in which she had been educated had been broken up soon after she left it, and the teachers dispersed she knew not whither; so that from them she could receive no assistance.

Spring returned with its bright skies, its singing-birds, and fragrant flowers, but it woke no responsive thrill in the bosom of Kate Percival. A change had passed over the fair girl: confinement in that close, dark room, where the cheerful beams of the sun never entered, and exclusion from the pure, invigorating air of heaven, with the heavy pressure of sorrow and disappointment on her sensitive mind, had produced their slow but sure effects upon a frame naturally delicate. The alteration in her appearance was certainly not regarded, perhaps not even noticed, by the careless and selfish circle around her. No watchful friend marked her sunken eye and pallid cheek, when she rose from her restless and feverish slumbers; no gentle hand tempted her appetite with innocent delicacies, though she turned, day after day, from her untasted food, no loving voice beguiled her forth to a pleasant walk in the cheerful sunshine. But, friendless and destitute, was there not one eye watching over her lonely path? Had He who heareth the young ravens when they cry forgotten his sorrowing child in her hour of need? The sainted mother's prayers—had they not reached the ears of the 'Lord of Sabaoth,' and would he not heed the orphan's secret sigh?

One cold, rainy afternoon in March, Kate, at the request of Mrs Howell, walked many squares to procure an article of dress the young ladies needed to complete a ball-room attire. She returned, drenched with the rain, but her services being immediately required to finish the preparations for the evening, she had only time to lay aside her wet hat and cloak, and, though still chilled and shivering, resume her usual employments. The next morning the poor girl awoke with a burning fever, the result of exposure on her enervated frame. It was one of those damp, cheerless mornings, that add an additional weight to the sinking heart—when the gloom that reigns without strikes a responsive chord within, and nature mourns in sympathy with the desponding spirit. Slowly and with difficulty the orphan rose to prepare herself for her daily routine of duties; but ere she had completed her simple wardrobe her strength was exhausted, a death-

like sickness came over her, and she sank again upon her couch. Her head grew dizzy, and the few articles of furniture in her lonely room seemed to leave their places and revolve around her. The chamber became filled with strange objects—dark figures stood around her bed, and pointed with exulting motions and bitter smiles to their helpless victim. Then all were hidden in a dark, dark chaos, but ever and anon, amid its blackness, appeared again some frightful shape, with its wild, piercing eyes gleaming upon her sight. Cold drops of agony gathered on her brow. There came a momentary feeling of consciousness, and the dread of dying thus alone, all alone, stole over her. She shuddered at the thought, and, exerting all her strength, arose, and with difficulty reached the door. She opened it, and with that effort all consciousness ceased, and with a low moan, as of a weary, feeble child, she sank insensible beside it.

When Jane Howell awoke, the morning after the ball, she complained of indisposition, the effect of a slight cold caught by imprudent exposure the previous evening. Her mother, who thought she could detect the symptoms of some violent disease in her delicate frame, proposed sending for medical advice. To this the young lady objected, but on Dr Lansing being mentioned as a substitute for their family physician, who lived in a distant part of the city, and was often too hurried in his engagements to admit of much attention to patients but slightly indisposed, she allowed her objections to be overruled, and a servant was immediately dispatched to request his attendance. Meanwhile Miss Howell, having arrayed herself in a simple but most becoming morning dress, and enveloped her slender person in the graceful folds of a rich shawl, reclined, with a languid, pensive air, in her mother's easy-chair, before the fire. Mrs Howell received the young physician in the parlour, and having expressed the hope that she had not interrupted his daily routine by her unexpected application, and stated her reasons for so doing, proceeded with all a mother's tender anxiety to speak of her daughter's indisposition. She also carefully embraced the opportunity of dwelling largely on her exalted virtues, and inestimable value in the domestic circle. The young man listened with all due politeness to her remarks, but she could not perceive, though exceedingly anxious to read his thoughts, that any emotion or interest was awakened excepting what his official character required, and, with something of disappointment and chagrin in her manner, she led the way to her daughter's apartment. Even here, the gentle and dependent loveliness of his fair charge produced no change in his usual grave and dignified manners. He ordered some common remedies to be used, to remove what was but the effect of a slight cold, and advised her not to venture out during the day; then, apologizing for his haste, he wished the ladies a polite 'good morning.' A momentary expression of vexation passed over his handsome features as Mrs Howell followed him from the room, and he almost unconsciously quickened his pace, as though desirous to escape from further annoyance. His steps were suddenly arrested by a groan, evidently proceeding from some one in distress, immediately followed by a cry for help from a servant, who appeared at the head of the flight of stairs. Not doubting but that some person needed his assistance, he sprang past Mrs Howell, who stood motionless with alarm, and in another moment was by the side of the inanimate form of the neglected orphan. One glance told him she was very ill, and having placed her, with the assistance of the servant, upon her couch, he promptly, though silently, proceeded to apply the usual remedies, watching with much interest their gradual effects upon the fair young creature who lay like a crushed flower, so still and pale before him. Beautiful, exquisitely beautiful, was that pale face, though it bore the traces of secret grief. Lansing bent over her with a brother's tenderness, and saw with delight her consciousness slowly return. At length she opened her eyes, and, gazing wildly round her, asked what had happened and where she was; then, as the memory of the past came back in all its vividness, her head sank again

on the pillow, and she begged that they would let her die in peace.

'Oh, I thought it was all over,' she murmured in low tones, as though speaking to herself—'that I should awake no more in this cold, bitter world. Why am I here alone—yes, alone—no friend, no mother now? Mother, mother, take me to thee! I cannot, I will not stay away! Oh, let me go!' and she raised her eyes imploringly to the pale group around her bed, and fixing them on Lansing, who with looks of compassion still hung over her, besought him to take her home; talked incoherently of sufferings endured; entreated them to tell Rose—her own Rose—to come and cool her burning head; then, as though addressing that beloved one, implored her not to leave her; to remember how they had loved each other once; to stay with her; and imagining her request unheeded, she wrung her hands in anguish, and in passionate accents, called again on her kind, gentle Rose, and spoke of trials, and of sad, lonely days since they were parted.

Lansing, perceiving the dangerous nature of his patient's disease, urged Mrs Howell to send immediately for an experienced nurse who lived in the neighbourhood, and also to request the attendance of her family physician. The former soon arrived, and he had finished giving his directions respecting the invalid, and was preparing to depart for a short time, when the name of Rose, so often and tenderly repeated, attracted his attention. A sudden thought seemed to strike his mind, and he turned quickly to Mrs Howell, and inquired the name of his charge.

'Kate Percival! Kate Percival!' repeated the young man, while a blended expression of surprise, grief, and pity, was depicted on his face; 'can it be possible—is it thus we meet? God forgive those who have wronged the lonely orphan,' he continued, his manly frame trembling with strong emotion, and hastily pressing to his lips the burning hand of the unconscious girl, he turned away quickly and left the room.

For several days the youthful sufferer hovered between life and death, and they who watched in agonizing suspense the dreadful ravages of disease on her tender frame, feared that the sun of her existence would set in darkness, even in its morning hours. Touchingly beautiful were the wild imaginings that burst unchecked from the lips of the unconscious orphan in those hours of delirium. Visions of brighter and happier scenes visited her couch of pain. Again she sat in the unclouded days of childhood, a gay, light-hearted creature by her mother's side, or wandered forth with her amid the sunny glades of their quiet home; or, surrounded by youthful companions, coned with Rose their daily tasks, sharing their little cares and pleasures, and pouring into each other's ear kind words of sympathy and love.

Then deeper and more thrilling grew the tones of that sweet voice, as she revealed the story of her woes, her loneliness, her secret grief. Sometimes it seemed as though the wearied spirit had been freed from its tabernacle of clay, so vividly did she portray the bliss of that better land—that haven of rest, where sorrow and death cannot enter, as in that blessed dream she walked the golden streets of the 'celestial city,' with the loved one gone before, and joined in the song of praise, swelling from ten thousand harps and voices, to Him who had redeemed them by his blood.

At last the violence of the disease abated, and Kate awoke, as from a long, long sleep. At first all around her seemed strange and new. She scarcely recognised the familiar furniture of the darkened chamber, from which the bright rays of the morning sun, then shining cheerfully without, were so carefully excluded. She wondered how she came there, and who the old, benevolent-looking personage could be, who sat by her bed, watching her so earnestly, and pressing his fingers, at every short interval, on her pulse. A plain, middle-aged woman stood near him, with a kind, anxious face, holding in her hand a cup, which, in obedience to a motion from her companion, she silently held to the lips of the invalid. Kate swallowed the composing draught, and was about to

she speak and inquire the meaning of all so strange to her, when her eye fell on another object that, she knew not why, startled and excited her. Partially concealed by the drapery of her couch, stood a young man, in an attitude of the deepest interest and attention. Kate felt that face was not altogether new to her; that the mild glance of that dark eye had beamed on her before. But where had they met? A crowd of perplexing thoughts came over her mind; confused recollections of sufferings, in which he was strangely associated. She looked earnestly at the stranger, and he seemed to read her inquiring gaze, and to be conscious of the excitement his appearance had produced, for, exchanging a meaning glance with his companions, he turned away and quietly left the room. Kate followed him with her eye until the door of the apartment closed behind him, and then, overpowered by the powerful opiate she had taken, and the conflicting thoughts of her weak and bewildered mind, she fell into a peaceful slumber.

At a late hour of the day the orphan awoke from that refreshing sleep, free from disease, but weak and feeble as a child. She lay quite still, gazing listlessly around her. At first she thought herself alone, but presently, after a slight and almost imperceptible tap at the door of the apartment, the same kind-looking woman, whose presence she had noticed before, arose from an easy-chair near the bed, and answered the summons.

'She still sleeps,' Kate heard her say, in reply to a whispered inquiry from without; 'the fever is entirely gone; and in a few days, if she continues to improve, I think, my dear young lady, you may see her.'

'A few days! Oh, I cannot wait! As she is asleep, do, good Mrs Barclay, just let me take one look at that sweet face that, through all these long dreadful days, has not seemed once like my own dear Kate's,' said a low, gentle voice, trembling with intense emotion. 'I will not speak; I will just take one glance and then go away: I must see her for one moment—my precious friend!'

Those earnest, pleading tones! Why thrilled each nerve of the orphan's trembling frame, as they fell upon her ear? She pressed her hands convulsively to her heart, as though to check its wild, tumultuous throbbings. Was it a dream, a vain, fleeting dream, or did a vision from a brighter world burst upon her sight, and an angel visitant approach to comfort her? A slight, girlish figure glided noiselessly to her couch, and pale with anxious watching, gazing through silent tears, Rose Lennox, the loved, the lost, bent over her.

A faint, stifled cry, and Kate lay insensible in her arms.

On a bright morning in the latter part of June, Kate Percival sat alone in a richly furnished parlour, in one of the most fashionable mansions in P—. The breeze that came gently through the open casement bore on its balmy wing the breath of fragrant flowers, blooming in a large and beautiful garden with which the apartment communicated, and the cheerful songs of warbling birds, rejoicing in their dewy sweetness, fell in glad melody upon the ear. Still pale, but lovelier far than ever, Kate gazed in quiet happiness upon the bright face of nature, and while the summer wind stirred the dark locks that shaded her fair brow, and all around her seemed to speak the praise of their beneficent Creator, her heart silently poured forth its tribute of thanksgiving to her Father, Redeemer, and God. Truly wonderful had been the love and wisdom that had marked the successive events of her life, and had brought her by a way she knew not, to a home of affection and peace. Now, as she reviewed that path, she was able to see many proofs of the tender guidance of the Lord.

All that had appeared so mysterious in the conduct of Rose had long since been explained. After her immediate reply to the first and only letter received from Kate during their separation, and which had communicated the intelligence of Mr Percival's death, Rose had written again, at her father's desire, an urgent invitation for the orphan to accept of her home for at least a temporary asylum, expressing a sincere hope, that if she could be happy there, she would make it her permanent residence.

A merchant, a friend of Mr Lennox, who was then at P— and was soon to return to Natchez, near which the latter resided, was designated as an agreeable and proper escort for the young traveller, and all necessary arrangements were made to procure her a pleasant journey. Rose had looked forward with impatience and with joyous anticipations to her friend's arrival, but, to her great disappointment, the merchant returned not only alone, but without having been able either to see or obtain tidings of the expected stranger. He had written to her agreeably to the directions received from Mr Lennox, offering his services in the kindest manner, and appointing the time and place of meeting, but no notice had been taken of his letter. He had deferred the commencement of his homeward journey for several days, hoping to receive an answer to a second letter addressed to the orphan. In this expectation he was disappointed; but this want of attention to his friendly proposals had been explained by some incidental information gleaned from a traveller, whom he met just on the eve of his departure from P—. This gentleman, who had recently returned from a tour through the middle states, stated that in passing through the little village near which Mr Percival's country-seat stood, the estate of the latter had been pointed out to him, as one that had recently passed from the hands of a family, whose ancestors had held it for many generations, into the possession of strangers. He had been made acquainted with many facts illustrating the extravagance of its former proprietor, but knew nothing of the situation of the surviving members of his household. Full of anxious forebodings, Rose waited impatiently for a letter from her friend, but day after day passed and brought her no tidings. Soon after, her father's business requiring him to pass the winter in Cincinnati, she, with the rest of his family, accompanied him. Supposing it possible that, having changed her place of abode, Kate might seek a home in P—, Rose wrote to her relative, Howard Lansing, who had recently settled there, and whose warm and generous heart had become much interested in the fate of the orphan, on whose early sorrows and surpassing loveliness of character his cousin so often dwelt, entreating him to use every effort to discover her lost friend. Early in the spring, the eldest sister having married a gentleman from P—, Rose attended her to her new home, designing to pass the summer with her, and secretly hoping that she might yet obtain some clue to the retreat of one so fondly loved. She had been in the city but a few days, when Providence, in a most unexpected manner, granted her ardent wish, and she clasped the orphan once more to her bosom.

As soon as possible, Kate had been removed from Mrs Howell's, who bitterly regretted her cold and selfish conduct towards her, now that she claimed as her protectors those distinguished for wealth and influence in the highest circles.

Her kind friends soon saw with delight the slow return of health and strength to her enfeebled frame, and Rose gallily predicted that Kate's fair cheek would rival the bloom of her own fragrant namesake when she breathed again the fresh pure air, and enjoyed the rural pleasures of the beautiful country-seat in which they were to seek a retreat from the heat of the crowded city.

Kate's quiet musing on the past was disturbed by the entrance of a servant, bearing a splendid bouquet of rare flowers, mostly exotics. He presented them with Dr Lansing's compliments and retired. Kate blushed when she received them, and the colour deepened on her cheek when, a moment after, Rose bounded lightly into the room. She stopped abruptly at the sight of the flowers, which Kate still held, and assuming an air of vexation, which seemed strangely out of place on her fair, sunny face, she came slowly forward and addressed her friend in a tone of disappointment and mortification, though an arch smile, in spite of her efforts, played round her mouth.

'Another bouquet, Miss Percival!—well, I am sure I need not feel under any weight of obligation to Cousin Howard for the attention he has bestowed on me of late.'

I really am afraid, if I never saw a flower, that he would not, now, think of sending me one. Just look at those beautiful roses, sister,' she continued, addressing Mrs Gibson, who had entered the room, 'are not those buds perfect? I think it proves the sweetness of my disposition that I am not jealous of Kate. But oh! I punished Lansing so nicely, this morning, for his neglect of me—I was in the hall when he called just now, so I made him stop and come into the vestibule, and then informed him of our new arrangements, and our expected removal next week. Selfish creature! instead of sharing in our joy, he looked as grave and solemn as if he had heard the saddest news. I wish you could have seen his rueful face—it did amuse me so much!'—and Rose laughed heartily at the recollection.

'It would only have reminded me of the lengthened risage of a certain friend of yours, Miss Rose,' replied Mrs Gibson, looking archly at the merry girl, 'from whom you parted the morning we left Cincinnati. You can easily defend yourself, my dear Kate, from all the attacks of this naughty child, by reminding her of one Albert Norris. It is a good quietus, Rose—is it not?' and smilingly the young matron departed.

'Who is Albert Norris, Rose?' asked Kate, when the two friends were left thus alone together. Rose was so busily engaged in arranging the flowers in a vase on the table before them, that she did not appear to hear the question until it was repeated, then blushing deeply she carelessly replied, 'Only a young gentleman with whom I became acquainted last winter, and whom I will introduce to you, Kate, this summer, if he has not found that "absence conquers love," and so forgotten your humble servant.' Rose spoke gaily, but there were tears in her bright eyes. Kate's gentle manner banished her reserve, and she soon spoke with her usual candour of one to whose deep and sincere attachment her affectionate heart had responded, and in whom it had placed its implicit trust. On account of her youth, her father had preferred that there should be no engagement between them until Norris visited P— in the summer; but then, if their affection had endured the test of separation, he had promised to sanction his daughter's choice.

When Rose returned that evening from a visit to a friend, she found Kate and her cousin Howard alone in the parlour, conversing in the moonlight. Lansing was speaking in a low, earnest tone, and Rose, perceiving that her entrance was unobserved, stole noiselessly away without interrupting them. An hour afterwards she heard Kate's light footstep on the stairs. She was hesitating whether to follow her to their chamber or to allow her to enjoy for a little while its solitude uninterrupted, when a servant entered the breakfast-room, in which she sat, and informed her that Lansing wished to speak to her for a moment. Rose found him alone in the parlour, apparently much agitated.

'I could not go away to-night, dear Rose,' he said, leading her to a seat on the sofa, 'without allowing you to share in the happiness which almost overpowers me. Miss Percival has long been dear to you as a friend; can you, will you love her as a cousin?'

'Kate, my own precious Kate!' exclaimed Rose, bursting into tears—'Oh! Howard, what a prize you have gained! I have always hoped and wished for this, and now that it has really come, I am too full of joy—too happy!'

'I feel entirely unworthy of so great a treasure,' said Lansing, after a pause, during which they had both been too much affected to speak. 'Oh, Rose, how much need have I to pray that the sweetest of earthly gifts may not win my heart from the Giver!'

At the close of a bright day in October a travelling carriage, in which were seated four persons, drove slowly down a beautiful avenue, leading to a handsome though old-fashioned mansion, on the bank of a noble river in one of the middle states. The rich tints of autumn giving an unwonted beauty to the glowing scenery around it, and the quiet stream, reflecting on its placid bosom the ever-

varying hues of the gorgeous clouds that encircle the setting sun, could not fail to render the scene unusually attractive to the eyes of the travellers, but they scarcely noticed the smiling landscape before them. Strong and deep were the feelings stirring in their hearts. After long years of trial, the orphan was returning, a happy bride, to the home of her fathers; and he who gazed on her with a husband's pride, and the kind friends who accompanied her, forgot all else in their sympathy with her mingled emotions of sadness and joy.

A few weeks after his marriage, Lansing had become, by the death of a distant relative, the possessor of an independent fortune. Hearing about the same time that the owner of the late Mr Percival's estate was anxious to dispose of it, he immediately became its purchaser, determining to remove thither with his lovely wife, and confine his professional services to the inhabitants of the neighbouring village and the country around it.

As the carriage approached the dwelling, the door of the principal entrance was thrown open, an aged woman of a remarkably venerable and affectionate aspect appeared, and awaited the arrival of the travellers.

'Welcome, welcome home again, my dear young lady,' she said, as Kate threw herself, weeping, into her arms—'I bless God that I have lived to see this day!'

'My dear, dear nurse! It seems to me yet only as a pleasant dream, from which I fear to awake,' murmured Kate, amid her joyful tears.

'Let me prove to you that it is a blessed reality, my own Kate,' said Lansing fondly—'but where are Rose and Norris? We must not forget that they are strangers here'—and he gently drew her away.

Though many years have passed since the events recorded above took place, there are still living some individuals who remember the lovely orphan, and delight to dwell upon the rural festivities that attended her return to the home of her childhood. It was from one who had personally shared in these innocent expressions of joy that the writer learned the main incidents described in the foregoing pages, and it may perhaps contribute to the gratification of those interested in them to know that they were actually penned on the very spot where the orphan dwelt, a beloved and happy wife.

ELECTRO GILDING AND SILVERING.

In one of the articles entitled 'Rambles in London,' the use of the Electrotype in the arts was noticed at some length. The Polytechnic Institution shows to visitors, also, the further processes of taking casts of medals and the like, as well as of coating the baser with the precious metals. The following description of these processes, for which we are mainly indebted to a little work on the subject, from the many useful purposes to which they may be applied, will interest many readers:—

In electrotyping medals, seals, coins, leaves, fruit, &c., &c., an apparatus may be constructed in which the object to be copied is made to form one of the elements or plates of the battery. In this very simple arrangement, the battery affording the supply of electricity is constructed by attaching to a piece of zinc the object to be copied, the latter being substituted instead of the copper plate, with this difference, that the zinc, instead of being immersed in the solution of sulphate of copper, is placed in a separate cell charged with sulphuric acid and water (one part acid to forty of water) standing in the solution of copper, this, with a perforated porcelain cup, forming part of the vessel, to contain the crystals of copper. The direction of the electric current thus produced is the same as mentioned previously.

Electro Gilding and Silvering.—In precipitating gold and silver, an arrangement somewhat similar may be employed, or a small compound battery as follows:—

Solution of gold and silver.—The employment of an acid salt of the metals is, in this instance, somewhat difficult to manage. A double salt of gold or silver and cyanide of potassium is generally employed, the mode of making which is as follows: Auro or argento—cyanide of potassium—is made by preparing a solution of cyanide of potassium, which is done by heating prussiate of potash red hot in a crucible for twenty minutes: when somewhat cool, dissolve the residue in water, and filter: to this add as much of the oxide of gold or silver (which is obtained by precipitating with caustic bayta water, from a neutral solution of the metal; after having well washed it in water, it may be, while still wet, added to the cyanide of potassium) as the solution will take up, and keep it in a well-closed bottle until wanted for use. The article to be gilt or silvered, being made quite bright and chemically cleaned with a solution of sulphuric or nitric acid, should be immediately immersed in the solution. The wires* from the battery are now to be connected; the negative (or copper) wire being pressed in contact with the body to be gilt or silvered, and the opposite (or zinc) one being at the same time made to dip an inch or two into the solution, at about an inch or two from the coin, medal, &c.; a few minutes is generally sufficient to produce the required deposit. It is better to take out the medal two or three times during the progress, and rub it bright with a plate brush and whiting, taking great care to rinse it well with water before you again immerse it in the solution. A small Smee's or Daniel's battery, of one pair of plates, is generally sufficient, although some operators prefer a compound battery weakly charged.

Directions for Connecting the Plates.—This being an important part of the process, a perfect connexion must be made between the zinc and the object to be electrotyped; the most certain way is by soldering, but for light subjects other methods may be taken. If the subject is a sealing-wax impression, warm the flat end of the copper wire, and press it into the margin of the sealing-wax; should that not be sufficient, add a little more wax to it. If it is metal, or a heavy subject, flatten as much of the copper wire as the size of the medal, so that it may lay flat against it, and turn up the under end about 1-8th of an inch for a support or bearer; and then fix the flat part of the wire against the back of the medal either with sealing wax or a compound of bees' wax and pitch melted together, of equal parts. The zinc and the medal having been united by means of the copper wire, are now to be placed in their respective places, *i. e.* the zinc in the porous tube where the acid is, and the medal in the solution of copper.

Solutions.—The outer cell of the apparatus nearly fill with a solution of sulphate of copper, which is made by putting $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of sulphate of copper in a basin, and pour one quart of boiling water on it; and an inner cell or porous tube with a solution of sulphuric acid, which is made by putting one part of the acid to eight parts of plain water. A perforated wooden cup must also be introduced and filled with the undissolved sulphate of copper, which will gradually dissolve and keep up the strength of the solution. This is a material point to be attended to, or a brown powder will be deposited instead of pure copper; the same will be the case if the action of the acid is too violent. The zinc should be taken out occasionally and washed in plain water, and a fresh supply of acid and water given immediately to keep up the action; taking great care not to allow the medal to dry, for in that case a fresh deposit of copper will be given which will not unite with the first.

To give a Conducting Surface to a Non-metallic Substance.—For sealing-wax impressions, slightly moisten a soft tooth-brush or hare's foot with spirits of wine; then dip the same in plumbago (pencil lead), and brush the seal well till it is dry and bright; the thinner the cover-

ing the better. For wood-cuts, &c., the plumbago can be laid on without spirits of wine. Great care must be taken that the plumbago comes in contact with the copper wire.

How to take from Plaster a Wax Mould for Electrotyping.—Thoroughly melt, in a clean pipkin over the fire, a sufficient quantity of the prepared wax; then immerse your plaster original in plain water for about one minute, or until it is saturated, but not to have any water on the surface; after which encircle it with a wall of wet cartridge paper, of about one inch high, carefully pressing it close, and binding it round with packthread to prevent the hot wax from running out; then pour the already prepared wax on the plaster, and allow it to cool. After removing the wall of paper, if you find the wax adhere to the plaster, immerse the whole in water, which will produce a separation; the wax is then to have a covering of plumbago, but no spirits of wine is to be used, as in the case of sealing-wax.

Compound Wax for Moulds.—The following will be found to answer uncommonly well:—To one pound of melted white wax add half a tea-spoonful of Venice turpentine, and the same quantity of plumbago; the whole to be well mixed.

Plaster-casts, &c.—Plaster-casts, paper, pasteboards, and other non-conducting substances, which are softened or acted on by water, require to be covered with wax, or some other material, to render them impervious to the solution of copper. The best article for this purpose is shellac or sealing-wax, dissolved in spirits of wine, in the proportion of one ounce of shellac to four ounces of spirit: into this the plaster-cast or paper is put for a few minutes, according to the size of the article, observing merely that it is thoroughly saturated with the solution; then remove it, and allow it to dry slowly. When dry, warm it before the fire, so that any superfluous resin may melt and sink into the plaster or paper. When cold, cover it with plumbago in the usual manner, and treat it as a common sealing-wax impression, to which, in fact, it bears a close analogy.

Fusible Metal.—Impressions in this metal may be taken as moulds for electrotyping; it melts at a temperature a few degrees beneath boiling water, and may be purchased, or can be made as follows:—Bismuth, 8 oz.; tin, 4; lead, 5; antimony, 1; but cannot be recommended because of the uncertainty of success in taking the impressions.

Chichee Moulds.—Bismuth, 8 oz.; lead, 5; tin, 3. This compound, like fusible metal, melts at a very low temperature, and is to be used exactly in the same way, *i. e.* by striking the original steadily and gently on the all-but-cold metal, which has previously been poured on a sheet of cartridge paper, slightly oiled and laid flat on a table. This method is used with great success by many experimentalists.

How to Prepare the Surface of Copper Plates and Medals for Electrotyping.—Make the plate warm, and rub white wax over it; then add a little spirits of turpentine to the wax, and work the two well over the plate for a short time. The whole must then be removed with a clean rag. Or the plate may be polished well with plumbago. Professor Bachhoffner has suggested the throwing down a very thin film of silver by the process described in a former page; this, by destroying the homogeneity of the two surfaces, is found to answer most successfully, provided too thick a film of silver be not deposited.

Bronzing.—Immediately you remove the medal from the solution, rub it well over with the plumbago, after which make it moderately hot, and then with a hard brush polish it.

Platina Bronze.—Warm the medal slightly, and brush it over with a neutral solution of chloride of platina; it speedily assumes a deep black colour; it may then be polished, rubbing the medal with wash leather. This is probably the most durable of the several bronzes.

Iron Bronze.—Dissolve the peroxide of iron (colcothar)

* The wire conveying the electricity (or the positive) should be made to terminate with a wire of platina, which part only should be immersed in the solution.

In spirit of salt (muriatic acid) to saturation. To bronze with this solution, brush it over the medal, and at the same time rub over it some of the dry oxide of iron, drive off the moisture with heat, and polish with a hard brush; this gives a fine brown bronze.

Porous Tubes—Must be filled with acid and water before they are placed in the solution of copper, or the copper enters the pores, and speedily destroys them. When the porous tubes are not in use they should be kept in plain water, to extract the sulphate of zinc, which in time would render the tubes useless. The tubes should be washed once a-day, and fresh acid supplied; too great care cannot be observed in removing any oxidation from all the parts in connexion that may have formed.

Brown Paper Diaphragms—Are not only inconvenient from their weakness, but never wholly prevent the partial mixing of the liquids which they are intended to keep separate; and their use always occasions a great loss of sulphate of copper. The best diaphragms are those made of porous clay.

Sealing-Wax Impressions.—At times there is much difficulty in removing the sealing-wax from the electrotype copy; the best method is to pour boiling water on it, and in general the wax will then strip off like leather; should any remain, dissolve it in spirits of wine.

General Remark.—If the deposit of copper is of a dark brown colour, the solution has been too weak; if in large crystals, the action of the acid has been too violent.

ADVENTURES IN THE PACIFIC.*

THE volume before us contains a well-written memorial of scenes and incidents which met the author's eye during a whaling voyage of four years' continuance, a considerable portion of which time he spent among those lovely islands that stud the bosom of the great Pacific. With the interest which belongs to those islands as fields of successful missionary enterprise all our readers are familiar, while recent occurrences, endangering the peace of our own country with France, have made them, that of Tahiti especially, objects of interest to all Europe. 'My last voyage,' says Dr Coulter, 'extended to a period of four years, leaving London in 1832, passing round Cape Horn, touching and lying at anchor at a number of ports on the west coasts both of South and North America, stretching off westerly among the various islands in the North and South Pacific, crossing the meridian of 180°, and then among those in east longitude; returning again by the South Pacific to the Polynesian group, and finally fitting out the ship for home at Tahiti, from whence we sailed over to Eimeo, took as passenger on board, a missionary who had been a great many years on these islands, Mr Armitage and his family, and arrived in London in 1836.' The record which this volume presents of its author's long voyage, though brief, is both instructive and entertaining. Of adventures, at least in the sense in which we understand that term, we have comparatively few; but we have much good and graphic description of the scenery, the natural productions, the manners and customs of the natives of the different islands which he visited. His description of the island of Juan Fernandez, famous as the residence of Alexander Selkirk, may be taken as a specimen:—

'After two days we came in sight of Juan Fernandez, and ran for the north side of the island, where we an-

chored in (what is laid down on the charts as) Cumberland Bay. Indeed, it is the only bay or landing-place on the island—and deep water close to the beach. It is open to the northward, and, in case of a blow from north (which not unfrequently happens here), a dangerous anchorage; however, the weather was fine, and suited us well. There were no inhabitants on the island when we arrived; some time before there were about one thousand convicts sent there by the Chilian government; but they rose on the soldiers in charge of them, and killed them and the governor; afterwards boarded two vessels at anchor at the time, and made them land them on the coast. I understood that they were hunted by the troops on landing, and great numbers shot. After leaving the beach, you arrive at a large strip of level land; the remains of the houses, or rather huts, in a state of ruins, were scattered about on either side; also the remains of an old jail, or lock-up. On passing the huts, this level land is found to extend to twenty or thirty acres. There were vast quantities of rose-bushes in full bloom, with immense beds of mint, so tall that you could hide in it without being discovered. The fragrance of this valley was enchanting to us. The small hills surrounding it, thickly covered with middling-sized timber in rich foliage, and a small rippling stream running through it, all added to its beauty. In strolling up the hills, we soon discovered that the smaller timber had a very loose hold in the earth, which was mostly red mould, as some of our men, in laying hold of them, to assist themselves up, came back accompanied by the tree. The entire island is a succession of small hills and valleys, each with its little stream; and those rivulets often uniting, came dashing over the cliffs with great force. On it we discovered some bullocks, goats, and dogs, all in good condition, but very wild, dashing through the thickets like deer when disturbed. However, as a ship cannot have too much provision on board (all hands generally having good appetites), we determined to have a few of them. So I was commissioned, as chief hunter, to procure a supply. The carpenter, being one of the shore party, soon made a temporary hut for any one who remained at night—all the old ones being full of fleas. This hut, during our stay, never had less than two inhabitants, frequently ten; and they were the merriest set I ever saw; they were mostly the wooding, watering, and butchering party. Every morning, having eaten a good breakfast (we had frying-pans, &c., on shore), I started with my new acquisition, the double-barrelled rifle. I brought no one with me: they were all too careless in going along, and too noisy; and I seldom failed before noon in returning to the hut, for two or three of the butchering gang, to show them where the game lay. Often, in coming along, I would get a shot at a young goat scampering off, bring him down, and shoulder him myself. In this manner, in a few days, we had ten bullocks salted down for the ship's use, with a number of young goats fresh. There was also no want of fish, as the water round the islands abounds with the best rock cod I ever saw. The men knocked down a few seal among the rocks. My hunting excursions through the island cost me several jackets and trousers; the bushes tore them off me; and I came to the beach every evening almost in rags. Having increased our stock with salted beef and fish in abundance, wood, water, &c., we took up the anchor, and got out, after having a party of useful pleasure for a few days, in this very romantic island. We certainly had fine dry weather while we remained, which greatly facilitated travelling through the island, particularly up hill and down valley; but I think, if there had been much wet, we could not have done so, as the particles of the red earth are very soft, and would quickly form thick mud, in which state you could not move. We also brought away three boat-loads of fine mint, which was afterwards dried on deck, and stowed away in empty casks. This made an agreeable anti-scorbutic tea, which we used, as long as it lasted, morning and evening. This island appeared to be about sixteen or eighteen miles in length, and about six or seven wide.

* *Adventures in the Pacific; with Observations on the Natural Productions, Manners and Customs of the Natives of the various islands; together with Remarks on Missionaries, British and other Residents, &c.* By JOHN COULTER, M.D., Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, and late Surgeon on board the *Stratford*. Dublin: William Curry, jun. & Co.

About thirty or forty miles to the westward of it is *Massa Fuera*, which we had a look at, but did not land on. It appeared to be all rocks, with scarcely a patch of earth.

Whale-fishing, with the feats and perils that usually attend it, have been frequently described; but we do not remember to have perused anything more vivid on the subject than that which our author gives in the following extract:—

'Ships engaged in the sperm whale-fishery are out seldom less than three years, some of them four, according to their success, and other adventures. They are well found in provisions; and having such a quantity of casks on board, are never without an abundant supply of fresh water, except they are extraordinarily situated. They are all well armed, and have plenty of all sorts of ammunition, as they have often to defend themselves from the hostilities of natives; and, during such a long absence from home, their respective nations might go to war; then they would have to take care of themselves. Most of the English whale-ships, during the last wars, were what are called letters of marque, or, in plainer terms, commissioned privateers; and they either caught whales or the enemy's vessels as circumstances threw either in their way. They always have a large complement of men, as each boat is obliged to have its own crew; and those ships have generally from four to six boats over the side, ready for lowering after whales. Those boats are of the best description for such purposes, and will live in any sea that a boat can exist in. They are clinker built, that is, one plank slightly over-lapping the other, sharp in bow and stern, both ends being curved a little upwards. Those boats are always steered by an oar generally five or six and twenty feet long, which is kept in its place in the sternpost, by a strap passing round it. As the boat is sometimes to go astern as well as a-head, this long oar is not in the way, and enables whoever steers to sweep rapidly round the boat, or lay it off or on the whale, as may be required. There are also five oars pulling, a mast and a lug sail to assist them occasionally, which mast and sail are laying along the stern sheets, and never shipped until required, and always unshipped the moment the whale is struck, as the boat would then be unmanageable if it remained up. In the nose of the boat there is a deep chalk or groove, the lower part of it being leaded. Through this the line passes; and as it does so rapidly sometimes, the leading prevents the boat from taking fire. There is also a pin across over the line, which prevents the line slipping out, an axe and knife keenly sharp close to it, to cut the line instantly, if, in running out, it should get foul, as in that case the boat would be taken down with it. On the stern sheet there is also a similar provision against a like accident. The line, which is made as strong as possible, and about the thickness of the middle finger, is coiled closely down in regular fakes in two tubs. It is generally one hundred and twenty fathoms to each boat. One end is bent on to the harpoon; the other (with an eye spliced in it) is left hanging out of the sternmost tub. This is done in order that, if the fish sounds too deep, another boat may pull up, and bend on its lines. In this way I have seen a fish take down three boats' lines, each boat having signals in it, to hurry up those nearest to them. If the boats should be too far off, the ship, which is at such a time under all sail, will run down close to, and drop another boat, to give the necessary lines or assistance. There are also three or four spare irons, with as many lances, in the boat, in case they might be required. The harpoon is always fastened to the line, and is merely to hold on (sometimes the fish is killed by it). The lance is to dart frequently into the body of the fish to kill him, and is fast to its own small line of from fifteen to twenty fathoms long. In both sides of the bow of the boat there is a cleet nailed on the gunwale, which serves a very important purpose, in the act of hauling in the line, and up the fish. When close to, the line is bowed, or shifted to this cleet, which, in place of running the boat right on the fish, causes it to range up alongside of it,

and enables the officer of the boat to lance boldly into the body of it, without being in danger of getting the boat and all hands struck by the tail, or, as whalers call it, the flukes. Under the stern sheets there is stowed away a small bag of biscuit, a small cask full of water, a lantern and fireworks, in case of being benighted; and, though last not least, some pipes and tobacco, for a refreshment smoke, while they are laying beside their dead prize, awaiting for the ship to send out the thick fluke ropes, and take it alongside. Those boats are always ready fitted, every thing in them, and ready for instant lowering. They are slung to the davits by the tackle falls, and carefully resting on cranes, which easily swing to the side out of the way. On deck there is, in the forward part of the ship, close to the fore hatch, a brick building, lined outside, and well secured with wood and iron knees. In this work are two large boiling or trying pots, to boil down the blubber. Underneath them are the fires, generally fed by the scraps, or portions of blubber which have been already deprived of their oil. To the main-mast head there is attached an immense block, well secured, through which a huge tackle fall is rove. This fall goes to the windlass; and when the hook of the other block is in the blubber on the fish, it is hoisted up in broad pieces of about one and a half yard wide, and from fifteen to eighteen feet long. Those are termed blanket pieces. On the outside of the ship, and over the dead whale alongside, are two stages, on which two of the mates stand, with a breast rope before each, to keep him from falling overboard. They each have long spades, and cut the blubber the proper breadth spirally from the base of the head to the flukes. A hole is cut near the fin. A man goes down on the fish to fasten the hook. This is often a dangerous duty for the man, as a dead whale always attracts plenty of sharks, which keep plunging about, and up on the fish. At such a time the long spades are ready, to chop at the sharks, and keep them off, till the man gets on board again. As soon as the hook is in, they ship the handspikes into the windlass, and hoist away to a lively chorus; and, as the blubber is torn up, the spades clear it underneath. When it is high up, as I have mentioned, the hook is shifted in the blanket-piece, and above this it is cut off with an immense two-handed knife, swung inboard, and lowered between decks. As this spiral stripping of the blubber goes on, the body is kept turning; and when nearly to the flukes, the most valuable part of the sperm whale, the head, is secured, cut off, and the carcass let go to the bottom, with thousands of sharks of all sizes tearing at it. The head is generally cut in three or four pieces, and entirely hoisted on deck. As soon as this is junked up into tubs, the decks are scrubbed, well washed, and are made as clean and white as before the operation commenced. It is a long day's work for all hands to cut in a large whale; but when it is accomplished, it is a clear five hundred pounds worth on board, a share of which every man has, from the captain to the cook, according to their rank on board.

'On the third morning after leaving *Charles's Island*, while in sight of *Albemarle*, the look-out on the foretop gallant yard sung out—'There he blows—there again, and at regular intervals—there again.'—'Where away?'—'About four points on the lee bow, sir.'—'Put the helm up.'—'Ay, ay, sir,' responded the helmsman. 'Steady, steady it is, sir.' We got the telescopes at work (and first-rate ones they are always in whale-ships). After a steady look, our well-experienced skipper pronounced it to be a large sperm whale. 'Boat's crews of the larboard side, stand by to lower three boats.'—'Ay, ay, sir,' rang fore and aft the ship; when about a mile from the whale, the helm was put down, lee main braces let go, and the ship became stationary, with the main yards slack. 'Ready there?'—'All ready, sir.'—'Lower away.' The boat tackle falls rattled through the block, and the boats were in the water. No huntsmen ever followed a pack of hounds with greater glee than the boat's crews of these ships pull after their game. We now filled away of the ship to have full command over her, and to keep to whale-

ard of the boats. They pulled silently and steadily on. The whale was going along easily. By and by the chief officer's boat got close up, and one iron darted into the body of the fish, then another, and the boat was fast. They were by this time so close to the ship you could hear him sing out, 'Stern all now,' and the boat was pulled quickly astern; the whale reared itself half out of the sea, then buried its head in it, raised his enormous flukes, gave a blow on the surface of the water, the sound of which you could hear far off; then he went down, or, as they call it, sounded; the boat was drawn right over him, and the line whirling through the chawks as he descended. When the second tub was all but out it stopped; then they commenced hauling in the line, and coiling it loosely in the stern sheets as fast as they could. This hauling in of the line is always accompanied by the cheering 'hurra, hurra, hurra,' &c. They got in the line very fast, and when the whale came up to blow, the boat was not more than four hundred yards off, the oars all peaked, and out of the water. He then started to windward, towing the boat after him at about fifteen miles an hour, the water boiling and foaming high up on either side of it. All hands in the boat now laid hold of the line, and kept hauling up on him; and as they passed not far from the stern of the ship, they got alongside him by bowing the line. The officer lanced, and after each dart of the lance into the fish, the shank of it had to be straightened, which was easily managed in the bow of the boat. After running about two miles to windward of the ship, the fish blew up blood out of his spout-hole. This is at once the indication of the death blow being given. He stopped suddenly; the boats slackened the line, and pulled astern out of the way, as he was going into his death flurry. They had scarcely got well clear of him, when he rolled heavily, reared his great head up, beat the water with his fins and flukes in great fury, made one tremendous plunge, and was no more.

'Some time after we were cruising in Albemarle Bay, when early in the day we found the ship surrounded with cow whales, which are all of a moderate size; the boats down were all fast, and two spare ones on board completely fitted. I begged of the captain to let me take one, with a crew of volunteers, and try my hand. He at last consented, but told me to take care and not get stove, as the boats were all engaged, and could not go after us. As soon as I shouted out 'Volunteer boat's crew to chase whales,' there was a rush at the gangway to get into her; however, the number being made up, I took off my jacket and shoes, and jumped in; it is better to keep on the socks or stockings, as you would not be so liable to slip in the boat than with bare feet; shoes a whaler never takes into a boat. I believe no boat's crew ever shoved off from a ship's side in so much haste and confusion: in the first place, she was nearly swamped under the quarter before we got the forward tackle unhooked; secondly, when she did drop astern, no man was in his place except myself, occupying my berth in the bow. At last all was in trim, and off we pulled to a few whales which were amusing themselves on the surface of the water. Now, my crew (whenever I was skipper) were rather noisy, having never controlled them; and on this occasion they exerted their liberty of speech so much, that I was obliged frequently to sit down and finish my laugh. We were all inexperienced, yet each man gave his advice as to going on the whale; at last, after a short pithy speech from me, they all agreed that get a fish we must, for the honour and glory of it, and that they would do as I should tell them. On we went to the nearest whale, and pulled up to it boldly yet carefully, until the nose of the boat nearly touched it, when in I darted both irons with all my force—'Stern all'—and stern they did quick enough; the fish breached high out of the water, causing such a tremendous splash that the boat was nearly half filled, and required instant baling out; this was quickly effected with the boat's bucket. The whale did not, as usual, sound, but after the breach made off, so we peaked our oars. I took a turn of the line around the bowsprit, to hold on

and off we flew through the bay, towed away at a rapid rate. There were not more than thirty fathoms of the line out; at last, after coursing over a few miles, it eased its way; we hauled up alongside, and I lanced it boldly for a few minutes, then off again; sometimes, when hauling up, and close to the fish, it would raise the flukes, and shake them threateningly at us; then we were obliged to pay out more line to get out of the way. This game was playing for upwards of four hours, and we were all greatly fatigued, having no interval of rest, and were beginning to think we would be compelled to cut the line and let all go, when the whale eased its way again. We hauled up with desperation on it, and I got two fortunate darts of the lance into it; it died, and turned over in a few minutes without a struggle, being tired out. They were nearly all green hands in the boat, but acted very well. Discipline was now again relaxed, and all hands stood up and gave three hearty cheers. We took the double of the line and passed it round the flukes, and took the whale in tow. We were about three miles to windward of the ship when the whale died, so we 'up stick,' that is, shipped our mast, made sail, and with the aid of a stiff breeze, brought our great trophy and first whale alongside the ship, when we received three tremendous cheers from the lads on board, which we of course politely answered. This made now the sixth whale alongside—a regular raft of them—and I have pleasure in recording that ours was pronounced the largest.'

The account which Dr Coulter gives of the moral condition of the inhabitants of the Marquesas Islands is one of gloomy interest. Some of the amusements prevailing among them are of the vilest and most degrading character; they exhibit scenes over which, as he very properly remarks, a veil should be flung, which should only be lifted to teach sceptics the worth of the pure and elevating doctrines of Christianity. With our author's reprehensions of the conduct of ships' crews who visit these and the adjacent islands we cordially sympathize—it cannot be reprobated in terms too strong. Speaking of the Marquesas Islands, he says:—

'The houses are generally placed close to trees, which afford an agreeable shade. You may term them a longitudinal section of a single house, with a shed roof, the back, or main wall always close, the front one a mere partition, but low. The thatch consists of bread-fruit or cocoa-nut leaves, closely and thickly put on. The inside of the wall is generally covered with a close matting. Two long sticks, or spars, run the whole length of the house near the back wall, about six feet apart from each other—the intervening space covered deeply with either leaves or grass, and a fine mat over it. This is the bed for the whole household, and a very capacious one it is, considering their arrangements for lying on it. The head rests over one spar, the back of the neck supported by it. The feet or ankles are on the other. It is a curious sight to observe from under the mat fifteen or twenty heads—sometimes more, sometimes less—along one spar, and double the number of feet and legs, according to their length, clear of the mat, along the other. After all, it is not a disagreeable arrangement. The bed is certainly soft, except the pillow part of it. In this state they will lie, talking and singing over affairs, until they fall asleep. The part of the house, or earthen floor in front of this sleeping contrivance, is used for domestic purposes—eating, mat-making, singing, and various other amusements. The amusements of the natives are not confined to their house: they range through the valleys on excursions of pleasure. They have also their tahooa, or theatre, where they assemble, on particular occasions, from all directions, to vie with each other in the dance and song, and have, of course, always plenty of fruit, roast pig, &c. with them. Those places of resort deserve some description. The situation generally chosen for them is some level spot of either rock or earth in the neighbourhood of some

of those romantic streams, and often near a waterfall, surrounded by trees of rich foliage, the adjoining hills forming a curtain of green round it. In the centre of this is an enclosed portion of ground, covered by a smooth and varied-coloured pavement. The dancers perform on this. The surrounding bank is covered with spectators and their refreshments. The usual music is a drum, beaten by the flat of the hand, singing, and clapping of hands, which last closely resembles an expression of feeling that takes place at some of the political meetings in Great Britain and Ireland, well known by the name of 'Kentish Fire.' The dancing of the natives being peculiar, and requiring peculiar time with the music, nothing else but some sound of this description would suit them. The dancers on those occasions take great pains to decorate themselves, some of their skins being fairer than others, but all beautifully tattooed, are coated over with cocoa-nut oil, tinged yellow with turmeric, which grows in abundance on their lands; the hair is well oiled, and tied up with plenty of ornaments, such as feathers, &c., the head being encircled with a band made of cocoa-nut sinnet, having oval pieces of pearl shell attached all round it; in the ears are pieces of white down, or bone or shell ear-rings, well polished and carved (by-the-by, I have often seen an English tobacco-pipe used as an ear ornament, with the shank, of course, down), when the dancers enter the arena. Their covering is only a small piece of native cloth, either round the waist or over the shoulders; as the excitement of the dance increases, even this disappears, or is flung wildly to the winds, and then you see neither a black nor a white man, but (from the turmeric) a golden yellow one, perfectly naked, in all the wildness and frenzy of the heathen dance. They tire, others supply their places, and thus they keep going for hours. Their actions are all the most vile that can be either invented or thought of; no pen can or ought to describe them; a veil ought to be cast over them, only to be lifted to disclose to the eyes of the sceptic the downright necessity for the presence of the missionary to throw the light of Christianity on the heathen mind, and have such scenes for ever obliterated from the thoughts of the Marquesans, as well as they have succeeded elsewhere. I have seen several heathenish dances at other islands in the Pacific, but never witnessed so vagabond an exhibition as at the Marquesas: the New Zealander will excite his passions up for the fury of battle, which may be called his amusement, and you will see something demoniacally fierce; but you will not witness the low, unmanly, lascivious actions of the Marquesan. They have fine forms, and minds quick and clear enough to receive instruction, and retain it, and act upon it, if it was sent to them through the proper channel—the missionary. But, unfortunately, the worst possible example is often shown them by the loose conduct of the crews of ships which occasionally visit them. Some ships go there for wood, water, and other refreshments. As soon as ever the anchor is down, if the ship is not a taboo, or restricted one, she will be at once boarded, not by a few, but hundreds of women, who will not go on shore without being hunted overboard. Well, if the commander of the ship is ever so well inclined for good, the men will often knock off and do no work; in this case the captain is in a distant sea, has no power to assist him in keeping rigid discipline on board, and has no other alternative but to submit, and get off as quick as he can; but the reason I am so explicit is this, that there are too many ships whose crews, from the captain to the cook, relax all discipline (as to morality) at other places as well as the Marquesas, and often in a few days will undo the anxious, unwearied, and zealous work of the missionary for months. In fact, such conduct is not sufficiently exposed: after a long voyage the men and officers all separate, and except by an isolated fireside conversation, you can never hear of a ship's crew's doings while they are in those distant regions.

The only other passage we lay before our readers is that in which our traveller bears honourable testimony

both to the character of the missionaries with whom he came in contact while visiting those islands, and the happy results of their philanthropic and pious labours. His remarks refer especially to Tahiti and the adjoining islands of the Georgian group:—

'In making the island (of Tahiti) from a distance, you might imagine there were two of them, as the high land is only joined by a narrow low neck. The easternmost part is called 'Tieraboo.' We were about five or six miles off Point Venus in the afternoon, and as we could not get to anchor at 'Papete' before night, we shortened sail, and lay off and on, taking care to keep well to windward, to be ready for the trade-wind in the morning. All this time the weather was peculiarly fine, and the temperature of the air every way agreeable. Early the next day we bore up, and ran for the entrance in the reef, which is directly opposite a farm-like looking house belonging to Mr Bicknell. 'Jem,' the native pilot, was on board; and on passing in, or rather across the boundary of the reef, the ship instantly ceased to have any motion, and we were in smooth water. With the aid of a fresh breeze, and a careful guiding of the ship, we arrived in the smooth basin in front of Papete. This is certainly a lovely harbour to lie in. Outside there is a barrier of coral reef, which effectually keeps off all swell, and the water is so smooth that the smallest boat can at any time land at any part of the beach. About the centre of the harbour is the small island, with two or three old caravans mounted, a few bushes, and a pleasure house for the queen whenever she likes to go to it. This house is often used to discuss matters of political business in. The name given to this little spot is 'Mothu.' Some distance below it, to the westward, is another wide opening in the reef, through which all the ships pass out to sea, the trade-wind being right after them, from their anchorage out. This natural arrangement of the harbour, with its entrance and exit, renders it a safe anchorage for sailing vessels, and one that they can get in or out of at any time in the day, from nine o'clock A.M. until six or seven o'clock P.M. However, with the aid of that great modern revolutionizer steam, you can go in and out at either entrance at any time, or a sailing vessel could be towed in night or day. The rise and fall of water in the harbour is very little, and does not at all affect shipping or boat-landing. On the point at the upper end of the harbour is the very comfortable dwelling and pearl-shell storehouse of Captain Abell, who is married to a daughter of Mr Henry's, the missionary. Close to his house, and near the beach, lay a large barque, in which he made several trips to the Gambier Islands for pearl-shell. Next along the beach was a small neat house, a kind of hotel or house of call for ship captains, &c., kept by a Mrs Buckle, widow of the late Captain Buckle; then a few straggling houses of English and American residents, intermingled with those of the natives down to the middle of the harbour, where the long low house of the queen was situated, fronted by two or three large trees on the edge of the beach. A few of the houses were whitewashed with lime made from the burning of the coral rock. Altogether it had the appearance of a straggling village. At the lower end of the harbour stood Mr Pritchard's house, long and weather-boarded, with piazza in front, a plot of grass, and a few cocoa-nut trees between it and the beach. There were also the native and English churches close together—the former large, the latter small. The rich foliage of the bread-fruit, lime, lemon, cocoa-nut, and guava trees, were waving over and between the houses, and scented the air all around. The houses are all so ruraly concealed, that to look at the shore, from even a short distance, you might imagine that the population or trade of the place was absolutely insignificant; and it is only on shore, while walking either round the beautiful but narrow road that nearly encircles the island, or through the interior, that you become aware of the extent of the population. There is a constant hammering noise, resembling what is making by our leather manufacturers in or over tanyards,

going on—this is the beating out of the tappa or native cloth; and in fact, with the exception of this, and the noise of groups of children singing and playing in the shade, there is none other—all appears peace and harmony. It is from such a transition as I have just passed through—from the heathen in all his naked barbarism to the mild Christianized native—that one would at once feel and know where the missionary had been, and where Christianity was established. In the places I lately came from there was war, devouring each other, and savage confusion every where. Here all was peace—man and nature were in harmony with each other. The power of religion had completely altered the naturally uncontrolled character of the native, and effectually subdued barbarism. The former history of these islanders is well known to all readers. They were guilty of every bad and profane act. Infanticide and human sacrifices, in all their horrid shapes, were common occurrences. Utter abandonment and licentiousness prevailed over those islands. What are they now? The query may be answered in a very few words—‘They are far more decided Christians than the chief part of their civilized visitors.’ It is not at all an unusual thing to hear a native at Tahiti lecture a European on his badness and want of religion.—As usual in those seas, where the shipping lay is the worst. I have been all through Tahiti, and round the various stations, and I must say, the only habitual wickedness I saw or heard of was at ‘Papete.’ In other districts, far from the harbour, it was delightful to spend time with the natives. In fact, during my different visits to Tahiti, I avoided Papete as much as possible—I did not like it. The white residents there were all a sordid, speculative set, with few exceptions perfectly indifferent to religion, and gave no aid, by their example, to the propagation of it. They were all bent on money-making by any means, either off natives or strangers. The contrast was even greater on Saturday (for that is the Tahitian Sabbath) in the churches. In the native one there was a dense congregation, every one occupying their respective seats; the English church, though very small, was not half filled. In the evenings, after sunset, at Papete, you will hear the constables or watchmen patrolling the beach, and shouting out the usual proclamation, beginning with ‘Vahiena ita harre oe to Pihii,’ &c.; which is, ‘The women are not to go on board the ship,’ &c. Then it goes on to detail the punishment of making so much tappa as a fine (all the measurement at Tahiti is reckoned in fathoms—so is it with the fine of tappa, so many fathoms of it). Now this is not the case any where else, because shipping do not resort to other places at the island, and no bribe is elsewhere held out to invite immorality. If the men should be guilty of any act contrary to the laws of the island, their fine is generally to make or repair a certain number of fathoms of the road, which is generally called the Broom Road. There are a great many streams crossing the road to the sea. At such places there are generally a few planks laid across, which serve every purpose of a bridge for foot passengers; the horses may walk through it. There is such a feeling of peace and security here, that a man may really enjoy himself in every way; and to add to it, there are a great many horses, that can be hired, and by the common road you can go for a good way round the island, and visit most of the villages and missionary stations. Those rides are delightful, with here and there an open space exposing to view the most enchanting scenery—not the wild, rugged, rocky, and irregular views of the Marquesas, but a landscape of hill, valley, and stream, peculiar to Tahiti. On either side of the road round, you very often for miles pass through a high and thick wall of fragrant foliage, that keeps off the sun, and you feel pleasantly cool. In going to Mr Henry’s station, many miles to the westward of the harbour, you have a ride of this description, and nothing can be more agreeable. The journey, also, to Mr Nott’s station at Paree, and on to Mr Wilson’s at Matavai (another but bad anchorage), to the eastward, is also very pleasant. All round Matavai, and Point Venus, where Cook had his

observatory, is a rich specimen of Tahitian beauty and fertility. There is an extensive grove of tamarind trees of great size there, which Cook’s gardener planted, with a variety of other fruits. Mr Orsmond’s station, at the other side of the island, is also beautiful. The missionary stations generally, at a distance, appear like comfortable American farm-houses. They are all built of wood, weather-boarded, and piazzaed round. The offices and large school-house look like great storehouses; but when you come close up, somewhere not far off, peeping among the trees, you get a view of the church, which at once tells you where you are. I have often heard it remarked, that these missionaries have no privation to undergo; that they live on the fat of the land; that the half, or nearly whole, of the home reports, are all fudge; that they are all merchants, traders, &c.

Now let me tell the reader what I saw and know, and I do so disinterestedly. These missionaries leave home, friends, and all that are dear to them; they land on Tahiti with a family, and sometimes an increasing one; the salary allowed to them is scarcely sufficient for their support; they work often with their own hands, and exert themselves much to make all about them comfortable, and to give their houses something the appearance and feeling of English comfort; and they very often succeed. Now, while all this is going on, the native is with them, and every thing being explained, he receives some useful instruction, if it is only in getting a table or form made. All this time the cause of the missionary is at work: that is never neglected, either in the field or in the house. At the various stations you will always meet the most friendly hospitality. The best they have is always placed before the visitor, with a hearty welcome. At Tahiti the missionary has the most comfortable stations in the Pacific; all is quietness, and industry has done much, but Christianity has done the rest. They have now, if they are allowed, only to continue the work they have so victoriously begun. As to the missionaries being merchants and traders for personal gain, I must emphatically deny it; they often purchase goods and mechanical implements, and store them up. If a known industrious native wishes for an article, he invariably goes to the station for it, as he well knows, if he went to the store of a European or American, he would have to pay an enormous profit. Again, the natives bring in cocoa-nut oil, arrow-root, sugar, &c., to be sent off and sold for the benefit of the missionary funds generally. This also goes into the store. Now, a stranger seeing all this buying and selling, as it were, at the station, without ever inquiring the particulars, sets the missionary down as a trader, and often reports him as such, the true state of the case being, that the missionary is serving all those for miles round him; and this trading-house, as it is called, is nothing more or less than an accommodation-store for the benefit of the natives. Well, then they are instructed also in agriculture in its various branches, sugar-making, &c. This duty also devolves mostly on the missionary, for there are none others to trouble their heads about them, further than they can make by their work. I have seen most of these gentlemen at the various stations, have known their varied knowledge and employments, and I must say, I have never met better informed men in every respect. No matter what is wrong, or what information is required, the native invariably applies to the missionary, and expects to be set right, and by dint of perseverance, experience, and research, they are enabled to comply with the demand, and to give them, faithfully and correctly, the information required. I have a pleasure in here stating, that they are a superior body of men. As I before said, Tahiti and the adjoining islands of the Georgian group, are the most agreeable stations for the missionary; but when they land on other islands, great privation is suffered, and often so much rudeness and insult from the natives, that a firm resolve to proceed with their mission alone supports them under it. The missionary families only in England are acquainted with it; it is never fully reported.’

ANIMAL DYE.

A kind of grass, called *Polygonum minus*, abounds in the deserts of Ukraine. Towards the end of the month of June, this grass is torn up by the roots, which are covered with maggots, of an oval shape, that become indurated as soon as they are exposed to the air: they are sold by the spoonful to merchants, are pounded, and the water in which they are steeped, with a little alum, assumes the colour of the most beautiful crimson. The wives of the Cossacks dye their thread with them; and the Russian merchants buy them for their wives to paint their faces with. The Armenians use large quantities in dyeing their silks, their morocos, the tails and manes of their horses, and their own hair, beards, and nails. The name of *Coccus polonorum* has been given to these maggots.

EDINBURGH ABOUT A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

At noon, a striking spectacle was presented to the inhabitants of Edinburgh. At the old Cross, already so renowned in Scottish annals, the heralds and pursuivants, in their ancient and gorgeous official costume, came forward to proclaim King James VIII., and to read the royal declarations and commissions of regency, which were received by the populace with the loudest acclamations. The wild music of the pibrochs mingled with the shouts of the crowd; a thousand fair hands waved with white handkerchiefs in honour of the day, from the neighbouring windows and balconies; and Mrs Murray of Broughton, a lady of distinguished beauty, sat on horseback near the Cross, with a drawn sword in one hand, and with the other distributing white cockades, the symbol of attachment to the house of Stuart. The excited multitude, however, had not yet beheld the hero of the day. It was not till noon that Charles set forth to take possession of Holyrood House, the palace of his ancestors. To arrive there, it was necessary to make a considerable round, in order to avoid the guns of the castle. He entered the King's Park by a breach which had been made in the wall, and proceeded towards the palace by the Duke's Walk, so termed because it had been the favourite resort of his grandfather, James II., when he resided in Scotland, as Duke of York, some years before his accession to the throne. Thus far Charles had proceeded on foot, but the gathering and impatient crowd pressed around with such eagerness to kiss his hand or touch his garments, that he was forced to mount on horseback, when he continued his way, with the Duke of Perth on one side and Lord Elcho, who had joined him the preceding night, on the other. His noble mien and his graceful horsemanship, says Mahon, could not fail to strike even the most indifferent spectators; and they were scarcely less pleased at his national dress—a tartan coat, a blue bonnet with a white cockade, and a star of the order of St Andrew. With fonder partiality, the Jacobites compared his features to those of his ancestor, Robert Bruce, or sought some other resemblance among the pictures of his ancestors that still decorate the gallery of Holyrood. The joy of the adherents of his house knew no bounds. The air resounded with their acclamations; and as he rode onward, 'his boots were dimmed with their kisses and tears.' The palace of his ancestors was found by Charles nearly in the same condition in which his grandfather had left it, with the exception of the catholic chapel, which had been destroyed by the populace in 1688. The long-deserted chambers were that evening enlivened by a ball; and, as on the eve of another great battle,

The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell.

The fatigues of the preceding days, and the anxiety that could not but be felt with respect to the coming battle, were alike unable to depress the buoyant spirits of Charles, or to impair his natural vivacity and power of pleasing.—*Klose's Memoirs of Prince Charles Stuart.*

TRUTH.

The confusion and undesigned inaccuracy so often to be observed in conversation, especially in that of uneducated persons, proves that truth needs to be cultivated as a talent, as well as recommended as a virtue.—*Mrs Fry.*

TIME.

I saw an aged man, whose hair
Carl'd gently on the blast,
And many a lovely flower was there,
The earliest and the last;
And he was known at will to roam,
And visit every clime—
A whisper, heard in every home,
Oft told his name was Time.
His eye on childhood kindly gleam'd,
No frown awoke its fears;
Yet darker soon its tresses seem'd,
And smiles gave place to tears.
He gazed upon the youthful brow,
That noble thoughts had graced;
But, as he pass'd, and none knew how,
Deep furrows there were traced.
The cheek so bright, so sweetly gay,
Where love and beauty shone,
He kiss'd, while passing on his way,
And straight its bloom was gone.
On manhood's breast he laid his hand,
Where panting thoughts so brave,
And utter'd brief this stern command—
To yield the strength he gave.
He sat beside the man of years;
Religion too was there;
With sunny looks, to kiss his tears,
And smile away his care;
He rose, with limping step, to leave
That sweetly silver'd head;
And soon fond children had to grieve
An aged father dead.
He pass'd where bright and rosy morn
Her lovely children spied;
He pass'd again, and flowers were born
Where flowers had lately died;
He pass'd again, and these, in turn,
Had also quickly faded;
And day itself, as if to mourn,
In eve's dark clouds was shaded.
And yet he was a man of years,
Whose bright but wrinkled brow
Spoke not so much of smiles as tears,
And cares that carved it now:
To him, like all beneath the sky,
His number'd years were given,
And these must end—for Time must die!
Death conquers all but heaven.

D. M.

RESOLUTION.

The longer we live the more we are impressed with the deep importance of cultivating this excellent quality. It is greatly overlooked in usual estimates of a man's character. We speak of his generosity, his courage, his integrity, his manners, and attainments—we call him amiable, affectionate, intelligent, but we seldom inquire if he is resolute. We praise the resolution by which an individual carries on a great design, but this is not what we mean. The less obtrusive, but far more valuable peculiarity to which we allude, is that quiet, never-sleeping spirit which pervades the whole tenor of some men's existence, and is, in fact, the secret cause of their greatness and wealth, and success in whatever they undertake. It is the spell by which so insignificant a creature as an ant piles a hill for his dwelling; by which the coral insect raises an island in the ocean. It is more valuable than gold, and will accomplish more than genius, with half the disappointment and peril.

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BIBLICAL LITERATURE IN SCOTLAND.

WE formerly stated several considerations which would have led us to expect that biblical science would be cultivated in Scotland with distinguished success. In this, as in many other instances, the facts do not coincide with the conclusions to which a process of general reasoning seems to conduct us. The number of 'illustrious Scotchmen' who have won their laurels on this 'holy ground' is miserably small. Without pretending to trace 'the succession of sacred literature' in this part of the island, we shall introduce to our readers a few of the leading names—regretting that so few can be adduced to show (as Galgacus would have said) 'what sort of men Caledonia has reserved for herself.'

We would have been happy to give the first place to the name of John Knox, to whom, under God, we owe a debt of everlasting gratitude for so many of our privileges. His special vocation did not require, if indeed it admitted of this sort of excellence. He was called not so much to grapple with the difficulties of criticism as to secure 'the liberty of prophesying' to future generations; and when, at the distance of three centuries, we are still enjoying the benefit of his labours, it may appear ungenerous to complain that he was not a scholar as well as a reformer. Yet we own we would not have admired him less, if, instead of 'A Blast against the Monstrous Regiment of Women,' he had bequeathed to us a commentary or a treatise on interpretation. The name of Knox brings to our recollection, by a natural association, that of George Buchanan. Besides his eminent services as a political author, in assailing 'the right divine of kings to govern wrong,' Buchanan was a powerful auxiliary to the cause of the Reformation: he sustained, in fact, much the same relation to Knox and his work in Scotland as Erasmus did to Luther and his work in Germany. He is confessedly the most successful writer of Latin poetry who has appeared in modern Europe, displaying in his Latin style all the purity and elegance of a Roman in the Augustan age. His only contribution to our biblical literature is a poetical version of the book of Psalms, which has been generally admired for its classic beauty and finish. Had Andrew Melville girt himself to compete for literary distinction, there were few men of his age from whom he would not have carried off the palm. Before his twenty-first year he had acquired an intimate knowledge of Greek, which was then a rare study in his native land; he was so fond of Hebrew that he often travelled with a Hebrew Bible 'slung to his belt'; he strived to communicate a literary impulse to the mind of the rising generation; as

principal of a university, he was officially intrusted with the interests of sacred literature. But there was an utter disproportion between his qualifications and his performance; for, besides a few Latin poems on scriptural subjects, he has left behind him only a poetical paraphrase, still in manuscript, of the epistle to the Hebrews, which, we can readily believe, is unworthy of his name. We must seek our biblical scholars among men who do not fill so large a space as these in the pages of Robertson or Tytler.

Robert Rollock, the first Principal of the University of Edinburgh, published several volumes of commentary which are still extant. Their number and their merits surprise us when we remember that their author did not long survive his fortieth year. Although strongly tinged with the scholastic spirit of the age, they display much native vigour of mind, an accurate acquaintance with the subjects, and extensive erudition. He appears to have been enthusiastically addicted to literary pursuits, and should always be remembered as one of the earliest patrons of learning in Scotland.—John Cameron was a man of European reputation. He occupied the pulpit and the professorial chair in Sedan, Saumur, Glasgow, and Bourdeaux. His fame rests principally on his extraordinary proficiency in the Greek language, with which he was so familiar that he could speak it with all the fluency and facility of a native. This exquisite degree of scholarship has left its impress on almost every page of his writings. He was not a mere retailer of critical wares, endeavouring to give them, by an artificial gloss, the appearance of novelty. He was an independent thinker. He anticipated many of the conclusions to which the research of subsequent inquirers has conducted them—an unequivocal mark of true genius.—Robert Boyd of Trochrig, although much inferior to Cameron both in learning and in taste, reached a highly respectable station in the ranks of Greek scholarship. The largest and best of his productions, few of which have seen the light, is a folio commentary on the Epistle to the Ephesians. It has merit enough to have preserved its value till the present day, if it had not been constructed so closely upon the model of the Dutch school, where a commentary was evidently regarded as a mausoleum in which an author might be entombed.—John Row surpassed all his cotemporaries in the knowledge of the original language of the Old Testament. If such tastes can be transmitted from sire to son, his predilection for this venerable tongue must have been hereditary. His father is reported to have evinced a taste for it in the fourth year of his age, and his grandfather has the honour of being the first who taught it in Scotland. In 1643 he published a Hebrew Vocabulary, and in 1644 a Hebrew Grammar, to the latter of which

were prefixed copies of commendatory verses by Alexander Henderson, Samuel Rutherford, and John Adamson, persons well known in ecclesiastical history, and with whom it is interesting to meet as patrons of learning as well as of religion. These were excellent manuals for the times in which they were composed; although, we presume, the student who is conversant with Lee, and Stuart, and Nordheimer, and Gesenius, need not regret having never seen them.—There were three brothers to whom the infancy of our sacred learning was greatly indebted—the three Simpsons. One of them wrote a treatise on the animals of Scripture, which has been superseded by the great work of Bochart, now the standard one on that subject; and another claims the distinction of being the first of his countrymen who published (in 1617) a work on Hebrew philology.—There was one Weemse, who made a nearer approach to what would now be considered a complete course of biblical literature than any who has yet been mentioned. In 1623 he published 'The Christian Synagogue,' where he unfolds the laws of biblical criticism as it then existed; and, ten years after, 'An Exposition of the Laws of Moses,' in which he discusses with great ability the various questions that have been agitated concerning the origin of the Mosaic code.

But we must close this list of authors, who are known only by report even to multitudes who have grown rich in the gleanings of many 'biblical hours,' and proceed to mention a few with whose writings all may be familiar.

Thomas Boston has long been admired as a writer on doctrinal and experimental divinity. 'The Fourfold State' and 'The Crook in the Lot,' are found along with 'Rutherford's Letters,' and 'Guthrie's Great Interest,' and 'Erskine's Gospel Sonnets,' on the shelf of many a cottage into which the cheap literature of our day has not yet penetrated. It is not so well known that the minister of Ettrick could 'think with the learned as well as speak with the vulgar.' He could plead 'not guilty' to the charge of 'neglecting learning,' which has so often been brought against the champions of evangelical religion. His Latin treatise on Hebrew points and accents proves that he had tasted the marrow of modern criticism as well as 'the marrow of modern divinity.'—There are two writers who are frequently named together, as if there were a sort of literary kinship between them, Principal Campbell of Aberdeen and Dr Macknight of Edinburgh. Campbell was undoubtedly the abler man. His 'Philosophy of Rhetoric' and his answer to Hume, show how acutely he could analyze the most complex phenomena of mind and how skillfully he could unravel the most tangled web of sophistry. His 'Translation of the Four Gospels' is not a very felicitous effort: nor would it be easy to rival the noble simplicity which pervades the authorized version of this part of the New Testament. But he has prefixed twelve dissertations, which amply compensate for whatever degree of failure may be supposed to attach to his main design. The stamp of a master's hand is on them, and all succeeding writers have extolled his critical acumen, even when they have been obliged to dissent from some of the opinions which he has propounded. Macknight is the author of a translation of all the apostolic epistles. Thirty years of his life were spent in its preparation; eleven hours were the measure of his daily study; the whole work was transcribed five times with his own hand. It is not unworthy of this Her-

culean toil; for although it is often false in its theology, and fanciful in its criticism, and fallacious in its reasoning, it is a storehouse of valuable information. It is one of those volumes which are always slighted and yet always used. Everybody censures it; everybody consults it.—Gerard's 'Institutes of Biblical Criticism' is a work which all praise. It has no pretensions to originality. But it is an able and judicious summary of biblical science as it existed at the beginning of the present century; and if the skeleton were filled up from the stores which have since been accumulated, it might still be profitably employed as a text-book.—John Brown of Haddington with his Dictionary, and Wilson with his Hebrew Grammar, and Ewing with his Greek Lexicon, and Paxton with his Illustrations, press on our notice along with others of higher or humbler pretensions, who, if they have not greatly advanced the interests of biblical literature, have at least assisted in keeping its claims before the public mind; but our limits forbid us to attempt any estimate of their services.

These historical notices, slight as they are, prove that the cause of biblical literature has not greatly flourished in Scotland. A few hints respecting its improvement may form an appropriate sequel to a sketch of its progress.

Among candidates for the ministry of all denominations, a love of biblical pursuits is already far more prevailing than it was even a few years since. The impression had been growing, that in this branch of professional knowledge they were inferior to the theological students of Germany, of America, and even of England: and a strong desire was felt in many quarters to wipe off this dishonour. A simultaneous passion for exegetical theology seized all parties; so that there is now scarcely a sect, however small, which has not a professor who gives prelections on that department alone. The professors are, we believe, worthy of their responsible office: some of them so learned, that 'they could find their way to the wall of China without an interpreter,' all of them men with whom the interests of biblical literature can be safely intrusted. The disappointment of the church will not be small, if there be not formed under their auspices a race of scholars equal to the race of preachers formed under 'the old regime.' They should be greatly assisted in their labours by the societies which have been organized for the purpose of translating the best works of the greatest biblical scholars of many lands. Mr Clarke of this city 'has done the state some service' in this respect, having commenced his 'Biblical Cabinet' at a time when there was little demand for books of that description; and now, when there is a competitor in the field, we may anticipate a double amount of benefit. Let their choice embrace the whole range of sacred literature—let them select the best books in each department—let them intrust them to none but qualified translators; and, above all, let them sell them at the cheapest rate possible. If we might hazard an opinion, we would say, that the chief obstacles to the cultivation of biblical science among the ministers of the Gospel in Scotland are two—the want of time and the want of money. Dr Chalmers has somewhere asserted, that a Scottish clergyman, if conscientious in the discharge of his duties, is 'the hardest wrought man in the parish.' Lord Brougham knows as well as any man in Great Britain what it is to make a speech, and he has expressed his wonder that any class of men should be able to prepare two discourses a-week. His wonder would be raised to a higher pitch, if he reflected on their attendance on sessions, presbyteries, synods, and general assemblies, on their frequent visitation of their flocks, on their weekly meetings for the instruction of the young, on their calls to appear at religious, benevolent, and scientific associations. With these incessant demands on their time, it is perhaps impossible that, as a body, they should become eminent scholars; for without an almost total isolation from all other pursuits, the most moderate degree of erudition can scarcely be attained. If the two sorts of excellence cannot be combined—if scholarship cannot be gained but by the sacrifice of the duties of the pastorate—then,

with all our zeal for biblical study, we say decidedly—Give us the hard-working pastors, for they, and they only, have made Scotland what it is. But were these pastors able to 'redeem time' from their multifarious avocations for the prosecution of sacred literature, they would soon encounter another difficulty. There can be no learning without books: learning is nothing else than the knowledge of what has been written by 'the mighty dead' and the mighty living. There can be no books without money: books for the few necessarily bear a higher price than books for the million. It is not with any feeling of disrespect we allude to the comparative poverty of many of the teachers of religion. We honour them as the servants of Him who had not 'where to lay his head,' and we believe, that if they are 'faithful unto death,' honours are in reserve for them which money cannot purchase. Yet we must ask, How is any man who does not pay the income-tax to furnish such a library as is indispensable to a biblical scholar? He may hear of Chrysostom, and Calvin, and Rosenmüller; he may see them on the counters of metropolitan or provincial booksellers; he may borrow them from a public library; but how he is ever to have them in his possession or to call them his own, it is beyond our capacity to discover. Not even professional students can devote themselves to biblical literature as they ought, till the necessary books are more accessible.

There is nothing in this branch of knowledge which should render it the exclusive property of professional students. Those who would make themselves masters of it, indeed, cannot dispense with the study of Hebrew, Greek, and Latin; and if this were essential to the lowest as well as to the highest degree of attainment, there would be a perpetual interdict against the masses who 'let all the foreign tongues alone.' Is it essential? Is it utopian to speak of 'biblical literature for the people'? Has the time not arrived when an attempt should be made to popularize biblical knowledge, corresponding to that which has already been made to popularize scientific knowledge? As we have natural philosophy without mathematics, might we not have sacred hermeneutics without Hebrew and Greek? The working-classes are now discussing topics with intelligence, on which very lately no man would have dared to open his mouth who had not been several sessions within the walls of a university: if some spirited publisher were working out this idea, they might soon be discussing with equal intelligence topics which are now unknown beyond the precincts of theological institutions. Let there be a grammar of the Old and New Testament for the people: let there be a lexicon of the Old and New Testament for the people: let there be a manual of Scriptural interpretation for the people: let there be a biblical cyclopædia for the people: let there be commentaries on the various books of Scripture for the people. Give the people the opportunity of acquiring this sort of information, and we are sure that they will not only cheerfully avail themselves of the privilege, but nobly improve it. There would soon be hundreds at the loom, at the forge, and at the plough, who would be intimately conversant with the literature of the Bible, although they could not distinguish Aleph from Ain, or Omieron from Omega. How vastly will the popular mind be expanded when the Bible shall become the subject of universal study! Viewed as a mere instrument of intellectual training, there is no book, or collection of books, at all to be compared to it. Were twenty young men educated according to the course of instruction which has now been suggested, they might safely challenge comparison with any equal number who had passed from the forms of a classical school, or from the benches of a scientific institution. Not that we undervalue either the beauties of ancient literature, or the wonders of modern science: we highly prize both. More highly do we prize the Bible; nor would we conceal that we prize it not only as an instrument for the education of his intellect, but, which is of far higher moment, the salvation of his soul. We have no sympathy with those who are intelligent and enter-

prising and philanthropic, who exclude God and immortality from their page, and then boast that their writings are not sectarian. Religion is not sectarian: natural religion is not sectarian: revealed religion is not sectarian: evangelical religion is not sectarian: if it be, we hold it no dishonour to belong to the religious sect. 'This I confess unto thee, that after the way which they call heresy so worship I the God of my fathers, believing all things which are written in the law and the prophets.'

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

REV. CHARLES WOLFE, A.B.

CHARLES WOLFE, the author of the well-known Ode on the Burial of Sir John Moore, was the youngest son of Theobald Wolfe, Esq. of Blackhall, Kildare county. His mother was the daughter of the Rev. Peter Lombard. He was born in Dublin, 14th December, 1791. At a very early age he lost his father, and soon after the family removed to England, where Charles received his education, partly at Bath and Salisbury, but chiefly at Winchester boarding-school. In this latter academy he was not more distinguished for his classical knowledge, and the facility with which he composed Latin, Greek, and English poetry, than for his kind and amiable disposition. He was the favourite boarder, the favourite of the tutors, and also of the pupils then attending the institution. He was a most obedient son to his widowed mother, for never 'in one case did he act contrary to her wishes, or cause her a moment's pain'; he was, in short, an interesting and affectionate boy, the idol of the family, and the pride of Winchester school.

In 1809 his family returned to Ireland, and in the following year he entered as a student in Dublin University. His scholarship quickly attracted attention, and procured him many academical honours. These were frequently adjudged for classical attainments, though the very first year he wrote an English prize poem 'On the Prison Scene of Jugurtha.' The poem consisted of more than a hundred lines, containing passages of much beauty and power. The succeeding years of his college curriculum were equally brilliant; at the close of every session he obtained medals, and other marks of honour for eminence in the various departments of study which engaged his attention; and when he left the university he was greatly esteemed both by professors and students for his intellectual and moral qualifications. All regarded him as a young man of high genius and correct principle.

The most of his poems were composed while he was attending the university. His sensibility was such that occurrences of a painful kind would have made him shed tears, and he often could not regain composure till he had described them in verse. His famous lines on the burial of Sir John Moore were written under such feelings. The following extract from one of the periodicals of the time will be perused with interest:—

'Sir John Moore had often said that, if he was killed in battle, he wished to be buried where he fell. His body was removed at midnight to the citadel of Corunna. A grave was dug for him on the rampart there, by a party of the 9th regiment, the aides-de-camp attending by turns. No coffin could be procured, and the officers of his staff wrapped the body, dressed as it was, in a military cloak and blankets. The interment was hastened; for about eight in the morning some firing was heard, and the officers feared that if a serious attack were made they should be ordered away and not suffered to pay him their last duty. The officers of his staff bore him to the grave; the funeral service was read by the chaplain; and the corpse was covered with earth.—It was after reading this affecting paragraph that Wolfe penned the beautiful ode on the subject.

Lord Byron's 'enthusiastic admiration of this nameless and unpatronized effusion of genius,' says Mr Wolfe's biographer, 'is authenticated in a late work, entitled *Madeline's Conversations of Byron*. The impress of such

a name upon the poetic merits of an ode deemed not unworthy of his lordship's own transcendent powers is too valuable not to be recorded here. The passage alluded to occurs in vol. ii. p. 154 (second edition), of the above-mentioned publication, and is as follows:—

'The conversation turned, after dinner, on the lyrical poetry of the day; and a question arose as to which was the most perfect ode that had been produced. Shelley contended for Coleridge's on Switzerland, beginning 'Ye clouds,' &c.; others named some of Moore's Irish Melodies and Campbell's Hohenlinden; and had Lord Byron not been present, his own invocation in Manfred, or the ode to Napoleon, or on Prometheus, might have been cited. Like Gray, said he, Campbell smells too much of the oil; he is never satisfied with what he does; his finest things have been spoiled by over polish. Like paintings, poems may be too highly finished. The great art is effect, no matter how produced. I will show you an ode you have never seen, that I consider little inferior to the best which the present prolific age has brought forth. With this he left the table, almost before the cloth was removed, and returned with a magazine from which he read the ode. The feeling with which he recited it I shall never forget. After he had come to an end, he repeated the third stanza, and said it was perfect, particularly the lines—

But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

'I should have taken the whole,' said Shelley, 'for a rough sketch of Campbell's.' 'No,' replied Lord Byron, 'Campbell would have claimed it, if it had been his.'

On the discussion which has taken place regarding its authorship we do not enter, as this is not the object of the present paper; only we may remark, that we regard the claims of every other party as utterly ridiculous. We have perused the evidence adduced by the Archdeacon of Clogher and by the late Dr Miller of Trinity College, Dublin, which conclusively proves Mr Wolfe to be the author; and notwithstanding all that has been said, both in former and more recent times, we are of opinion that with equal justice may its authorship be claimed by an Indian prince or a Caffre chief as by the men to whom we have referred.

Of the other poems which have been published, the largest are those entitled 'Farewell to Lough Bray,' 'A Birth-day Poem,' 'Patriotism,' and 'The Death of Abel.' The latter was a prize poem, and contains much powerful and touching description. He also composed several very beautiful songs, the most popular of which were the two following—the one adapted to the national Spanish air 'Viva el Rey Fernando,' beginning with the words—

'The chains of Spain are breaking,
Let Gaul despair and fly;
Her wrathful trumpet's speaking,
Let tyrants hear and die;

and the other, adapted to the Irish air 'Gramachree,' which we are told was composed 'after he had sung the air over and over till he burst into a flood of tears.' Of this favourite song we give the following stanzas:—

'If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be!
It never through my mind has pass'd,
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more.
And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook
That I must look in vain!
But when I speak thou dost not say
What thou ne'er'st left unsaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary, thou art dead.

But it was not merely as a poet that Mr Wolfe excelled when a student in the Dublin University. In every department of study he was distinguished, and in the year 1814 he was admitted with much honour to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. His mind was now directed steadily

to the study of that profession which was in after-life to occupy his attention, and few have devoted themselves to this honourable calling who had higher or more correct views of the qualifications necessary for a proper discharge of its duties. After finishing the regular course of study, and passing the usual examinations, he accepted a curacy at Ballyclog, Tyrone, in the north of Ireland. The change was great: he was far from society which he had long and keenly relished; he was at a distance from libraries and literary institutions; and without many of those worldly comforts which he enjoyed in the metropolis. He was, notwithstanding, contented and happy. In a letter to a friend he says, 'I am now sitting by myself, opposite my turf fire, with my Bible beside me, in the only furnished room of the glebe-house, surrounded by mountains, frost, and snow, and by a people with whom I am totally unacquainted, except a disbanded artilleryman, his wife, and two children, who attend me, the churchwarden, and the clerk of the parish. Do not, however, conceive that I repine; I rather congratulate myself on my situation.' The truth is, he chose the clerical profession as most congenial to his feelings; its studies, its duties, uninteresting and irksome as they might be to some, were far otherwise to him, and he was never happier than when engaged with his pulpit preparations, in visiting the poor members of his cure, and in preaching on Sabbath the truths of the 'glorious Gospel.'

His residence at Ballyclog, however, was only for a few months, after which he removed to Castle Canfield, the principal village of the parish of Donoughmore. To remove himself, furniture and equipage, to his new situation, was by no means a difficult task. 'One waggon,' he informs us, 'contained his whole furniture and family (with the exception of a cow, which was driven alongside of the waggon), and its contents were two trunks, a bed and its appendages; and on the top of these sat a woman (his future housekeeper) and her three children, and by their side stood a calf of three weeks old, which had become an inmate of the family.' The parish was extensive—the population, though not large, was widely scattered—and as it was a wild hilly country abounding in bogs and trackless wastes, it was no easy task to keep up that pastoral visitation and superintendence so essential to ministerial usefulness and success. But he grudged no labour; he was 'instant in season and out of season,' in acquainting himself with the character and circumstances of those among whom he laboured, and in imparting to them instruction and consolation. His views of preaching were thoroughly correct—mere flower and rhetorical grace were vain, in his estimation, yea, a prostitution of the pulpit, unless there was, at the same time, an exhibition of those great doctrines which should form the theme of 'the messenger of truth;' and as his preaching was of this useful character, and as his manner was earnest and affectionate, he soon gathered around him a large congregation.

Whilst he was in 'labours abundant,' typhus fever broke out with great violence in the parish, and increased his toils, already sufficiently numerous and arduous. The fatigue which he endured in travelling from house to house, and administering comfort to the sick, the dying, and the bereaved; his frequent exposure to rain and cold, and the want of sufficient attention when he returned home from such visitations, soon told on his health, and laid the seeds of a disease which carried him to an early grave. A troublesome cough succeeded these incessant labours; consumptive symptoms began to appear, and his health daily declined, until it was with the utmost difficulty he could discharge his official duties. But, though urged by his parishioners and friends to take rest, and seek medical advice, so interested was he in his work, and in the welfare of his attached flock, that it was long before he complied with their request. At length he yielded, and bade adieu to his people with a sorrowful heart. By the same earnest solicitation, he left the parish for Scotland, in the hope that a change of scene, with a suspension of labour, might benefit his health.

recruit his weakened frame. He visited Edinburgh, and when there consulted the principal physicians as to his complaint; but the disease had made so much progress as to render recovery almost hopeless. After a few weeks he returned to his cure somewhat better, and never were a people more rejoiced than when they saw him once more in the midst of them. As he hurried along to his humble cottage, 'the poor people and children ran out to their cabin-doors to welcome him, with looks and expressions of the most ardent affection, and with all that wild devotion of gratitude so characteristic of the Irish peasantry. Many fell upon their knees, invoking blessings upon him; and long after he was out of hearing they remained in the same attitude, showing by their gestures that they were still offering up prayers for him; and some followed the carriage a long distance, making the most anxious inquiries about his health.' But their joy was of short duration. The recovery was only partial; the unfavourable symptoms continued and increased, and, at the urgent solicitations of friends and medical advisers, he removed to Dublin. To leave his affectionate people; the religious classes he had formed for the instruction of the young; to be unfitted for performing that work on which his heart was set; to know of no proper substitute; and to have little prospect of ever being able to resume his studies—all this was to him a trial of no ordinary severity. But necessity required that he should retire from his sphere of labour, and he was resigned; and could an active devoted minister have been got as his successor, his mind would have been at rest. Not finding a properly qualified substitute, and as his health was not improving, he respectfully intimated his resignation to the primate, but it was not accepted till about a year after. The anxiety and grief occasioned by not obtaining a proper substitute was great; many a time was he heard to say, 'What is to become of poor Castle Caulfield, and my poor people there? I do not know that any circumstance would give me more pain than that my poor flock should fall into the hands of a careless, worldly-minded pastor.' Indeed, fain would he have returned to his post, had not his friends dissuaded him.

Towards the close of the year 1821, he was advised to try a change of scene and climate, and with this view he resolved on going to the south of France. Preparations were made for his departure; he went on board, but the vessel was driven back to Holyhead by adverse gales, and he felt so much worse in consequence that it was deemed prudent to abandon the plan. He remained at Holyhead a few weeks, much weakened in body and depressed in spirits, and after he was somewhat recovered he removed to Exeter, where he spent the winter and spring. During his stay there, he was offered unsolicited the curacy of Armagh, and some of his friends thought that by summer he might be able to undertake its duties. But when removed to Dublin, his cough returned with increased violence, and he was recommended by his medical advisers to take a trip to Bourdeaux. The voyage did him little if any good; the marks of decay became more and more visible, his strength failed apace, and the friends at one time most sanguine of his recovery, now saw that all was over. As the last resource, he removed in November to the Cove of Cork, a place much frequented by invalids during the winter months, in the hope that by spring he might be so much recruited as to be able to seek a warmer clime. But the Cove of Cork, sheltered though it was, did not give him relief or resuscitate in the least his sickly frame. He grew daily weaker, and died on the 21st of February, 1823.

During his protracted illness he was exceedingly patient, always resigned, and often cheerful. The Bible, a book which can alone give comfort to the dying, was his constant companion, and, cheered with its promises, looked forward with comfort to the hour of his departure. Indeed, he was favoured in the end with a peace and composure of mind that fall to the lot of few. He was to have known the moment he was to cast off his mortal coil, and he took farewell of the relatives

and friends who were around with as much calmness as if he had been leaving them merely for a little. The scene is thus touchingly given by his affectionate biographer: 'On going to bed he felt very drowsy, and soon the stupor of death began to creep over him. He began to pray for all his dearest friends individually; but his voice faltering he could only say—'God bless them all! The peace of God and of Jesus Christ overshadow them, dwell on them, reign in them! My peace,' said he, addressing his sister, '(the peace I now feel) be with you.' His speech again began to fail, and he fell into a slumber; but whenever his senses were recalled, he returned to prayer. He repeated part of the Lord's prayer, but was unable to proceed; and at last, with a composure scarcely credible at such a period, he whispered to the dear relative who hung over his deathbed, 'Close this eye, the other is closed already; and now farewell.' Then, having again uttered part of the Lord's prayer, he fell asleep. 'He is not dead but sleepeth.'

The subject of this brief sketch was one of the kindest and most amiable men of whom we have ever read or heard. Indeed he may be said to have been gentle and benevolent to a fault, and a shameful advantage was frequently taken of his mild, amiable disposition, and of his tender, affectionate heart. Goldsmith's description of 'the country clergyman' is in many respects a portrait of the clergyman of Donoughmore:—

'His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings but relieved their pain.
The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast:
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bid to stay,
Set by his fire, and talk'd the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch and show'd how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But, in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.'

Mr Wolfe was modest and humble, notwithstanding all his superiority of talent, learning, and poetic genius. He loathed everything like pride of intellect, everything which savoured of literary affectation. Though he had a profound respect for men of genius and learning, he esteemed them all the more when, with intellectual endowments, they exhibited those moral qualifications, those Christian virtues which make man truly distinguished. He was the accomplished scholar, but he was at the same time the humble, the devout Christian.

His career we have seen was short, and his lot was in some respects a hard one. Donoughmore was a poor situation for such rare attainments, and we cannot think of his privations without shedding a tear. His home was of the most cheerless description, and his worldly comforts were small indeed. His cottage we are told 'exhibited every appearance of the neglect of the ordinary comforts of life. A few straggling rush-bottomed chairs piled up with his books, a small rickety table before the fire-place, covered with parish memoranda, and his trunks, containing all his papers, serving at the same time to cover the broken parts of the floor, constituted all the furniture of his sitting-room. The mouldy walls of the closet in which he slept were hanging with loose folds of damp paper; and between this wretched cell and his parlour was the kitchen, which was occupied by the disbanded soldier, his wife, and their numerous family of children, who had migrated with him from his first quarters, and seemed now in full possession of the whole concern. entertaining him merely as a lodger, and usurping the entire disposal of his small plot of ground as the absolute lords of the soil.' What a home, and what society for such a man as Charles Wolfe!

It was when in this comfortless dwelling that he wrote the sermons which delighted the poor peasantry of Do-

noughmore, as well as the cultivated taste of a Dublin congregation. As they were published after his death, and as there was some difficulty experienced by the editor in making out portions of his manuscripts, and as they want the advantage of his earnest and interesting delivery, we can form, from the specimens published, a very imperfect idea of his powers as a preacher. But there is enough in these unfinished productions to show that he possessed great talent, a highly polished taste, and what is more, a clear and intimate acquaintance with divine truth.

SKETCHES IN ERRIS AND TYRAWLY.*

This volume is supplementary to another entitled 'A Tour in Connaught,' by the same author. Some time ago he gave the latter to the public as the pencillings of a previous expedition into the far and 'wild west.' Our tourist professes to have travelled for no other object than that of finding a relief from the unvarying rounds of a town occupation, and he writes for none but that of 'fighting his battles o'er again.' His sketches of Irish life and manners are, upon the whole, graphic and interesting. He gives minute descriptions of the nature and capabilities of the soil in the district of which he writes; the dwellings, costume, fare, and superstitions of its inhabitants; and many an Irish legend and fairy-tale are told in illustration of the objects described.

Among the numerous superstitions of the Irish, belief in the existence of fairies, or 'the gentry,' as they are called, holds a prominent place. The following story, which we extract from the volume, will give some idea of the extent and influence of that belief. The incidents related happened but a very few years ago; and the principal hero was not a 'pissant,' but a brawny 'northern,' one of those coast-guards whose merits the author has applauded in a preceding part of the work, and who had hitherto been a scoffer at this popular belief, although one of his boatmates had, only a few evenings before, suffered at the hands of the mischievous 'pookies.' The story is furnished by Lieutenant Henri, commander of the coast-guards stationed at Dunkeegan, as related to him by the hero, when he was fresh from the scene of action:—

A VISIT TO FAIRYLAND.

'On a dark gloomy day in the month of November, I made a visit of inspection to the coast-guard station at Doonkeeghan, situated about two miles to the westward of 'Benwee,' and some article being required for the use of that station that could be supplied at Portnacloy, I started homewards, accompanied by one of the crew. My companion, a rough curly-headed northern, and myself ascended the ridge of mountain to the southward of Benwee, entered a dark cloud that hung over it, and, after poking a couple of holes through it, descended on the opposite side till we came to the part of the glen immediately over the Fairy Mount; we here scrambled down, and stepping from one rock to another, crossed the rivulet where its waters washed the rocky base of the sword-covered little hillock.

'On reaching the opposite side, the wild beauty of the scene arrested my steps for a few minutes; for the outline of Benwee faintly appeared at the upper end of the precipitous glen, through a cloud of mist that hung about its sides, and the rivulet, swollen by late heavy rains, dashed impetuously from ledge to ledge, giving the spot, at all times wild in the extreme, an appearance of dreari-

ness and solitary grandeur I had never before remarked, and which called to my recollection the numerous marvellous tales I had heard from the country people respecting this, said to be, haunted glen. Turning round, therefore, to my companion, I said, 'That hillock is I believe, called *Cruckeen na Shehoge*, is it not?'—'It is, sir,' answered he. 'I have heard many accounts of the 'shehoga' or 'gentry' (a name given to the fairies by the country people), resumed I; 'pray have you ever seen any of them?'—'Na,' replied my curly-headed companion, in his broad northern dialect; 'I ne'er ken'd any thing uglier than myself, sir.' We then ascended the opposite side of the glen, and, on reaching a boggy level, were too busily occupied hopping from tussock to tussock, otherwise 'bog trotting,' to exchange another word about the 'gentry,' and shortly after we reached Portnacloy.

'About four o'clock in the afternoon, Bryan O'Donnel, for I shall call him so to avoid giving offence, having been supplied with such articles as his station stood in need of, left Portnacloy on his return home. A close day had been followed by a foggy evening, but as he was well acquainted with the country, I did not entertain the slightest doubt of his reaching Doonkeeghan in safety, therefore was not a little surprised when, at about ten o'clock, my door was violently thrown open, and my late travelling companion rushed in with as much precipitation as if pursued by a legion of imps, exclaiming at the same time, 'Oh, it's a true! it's a true!! it's a true!!!' To add to my astonishment, his countenance betrayed evident signs of fear, for his curly hair appeared as if it had been operated upon by a wool card; his jacket was turned inside out, and his clothes were covered with mud, as a sailor would say, 'from clew to earing.'

'Displeased at his unceremonious entrance, which I could not account for, and puzzled at his reiterated exclamation of 'It's a true! it's a true!' for our morning's conversation never entered my head, I angrily demanded, 'What is it that's true, sir?' To this crusty interrogatory, however, I for some time received no other reply than 'It's a true, sir;' and anger had nearly given place to pity, for I really began to suspect the poor fellow was bereft of his senses, when, to the horror of my domestics, who had been drawn to the spot, he added in an awfully solemn tone, 'I hae been with the gentry.' The real cause of his terror now flashed across my mind. I ordered a servant to give him a glass of the 'native'—the mountain remedy in those days for all ailments—and when he was sufficiently recovered to do so, I directed him to relate what had occurred to him since his departure in the evening, which, with many an uneasy look at the door, he did, to the astonishment of all those around him, who open-mouthed listened to his narration. It was in substance as follows:—

'Night, it appeared, had overtaken him before he reached the Fairy Mount glen, and he was descending the side nearest to Portnacloy, and was within a short distance of the spot where our morning's conversation took place, when he suddenly observed through the fog several pale lights in the direction of the '*Cruckeen na Shehoge*,' which he at first supposed proceeded from a village called 'Cariatye,' which lay about a mile off in the same line. At this moment he made a false step on a 'tussock,' and fell headlong into the mud and water that surrounded it, when peals of laughter, shouts, and clapping of hands immediately resounded in every direction around him. Astonished—but by his own account not at all frightened—he had endeavoured to gain the rivulet, but all his endeavours had been ineffectual, and he had wandered about he knew not whither, but believed he had been on the top of 'Benwee,' as he thought he had at one time heard the sound of the sea beneath him. During the whole of the time, from the darkness of the night and the unevenness of the ground, he had scarcely been able to keep on his legs a minute together, and he had only extricated himself from one bog hole to take possession of another; which floundering had appeared to cause infinite merriment to his mischievous and invisible companions, as every fall had been

* By the Author of 'Sketches in Ireland,' 'A Tour in Connaught,' &c. Dublin: William Curry, Jun. & Co. London: Longman, Brown, & Co.

followed by obstreperous sounds of mirth, which bore a very marked proportion to the depth of mud and water the poor northern had been accommodated with, while, to add to his perplexity, numerous pale lights danced around him occasionally in every direction. At length fully convinced that he was the sport of the 'gentry,' whose existence he had hitherto disbelieved, and having heard in his childhood that the turning of clothes was a charm against their power, he formed the resolution of turning his jacket, which he had scarcely accomplished ere he found himself at the back of my house, and within a few yards of the spot he had started from six hours before, and fearing a prolongation of his disagreeable nocturnal ramble, he had bolted into my dwelling in the unceremonious manner already described.

'The report of the mischievous trick that had been played on poor Bryan O'Donnel by the gentry, with all its attendant circumstances, spread like wildfire in the country. That it had been inflicted on him as a punishment for his expressed disbelief in the morning—for our conversation had got wind—no one in the neighbourhood for a moment doubted; in fact, the short interval of time that had elapsed between his expressions of doubt and of his having been forced into a conviction of the existence of such beings, together with his having felt the effects of their power on the very spot where those doubts had been expressed, were circumstances, in the opinion of the old folks, quite conclusive, and apparently afforded them much pleasure.

'Two or three days after the circumstance I have just related took place, one of the Portnacloy men, whom for the reason already mentioned I shall take the liberty of calling Andrew M'Neil, a very well conducted, inoffensive, but rather timid man, was sent according to custom to the next station to the eastward, called Port Turling, in order to bring any letters or orders that might arrive there from 'head-quarters' for the western stations; and as in so backward a place the return of the orderly was an event all felt interested in, his arrival was anxiously looked for by every person at the station. The usual time of the orderly's return, however, had passed, the day had closed some hours, but no Andrew M'Neil had made his appearance, and I was endeavouring to assign some plausible reason for his absence—at one time attributing it to his having lost his way, for the night was foggy, and at another, to his having been prevented from leaving Port Turling by the closeness of the weather—when my door slowly opened, and in tottered the unfortunate orderly, a tolerably good representative of the gentleman 'who drew Priam's curtain at the dead of night.' I cannot exactly say, with the strict regard to truth that pervades my narrative, that his hair was erect, for this simple reason, the poor man was a candidate for a wigship, but his eyes were fixed and disagreeably protruded from their sockets, something like a lobster's; the blood appeared to have deserted his cheeks and to have congealed in his lips, the dirty whiteness of the one forming a remarkable contrast with the blueness of the other, and the perspiration trickled down his cadaverous countenance in drops almost as large as horse-beans, and, for aught I know to the contrary, quite as cold as ice; in short, he was terror personified.

'While I eyed poor Andrew with the greatest horror—for fear is very catching—the watchman, who had seen him pass the watch-house, and suspected from his appearance that something uncommon had taken place, whose suspicions a peep in at the door had fully confirmed, communicated his ideas on the subject to those nearest to him, and the report having spread all over the station with the rapidity of lightning, long before the poor fellow had sufficiently recovered himself to utter one syllable respecting the cause of his fright, every person was as fully convinced he had seen 'the gentry' as if in possession of the particulars. Curiosity, therefore, got the better of all etiquette on the occasion, and my house was shortly taken by storm by a motley group, who, open-mouthed, open-eyed, and with fingers as stiff and as straight as the

carbine ramrods of the station, regarded the terror-stricken orderly with countenances as fear-fraught as his own.

'When I recovered from the surprise the melancholy appearance of the poor fellow had thrown me into, I ordered, as in O'Donnel's case, the mountain panacea to be administered, the good effects of which exceeded my best wishes and expectations, as in a few minutes poor Andrew M'Neil recovered in some degree the use of his tongue; the first use he made of which was, most devoutly to return thanks to all the saints in the calendar for his happy deliverance, which act of devotion added not a little to the terrors already depicted on the countenances of those around him. The administration of a second dose of the 'crathure' followed the first, and he so far shook off his fears as to be enabled to relate pretty intelligibly the following extraordinary account of what had occurred to him on his return from Port Turling.

'The orders, it appeared, had not arrived from the eastward till late, he had consequently been unable to leave Port Turling before dark. And here, in justice to the man, let me observe, that men of stronger nerves than he possessed would, I feel assured, have felt a sensation far from agreeable on the occasion; for the two places were four miles asunder—he had nothing to direct him but a clew of white stones placed on sods at equal distances—an invention of mine to prevent accidents in fogs, and extending from one station to the other; his path skirted two bleak boggy mountains, crossed two glens—one in particular, called by the inhabitants the 'Granny,' wild in the extreme—and then led over the top of a mountain about eight hundred feet above the level of the sea. Not a hut, even of the most wretched description, lay within miles of him on either side, and to add to all this, the night, as has already been mentioned, was so very foggy that he could scarcely distinguish the milk-quartz directing stones, although they were only five yards apart.

'Notwithstanding, however, the dreary walk he had before him, the attendant probabilities of encountering pookies on his journey, and of sounding the depth of every bog-hole in his route, he left Port Turling, according to his own statement—which, by the by, I very much doubted—no wise intimidated; and he had cleared one half of his journey with no other accident than an occasional fall, when, on descending the west side of the deep Granny glen, he, to his great surprise, found himself suddenly surrounded by numerous pale lights that appeared to dance around him. This occurrence, if it had no other effect, seemed in a great measure to have shifted his centre of gravity, for he immediately commenced floundering in his boatmate O'Donnel's best style, though his performance did not appear to have afforded similar amusement, for, with the exception of the splashing he himself made in the water, every thing around him was as silent as death.

'Thus accompanied by lights, and falling every minute, what with scrambling, crawling, and rolling, he contrived to reach the bottom of the glen, and had just crossed the little stream that ran through it, when, to his utter amazement and dismay, he found himself at the gate of a magnificent castle, which immediately flew open and displayed a hall most brilliantly illuminated. Numerous servants, also, made their appearance most splendidly apparelled, who with one accord saluted him with 'You are heartily welcome Mr M'Neil, to this castle of the 'gentry';' and leading him forward to a large folding-door, which likewise flew open at his approach, a sight presented itself that surpassed in magnificence any thing he had ever heard or thought of before.

'In a magnificent apartment, the sides of which shone with all the brilliancy of the noonday sun, and glittered with all the hues of the rainbow, and seated round a table that appeared to groan beneath the weight of the costly vessels of plate and delicious viands that covered it, he beheld a large party of ladies and gentlemen superbly attired, and surpassing in beauty any he had ever beheld, and who were busily employed dispatching the good things

before them, while they made the whole castle resound with the noise of their mirth. With them also, as with the grosser sons of clay, 'good meat' seemed to deserve 'good drink,' for he observed servants occupied in all directions in handing crystal vessels to the company, the contents of which sparkled like dew drops at sunrise on the purple bells of the heath blossoms, and were quaffed off by all with the greatest apparent delight. On his appearance, however, a general cessation of hostilities against both solids and liquids took place; the sounds of mirth suddenly subsided; the whole party rose and welcomed him in the most affectionate manner, while the domestics bowed most respectfully on all sides, and in an instant after the castle appeared to shake to its very foundation, with the shout of 'You're heartily welcome, Mr Andrew Mc'Neil; come and partake of our cheer.'

‘ Thus welcomed by all, and observing nothing but joy and festivity around him, and the most evident expressions of good will towards himself, his terror, occasioned by the sudden appearance of the castle, gradually abated, but his astonishment at all he saw still so far got the better of his good manners, that he found himself totally unable to utter a single syllable in reply to the salutations that came from all quarters. While he thus stood endeavouring to stammer out something ‘ gentele ’ to the ‘ quality,’ a gentleman who appeared of more consequence than the rest approached him, and in the kindest manner first welcomed him to the castle and then led him to a vacant seat at the head of the table, a piece of condescension that Mr Neil would most willingly have dispensed with, as, notwithstanding the good nature manifested by all, he felt himself far from being *at home* on the occasion, for he was well aware of the mischievous propensity of the ‘ gentry,’ and had the greatest dread of partaking of their cheer, from an impression that is pretty general among the lower orders in Ireland—and, for aught I know to the contrary, elsewhere—that whoever partakes of fairy food becomes subject to their power seven years, and may consequently bid adieu to his earthly acquaintances during that period.

'He was, however, scarcely seated before he found his prejudice against the good things around him rapidly giving way to the pressing solicitations of all around him, to which the savoury smell that regaled his olfactory nerves contributed not a little; and the wing of a goose (strange food for fairies by the by) that was opportunely placed before him, so effectually completed what politeness and a good smell of 'kitchen' had already sapped, that in a few seconds he felt as irresistible an inclination to 'join the mess' of his new acquaintances, as he before did extreme horror at the bare thoughts of doing so. Without further ceremony, therefore, he was on the point of commencing hostilities in good earnest on the dainty morsel that lay before him, and the first mouthful that would have doomed him to a seven years' transportation was on the point of entering his lips, when the castle suddenly appeared to rock to its very foundation, a noise resembling that of a whirlwind was heard, the folding-doors of the apartment, that had closed on his entrance, violently flew open, and a middle-aged woman of prepossessing countenance, with her clothes tucked up, and as completely covered with mud as if she had been drawn through the bog of 'Allen,' rushed in, and addressing poor Andrew M'Neil in an earnest and affectionate manner, exclaimed, 'Don't taste it, M'Neil.' She then turned to the party that had risen most respectfully at her entry, and added, with an air of authority, 'I am come with the speed of the mountain's blast from the mountains of Donegal to this poor mortal's relief. He is harmless and well conducted; he has, also, a large family dependent on him for support. I therefore command you on no account to molest him, but let him go home to his family and children, who are anxiously awaiting his return.'

'The commands of the mud-covered dame had an immediate effect on all present, for M'Neil—to make use of a vulgar phrase—instantly dropped the dangerous morsel

'like a hot potato,' and his dread of fairyland became greater than ever. His companions, also, at the same time respectfully bowed obedience, and the gentleman who appeared master of the ceremonies advanced towards him, and taking him kindly by the hand said, 'I am sorry, Mr M'Neil, we cannot have the pleasure of your company any longer, as we expected to have passed a merry night; and,' added he, as poor M'Neil was looking very willingly out of the chamber, 'I hope your boatmate O'Donnel liked his ramble the other night. Pray be good enough to present Captain Green's compliments to Captain ——— (would that Captain Green had been first lord of the Admiralty, and clapt such a handle to my name) and tell him he hopes to have the pleasure of *his* company before many nights shall have passed.' The castle with its inmates then vanished in an instant, and Andrew M'Neil found himself in total darkness at the edge of the Grumpy stream, and with the greatest difficulty he contrived to finish the remainder of his journey, and finally reached my house in the miserable plight already described.

Here his narration ended. The effects of it on his hearers, from its commencement to 'Captain Green's' invitation, had been to draw them into an extraordinary small compass, and, on the honour of an officer I assert, the door was not the point of attraction. No sooner, however, had he finished that part of the story that related to myself, than every eye that had hitherto been fixed on him was rivetted on me; and if, from the expression on every countenance, I had had any doubts as to the deprecation of my case, those doubts must have given way the moment he ended the recital of his adventures, before the general lamentation that arose at the bare thoughts of the melancholy catastrophe that was about to befall me. After the first burst of grief, real or pretended, had subsided, advice from all quarters flowed in most liberally on the momentous occasion. Every person present, with the exception of one or two stupid Englishmen, had some sovereign charm against the 'gentry,' that I was earnestly recommended to adopt. To be out after sunset was considered a crime little short of suicide, and was prohibited by all; that is to say, if I had the slightest regard for my body or soul: and after having been treated to a general glance of commiseration, that said as plainly as glance could say, 'You're not long for this world, poor gentleman,' I was left in quiet possession of my late invaded apartment, with the above consolatory piece of intelligence.

‘With the first peep of dawn the following morning, that gossiping personage Dame Rumour took the field—bog I should say—in good earnest; and, as I believe the good lady has never yet been accused of either want of diligence or inclination in enlarging on any subject, she may have felt disposed to amuse herself with, it cannot be a matter of surprise that M’Neill’s adventures, with a few *trifling embellishments*, should have travelled, in a very short space of time, a most extraordinary distance in every direction from Portmacloy—that of the sea, for a pretty good reason, alone excepted. One of the consequences attending the chatty lady’s activity was, that the opinions advanced the night before by my immediate neighbours respecting my approaching and inevitable departure for fairyland, received additional weight and importance from the concurrent opinions of all the good persons in the neighbouring villages; and so general was the belief that I was on the point of making my exit, that whenever I met any of the country people I was eyed by them with as much dread as if I had already had the burial-service read over me. Once or twice I saw, as *fancied* I saw, those I passed in the act of crossing their selves; and, *certainly*, on one occasion, on feeling an unusual weight in my coat-pocket, I was not a little surprised to find a half-pint bottle of holy water therein, that one of my domestics had deposited, either from a kind regard to myself, or through fear of losing a quarter’s wages. In short, had I been either a nervous or a superstitious man, I feel assured the conduct of my neighbours would have either driven me over a cliff or into a boghole; for

which the poor 'gentry,' no doubt, would have been blamed, and my melancholy history would have been handed down to the 'Doghertys' and 'Gallaghers' of future ages, as a convincing proof of the existence of such beings, and the fatal consequences attending a disbelief of their power.

'Fortunately, however, for my peace of mind—although, by the by, it spoiled a very marvellous story, that would have handed my name to posterity—my nerves were none of the weakest, and of superstition I had little or none in my composition. The woful forebodings, and rueful countenances of my neighbours, therefore, afforded me amusement instead of uneasiness, and I should have treated the whole affair with the contempt I considered it merited, had not a report reached my ears, that, in my humble opinion, called for a different line of conduct. For a day or two after I had good reason to believe the dread of the 'gentry' was not confined to the country people, but had spread among many of my own men—a circumstance not much to be wondered at, as they were chiefly of the same country, and originally of the same class, consequently, well acquainted with the legends of the former, and deeply imbued with the prejudices of the latter. I had also observed a very evident dislike on the part of many at being out alone after dark; and I was shortly after informed, that one of them had actually hired a man to accompany him with orders from Port Turling to Portnacloy, through sheer dread of being caught alone on the mountains. I had no sooner received this latter piece of information, than I considered it absolutely necessary for the good of the service—the duties of which were principally confined to the night—to endeavour to crush such a feeling before it gained farther ground; and after some little consideration it appeared to me that the best method to effect my object was to accept *Captain Green's* polite invitation; and thus, by exposure of my generally believed ill-fated person, convince my men of the folly of entertaining such ridiculous notions.

'I had no sooner conceived and digested my plan—which had for its laudable object the banishment of the mischievous 'gentry,' and the consequent right of all his majesty's liege subjects in the neighbourhood to cross the mountains after dark, without let, hindrance, or molestation—than I resolved to put it into execution. The following day, therefore, I proceeded on a visit of inspection to Port Turling, carefully concealing my intentions from my neighbours and domestics, lest our parting, on the occasion, should be too much for their feelings and mine. On my arrival there I made the chief officer acquainted with my design; and, with the assistance of a good dinner, contrived—notwithstanding the awful undertaking before me—to pass the time very agreeably till night threw her sable mantle over the mountains, and gave me a gentle hint that it was time to proceed to business. I then armed myself with a supernumerary warm tumbler and a tuckstick, and left the snug cottage of my hospitable host, attended by the good wishes of himself and family, after they had vainly endeavoured to dissuade me from undertaking the dreary journey.

'Thanks to the clew of stones already alluded to, I succeeded in skirting the two mountains that lay on my route, and crossed the first glen in gallant style, without meeting with any other mishap than an occasional plunge, that in a very short time made me, in one respect, a very suitable companion for M'Neill's mud-covered protectress. On my arrival, however, on the spot immediately over the 'Granny,' my acquaintance with bog became disagreeably familiar; and, for the first time since my departure, I began to feel a little queerish on the occasion. My situation, indeed, was cheerless in the extreme. The deep dark glen now lay beneath me, and the obscurity of the night kindly left my imagination to stock it with as many horrors and hobgoblins as I thought proper. The silence of death, also, reigned around me—for my elevation placed me beyond the sound of the murmuring little stream beneath, and not a breath of wind swept the face

of the mountain; while to add to the general gloominess, a dark and in appearance very badly disposed cloud mischievously placed itself over the glen, beneath which cloud appeared the black profiles of the surrounding mountains. In short, my prospect was confined to one or two consumptive-looking stars, black sulky-looking clouds, and still blacker mountains—objects possessing no great charms for a lonely traveller on a pathless bog.

'Whether it were that my cheerless situation, coupled with Captain Green's invitation, conspired to affect my nerves, or that the virtue of the hot tumbler had evaporated through all the tossing and tumbling I had undergone, I will not pretend to say; but certain I am, as I have already observed, that I began to feel a little queerish. I felt inclined to admit, from a feeling that I could not account for, that there *might* be such beings as the 'gentry;' and the pious Mr Wesley's argument in favour of ghosts, 'that a man having never seen a murder committed, is no proof that murders never take place,' now rushed very officiously, and I may say impertinently and unwelcomely, to my recollection. 'Captain Green's' invitation—O'Donnell's ramble—and M'Neill's fairy castle, were also viewed in quite a different light; and my conduct and undertaking began to appear foolhardy and ridiculous in the extreme. In fact, I felt that, like 'Bob Acres,' in the comedy of the 'Rivals,' my courage was oozing through my fingers' ends; and the 'gentry' would have readily had my permission to retain their possessions, and amuse themselves at the expense of my neighbours, in exchange for a free and unmolested passage through the haunted glen, and an assurance that I should have been allowed to take peaceable possession of my old moorings at my fireside at Portnacloy.

'It was, however, now too late to retreat. So screwing up resolution to the tightest pitch, I commenced my descent, and at the same time struck up 'Nancy Dawson,' though for what reason I know not, except that from the beauty of the air, and the natural sweetness of my voice, much improved by sixteen years' bellowing against tempests in various parts of the world, I imagined that, in keeping off intruders, it might answer the purpose of a clapper-mill in a cherry-tree. Be this as it may, my descent had a marvellously strange effect on the strength of my lungs, and the consequent height of my voice; as the latter, unlike orderly and well-conducted quicksilver in a barometer on such an occasion, fell rapidly as I decreased my elevation; and before I had got two-thirds of the way down the mountain, 'Nancy Dawson,' 'unknown' to me, as we say in Connaught, gave place to 'Cease rude Boreas,' and 'The Galley Slave.' And these melancholy airs were given in a strain so tremulous and doleful, that they would have melted the heart of any well-disposed flint; and, indeed, forbidding as it looked, appeared to have a very sensible effect on the sulky-looking cloud already alluded to; for, after dropping a few tears, as if deeply affected by grief, it retreated slowly and sorrowfully towards the east, leaving a space, comparatively speaking, luminous, between its lower heavy black edge and the top of the mountain over which my road lay.

'Somewhat cheered by the bright prospect before me, I continued my descent, and had nearly reached the bottom of the glen, when I unfortunately tript over a 'tussock,' and, in my endeavours to save myself from falling, acquired, as a sailor would call it, so much 'headway,' that I lost all command of my legs, and eventually pitched head-furthest over the boggy bank that bordered the rivulet, and fell plump into a swamp near its edge. Not at all accommodated to my satisfaction, I, of course, lost no time in extricating myself; and in so doing had scarcely raised myself from the soft but disagreeable bed accident had condescendingly supplied me with, when I observed, with the greatest astonishment, what appeared to me to be pale lights, flying from me, as the centre, in every direction. My fall had already 'clapt a stopper,' as we say at sea, on 'The Galley Slave,' surprise now nearly did the same to my breathing, and I remained for all some

the mud, anxiously expecting every moment to be favoured with the presence of the dreaded '*Captain Green*' and his mischievous companions; and, not being one of the country, I had little to hope for or expect from the friendly interference of the *Donegal lady*. I remained, however, in this miserable plight only a short time, when, thanks to my prostrate situation, I was fortunately enabled to account very satisfactorily for the *phenomenon* before me, or rather around me; for on getting one of the '*pale lights*' between myself and the sky—an old manoeuvre of smugglers at night—I had the indescribable satisfaction of obtaining a tolerably correct outline of that useful and harmless animal called by Jack 'a woolly bird,' *alias* a sheep; and as the feet of the said animal appeared to me to rest on the edge of the bank above me, I very naturally concluded the body of it was composed of earthly mutton, and that it was one of a flock of sheep my sudden splash had alarmed. The mystery of the '*pale lights*' was now, in my opinion, cleared up, as I made no doubt the luminous appearance of their snowy fleeces—which, here let me observe, I have frequently noticed in dark damp weather since—contrasted with the black background, had deceived O'Donnel and M'Neil as well as myself. My fears, consequently, vanished in an instant, and I anticipated much pleasure from the hearty laugh that would be raised at the expense of my two *hions* on my reaching home.

'With my '*steam*' once more *well up*—and I very much doubt whether half-a-dozen of my late host's hot tumblers would have created a greater elevation of spirits—I proceeded most manfully on my journey; and setting pookies and hobgoblins of all dimensions at utter defiance, and *chirping* '*Nancy Dawson*' again, in a voice that would have broken the heart of a ballad-singer, I crossed the glen in as gallant style as I had done the first that lay on my route. Alas! my exultation was of very, very short duration! For on my reaching the foot of the opposite bank—and at the very identical spot where poor Andrew M'Neil had seen the fairy castle—I beheld a sight that instantly arrested my progress, or, in other words, '*brought me up all standing*.' Almost immediately over my head, in the bright space between the heavy cloud and mountain already alluded to, and apparently moving through the air with the greatest velocity in a direction to cross my path, I plainly distinguished the figures of what appeared to me to be a giant and an attendant dwarf. To add to my horror, they seemed riding through the air on long poles, in the manner witches are represented on broomsticks; and my dismay was not a little increased, as may be easily imagined, when, on appearing to gain a footing on the verge of the bank immediately over me, they suddenly converted their steeds into offensive weapons, and commenced thrusting in every direction beneath them, as if determined to oppose my passage.

'Thunderstruck at the sudden appearance and menacing attitude of the figures above me, in that particular spot, I at first endeavoured to persuade myself that what I saw was merely an optical deception, and, consequently, moved my head in every direction to get them in a different point of view. This experiment not answering my hopes and expectations, I next imagined they might be merely phantoms of my own imagination; and I therefore closed my eyes for a few seconds, hoping—with what good will I did so—that, on my opening them, I should see no more of the giant and his aid-de-camp. Here again I was disappointed; for on raising my eyelids, the ill-matched pair instantly appeared above me, thrusting their weapons more violently than before. This unprovoked appearance of hostility on their side, added considerably to my perplexity; and as a last resource, I covered my eyes with my hands, pressing forcibly on them at the same time; and while thus in darkness, using every means I could think of to convince myself that what I had just seen was nothing but an illusion; while I at the same time endeavoured to shame myself out of the idea by thus politely addressing myself, "*—you ass! are you as big a fool as the rest?*" Moving my head, however, shutting my eyes, covering them, squeezing them

nearly out of their sockets, these polite addresses, were all thrown away. In fact, my last experiments were more unsuccessful than my first; for on removing my hands, I found that fear had either given my eyes a multiplying power, or that a strong reinforcement of giants and dwarfs had arrived during the interval, as a legion of them now appeared on the brink of the bank, all thrusting their poles in admirable time and order; and what added still more to my amazement was, that while the giants appeared rapidly to increase in size, the dimensions of the dwarfs decreased as rapidly.

'This completely upset me. All doubts respecting '*Captain Green*' and his companions now scampered off before this unexpected reinforcement, much quicker than the French did before the allies at the '*heel of the hnm*' at Waterloo; and, as appearances promised me anything but the hospitality and kindness experienced by M'Neil, my late-raised courage now rushed impetuously through every pore of my skin, like steam through the safety-valve of a steam-engine, instead of oozing modestly through my finger-ends as during the '*pale light*' adventure—fear very unceremoniously rushed in to fill the vacuum. I felt a sensation that I can only compare to that of being enveloped by cobwebs; and my hair, although it did not '*twine like a knot of serpents on my brow*,' à la Byron, nearly occasioned the loss of my hat, by standing erect, '*like quills upon the fretful porcupine*.'

'How long I should have remained breathless, open-mouthed and open-eyed, straight-haired and straight-fingered, I will not take upon myself to say; the chances are, however, daylight would have found me in that *awful* situation, had not a change in the manoeuvres of the gentlemen above, both large and small, brought the affair to a speedy termination. At times, thrusting their spears or poles downwards most hostilely, and at other times apparently floating in the air, and crossing each other like gnats—rather large ones though—in the rays of a summer sun, they for some minutes continued hovering over the verge of the impending bank; but at length, in appearance weary of merely acting on the defensive, and concluding—very justly too—as I supposed, that I had no intention of *forcing a passage*, they commenced their descent, with the apparent intention of bringing me to action.

'Now whether it were that at the approaching crisis pride fortunately came to my relief, attended by the recollection of my good grandmother's advice, her favourite tortoise-shell coloured cat '*Spot*,' and her bright copper coal-scuttle; or that, like Ensign O'Dogherty—as humorously described in one of Blackwood's Magazines—I ran headlong into the danger I wished to avoid, I am not quite positive; in justice to myself, however, I must add, that as I drew my tuckstick most manfully, and, like a good general, prudently directed my attack against the *diminutive* division of my opponents, I am inclined to give myself some little credit; more particularly as I have a confused recollection of having muttered—in a very low and tremulous tone, I admit—'*I'll try what you are made of!*'

'Be this as it may, hostilities no sooner appeared doubtful and *unavoidable* by the descent of my ill-matched opponents, than I drew my tuck, and, like one possessed, commenced scrambling up the face of the bank, in the direction of the division of dwarfs, which, in a most unaccountable manner, melted into one on my approach. Not at all displeased, as will readily be believed, at this phenomenon, I quickened my pace; and having succeeded in getting, as I thought, within arm's length of the *consolidated legion*, I drew back my arm to try the effect of cold iron on the dwarfish figure before me, when a shriek of terror, so wild and shrill that it pierced the deepest recesses of the glen, was echoed on all sides by the surrounding mountains, thrilled through every nerve in my body, and went to my very heart, arrested my uplifted arm, and rivetted me breathless, motionless, and horror-stricken to the spot.'

My friend made a full stop in his narrative, I suppose

in order to let my imagination work upon all the horrible possibilities of his position, and I could not induce him to proceed; but I think I could gather from him afterwards, that as his servants at home did not find him return at his usual hour, they became alarmed, and this spread amongst the coast-guard and the villagers, and they immediately called to mind Captain Green's kind wishes respecting him. Therefore, in hopes of finding his body, a general search was proposed, and the giant and the dwarf were two of the searchers, namely, his little servant boy and his tall brother, who, with long poles, were searching amongst the tussocks for his cold remains. By accident, these two fell in with their master in the enchanted glen, and while the master was concealed from them in the bottom of the gully by the darkness of the night, they, standing on the bank above with a clear starry sky behind them, appeared as moving through the air; and the captain, thrown off his centre by the unexpected sight of such figures, their poles made admirable spears, and the multiplying power of fear easily enlisted recruits, and turned the boy and his tall brother into legions of dwarfs and giants, which vanished on his mustering pluck enough to attack them. It was well he did not run away, or faint through fear, for if so, he no doubt would have been a staunch supporter of 'the gentry' to his life's end. But as it turned out otherwise (amongst the coast-guard at any rate), there has been less credit given to the power of 'the Phouca' ever since.

TRAVELS IN INDIA.

FIRST ARTICLE.

FOUR years ago, when occurrences in Cabul highly disastrous to the British army became known in Europe, it was generally thought that a serious and protracted war in the East must be the inevitable consequence. Leopold Von Orlich, a captain in his Prussian Majesty's guards, entertaining this opinion, felt anxious to profit by the practical experience in his profession which the expected campaigns would yield, and, having obtained permission from the king his master to serve in the British army, negotiations were opened with our government here which were not so rapidly concluded as he could have wished. Meantime military affairs in India were pushed with such rapidity and success that peace was established before the Prussian captain was able to join the Anglo-Indian troops; and thus it happened that he merely saw how gracefully the laurels of the conquerors were worn, not how they had been won. The main object of his journey having been frustrated, there still remained for him the opportunity of making himself acquainted with a remarkable land which had been seen by but few of his countrymen. Accordingly he employed some months in travelling through the wonder-land of India, as he rightly terms it. He described what he saw and heard on the journey in a series of letters addressed to Alexander Von Humboldt and Carl Ritter, names of celebrity in the literature and science of Europe. When he again reached Germany, he collected his letters and published them, under the patronage of the King of Prussia, in a goodly quarto volume.* One of the few copies that have reached this country is now lying before us; it is a favourable specimen of the German press, usually so slovenly in its workmanship, and largely illustrated by wood-cuts and engravings. Without pretending to any very extraordinary powers of observation or thought, or to superior sources of information, the gallant captain has written an interesting book. What he saw he has detailed clearly, and, we have no doubt, faithfully; what he did not see he has not attempted to supply by the exercise of his fancy. The work is interesting to Englishmen, as giving us the views of a foreigner on our Indian policy and the growth and stability of our dominion over that immense section of Asia. He has been at the pains to collect some information re-

specting our army and the state of education in India, which cannot fail to interest all who feel any concern for our vast possessions in that country. We may add, that the work has been translated by Mr H. E. Lloyd, and, with a few mistakes here and there, it seems well done. We propose to follow Von Orlich in his travels, making such occasional extracts as may appear likely to amuse the English reader.

Captain Von Orlich seems to have been everywhere deeply impressed by the contrast between Asiatic and European life and scenery. His imagination was delighted to revive on the spot the feelings which most inhabitants of colder climes have experienced in early youth from reading stories of the gorgeous East with its countless stores of 'barbaric pearl and gold.' Writing at Lahore, the capital of the successor of the famous Runjeet Sing, he says—'When I review the events of the last few weeks, with their rich and daily change of scenery, it appears as if I had lived many months in another world; the occurrences repress before me as in a splendid dream, by which I have been spirited to the fabled times of antiquity. For in no country of the earth, China excepted, have the people retained, with so little change, their ancient manners and ceremonies, habits and customs, as in India. Here we see a state of things actually existing which the earliest historical records have already told us of; living pictures so antique that we may well believe them a reproduction of primeval times.' Whether the Great Oriental Railway Company will do much or little to efface this aspect of antiquity remains to be seen: but we are anticipating.

The journey from Southampton to Bombay occupied thirty-seven days. His stay in Bombay and the neighbourhood is described in a chapter illustrated by wood-cuts, representing various classes of natives, shopkeepers, mechanics, domestic servants, &c. After the lapse of a month, pleasantly spent in a round of visits and entertainments, he set sail on board a government war-steamer for Kurrachee, a fortified town near the mouth of the Indus. During the voyage, that horrible scourge the cholera broke out, and many persons fell victims to the disease. About ten miles from Kurrachee there is a place which forms an object of attraction to the superstitious Mussulmans. It is no other than a tank supplied by a spring of hot mineral water, where fifty sacred alligators are kept. They have become quite tame under the tending of the fakirs to whose charge they are committed. At the sound of the well known voice they will creep out of the grassy water and lie like dogs at the feet of the fakir, who, to command their retreat, has only to touch the reptiles with a reed. They are fed with goat's flesh, and each visitor is expected to purchase a goat for them in return for being permitted to see the loathsome objects of Mahometan reverence. The goat is slaughtered at once, and thrown in pieces to the alligators, who, in their greediness to snatch the flesh, rush so violently against one another that they roll over in a ludicrous manner. They seem to thrive under this mode of treatment, for they grow to an enormous size; and the length of one that Von Orlich saw he estimated at twenty-five feet. Close by the pond, in a rich grove of tamarind, are the tombs of the saints, built of stone and adorned with cupolas. Each contains a sarcophagus ornamented with paint, and is fancifully decorated with feathers, ostrich eggs, ribbons, bells, and lamps. The fakirs who keep guard here assert that the tombs are 2000 years old, but there is no ground for supposing that more than a few centuries have passed since they were erected.

The captain, in proceeding towards the seat of war, passed through the Sinde territories to Tatta, where he embarked in a steamer and sailed up the Indus to Hyderabad, the capital of the Ameers, to whom he was presented. A little below Hyderabad he was amused to see the mode of visiting each other adopted by the dwellers on the opposite banks of the river. A goat skin is inflated with air and then fastened to the waist and neck; with this help they swim across from one side to the other. Some-

* Reise in Ostindien in Briefen an Alexander Von Humboldt und Carl Ritter von Leopold Von Orlich. Leipzig. 1845.

times a ruthless alligator seizes on an evening visiter, or the force of the stream carries him away, but accidents of this kind do not frequently occur. Near Sukkur the method of taking fish is a curious sight to Europeans. The fisherman goes out alone, using a large hollow vessel of iron open at the top. He stretches himself horizontally, in such a manner that his body covers the opening, and then commending himself to the protection of Allah, works with his hands and feet along the surface of the water and against the stream. In his girdle he carries a short spear, and in his right hand a fork fourteen or fifteen feet long. To this a wide net, with a running knot, is attached, which closes when a fish is caught. The fish, when killed by the spear, is placed in the oval vessel, which all this time has been his sole support in the water. There are some more sacred tombs on an island near Sukkur, attended by fakirs, the monks of Indian Moslemism; and not far off are seven sepulchral towers of porcelain tiles, where the seven daughters of an ancient prince, sanctified by beauty and virtue, lie interred under the shade of fig and tamarind trees. The very fish, it is said, to show their veneration for the sleeping saints, are careful never to turn their tails towards the spot as they swim past, but always their heads! Between Sukkur and Ferozepore a weary journey of 440 miles interposes, which was performed by means of camels and horses. The party consisted of four officers (one of them being the present Marquis of Sligo), a subaltern, twelve sepoy, thirty-three servants, twenty-four camels, and five horses. The excessive heat of the sun and the bad effects of the night air will only allow European travellers to journey in the early morning and in the evening; and as the mean villages cannot supply either lodging or necessary subsistence, every thing has to be taken with them—tents, food, and culinary apparatus. Hence the necessity of a numerous escort even for a few travellers. To reach Ferozepore they had occasion to leave the country where British authority is acknowledged for the territory of the Khan of Bhawalpoor. At the village where the caravan drew up for the night, the chief of the place, attended by the principal inhabitants in their best dresses, welcomed their arrival, and informed the travellers that the khan had given orders they should be treated with the greatest attention, that six horsemen should accompany them as an escort wherever they might choose to go, and that a watch of nine men should keep guard over their encampment through the night. They do not seem to have derived much benefit from the guard, however, for in the excess of the men's attention they were unable to obtain any sleep. All night long they kept calling each other by name, perhaps to frighten away thieves as much as to keep themselves awake, and perpetually exclaimed, 'What an honour!' 'Are you not happy!' &c. &c. On arriving at Ahmedpoor, the capital of the khan's dominions, one of the chief nobles called to bid them welcome. Taking off his shoes before he entered the tent, he informed them of his master's wish to receive them at his palace, on an oasis in the desert, stating, in the bombastic language of the East, that the khan's warriors were more numerous than the grains of sand in the waste, and that his guns could not be counted, for his power obscured the sun. The fact is that a great part of the territory of this eclipser of the sun consists of an arid desert upon which it frequently happens that no rain falls for two years, and the whole population is under half a million. Out of a revenue of £120,000 per annum, he supports a standing army of 5000 men, at the head of which is an Englishman. An introduction to the khan took place, but we hasten onward with the travellers to Ferozepore, a small cheerful town of brick, situated on an eminence two miles from the Sutledge. The delight of Von Orlich at reaching the British camp was clouded by the loss of two of his fellow-travellers, who fell victims to the disastrous climate of India. Soon afterwards the commander-in-chief, Sir Jasper Nicolls, entered the camp with an immense retinue of 80 elephants, 300 camels, 136 draught oxen, and above 1000 servants, and this did not include all the domestics

and animals required for the service of himself and his suite. The retinue of Lord Ellenborough, the governor-general, was still more superb: 700 camels and 120 elephants swelled his train.

It was in the neighbourhood of this place that the mountain-chain of the Himalaya first rose before him. 'The impression,' he says, 'produced by these snow-clad masses, appearing to cleave the clouds, and surrounded by the life of the tropics, is quite indescribable. Vainly does man seek for language to express the sensations which the scene produces in his soul; they are thoughts of its deepest recesses, and no words can depict them.' The following description of another natural object is so well expressed that we give it in his own words:—'The setting sun is an object of unceasing wonder and admiration to us; perhaps in no other country in the world does it diffuse such an indescribable magic and such splendour of colouring over the firmament as in India. This effect is most beautiful and diversified when light clouds traverse the deep blue sky; for as soon as the sun begins to decline, the beams become fainter and fainter, while the sky in the west is covered with a sea of liquid gold, which glows in ever-varying colours, sometimes changing into purple, then again to crimson and violet, or shaming in all the beautiful tints of the rainbow. The little clouds beam like rubies, and the east glitters in a roseate hue from the reflection of the evening red, above which the snowy masses of the Himalaya rise in silver light.'

He had not been long in Ferozepore before he witnessed the intensely interesting spectacle of the entry of the army on their return from their victories in Afghanistan. Brigade after brigade crossed the Sutledge with all the paraphernalia of oriental warfare, until 53,000 soldiers and 100,000 servants swelled the camp. Along with them came the adventurous Lady Sale and the gates of Somnauth, which in consequence of the governor-general's proclamation enjoyed for a time to much notoriety. They were of sandal wood, very skillfully carved with stars and arabesques, and bordered with Kufic characters. They were received by the Hindoos with every demonstration of respect; one of the rajahs sent a guard to take charge of them; and Brahmins strewed flowers upon them daily. The period of their construction is believed to be very remote—probably a thousand years ago. The temple, which stood in Guzerat, was considered the holiest in India, and it was frequented on special occasions by from 200,000 to 300,000 pilgrims. Though distant from the Ganges above a thousand miles, the idol was supplied twice a-day with water from that river. The temple is said to have been a magnificent stone building, its lofty roof resting on fifty-six intricately carved pillars set with precious gems. The idol Somnauth, a stone figure five yards in length, two being sunk in the ground, was placed in the centre of the hall. More than eight hundred years since, when Mahmood sacked the temple, the idol was broken into four fragments, two of which were sent to Mecca and Medina, the other two were forwarded to the iconoclast's capital, in order that one might be laid at the threshold of the principal mosque, and the other at the gate of his own residence. These identical fragments are still to be seen at Ghumna. The gates were also carried to Ghuzni, and after Mahmood's death they stood at the entrance to his tomb. It is stated to be a well-attested fact, that when the idol was in the act of being demolished, large offers of gold were made by the Brahmins to the king, if he would desist from his sacrilegious work. The monarch's attendants advised him to accept the proffered gold, but the king insisted on proceeding with the destruction of the image, saying that, if he took the money, his name would go down to posterity as 'Mahmood the idol-seller,' whereas, it was his ambition to be known as 'Mahmood the idol-destroyer.' The soldiers renewed their attacks, and the first blow laid the body of the statue open, and in the hollow interior, a large quantity of jewels, far more valuable than the bribe offered by the priests, was discovered.

During the festivities that followed the meeting of the

governor-general and the army, negotiations with the powerful court of Lahore were going on. Some misunderstanding had sprung up between the two governments; principally in consequence of the alarm felt by Shere Singh at the near neighbourhood to his capital of such an immense army. At last an embassy extraordinary, headed by Heera Singh, the son of the rajah's imperious prime-minister, arrived at Ferozepore, bringing valuable presents, and announcing the approach of the maharajah's son and the prime-minister himself. All these persons were present at a grand review of the troops; and Von Orlich speaks in animated terms of Dheean Singh's appearance. He wore a blue silk vest over a shirt of mail, with a silver cuirass outside; light-brown trousers fitting tightly, and red shoes embroidered with gold. He had a silver helmet, round which were twisted pearls and shawls of blue and yellow silk that floated behind his shoulder, and was surmounted by a feather fastened by an agraffe of rubies, which gave him an air of haughtiness. It was easy to fancy that one of the heroes of antiquity was there, when this, the handsomest man of his nation, was seen borne by his horse at full speed, with a staff in one hand, a gold bridle in the other, and a panther's skin under him. The attendants were habited in a similar style of picturesque magnificence, and when they had all entered the tent of the queen's representative, the imagination was carried by the gorgeous spectacle far back into remote times; it seemed as if warriors who had fought under the banner of Porus had once more come to life. The review was another splendid affair. A line of a hundred elephants was ranged in front of the troops, on which groups of English ladies and noble Indians were seated; whilst many other Hindoos of rank were mounted on horseback. Amongst these was Hindoo Row, an abdicated prince, who, upon seeing the blushing honours of many around him, could not help observing, 'Not long since, I also was of consequence; a few years more, and these men who are now moving in splendour and distinction, will be as I am; but so must it be—the progress of civilization requires it.'

In acknowledgment of the maharajah's courtesy in sending these distinguished persons to the governor-general, a special embassy, of which Captain Von Orlich had the honour to be a member, was dispatched to Lahore, the most brilliant of the existing courts of India. The city is close by the river Ravee, and contains about 80,000 inhabitants. It is eight miles in circumference, and is guarded by bastions and a wide moat. The streets are narrow and dirty, but some of the buildings are splendid. They were hospitably received by Shere Singh; the whole embassy and attendants, amounting to 5000 persons, being his guests. The palace, called Hasuree Bagh, was once the residence of the Mogul dynasty. It occupies a vast extent of ground, with its gardens, quadrangles, and minarets. Every where in India, the tombs erected to the memory of the dead are amongst the finest pieces of architecture. The wish to be honourably remembered by posterity amounts among those children of the sun to a positive passion; and in gratifying it they seem wholly to neglect the duties of the present. The Moslems erect enormous mausoleums and caravanseras; the Hindoo endeavours to enshrine his memory in pagodas and tanks; in short, the greater part of a whole life is often employed in trying to transmit to an after time a name which would otherwise have been lost in the dust of oblivion. At Lahore there is a colossal mausoleum, where the remains of the Hand of the World (the Emperor Jehangir) and the Light of the Earth (the Empress Nourjehan) repose, not a whit more peacefully than if a less heavy load had pressed upon them. This mausoleum is called Shah Dura, and it is almost entirely in ruins. When Von Orlich was there, he found that the brother of Dost Mahomet and a party of Afghans had taken possession of one portion, and used it as a residence.

The members of the embassy were entertained on the most splendid scale by the maharajah, at both his winter and summer palaces. Festivities by night reminded the

spectators, by the flowers, fountains, marbles, and silken draperies, all brilliantly illuminated by lamps, of the fairy scenes described in the Arabian Tales. He displayed his treasures to their wondering eyes, and amongst his jewels they beheld the Mountain of Light, one of the largest diamonds in the world, which was once set in the peacock throne of the Mogul emperors at Delhi. It is about the size of a walnut, not quite faultless, since there is a slight dent on one side, but valued with the two other diamonds in the same armlet, at £500,000. The Shere Singh's troops amount to upwards of 60,000 men, under the command of English and French officers, but the discipline is very bad, in consequence of a want of uniformity in the tactics in which the men are trained. As to the officers, each man dresses to suit his own taste, and to the eye of a regular soldier the variety of costume presents a strange medley. On setting out for Ferozepore, the guests received many estimable gifts. Very soon after his return, Captain Von Orlich left for Delhi, travelling through the sheik states, which are about 14,000 square miles in extent, and governed by one hundred and fifty rajahs and sirdars, most of whom are independent. He travelled for some time in full view of the majestic Himalaya Mountains, six of whose peaks are above 20,000 feet in height. The Jumotri peak was particularly remarkable. The Hindoos are accustomed to go on pilgrimage to it; and, of course, all who persevere in their attempts to reach the summit perish of cold and hunger. The Brahmins, however, affirm, that whoever undertakes a journey thither, is led by the gods into the paradise beyond; and if any one ventures to return, he is looked upon as a reprobate, and loses his caste. An artful Hindoo, who had led a life of immorality, adopted this trick to free himself from his infamy, and gain a reputation for sanctity. He bade his wife and children farewell, received the blessings of the Brahmins, by some of whom he was accompanied a short way on his pilgrimage, and commenced the ascent of the sacred mountain. Not many days elapsed before the Brahmins saw him again, and, full of wrath, they inquired how he dared to return. 'I went on my way,' said he, 'and was ready to be led into paradise, when behold, the Almighty appeared, and commanded me not to fulfil my purpose. I was to announce his decree to the Brahmins, and they would take the will for the deed.' The priests were thus completely foiled, and the deceitful pilgrim obtained his object.

THE LITTLE BOY'S PURCHASE.

The following very interesting anecdote of the Rev. Dr Vaughan of London, was told by himself, at the conclusion of a lecture on Persia, which he recently delivered at Stepney:—'May I be allowed,' said the rev. gentleman, 'to make a few observations relating to myself. I will remember when I was very young, possessing for the first time a guinea. I remember, too, that this circumstance cost me no little perplexity and anxiety; as I passed along the streets, the fear of losing my guinea induced me frequently to take it out of my pocket to look at it; first I put it in one pocket, and then I took it out and put it in another—after a while I took it out of the second pocket and placed it in another, really perplexed what to do with it. At length my attention was arrested by a book auction. I stepped in, and looked about me. First one lot was put up, and then another, and sold to the highest bidder. At last I ventured to the table, just as the auctioneer was putting up the 'History of the World,' in two large folio volumes. I instantly thrust my hand into my pocket, and began turning over my guinea, considering all the while whether I had money enough to buy this lot. The biddings proceeded; at last I ventured to bid too. 'Hallo, my little man,' said the auctioneer, 'what, not content with less than the world!' This remark greatly confused me, and drew the attention of the whole company toward me, who, seeing me anxious to possess the books, refrained from bidding against me, and so 'the world' was knocked down to me at a very moderate price. How

to get these huge books home was the next consideration. The auctioneer offered to send them; but I not knowing what sort of creatures auctioneers were, determined to take them myself—so after the assistant had tied them up, I marched out of the room with these huge books upon my shoulder, like Samson with the gates of Gaza, amidst the smiles of all present. When I reached my home, after the servant had opened the door, the first person I met was my now sainted mother. 'My dear boy,' said she, 'what have you got there? I thought you would not keep your guinea long.' 'Do not be angry, mother,' said I, throwing them down upon the table, 'I have bought the world for nine shillings.' This was on Saturday, and I well remember sitting up till it was well nigh midnight, turning over this History of the World. These books became my delight, and were carefully read through and through. As I grew older, I at length became a Christian, and my love of books naturally led me to desire to be a Christian minister. To the possession of these books I attribute, in a great measure, any honours in connexion with literature that have been added to my name. I have not mentioned this anecdote,' said the rev. gentleman, 'to gratify any foolish feeling, but to encourage in those young persons I see before me, that love of literature which has afforded me such unspeakable pleasure—pleasure which I would not have been without for all the riches of the Indies.'

THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS.*

As fables tell, an Indian sage,
The Hindostani woods among,
Could, in his desert hermitage,
As if 'twere mark'd in written page,
Translate the wild bird's song.
I wish I did his power possess,
That I might learn, fleet bird, from thee,
What our vain systems only guess,
And know from what wide wilderness
You came across the sea.

The migration of the feathered race has occupied much attention, and afforded subject for many interesting inquiries, from a very early period. Nor is the topic exhausted; numerous important facts still remain unexplained; and a vast field for observation still presents itself to scientific research.

Birds migrate northwards and southwards; so that there is in our latitudes at least a periodical ebb and tide of spring and winter visitors. The former gradually work their way, as the season advances, from the warm regions of the south, where they have enjoyed food and sunshine, and have escaped the rigours of our winter, and arrive here to cheer us with their songs, and to make our summer months still more delightful. The latter, being inhabitants of the arctic circle, and finding in the forests and morasses of that region a sufficient supply of food in summer, are only led to quit their homes when the early winter begins to bind up the lakes and the surface of the earth, and to deprive them of sustenance. It is then that they seek our milder shores; and, accordingly, at the season when our summer visitors are leaving us to proceed on their journey southwards, these songless inhabitants of the north arrive to take their places, and to feed on such winter fruits and berries, and such insects and aquatic plants, as are denied to their own inhospitable climate. These visitors, though mute, are of no mean value; for many of them are esteemed as delicate food; and, in consequence, the redwing, fieldfare, woodcock, snipe, widgeon, &c., are wont to receive homage and admiration from those who could listen to the sweet warblings of the nightingale or the tender cooings of the turtle-dove with perfect indifference.

The visits of these birds, as well as of those from the south, depend greatly on the state of the weather, which appears to hasten or retard their flight as the season may be. Thus, we often find that a few of our summer birds leave the main body, and arrive sooner than the rest,

while the others have been kept back by a sudden return of unfavourable weather, according to the adage, 'One swallow does not make a summer.' It is a singular fact, that the early comers are male birds, arriving, as it would seem, in search of a fit spot to which to introduce their mates. The bird-catchers are aware of this, and prepare their traps accordingly, so that nightingales and other singing birds are often snared on their first arrival, and spend the short remainder of their lives in captivity. Many birds return not only to the same country, but to the very spot they left in the preceding season, a fact which has been ascertained by catching and marking some of them, while other birds do not confine themselves to a particular country, but range from one to another, as circumstances may dictate.

It has been observed that certain migratory birds do not leave their summer abode, unless the winter is to be one of unusual severity. This fact is surprising, and the question, 'By what means is the bird instructed as to the coming season?' naturally presents itself to the mind, but still remains unanswered. What their instinctive knowledge is, and whether they have any power of reflecting on the phenomena by which they are surrounded, will ever probably be a mystery to us; but we may trace in this, as in numberless other instances, the care and wise management of a superintending Providence, by which creatures small and insignificant in the scale of creation are led to choose the climate most favourable to them, and to hasten towards another region just at the period when a longer tarry in the one they inhabit would be fatal to them.

'Where the northern ocean, in vast whirls,
Boils round the naked melancholy isles
Of furthest Thule, and the Atlantic surge
Pours in among the stormy Hebrides,
Who can recount what transmigrations there
Are annual made? what nations come and go?
And how the living clouds on clouds arise?
Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air
And rude resounding shore are one wild cry.'

Most birds perform their migrations during the night; but there are some that travel only by day, and others that stop not either by night or by day. Among the first are the owl, blackbird, &c., and a great number of aquatic birds; among those that travel by day, are the crow, pie, titmouse, wren, woodpecker, chaffinch, goldfinch, lark, swallow, and some others; and of those which do not intermit their flight are the heron, wagtail, yellow-hammer, stork, crane, plover, swan, and wild goose. These choose a bright moonlight season in which to set out on their journey.

The flight of birds has been estimated from fifty to a hundred and fifty miles an hour, though some heavy birds scarcely exceed thirty miles an hour. Bishop Stanley mentions, in his 'Familiar History of Birds,' an easy way by which the flight of birds may be determined with tolerable accuracy. Supposing any bird—a partridge, for instance—should rise from the middle of the stubble, and fly a straight line over a hedge, all the observer has to do is to note by the second's hand of a watch the number of seconds between the bird's rising and that of its topping the hedge; and then ascertain the distance between the point from whence it rose and the hedge, by stepping and counting the number of paces; when, supposing each pace to be a yard, we have a common rule of three sum. Thus, if a partridge in three seconds flies one hundred yards, how many yards will it fly in 3600 seconds, or one hour?

Another method of ascertaining the flight of birds is by carrier-pigeons. The same author tells us of a recent instance, in which fifty-six of these birds were brought over from Holland, and set at liberty in London. They were turned out at half-past four o'clock in the morning, and all reached their dove-cots at home by noon; but one favourite pigeon, called 'Napoleon,' arrived about a quarter before ten o'clock, having performed the distance of three hundred miles at the rate of above fifty miles an hour, supposing he lost not a moment and proceeded in a straight line; but, as they usually wheel about in the air for some time before they start, the first bird must have flown, most likely, at a still quicker rate.

* From 'Chronicles of the Seasons.' London: J. W. Parker.

It is probable that most birds perform their journey to distant countries by stages of a few hours' flight, resting and recruiting their strength in convenient situations. We need not suppose them often to cross the wide expanse of the ocean, but take it at its narrowest portions, as the channel between France and England, the Mediterranean, &c., and so pursuing their way across the continent. Their power of remaining on the wing does not excite so much surprise as do the motives which lead them to undertake such distant flights, and the instinct which guides them so unerringly in their aerial course; for though we have named the deficiency of food as one of the probable causes of migration, this does not apply in many cases; and we are more and more at a loss to account for the facts relating to several species of the feathered race.

Of all migrating birds the cranes may perhaps be considered the most remarkable. They seem to be most endowed with foresight, and have every appearance of consultation and regular preparation for the time of their departure. They utter peculiar cries several days before, and assemble with much noise and bustle. They then form themselves into two lines, making an angle, at the vortex of which one of their number, who is looked upon as the general director of their proceedings, takes his place. The office of the leader seems to be to exercise authority and issue orders to the whole party, to guide them in inclement weather in their circling flight, to give the signal for their descent, feeding, &c. Piercing cries are heard, as if commanding and answering to the command. If the leader grows tired, his place is taken by the bird next him, while he retires to the end of the line; and thus their orderly flight is accomplished.

In order that birds may fly with ease and continue long on the wing, they must fly against the wind; and patiently do they wait for a favourable time in this respect. The sudden change of the wind will sometimes cause numbers of quails, which are heavy in their flight, to be drowned in crossing the Mediterranean Sea. Yet there are certain seafaring birds so wonderfully endowed as to remain almost continually on the wing, and which are often found at the distance of more than a thousand miles from land. The gigantic albatross is one of these, with its enormous expanse of wing, measuring fourteen feet, or even more, from tip to tip. But the bird which surpasses all others in its power of flight is the frigate-bird, which seldom visits the land except at the breeding season, and is never seen to swim or rest upon the waters. With such an instance of adaptation to the regions of the air, we need no longer wonder at the power by which our birds are enabled to remain so long on the wing as to perform their periodical migration to other lands.

It has been observed that the least willow-wren and the stone-curlew generally appear amongst us during the last week in March; while the following birds are not often with us till from about the 14th to the 20th of April; the nightingale, blackcap, chimney-swallow, red-start, yellow willow-wren, grasshopper-lark, martlet, and pied fly-catcher. At the end of April and the beginning of May are seen the lesser reed-sparrow, cuckoo, sand-martin, great willow-wren, spotted fly-catcher, black-martin, and landrail; while about the middle of May, the swift and goat-sucker, or fern-owl, usually join the throng.

'Ye tell us a tale of the beautiful earth,
Birds that o'er sweep it in power and mirth;
Yet, through the wastes of the trackless air,
Ye have a guide; and shall we despair?
Ye over desert and deep have pass'd:
So shall we reach our bright home at last.'

THE TRUTH BLESSED.

AN INSTRUCTIVE AND REAL INCIDENT.

SOME years ago a clergyman, connected with the United Secession Church, left London, early in the morning, for Scotland. As the day dawned, he found himself sitting opposite to Mr —, an excellent Independent clergyman, and a successful labourer in the Christian vineyard. On

you preach lately in the Tabernacle in London.' 'I have preached frequently in that place,' replied Mr —, 'and feel much interest in it; and that interest was greatly increased by an incident which occurred to myself some time ago. On the occasion to which I refer, I had preached on the Sabbath, and next morning set out to take a walk, without having any particular object in view. I met a gentleman, who looked very earnestly at me, and, accosting me by name, asked me if I had no objections to walk with him? Though surprised at such a request from a total stranger, I consented, and he led me towards the west end of the city. By and by we arrived in front of an elegant mansion, before which the gentleman stopped and said—'Sir, that is my dwelling; I will be very glad if you will step in and rest yourself.' I consented, and he led me into a room beautifully furnished. After resting a short time, he said, 'Would you like to see through my house, sir?' Amazed at such a question, I replied that I should be glad to see it. He led me over the whole dwelling, showed me everything it contained; and I found it to be furnished in every part in the first style of elegance. When we returned to the parlour, the gentleman said, 'I have no doubt that you are not a little surprised at my conduct.' 'I confess I am,' replied I; when the gentleman, with deep emotion, answered—'Sir, I owe all, under God, which you have seen, to you.' I was still more surprised, and asked how that could be? when he gave me the following narrative:—'I am a Scotchman, and came up to London, many years ago, a journeyman cabinetmaker. I had been religiously educated, and for some time conducted myself with propriety, and maintained my wife and family comfortably. By and by I became careless; neglected my Bible and the house of God. I lost my situation, and wandered long in idleness about the streets. One piece of furniture after another went away to support us, till we had not a stool to sit upon. We were driven into a miserable cellar, without a bed to lie down on. My wife and children were starving. I became desperate, and resolved to throw myself into the Thames. I hurried out to effect my purpose. On my way I saw a number of people going in one direction, and wondered where, so early in the morning, they could be going. I stopped and resolved to go along with them, thinking I would have an opportunity afterwards of effecting my purpose. The people entered the Tabernacle; I followed, and took my place among them. You, sir, preached on the words—'When the poor and needy seek water and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I, the Lord, will hear them—I, the God of Israel, will not forsake them;' and at the close of your discourse, you appealed to the audience if any of them had ever proved God either for this life, for spiritual consolation, or for the life that is to come. My conscience was smitten, and I said—'I have never done so for one of these things;' and I resolved on the spot that I would begin that very day. I hurried home, found my wife sitting upon a stone, and my children crying for bread. After a moment's pause, I said to her, 'Have you any objections to our reading a portion of the Bible?' She looked at me with surprise, and answered, 'None.' We sought for a Bible, but found only a few tattered leaves—on those we read. I then said, 'Suppose we kneel down and pray.' My wife burst into tears. I had touched a chord that brought other days to her remembrance. We all knelt down and prayed. All that day we tasted no food. Next morning a letter came from an old shopmate, stating that he heard I had been out of work, enclosing a guinea-note, and informing me of a master whom he understood wanted workmen. I applied, and was engaged. There were three brothers in partnership. First one died, then another, the third took me into partnership, and what you have seen is the result.' 'Well, I see you have got the streams of temporal comfort.' 'Ah, but, sir, I have got more—I have got the streams of spiritual consolation, and I live in the hope—I trust well-founded—of drinking of the streams of eternal joy, which flow from the throne

THE LIGHT FROM HEAVEN.

It is only when illumined by a light from heaven that the mind of man expands into its full energies. The natural impulses of powerful intellect, bold fancy, energetic purpose, and high and aspiring achievements, will carry him onwards in the career of improvement; but unless they are guided and encouraged, and directed to nobler aims and higher aspirations than it would ever enter into the heart of man to conceive, all would finally crumble into dust, and pass away into baseless visions. Every thing that we can call great and beautiful and fair and humanizing on earth, has been achieved by this favoured family of mankind. Who has scanned the firmament and dived into the immensity of space, unravelling the intricate laws which uphold the planetary orbs, imparting to our minds wonderful conceptions of the starry host of heaven? Who fearlessly launched the strong-built bark to circumnavigate the globe, and made us acquainted with every nation, kindred, and tongue? Who has explored the wonders of the earth, the sea, and air, and detailed the curious history and mechanism of the innumerable forms with which the elements teem? Who has dived into the mysteries of thought, and explained the operations of the impalpable mind? Who has sung us songs to elevate the soul and raise the feelings above the gross realities of earth? Who has caught the images of external beauty and fixed them for our admiration on glowing canvass, or moulded them in durable marble? Who has raised our monumental domes and temples in which the living and true God receives unpolluted worship? All have been the achievements of the white man, under the guidance of Providence. Yet, in a population exceeding nine hundred millions, the proportion of this race, even at the present time, does not nearly amount to one-half. It is singular to think to what a partial spot of earth, and to what a handful of human beings, the first seeds of sacred knowledge were confided, and with what rapid pace the tide of emigration must, in the mean time, have been flowing over the dark and unknown regions of the earth, peopling them with beings who were sinking, as rapidly as their numbers multiplied, into the lowest stages of barbarism. After the introduction of a more perfect and distinct revelation, it is no less singular to think of the many centuries of ignorance, and turbulence, and crime, ere the benign influence of its precepts and the renovating and spiritual nature of its doctrines began to operate to any extent on the human race. We can only account for such circumstances by reflecting that a few centuries, or even thousands of years, are as a day compared to infinitude, and that such periods, long and dreary as they may appear to the eye of the isolated and fugitive mortal, are not a single hour longer than what was requisite to consummate the mighty schemes of Omnipotence.—*North British Review.*

HUMILITY.

An humble man is like a good tree; the more full of fruit the branches are, the lower they bend themselves.

THE SCOTTISH THISTLE.

This ancient emblem of our country, with its motto, '*Nemo me impune lacessit*,' is represented of various species on royal bearings, coins, and coats of armour, so that there is some difficulty in saying which is the genuine original thistle. The origin of the national badge itself is thus handed down by tradition:—When the Danes invaded Scotland it was deemed unwelcome to attack an enemy in the pitch darkness of night instead of a pitched battle by day; but on one occasion the invaders resolved to avail themselves of this stratagem; and in order to prevent their tramp from being heard, they marched barefooted. They had thus neared the Scottish force unobserved, when a Dane unluckily stepped with his naked foot upon a superb prickly thistle, and instinctively uttered a cry of pain, which discovered the assault to the Scots, who ran to their arms, and defeated the foe with a terrible slaughter. The thistle was immediately adopted as the insignia of Scotland.

OUR LOST TIME.

Lost wealth may be restored by industry, the wreck of health regained by temperance, forgotten knowledge restored by study, alienated friendship smoothed into forgetfulness, even forfeited reputation may be won back by penitence and virtue—but who ever again looked upon his vanished hours, recalled his slighted years, stamped them with wisdom, or effaced from Heaven's record the fearful blot of wasted time?—*Mrs Sigourney.*

THE DREAM.

Oh! dinna hang your head, love,
Nor look sae sad and wae;
Dry up the saut, saut tears, love,
And dinna mourn sae.

Our twa wee bairns, I trow, love,
Are in a fairer land;
'Mang the starnies far abune, love,
They swell the choral band.

I dream'd a dream yestreen, love,
And oh! but it was sweet—
The very joys o't yet, love,
Are like to gar me greet:

Heaven methought I saw, love,
Wi' its siller-tassell'd flowers,
And streamlets winding clear, love,
Through gowden blossom'd bowers;

And there I saw our ain, love,
Although nae langer ours,
Wi'ither bairnies wee, love,
Amang the blooming flowers.

And happy were they a', love,
And bonnie did they sing—
Far sweeter than the bird, love,
That wakes our fleeting spring.

As hand in hand they gaed, love,
They spied baith you and me;
Syne, like twa little doos, love,
Right kindly flew to thee;

And laid their gowden harps, love,
Wi' floweries at your feet,
And kiss'd baith thee and me, love,
And smiled upon us sweet.

They took your hands in theirs, love,
That noo were bricht and fair,
And bade ye weep nae mair, love,
But banish a' your care.

Syne led us through their land, love,
To glad our hearts awile;
And, oh, how blithe was I, love,
When I could see thee smile!

But the dream it pass'd awa', love,
Like music's dying swell,
As they kiss'd us baith, and bade us, love,
A tender 'fare-ye-well.'

Yet though the grass wae green, love,
Abune their fading clay,
They live in heaven far, love,
And we'll be yet as they.

Then dinna hang your head, love,
Nor look sae sad and wae;
Dry up the saut, saut tears, love,
This life is but a day.

And when its eve shall close, love,
We'll meet the happy pair,
In yon land o' bliss and pece, love,
That never kent a cure.

PHOSPHORUS IN POTATOES.

Lichtenberg tells us, that an officer on guard, at Strsburg, on 7th January, 1825, passing the barrack-room, was alarmed at seeing a light there, which, being strictly forbidden, occasioned a suspicion of fire. On entering the apartment, he found the soldiers sitting up in bed, admiring and reading by a beautiful light, which proceeded from potatoes in a state of incipient putrefaction.—*Jam. Ed. Ph. Journ.*

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FRANKNESS AND RESERVE.

To strike a proper medium between imprudent openness of communication and forbidding reserve, is an attainment which will be found of no small consequence in our progress through life. While an open ingenuous disposition is naturally most attractive, it is; when carried to an extreme, attended with many serious evils; and, on the other hand, while a person characterized by great caution in his conversation avoids the foolish disclosures of the former, he is in danger, if he maintain too close a reserve, of thereby repelling the friendly feelings which depend on mutual knowledge, and consequent sympathy. But before attempting to point out the course to be pursued in order to steer clear of both these extremes, it may be as well to delineate a few varieties in each class; for while the general effect may be the same, the causes which lead to it are often very different.

There are first, then, the constitutionally reserved—those whose natural disposition it is to withdraw, like the snail, within its shell, from the gaze of the multitude, the tendency of their minds being to restrain the outward expression of their views and feelings.

Then there are the reserved from considerations suggested by prudence. Having frequently seen mischievous consequences flowing from making those with whom we come in contact the repositories of our information, they put a guard upon their lips, lest they should be led, by too great freedom of intercourse, into some awkward and unpleasant predicament. However necessary prudence in this respect may be, persons of this class sometimes carry their caution to a ridiculous extent. So guarded is their correspondence with all around them, that one would imagine they believed themselves surrounded by persons resembling the emissaries of the famous or rather infamous Fouché, ready to seize on every word and drag them into judgment on account of it. Such persons seem to move in an atmosphere of mystery; they scarcely know what they do themselves, far less how others are engaged. A decided remark upon character or events never falls from their lips; the farthest length they are ever known to go, and even that is a stretch, is to mention that they had heard so and so—however, it was but a rumour, merely a floating report, as likely to be false as true. With such persons, the reply 'I don't know,' is an impenetrable ægis, repelling every curious inquiry. To judge from their conversation, they turn the contingency of the past into certainty, and adopt as their motto, 'Since ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.'

A third class we find characterized by dignified re-

serve. A number of those little incidents and events which possess interest in the estimation of others, are passed over by them as unworthy of notice; they look with a feeling bordering on contempt upon the trifles which, judging from the conversation in vogue, seem to occupy the attention of others. Their taste becomes gradually more fastidious, and as they find it impossible to introduce important and serious subjects at every season, and in all companies, the consequence is, that they learn to retire into the sanctuary of their own thoughts for entertainment.

Then, again, there are the consequentially reserved. The reserve of this class is to be understood with limitations; it rather consists in the withholding sources of information than of the information itself. To say, 'I read so and so in the newspapers,' or 'such a person told me this,' would in their estimation be an unpardonable lowering of their consequence. Such phrases as 'I understand,' or 'I am told,' convey a far grander and more indefinite idea to their hearers, of their knowledge of men and things.

Reserve, however, may very often proceed from principle—from a rigid determination to say nothing but what is well authenticated, and which will not prove injurious to the character of any one; and although such a determination shuts up numerous subjects respecting which perfect freedom of intercourse may be enjoyed, it also prevents the person acting upon it from indulging in that kind of conversation in which it is most dangerous to throw off reserve.

The causes leading to freedom of communication are as various as those leading to the opposite. There is a constitutional frankness, as well as a constitutional reserve—with some it is as natural to communicate as it is with others to refrain from communicating. The first of this class may be denominated the benevolently frank. These take a philanthropic pleasure in entertaining and interesting those with whom they meet, and, in order to effect this end, they make all the stock of information which they themselves possess a common good, transferable at any time for the public benefit. Such persons most assiduously set themselves to minister to the gratification of their companions. If the reply to the question, 'Have you heard so and so?' be in the negative, they with the utmost delight proceed to give a full, true, and particular account of the whole matter, thinking themselves abundantly recompensed for their trouble by the pleasure which they thus confer.

As there are the consequentially reserved, so there are also the consequentially unreserved. If you intrust a secret to one of the latter, depend upon it, it will not long

remain so. The pleasure of showing that he has been thus distinguished from the multitude, overpowers a sense of honour, and the secret is communicated to a third person, accompanied with strict injunctions that it should go no farther, conveyed, perhaps, in such terms as the following:—'Now, I expect this won't go beyond these walls, and I tell it you knowing that it will be perfectly safe.' As example is always better than precept, it will readily be conceived, that however conclusive this reasoning may be to its author, it will not exert a very great influence on the person whose conduct it is intended to sway.

Another grade of this class are those individuals who speak freely of themselves, their opinions, their doings, their acquirements; but all this is done from motives of vanity, in order to place themselves in as favourable a light as possible.

These various causes of the two dispositions which form the subject of this paper, although distinct in theory, are generally found blended more or less together in actual life, sometimes one preponderating and sometimes another. In regard to whether it is best to cultivate the one or the other, it will be found that the path of safety lies in the middle, the extremes on either side being dangerous.

The person who invariably keeps his sentiments and opinions, joys and sorrows, to himself, will soon find himself as isolated from the sympathy of his fellow-creatures as Robinson Crusoe was in his desert island, having placed himself voluntarily in that forlorn situation, to which Defoe's hero was forced by adverse circumstances. He thus deprives himself of that interchange of feeling which enhances the joy of prosperity, and soothes and sustains the mind in adversity; for the Creator has appointed the disclosure of our feelings to those who can sympathize with them, as a kind of safety-valve, in those times of extreme emotion when the heart would break if not thus relieved.

While an individual of a too reserved character thus deprives himself of the benefit and happiness arising from social interchange of feeling, one of a completely opposite character is thereby exposed to evils which, though of a different nature, are by no means less to be avoided. Such a person often errs with regard to those whom he makes his confidants—newly formed friends, casual acquaintances, or even perfect strangers, receive communications fit only for the ear of intimate friends, on whose prudence reliance may be placed. Certainly, none need feel themselves distinguished by the confidence of such persons, which is freely bestowed on any with whom they may happen to come in contact. Those of this character err also in regard to the subjects on which they speak. Details respecting personal and family matters, which a right thinking and prudent person would shrink from allowing to pass beyond the circle in which they occurred, are made known to those whose only interest in them is the gratification of their curiosity, and being furnished with the means of communicating to others what was so thoughtlessly made known to them. And it were comparatively well if an individual of this disposition restricted himself to his own affairs; but it seldom happens that this is the case. He who exposes his own concerns to the public is not likely to be very chary about those of others, and rash judgments in regard to character, and exaggerated or ill-authenticated reports of matters are thrown about, as if the individual were utterly careless of the injuries which giving currency to such statements may inflict on those who are the subjects of them. Many have had great reason to repent of such unreserved and imprudent, not to say sinful communications.

But it may be said here, that it is far easier to see the evils on both sides, than to hit the exact medium between unsociableness on the one hand and imprudence on the other. So it is; but still to reach this is a point of some importance in the minor morals of life, and it is worth while to make an effort to do so.

To gain this object we should use discrimination, both in regard to whom we speak, and what we speak about.

In reference to the first of these, our communications, especially in as far as they relate to personal feelings or history, should grow more and more reserved as the circle widens, for there are many things which it would be quite proper for an individual to speak freely of in his own family, which it would be manifestly imprudent to talk of in the same manner to mere acquaintances or strangers; for while in the one case such openness tends to strengthen affection, in the other it may only furnish an aliment to the curious, or, as sometimes happens, weapons to the designing.

In regard to what we speak of, we should be careful to say nothing, either directly or indirectly, for the mere purpose of showing off ourselves, our amiable character, our knowledge, our connexions, and the like; and if we are tempted to introduce subjects for any such purpose, we should immediately check ourselves, remembering the counsel of the wise man—'Let another praise thee, and not thine own lips.'

Again, in all our communications, we ought to have a strict regard to character; putting out of view altogether worse motive, we ought never, for the mere purpose of having something interesting to say, thoughtlessly make statements injurious to the character of others. On the other hand, we ought to avoid making a mystery of trifles, and of those things, the communication of which, while it may gratify others, can neither injure ourselves nor them.

Free and unreserved communication of thought and feeling, is at once the cement and charm of domestic life; but there are a vast variety of topics of general interest, which may furnish us with subjects of both useful and interesting conversation, in the other circles in which we may move, and thus preserve inviolable those matters, the publishing of which often manifests both imprudence and vanity.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

IF among the many distinguished men of whom Ireland is so justly proud, we were called upon to point out the individual who exhibited the most prominent features of the national character, we would name John Philpot Curran. Ireland has produced many men of a more lofty and commanding genius—many who have exerted a more powerful influence on her destinies than Curran; but perhaps she has never possessed a more ardent and consistent patriot, or one who enjoyed in a greater degree the esteem and affection of his countrymen. Thoroughly national in all his sympathies, his public life was devoted with unvarying consistency to the elevation and prosperity of his country. His professional exertions and extraordinary firmness in defending the liberties of the subject, at a time when such defence endangered his reputation and personal safety; and his regard for the institutions and character of his countrymen, tended to produce that enthusiastic attachment to him which will perpetuate his name around the hearths of the Irish people, long after the high-sounding titles of his more ambitious rivals have been forgotten.

Mr Curran was born on the 24th July, 1750, at Newmarket, a small town in the south of Ireland. His parents were humble but respectable; and their principal anxiety was to give their son the advantages of a learned education. His father, James Curran, possessed an original and inquiring mind, which he had cultivated with care and success.

The powers which Curran evinced when a boy, induced the Rev. Nathaniel Boyse, resident clergyman at Newmarket, to receive him into his house, where he acquired the rudiments of a classical education. He made rapid progress under his kind friend, who became daily more interested in the advancement of his pupil. Mr Curran's parents being desirous that he should be brought forward for the church, he was shortly afterwards transferred to the free-school of Middleton, preparatory to commencing his studies at Trinity College, Dublin. The unsolicited

and kind assistance of Mr Boyse was amply repaid by the brilliant success of his pupil, to which he had no doubt mainly contributed.

He entered Trinity College in 1769, and applied himself to his various duties with the utmost zeal. The classics were his favourite study. His poetical taste and fervid imagination made him relish intensely the works of Virgil and Horace; but along with these lighter studies, those of a more important kind were not neglected. The year after he entered Trinity, Mr Curran abandoned the intention of becoming a clergyman, and selected the bar as the field for his future exertions. His extraordinary vivacity and social qualifications had already gained him many friends. He was very improvident; and the small quarterly remittances from Newmarket were generally squandered in a few days, leaving him in a state of great privation; but he possessed such an inexhaustible fund of humour and patience under these circumstances, that he never failed to amuse his friends by ludicrous representations of his pecuniary expedients and troubles. The resolution which he formed to adopt the legal profession was not approved of by his family; his mother, even when he had attained the highest honours of the profession, lamented 'what a preacher had been lost when John resolved to be a lawyer;' and when her friends consoled her by observing that she had lived to see her child one of the judges of the land, she would reply—'Don't speak to me of judges. John was fit for any thing; and had he but followed our advice, it might hereafter be written upon my tomb that I had died the mother of a bishop.' There is no doubt that it was fortunate for the fame of Mr Curran that he decided for the bar in preference to the church: although he probably would have been a great preacher, the peculiar cast of his mind and temperament did not qualify him for the more important duties of the ministry. He left college in 1773, with the reputation of great talents, and esteemed by a large circle of friends for his amiable disposition and temper, who already entertained high expectations of his success in the career on which he entered. Mr Curran went to London the same year, and entered as a student of the Middle Temple. His society in London was composed of young men like himself, who were poor in circumstances; and, without the means of obtaining introductions to the literary or fashionable circles, he applied himself intensely to his studies, as the only means of making his solitary position tolerable. Writing to one of his early friends, he says, 'I continue to read with unabated application; indeed, if I did not do so, my solitude would be insupportable; yet, it must be owned, a man of a speculative turn of mind will find ample matter in that way without stirring from his window. It is here that every vice and folly climb to their meridian, and that mortality seems properly to understand her business. You cast your eyes on the thousand gilded chariots that are dancing the hazes in an eternal round of foppery, you would think the world assembled to play the fool in London, unless you believe the report of the passing-bells and hearers, which would seem to intimate that they all are at a point of dying here. It is amazing that even custom should make death a matter of so much unconcern as you will here find it. Even in the house where I lodge, there has been a being dead these two days. I did not hear a word of it till this evening, though he is divided from me only by a partition. They visit him once day, and so lock him up till the next (for they seldom cry till the seventh day), and there he lies, without the slightest attention paid to him, except a dirge each night on the Jew's harp, which I shall not omit while he continues to be my neighbour.' It was at one of the debating societies formed by the students of the Temple that Curran made his first attempt as an orator; and it was a most signal failure. He, however, persevered in attending the clubs, and in correcting his articulation, which was so defective, that he went to school under the cognomen of 'stuttering Jack Curran.' Shortly afterwards, during a discussion, one of the members having directed him to some irritating

and personal remarks, he rose and attacked his opponent with a vigour and impetuosity that astonished the meeting, and gained him at once a reputation as a speaker. The relation of this incident by himself is curious and characteristic; and is an excellent specimen of that colloquial vivacity for which he was afterwards so celebrated. One day after dinner, an acquaintance, in speaking of his eloquence, happened to observe that it must have been born with him. 'Indeed, my dear sir,' replied Mr Curran, 'it was not; it was born three and twenty years and some months after me; and, if you are satisfied to listen to a dull historian, you shall have the history of its nativity. When I was at the Temple, a few of us formed a little debating club—poor Apjohn, and Dubigg, and the rest of them! they have all disappeared from the stage; but my own busy hour will soon be fretted through, and then we may meet again behind the scenes. Poor fellows! they are now at rest; but I shall soon see them, and the glow of honest bustle on their looks as they arranged their little plans of honourable associations (or, as Pope says, gave their little senate laws), where all the great questions in ethics and politics (there were no gagging bills in those days) were to be discussed and irrevocably settled. Upon the first night of meeting I attended, my foolish heart throbbing with the anticipated honour of being styled 'the learned member that opened the debate,' or 'the very eloquent gentleman who has just sat down.' I stood up—the question was the Catholic claims or the slave trade, I protest I now forget which, but the difference, you know, was never very obvious—my mind was stored with about a folio volume of matter, but I wanted a preface, and for want of a preface the volume was never published. I stood up, trembling through every fibre; but remembering that in this I was but imitating Tully, I took courage, and had actually proceeded almost as far as 'Mr Chairman,' when, to my astonishment and terror, I perceived that every eye was turned upon me. There were only six or seven present, and the little room could not have contained as many more; yet was it to my panic-struck imagination as if I were the central object in nature, and assembled millions were gazing upon me in breathless expectation. I became dismayed and dumb: my friends cried 'hear him!' but there was nothing to hear. My lips, indeed, went through the pantomime of articulation, but I was like the unfortunate fiddler at the fair, who, upon coming to strike up the solo that was to ravish every ear, discovered that an enemy had maliciously soaped his bow. So you see, sir, it was not born with me. However, though my friends, even Apjohn, the most sanguine of them, despaired of me, the *cacosthes loquendi* was not to be subdued without a struggle. I was for the present silenced, but I still attended our meetings with the most laudable regularity, and even ventured to accompany the others to a more ambitious theatre, the Club of Temple Bar, where, truly may I say, there was often wild work going forward. Such was my state, the popular throb just beginning to revisit my heart, when a long-expected remittance from Newmarket arrived. Apjohn dined with me that day, and when the leg of mutton, or rather the bone, was removed, we offered up the libation of an additional glass of punch for the health and length of days (and Heaven heard the prayer) of the kind mother that had remembered the necessities of her absent child. In the evening we repaired to the 'Temple Bar Club.' One of them was upon his legs; a fellow of whom it was difficult to decide whether he was most distinguished for the filth of his person or the flippancy of his tongue; just such another as Harry Flood would have called 'the highly gifted gentleman with the dirty cravat and greasy pantaloons.' I found this learned personage in the act of calumniating chronology by the most preposterous anachronisms, and (as I believe I shortly after told him) traducing the illustrious dead by affecting a confidential intercourse with them, as he would with some nobleman, his very dear friend behind his back, who, if present, would indignantly repel the insinuation of so insulting an intimacy. He descanted upon Demosthenes, the glory of the Roman

forum; spoke of Tully as the famous cotemporary and rival of Cicero; and, in the short space of one half hour, transported the straits of Marathon three several times to the plains of Thermopylae. Thinking that I had a right to know something of these matters, I looked at him with surprise; and whether it was the money in my pocket, or my classical chivalry, or, more probably, the supplemental tumbler of punch that gave my face a smirking saucy confidence, when our eyes met there was something like a wager of battle in mine; upon which the erudite gentleman instantly changed his invective against antiquity into an invective against me, and concluded by a few words of friendly counsel (*horresco referens*) to 'orator mum,' who, he doubted not, possessed wonderful talents for eloquence, although he would recommend him to show it in future by some more popular method than his silence. I followed his advice, and, I believe, not entirely without effect; for, when sitting down, I whispered my friend that I hoped my dirty antagonist had not come quite clear off. 'On the contrary, my dear fellow,' said he, 'every one around me is declaring that it is the first time they ever saw him so well dressed.' So, sir, you see that to try the bird the spur must touch his blood. Yet, after all, if it had not been for the inspiration of the punch, I might have continued a mute to this hour; so for the honour of the art, let us have another glass.'

The almost accidental discovery on this occasion of his talents for public speaking, encouraged him to proceed in his studies with additional energy and vigour. Eloquence is usually regarded as a combination of peculiar mental gifts rather than the result of patient and laborious study; yet we find that the greatest orators have been anxious and persevering students, and that their chief excellencies and peculiar beauties of style have been produced by careful application. Curran was no exception to the rule mentioned. We have already noticed the defect in his enunciation, which he corrected by a regular system of daily reading aloud, slowly and with strict regard to pronunciation, passages from his favourite authors. The Letters of Junius, Thomson's Seasons, and the works of Milton and Shakspeare, were vast favourites with him. The funeral oration of Antony over the dead body of Cæsar he regarded as the most perfect piece of eloquence in the language, and the most difficult to pronounce with success. His person was short, and his appearance ungraceful and without dignity. To overcome these disadvantages, he recited and studied his postures before a mirror, and adopted a method of gesticulation suited to his appearance. Besides a constant attendance at the debating clubs, he accustomed himself to extemporaneous eloquence in private, by proposing cases to himself, which he debated with the same care as if he had been addressing a jury. Mr Curran was sensible that, without friends and family influence, eloquence was the only means by which he could distinguish himself at the bar; and the two years that he studied at the Temple were passed in laborious exercises preparatory to entering on his future career. During his residence in London he had seen Goldsmith, Garrick, and Lord Mansfield; but the only individual of celebrity with whom he became intimately acquainted was Macklin the actor. The origin of this intimacy was rather singular, and was often related by himself with great humour and point. When Mr Curran had completed his terms and was about to return to Ireland, he was detained for some time in expectation of a pecuniary remittance, without which he could neither pay his arrears of rent nor remove. At length the anxiously expected remittance came in the form of a bill of exchange; but, unfortunately, a necessary indorsement having been omitted, he could not get it cashed. His dismay at this intelligence may be imagined; but his eloquence had no effect on the inexorable banker. Without a shilling in his pocket he strolled into St James' Park, endeavouring to think of some way to extricate himself from this unpleasant dilemma. As he sat on one of the benches whistling an Irish air, an old gentleman seated beside him started, and accosted him in the following manner: 'Pray, sir, may I venture to ask where you

learned that tune?' 'Indeed you may, sir,' replied Mr Curran; 'I learned it in my native country—in Ireland.' 'But how comes it, sir, that at this hour, while other people are dining, you are here whistling old Irish airs?' 'Alas! sir,' replied Curran, 'I too have been in the habit of dining of late, but to-day, my money being all gone and my credit not yet arrived, I am even forced to come and dine upon a whistle in the park.' This reply, made in a tone of mingled playfulness and despondency, struck the old man, who exclaimed, 'Courage, young man! I think I can see that you deserve better fare; come along with me, and you shall have it.' This old man was Mr Macklin. Ten years after this incident, when Mr Curran was in the zenith of his professional eminence, he was presented to Mr Macklin at a private party in Dublin. The old man did not recognise him; but, in the course of conversation, Mr Curran mentioned the occurrence just related, suppressing the names. As he proceeded, the countenance of Mr Macklin displayed the most lively astonishment; and when Mr Curran concluded, he fixed his eyes upon the speaker, and exclaimed, 'I think, sir, we have met before.' 'Yes, Mr Macklin,' replied Curran, taking his hand, 'indeed, we have met; and thought upon that occasion you were only performing upon a private theatre, let me assure you, that you never acts better.'

Mr Curran had not completed his studies when he married a daughter of one of his earliest friends, Dr Creagh. The prudent management of his affairs and early success at the bar, prevented him from suffering any embarrassment in consequence of his early marriage. He was called to the Irish bar in Michaelmas term, 1775. As English judge of great eminence, on being asked what was the first requisite for distinction as a barrister, replied with not less truth than humour, '*not to be worth a shilling*.' Besides this incentive to exertion, Curran possessed an irrepresible desire for distinction, a mind well disciplined, a secret consciousness of his own powers, industrious habits, and a frame capable of great exertion; with these qualifications, his failure would have been more surprising than his success. The reputation of his abilities and the influence of personal friends procured him a practice, commencing from the day after he was called to the bar. His first year produced eighty-two guineas, and the second between one and two hundred; and he continued increasing until he enjoyed the most lucrative practice at the Irish bar. His first appearance before the court was attended with circumstances similar to that narrated in his debut at the Temple debating club. He was so nervous that, although he had only a few words to say, they were so hurriedly delivered and so inaudible, that the chancellor requested him to repeat them; upon which he became so agitated, that the brief dropped from his hands, and a friend beside him was obliged to take it up and read the few sentences necessary on the occasion. Such was the commencement of the boldest and most uncompromising advocate that ever addressed the Irish bench. For a considerable time this diffidence was thrown off only when his feelings were touched or wounded; one of the earliest and most striking illustrations of this was his reply to Judge Robinson. In a case before that judge, Mr Curran observed, that 'he had never met the law as laid down by his lordship in any book in his library.' 'That may be, sir,' answered the judge in a contemptuous tone; 'but I suspect that your library is very small.' His lordship was a furious political partisan, and known to be the author of some anonymous pamphlets, characterised by great violence and dogmatism. Mr Curran, aroused by the allusion to his circumstances, replied, 'It is very true, my lord, that I am poor, and the circumstance has certainly somewhat curtailed my library; my books are not numerous, but they are select, and I hope they have been perused with proper dispositions. I have prepared myself for this high profession rather by the study of a few good works, than by the composition of a great many bad ones. I am not ashamed of my poverty; but I should be ashamed of my wealth, could I have stooped to acquire it.'

by servility and corruption. If I rise not to rank, I shall at least be honest; and should I ever cease to be so, many an example shows me that an ill-gained elevation, by making me the more conspicuous, would only make me the more universally, and the more notoriously contemptible.' It was not until he had practised four or five years, that a case occurred in which the national sympathies were engaged, which exhibited features of social depravity and injustice, now happily almost extinct. This was a cause before the Cork assizes, in which a Roman Catholic priest brought an action against a Protestant nobleman for an assault and battery. This case arose from the following circumstances:—A young man, a Roman Catholic, having incurred the censure of the church, his sister, the mistress of the nobleman mentioned, requested her protector to intercede with the priest, and procure a remission of the sentence. The nobleman accordingly, accompanied by a friend, proceeded to the cabin of the priest. It was an humble and unostentatious dwelling, and, as they approached, the sound of devotional exercises was distinctly audible. They called loudly to him to come forth, and the priest, bending with years, and holding his book in his hand, hastened to open the door, and awaited their pleasure. Without dismounting from his horse, in a loud and imperious tone of voice, the nobleman intimated the nature of his request, or rather command, to the aged man, who respectfully replied, that it was beyond the power of a parish priest to remit an ecclesiastical penalty imposed by his superior, and that the bishop alone could do it. A second request met with the same reply, upon which the nobleman lifted his hand to strike him; he, however, escaped the blow directed against him by tottering into his habitation and securing the door. Such was the political degradation of a Roman Catholic priest at this period, that no advocate could be found to take up his cause. The circumstances reached the ear of Mr Curran, who tendered him his services; and his offer being accepted with joy and gratitude, he proceeded to bring the case before a jury of his countrymen. On this occasion Mr Curran made his first grand display of forensic eloquence; and the fact of obtaining from a Protestant jury a verdict for his client, with damages, was regarded as a signal triumph. In the course of his address to the jury, appealing with great power to their humane feelings, he took occasion to animadvert on the conduct of the individual who accompanied the nobleman on his disgraceful mission. This was a Mr St Leger, a military gentleman, who, at the conclusion of the trial, requested Mr Curran to make an apology for the expressions he had used. This being refused, a challenge followed, which was accepted by Mr Curran. On this occasion he displayed the greatest intrepidity and coolness, and interposed some of his numerous sallies, which even the graver business of the moment could not repress. When they had taken their ground, Mr St Leger called out to his adversary to fire. 'No, sir,' replied he, 'I am here by your invitation, and you must open the ball.' Mr Curran, observing his opponent presenting his pistol, called out in such a tremendous tone of voice, 'Fire,' that he, being a very nervous man, started as if he had himself received a hot, and fired his pistol without effect. Mr Curran refusing to return the fire, the matter was terminated. Mr St Leger dying a short time after this affair, it was said, with the characteristic humour of the Irish people, that he had been killed by the report of his own pistol. This trial brought him immense popularity, and the circumstance which we are about to relate, gave the whole affair a sacred character in the eyes of the people, who now regarded Mr Curran as their champion on all occasions of difficulty and danger. The aged priest was soon afterwards called to another tribunal; previous to his decease he requested that his counsel should be sent for. Mr Curran was conducted to the bedside of his dying client, who requested the attendants to raise him up for the last time from his pillow, and laying his hands on the head of his youthful defender, pronounced over him the benediction of the Roman Catholic church.

Mr Curran became a member of the Irish House of Commons in 1783, which was composed of the greatest and most illustrious men then living. Grattan, Daly, and Flood, animated by the triumph of 1782, with their bold and manly eloquence gave a tone of independence to the parliament, which however was more apparent than real. The declaration of independence, though flattering to the national pride, was productive of little real benefit. The majority of the House of Commons was composed of placemen and pensioners of the government, who, by the 'silent eloquence of a vote,' effectually opposed all efforts for reform. Curran first distinguished himself in supporting Mr Flood's motion for parliamentary reform, which was lost by a large majority. In 1785, he came first in contact with Attorney-General Fitzgibbon, afterwards Lord Clare, whose hostility pursued him unabated throughout his career, both at the bar and in parliament. They had been on terms of familiar intercourse during the first years of Curran's practice at the bar; but their habits, tastes, and, above all, their political principles, were too much at variance to permit a lasting friendship. Mr Curran's energetic attacks upon the government soon brought them to open warfare. On one occasion, during the heat of debate, Mr Fitzgibbon assailed Mr Curran in the most violent manner, and in the course of his address called him 'a puny babbler.' Mr Curran replied with his characteristic vehemence, and showered upon his adversary a torrent of eloquence and sarcasm. This mutual attack ended in a duel in which neither of the parties was injured.

In 1786, Mr Curran made one of his greatest efforts in parliament, in exposing the abuses of the pension-list. The following is a specimen of the lively ridicule to which he frequently resorted when more serious remonstrances were disregarded:—'This polyglot of wealth, this museum of curiosities, the pension-list, embraces every link in the human chain, every description of men, women, and children. . . . It teacheth that sloth and vice may eat that bread which virtue and honesty may starve for after they have earned it; it teaches the idle and dissolute to look up for that support which they are too proud to stoop and earn; it directs the minds of men to an entire reliance upon the ruling power of the state, who feeds the ravens of the royal aviary that cry continually for food; it teaches them to imitate those saints in the pension-list that are like the lilies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet are arrayed like Solomon in all his glory; in fine, it teaches a lesson, which indeed they might have learned from Epictetus, that it is sometimes good not to be over virtuous; it shows that, in proportion as our distresses increase, the munificence of the crown increases also—in proportion as our clothes are rent, the royal mantle is extended over us.'

Mr Curran was now established as the first counsel at the bar and in full practice. His professional and parliamentary duties occupied the greater portion of his time. In Dublin his talents, wit, and convivial powers gained him access to the first circles. He was prior of the celebrated order of St Patrick—a society partly political and partly convivial, founded by that great and consistent judge, Lord Avenmore, and numbering amongst its members the accomplished Earl of Charlemont, Henry Grattan, and his friend the eloquent Mr Daly, M.P., Lord Kilwarden, one of the brightest ornaments of the Irish bench, Earl Carhampton, and many others of equal celebrity. It was at these meetings, these 'Attic Nights,' as he himself called them, where Curran shone pre-eminent; where his extraordinary vivacity, his brilliant and subtle intellect, sharpened with the keenest wit, and his imagination, exuberant almost to a fault, threw around with careless extravagance the most brilliant conceptions, unfettered and unrestrained by judicial forms.

The Attorney-General Fitzgibbon, now Lord Clare, having been raised to the peerage and made chancellor, proceeded to revenge himself for the mortification he experienced during his contests with Mr Curran in parliament. This was effected by showing to the public that

Mr Curran had not the *ear of the court*; which in a little time succeeded to such an extent, that no clients would trust a chancery cause to the discountenanced advocate. Mr Curran estimated the loss he sustained by this treatment at £30,000. As an instance of the ill-usage he experienced during the short time he continued to be employed at the Court of Chancery, we may cite the following anecdote: Lord Clare had a favourite dog that sometimes followed him to the bench. One day, during an argument of Mr Curran's, the chancellor, instead of attending to the argument, turned his head aside and began to fiddle the dog. The counsel stopped suddenly in the middle of a sentence—the judge started. 'I beg pardon,' said Mr Curran, 'I thought your lordships had been in consultation, but as you have been pleased to resume your attention, allow me to impress upon your excellent understandings that,' &c. An occasion soon presented itself, in which Mr Curran took ample satisfaction for the insult of the chancellor. A dispute arose between the aldermen and council of Dublin relative to the election of lord-mayor, which was brought before the lord-lieutenant and privy council, at which Lord Clare presided. The council-chamber was thrown open as a public court, and an immense concourse of spectators awaited the decision. It was an important constitutional question, and Mr Curran appeared for the council. The frequent interruptions of the chancellor soon brought him into direct collision with Mr Curran, who immediately attacked his adversary by drawing an imaginary picture detailing the character and principles of his opponent with the most unsparing minuteness and fidelity; his invective was overwhelming in power and energy; the likeness was at once seen by the court, who looked on the scene with mixed feelings of terror and pleasure. Mr Curran's triumph on this occasion was complete, and the loud applause which he received on all sides proved that the sympathy of the public was along with him.

From this period until 1794, he continued to support the liberal party with all the force of his genius; and though his forensic efforts form the foundation of his celebrity, his contemporaries join in the highest encomiums of his abilities and power as a political debater. Mr Hardy, the celebrated biographer of Lord Charlemont, in allusion to this period of his life, says 'that he animated every debate with all his powers; that he was copious, splendid, full of wit, and life, and ardour.'

From 1789 to 1794, public discontent had increased to an alarming extent; the parliament was a mockery of representative government, and every measure brought forward for the amelioration of the country was swamped by the majority of placemen, which, by a wholesale system of corruption, the government had entirely at its disposal. The interests of the nation were by this means transferred from the control of the English parliament, as formerly, to that of the executive; and those internal causes of dissatisfaction, combined with the excitement produced by the French Revolution, created universal alarm. It was at this period that the series of historical trials commenced, during which Mr Curran made those great professional exertions upon which his reputation mainly rests. The first of these was that of Mr Hamilton Rowan, who was accused of publishing a seditious address to the United Irishmen. Mr Curran's speech on this occasion has been considered the best he ever delivered; during its delivery, the admiration of the audience was expressed by repeated bursts of applause, which the decorum usually observed in a court of justice could not restrain; and on his retiring from the court the horses were taken from his carriage, which was drawn by the multitude, with shouts of noisy demonstration, to his own house. The jury, however, found a verdict against his client. The next trial, that of the Rev. W. Jackson, was attended with circumstances of melancholy interest. He was committed to prison in April, 1794, on a charge of high treason, but his trial was delayed until April, 1795, when he was convicted, and brought up for judgment. On the morning of the 30th April, the unfortunate man was summoned to hear his

fate pronounced. He was observed to hold his head out of the coach and vomit violently while on his way to the King's Bench. His counsel, on entering the court, observed his client leaning against the dock and apparently in a state of extraordinary agitation. Mr Jackson beckoned his counsel to approach—he pressed his hand, which felt damp and clammy, and muttered, in the words of Pierre, 'We have deceived the senate.' In consequence of an informality in the proceedings, the prisoner's counsel intended to make a motion in arrest of the judgment about to be pronounced, but it was necessary that the counsel for the crown, who had not yet arrived, should first pray the judgment of the court upon him. The indisposition of the prisoner, meanwhile, increased to such a degree that the judge was about to remand him, when the attorney-general appeared and called for judgment to be pronounced. The prisoner was brought forward accordingly, and on his hat being removed, a dense steam ascended from his head, convulsive movements passed across his countenance, a profuse perspiration covered his body; his eyes were almost closed, and opened at irregular intervals, disclosing the glassy hue of death. He gathered his failing energies in an attempt to stand erect and look composed; and on being asked to hold up his right hand, he made an effort to do so, but it dropped by his side powerless. Mr Curran now arose and made his motion in arrest of judgment; and a legal discussion followed of some length. The condition of the prisoner being now apparent to the court, the windows were thrown open: but the last agony was evidently at hand, and in a few minutes *he sunk in the dock to rise no more.* Lord Clonmel, the presiding judge, then remanded him until further orders; but in attempting to raise the prisoner, he was found *dead.* On examining the body, it was discovered that he had taken poison. This man, according to the principles of Irish law in cases of high treason, was convicted on the evidence of one witness. From this period, and throughout the disastrous scenes of 1798, Mr Curran occupied the most prominent position. His courage and fidelity were put to the severest tests; and as a specimen of the intimidation to which he was exposed, the following anecdote, as related by himself, is characteristic:—'When Nelson (the United Irishman) was put on his trial, he was asked whether he had counsel; he started up and said, 'Government have resolved to deprive me of the means of safety; my money is all gone; they have reduced me to this state of poverty, so that I cannot fee counsel.' I was among the silk gowns, and hearing this, I turned to Nelson and exclaimed, 'Now, Mr Nelson, do you really say you have no money; and do you mean to say that this is the cause of your want of counsel? I am sure, if you were to ask any lawyer in this court, he would take up your case without fee or reward. For my part, if my services can be of any use to you, you may command them.' 'Sir,' he replied, 'I accept the offer.' The next day Carleton (Judge) came to me, and said how singular, and how wrong a thing it was for any lawyer in his *Majesty's Court*, more especially a person in my situation, to volunteer the defence of a traitor! And he hinted that my gown might be taken from me! Conceive such a thing! For my part, I consider it would be a disgrace to the bar and to the country, if it was said that a man was to be tried for his life and there was no lawyer to defend him, because he had no money to fee a counsel. I said to Carleton, 'My Lord, I thank you for this visit (I descended to pun), his Majesty may take away the silk, but he will leave the *stuff* behind.'

The union in 1800 filled Curran with the deepest despondency; but he was not in parliament when that event took place. The unfortunate insurrection of 1800 was attended with circumstances of a painful nature to him. The author and leader of this desperate project was Mr Robert Emmet, a young man of good family and excellent prospects; he had been a frequent visitor to Mr Curran's family, and had formed an attachment to his youngest daughter. It was to this circumstance that his fate was owing; for he might have escaped from the

kingdom had he not lingered near her abode, where he was apprehended, and shortly afterwards suffered the extreme penalty of the law. In 1804, on the accession of the Whigs, Mr Curran was appointed master of the rolls; and here his public life may be said to close. In 1813 his health began to decline, and in the following year he resigned his office, and sought in travel renewed strength and vigour. In 1817 his health sunk so rapidly as to leave no hopes of an ultimate recovery. His medical adviser recommended him to visit a milder climate. He arranged his private affairs preparatory to following this advice, and on taking leave of his friends they perceived by his altered appearance that a final separation was near at hand. Of this he himself seemed to be aware. On the day of his leaving England, in parting from one of his friends, he turned suddenly back, and grasping his hand, said—'You will never behold me more.' On his way to England he had a slight paralytic attack, and questioning his medical friend whether his pulse indicated any disposition to palsy, he was answered in the negative. 'Then,' said Mr Curran, 'I may consider what has happened as a runaway knock, and not a notice to quit.' On the 8th October Mr Curran was attacked by apoplexy, and his recovery was pronounced impossible; he expired on the 14th of the same month, in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

Of the wit, eloquence, and great public services of Mr Curran, there has been only one opinion—that they were of the highest order. In the words of an eloquent writer—'From nothing he became everything. Without family, friends, or fortune, he raised himself to one of the first judicial offices in the state; and in despite of his love of liberty and attachment to Ireland he succeeded. For twenty-three years he toiled in the service of his country—from 1783, when he came into the Irish Parliament, to 1806, when he was appointed master of the rolls. In the senate, at the bar, in the courts, in his public hours, or in his private moments, his sentiments towards Ireland never changed; and they were more than earnest—they amounted to enthusiasm. He possessed natural talents of the most varied and extraordinary kind. His imagination and power of illustration were wonderful. His wit and power of satire were of the most brilliant and effective description, and woe to the antagonist against whom these deadly weapons were directed. He poured upon the subject that was before him a flood of sparkling images, clothed in language elegant and copious. He was never at a loss either in description or argument. Rising at one time to the sublimest flights of eloquence, he awed and entranced his audience; or subduing them under the most pathetic and touching appeals, he opened the flood-gates of benevolence and pity; or bringing his endless powers of wit and drollery, he convulsed them with mirth and astonishment at his command over the feelings. He played on the human heart like an expert musician; he was one of the few great men who, in the words of the poet, could with equal propriety move from 'grave to gay, and from lively to severe.'

FANNY'S BIRTHDAY.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN, AND A HINT TO PARENTS.

By the Author of 'The Child of the Church of England.'

'Who knows but the salvation of ten thousand souls may depend upon the education of one single child.'—*Bishop Beveridge.*

'WELL, mamma, if you say that I must not carry my little sister, I will promise you never to do so; but she is so very light a little creature, that we thought we might carry her. Willy said he was sure we might. Willy is coming across the lawn now, mamma,' continued Rosamond; 'and he is bringing such a beautiful nosegay!'

'We gave Willy leave,' said Katherine, 'to gather all the best flowers in our gardens; but I am sure the gardener must know that it is Fanny's birthday, and he has given him those fine geraniums, and that large branch of orange-flowers. I think a birthday is the happiest day in the whole year; don't you think so, Fanny?'—Fanny

did not answer, but her smiling looks told as plainly as words, that she also thought a birthday a very happy day; she did not answer, for her merry eyes were fixed upon Willy and his nosegay.

'And now, my little Fanny,' said her mother; 'though it is your birthday, perhaps you will allow me to have my chair, of which you and your sisters have taken such entire possession. I suppose you will allow me to sit down, Katherine; I am going to be very busy with my work on this birthday; and though you are all to have a holiday, I wish first of all to ask you a few questions, and to say something to you about birthdays. Well, well, little Fanny, you have nestled yourself into your usual corner behind me, in this great chair, and Willy has seated himself on the stool at my feet.'

'And we like to stand, mamma,' said Katherine; 'my sister Rosamond and I will stand beside you, if you please.'

'What do you think of birthdays, Katherine?'

'They are the happiest days in the year, mamma.'

'And tell me what you mean to do all to-day, my children?' The children looked up with astonishment. 'Yes, what do you mean to do with yourselves?'

'Oh, mamma, to play, to amuse ourselves,' said Katherine; and Rosamond added, 'You always give us leave to play, mamma, on our birthdays;' and Willy looked up, and cried out, clapping his hands, 'To play from morning till night!' and Fanny peeped over her mother's shoulder, and looked at Willy, and laughed; and whispered in her mother's ear, 'To play, nothing but play!'

'Nothing but play!' said their mother; 'is that quite the right way of spending a birthday?'

'Why, mamma,' said Willy, in an expository tone; 'every body plays on birthdays, and I am sure you wish us to be happy on Fanny's birthday.'

'First of all,' said his mother; 'tell me the meaning of the word birthday?'

'The day on which any one is born, mamma,' said Willy.

'And what was your birthday, Willy?'

'The day on which I was born, mamma.'

'My dear Rosamond,' said her mother, turning away from Willy; 'you seem to be the most thoughtful of the party, therefore I will speak to you. I see that Willy is more inclined to play with his sister Fanny than listen to me. On the day that you were born, Rosamond, was a child of grace born into the world, or a child of wrath?' Rosamond still looked thoughtful, but she hesitated. 'You remember the catechism, Rosamond?'

'I was born in sin, and the child of wrath,' replied Rosamond.

'That is,' continued her mother, 'a child of wrath born under the curse of sin, and not a child of God's favour and grace; and is the birthday of such a being a day of rejoicing, Rosamond? Might we not say of such a birthday in the words of the wise man, 'the day of death is better than the day of one's birth?' Shall, therefore, a child of sin rejoice because it is born into this wicked world?'

Rosamond looked very grave; and her mother, who had spoken with a very gentle voice, left her for a little while to her own thoughts.

'Well, Rosamond,' she said at length, looking up from her work, 'is a birthday a day of rejoicing?'

'No, mamma, from what you have said, I think it is not,' said Rosamond; 'and you would not have us make this day a happy day?'

'Indeed I would,' replied her mother; 'for though a child is born in sin, she need not continue to live in sin, she need not die in sin. This world, lost and fallen as it would be, were it left to itself, has witnessed the most wonderful sacrifice for sin, in the death of God's own Son; and for the child's own heart, corrupt and fallen as it is, the Holy Spirit has been sent down from heaven, to give unto the child of wrath the nature of a child of God. Your birthday, my child, and the birthday of our dear Fanny, are the birthdays of Christian children. Your very name, my Rosamond, has been given you as a sign that you were no longer your own, but by profession at least one of the children of the church of Christ, bought

with his blood, solemnly offered up to him with prayer, that your Heavenly Father would for his sake adopt you into his family; and in making you by his Spirit a lamb of Christ's flock, would make you also by adoption and grace a child of his love. If it were not for the day of a new birth into the kingdom of God, the day of the old birth would be indeed a birthday of misery. Be as merry, therefore, my dear children, as you please; but let your merriment be that of God's children.'

'Oh, mamma! mamma!' cried Fanny, peeping again over her mother's shoulder, 'there is such a beautiful butterfly among Willy's flowers; it has been either asleep or feeding, and I am sure it is very bold, for it has never stirred from this—this—I don't know the name of the flower, mamma. I thought at first the butterfly was a flower, or the leaves of one flower which had fallen upon another; but all at once it opened its wings, and I saw that on the inside they were all dropped over with bright colours. Wait a moment, mamma, and it will open its beautiful wings again.'

'It is very happy, Fanny. That butterfly is, perhaps, as happy as any insect can be. Can you tell me the life of a butterfly, Fanny?'

'Oh! no, mamma; but perhaps my sister Rosamond can.'

'Can you, Rosamond?' said her mother.

'Mamma,' said Rosamond, 'how can you ask me such questions?'

'Well,' replied her mother, 'I think I can give you some account of a butterfly's life. It first opens its wings when there is the summer's light in the sky, and the summer warmth in the air, and when the flowers on which it feeds have burst into bloom, and all the tiny cups within them are filled with sweet juices. Day after day it ranges through gardens and fields, and sleeps at night safe under the shelter of some dewy blossom; but its life is a life of a few sunny days—it knows nothing of the past, nothing of the future—and when it dies it never lives again. We cannot, therefore, blame a butterfly for keeping every day like a birthday; but perhaps we ought to blame a being that can never die for spending even a birthday like a butterfly's day. Do you understand me, Rosamond? do you, my little Fanny? I was going to speak to you about those playful lambs that we can see as we sit here, on the green hill side; for their thoughtless mirth is also innocent: but your butterfly appeared among the flowers, and I could speak to you about it, as well as about a lamb.'

'Then I suppose, mamma,' said Katherine (who had hitherto been silent), with a very piteous expression, and in a very melancholy voice—'I suppose we must not play, and it must be wrong to be merry.'

'Oh, no, Katherine, you have forgotten that I said be as merry as you please; and as I told you yesterday, let all your lessons lie unopened, but do not forget that unmeaning mirth never becomes a child of God, and that she who is the first of God's creation, is not happy *because* she is thoughtless, but because her heart is full of thought, deep, quiet, but grateful thought. We do not understand the nature of our Heavenly Father's love, if we do not rejoice; we do not know what real happiness is, if we do not rejoice in the Lord. You love the sunshine, my children; you do not call it gloomy. Jesus Christ is himself, in a very high and glorious sense, the Sun of Righteousness; His presence, His favour, is the true sunshine, for in His presence is fulness of joy, at his right hand there are pleasures for evermore.'

TRAVELS IN INDIA.

SECOND ARTICLE.

CAPTAIN VON ORLICH approached Delhi in the train of the governor-general (who was now on his return to Calcutta) just as the sun, emerging from the horizon, began to throw its beams over the city. The ancient city, near the ruins of which the present one stands, is stated by historians to have covered an area of twenty square

miles, and to have contained, in the time of the Emperor Aurungzebe, two millions of inhabitants. Modern Delhi, indeed, is not a small place, since it is seven miles in circumference, and has a population of 250,000, the Mahometans being to the Hindoos in the proportion of about five to seven. Here stands the Jamma Mosque, considered by the followers of the false prophet to be the wonder of the world. It is built of white marble and red sandstone, on an equilateral foundation, 430 feet each way. It is considered a perfect example of the Byzantine-Arabic style. It was begun in 1631, and several thousand men were occupied for six years upon it. Passing through a gateway into the courtyard, you have the front of the mosque before you. At each end is a tall minaret, 150 feet high, and between them and the great portico in the centre itself, flanked by minarets, are two lofty domes. Lamps which are never suffered to be extinguished hang in the interior. A coloured engraving, finished with Chinese minuteness, is given in the German's book, judging from which, the appearance of the mosque across the courtyard must be very striking. Delhi was the capital of the monarchs who ruled this part of India under the title of the Great Moguls, the first of whom was Baber, a descendant of Timur the Great. The empire has been long under British authority, and the Mogul, under the nominal title of King of Delhi, is now a pensioner of a company of merchants. He is allowed to retain his palace, and receives an annual sum of twelve lacs of rupees (£120,000), whilst the company derive nearly a million a-year from his territory. This shadow of a prince keeps up the pomp of rank within the walls of his residence, and only shows himself to the public twice a-year. The palace is an immense building, washed on one side by the Jumna, and comprehending many spacious quadrangles. In the first one is the throne whereon the Mogul, in the plenitude of his power, received ambassadors and gave audience to his nobles. All whom he condescended to admit into his presence had to appear on elephants, and these were drawn up in order behind a barrier, where there was room for about two hundred. In the next is the chief hall of audience, supported by thirty-two pillars in two rows. In the middle of the hall once stood the famous peacock throne, made of gold and studded with gems. Above it was the likeness of a parrot, cut out of a single emerald, and on either side a peacock of gold, whose expanded tail was set with jewels. The value of this gorgeous seat was estimated by a jeweller who examined it at the sum of six millions and a half! Nearly all the gems were carried to Persia, and now there is only a seat of paltry value in comparison, on the sides of which is this inscription in Arabic—'If ever a Paradise existed on earth, it is here, it is here, it is here!' The whole edifice lodges about 7000 persons; it is of white marble, and was completed about 200 years ago. The builder, Shah Jehan, laid out a garden of corresponding magnificence, costing, it is said, a crore of rupees, or £1,000,000 sterling—all this would contribute to make Delhi, in the ideas of Orientals, what it was called, the envy of the world. About fifteen miles from the city, there stands a conical pillar of hard red sandstone, which shoots 265 feet into the air. It is called the Cootub-Minar, and was erected so far back as 1193 by Cootub-udeen, in commemoration of his victory over Brahminism. He intended it to form the entrance to a mosque, which was never built. It has a diameter of sixty-two feet at its base, and there are three stories, on the lowest of which are several sentences from the Koran in Arabic. Three galleries run round it, and on the summit is a dome resting on eight pillars, which is reached by 363 steps. The view from the top, as might be expected, is very fine; but we shall here let the traveller speak for himself:—'All that I had previously seen in separate portions of Delhi and its environs now appeared in one grand panorama. There lay the ruins of palaces, villas, mosques, mausoleums, caravansaries, and gardens of past ages; amongst which 160 cupolas and towers may still be seen! Delhi with its dazzling white marble domes and

minarets, and the river Jumna flowing through the verdant valley, bounded this gloomy picture. I sat for a full hour gazing on the scene where there is so much to engage the mind of man, and where thousands of years speak the language of warning and instruction. My guide, a handsome Hindoo, stood lost in contemplation as well as myself, and at length broke the solemn silence by saying—'Sahib, here there is nothing lasting; much sorrow and little joy; those who have gone before thought only of splendid resting-places for their corpses, and those who followed thought only of destroying what was destined for eternity.' A view of this ancient tower accompanies the German letters, and is a very beautiful specimen of coloured lithography. When Lord Ellenborough was at Delhi, a great many rajahs, or native princes, accompanied by large retinues, went to pay their respects to him, and to testify their friendship by bringing presents. One rajah took with him ten thousand men, with beasts in proportion.

Agra was the next place which Von Orlich visited. The country between the two cities, distant about 137 miles, is perfectly level. He travelled by dawk, that is, in a palanquin, for which purpose he hired eight men to carry him, and six for his German attendant. In addition to these persons, he engaged four luggage-carriers and two torch-bearers. Bungalows are placed at intervals of twenty miles on these dawk roads, where the traveller can procure attendance and some little refreshment; but the greatest part of his food he must take in his palanquin. In passing travellers, *ram, ram!* is the customary salutation of the natives; and on approaching a bungalow where the bearers were changed, a shrill cry was set up to announce the arrival. Fresh bearers were in readiness, so that little delay took place, and the average distance done in an hour was about three miles and a half. The torch-bearer trotted alongside, feeding his cotton torch from a wooden bottle or bamboo cane. This method of travelling is described to be much less agreeable than an European could conceive. Agra stands on the Jumna; it contains upwards of 65,000 inhabitants, the Hindoos much outnumbering the Mahometans. The city abounds with many edifices of great splendour. The Tauje Mahal, or Diamond of Seraglio, was erected by the Emperor Shah Jehan, in honour of his beloved consort Mumtaz Mahal. Such is the dazzling whiteness of the marble, that it seems at a distance like an enchanted palace of burnished silver. Four minarets, 120 feet high, surround a lofty dome: the approach is through an avenue of cypresses, interspersed with marble basins, fountains, and beds of flowers. The interior of the dome is lined with mosaic of precious stones, representing, in trees, and flowers, and fruit, the Mahometan's ideas of the bowers of Paradise. In one flower alone, there are 72 gems. The lady to whose honour this splendid tomb was erected had virtue equal to her beauty, and when she died, in giving birth to her first child, the emperor vowed he would erect a monument which should proclaim to after ages his devoted affection and her incomparable renown. Eleven years were occupied in its erection, and large revenues were assigned to the support of a body of priests to watch over it, and to the keeping it in proper repair. This emperor, whose great delight seems to have been in erecting splendid edifices, designed a mausoleum for himself of equal grandeur. It was to stand on the opposite side of the Jumna, and a marble bridge was to connect the two. He actually commenced the building, but disturbances took place, and he was deposed by Aurungzebe, his son, before much progress had been made. From the upper gallery of the south-east minaret a fine prospect is commanded. 'From that point,' says our author, 'I have seen not only the rising and the setting of the sun, but also this fairy palace illuminated by the bright light of the moon. At these times the most solemn silence prevails; the air is more filled than ever with the aromatic perfume of the flowers, and a magic glow is shed over this wondrous building. The Jumna meanders like a stream

sepulchres cast a mysterious shade; and Agra with its minarets, and marble palaces in the bold citadel, seems to be shrouded in a magic veil, under which the numerous lights of the strand and the bazaar sparkle like little stars. But such solemnity, such profound melancholy, rest upon the landscape, as if no perfect bliss could be enjoyed here, no existence be blessed with unmixed happiness.'

The fort at Agra is a mile in extent and of great strength. There are several mosques of fine architectural beauty, but they are fast falling into decay. Eight miles distant is Secundra, the sepulchre of Akbar, a name famous in Indian history. It stands in the centre of a garden, forming a quadrangle 850 paces in length, into which you are admitted by a minaretted gateway with bronze doors. The mausoleum stands within; it is also quadrangular, and four storeys high. Marble staircases on the outside lead to the summit, 120 feet in height. The sarcophagus, in which are the mouldering remains of a once mighty monarch, is on the ground floor, and over it an ancient bronze lamp is kept continually burning. The buildings are altogether constructed of white marble and red sandstone. The city of Agra is in a very ruinous condition. It is the seat of the British government for the province bearing the same name. It is held by the Hindoos in great veneration, as the place where one of the *avatars* or incarnations of Vishnu happened.

At Futtehpore, nineteen miles from Agra, are the remains of the favourite palace of Akbar the Great. Its ruins, and the ruins about it, are so grand and magnificent as to remind the beholder of ancient Rome. The country around is a boundless garden. Groves lie intermixed with corn-fields; and villages are scattered over the landscape. This is in the province of Bhurtpore, the rajah of which is a descendant of the tribe of the Juts, or peasants, a stain which can never be wiped out. The state is 1945 square miles in extent, producing a revenue of fifteen lacs of rupees. At the death of the present rajah, this fine state falls into the hands of the Company. Bhurtpore, the capital, has a population of 40,000. It has suffered two memorable sieges—the first from Lord Lake, the latter from Lord Combermere, in 1826. On that occasion, two millions and a half of rupees were found in the fortress, and taken to pay the expenses of the war.

After making a short excursion, Von Orlich returned to Agra, and then left that city for Cawnpore, on the Ganges, a distance of 130 miles. He was carried in a palanquin in twenty-four hours. At Cawnpore is a strong detachment of British troops, amounting to about 8000 men. Resting one day, he travelled by the same kind of conveyance to Lucknow, the capital of the kingdom of Oude, containing 300,000 inhabitants. The king is nominally independent of the English, and there is a British resident at the court. The king is descended from the Vizirs, who governed Oude under the great Mogul; but, in process of time, they declared themselves independent. Having received valuable assistance from the British, a former monarch was induced to cede territory of the annual value of 135 lacs. The king lives in a truly oriental style of splendour; he is a Hindoo, and not, like so many of his neighbours, a Mahometan; his titles are, 'Father of Victory, Restorer of Religion, Protector of the Stars, the True Sultan and King of the Age!' His territories are nearly 24,000 square miles in extent. His majesty is stated to be of very effeminate character, and fond of show and tasteless glitter. Thus he has accumulated in one of his palaces articles of glass, such as chandeliers, lamps, &c., to the value of £50,000, making it look more like a glass warehouse than a royal residence. He has taken a fancy to have all the horses in his capital painted white, or in glaring colours. The same want of taste is characteristic of his subjects. There is a rich banker who has a splendid residence on the Goomty, the river that runs by Lucknow, the garden attached to which contains a great number of statues from classical originals,

The captain returned to Cawnpore, and then went to Allahabad, a city containing 30,000 inhabitants, built at the spot where the pellucid waters of the Jumna join the dull yellow stream of the Ganges. The Hindoos are taught to believe that it is an act of the greatest merit to plunge into the combined waters of the sister rivers. Accordingly, immense numbers flock hither from all quarters to perform the sacred rite of ablution, and to carry to their places of abode some of the water. Their sacred books promise a residence of a million of years in heaven for every hair a pilgrim cuts from his head and strews upon the stream. No sooner does he reach the object of his long journey, than he has his head shaved in such a manner that the hair may fall upon the water; he then bathes, and afterwards performs the funeral rites for his ancestors. Other pilgrims pass at once into Paradise, as they imagine, by drowning themselves at this place, after they have gone through some kind of ceremonial. Eighty-three miles from Allahabad is Benares, a city with 200,000 inhabitants, nine-tenths of whom are Hindoos. It is the ancient seat of learning of the Brahmans, where erudite doctors expound the laws of Menu in Sanscrit. It was called the Casi, or the Splendid, and is held in extraordinary reverence. There are said to be 1000 temples of one kind or other, and upwards of 300 mosques. The streets are very narrow and crooked; the houses five or six storeys high; and altogether, the exterior appearance of the place is not prepossessing. The bazaars, however, are stored with the richest goods; gold and silver work, muslins and silks, and fancy articles of various kinds, attract the attention of every stranger. To proclaim the triumph of Islamism over the religion of Brahma, the Emperor Aurungzebe erected a large mosque on the site of a splendid Hindoo temple, which he levelled with the ground. Akbar the Great in like manner designed to build another mosque over the sacred fountain of Gyan-bapee, but, according to the tradition of the Brahmans, the gods descended into the water, and would not permit it to be done. All round the well are pagodas and temples sufficient to build a town; and the statue of the false deity, surrounded by lamps, is hidden in the depths of one sanctuary from eyes profane. But every thing is so repulsively dirty, that travellers prevail upon themselves with difficulty to visit even what they are allowed to see. The banks of the Ganges at this place are thickly studded with pagodas, for it is the custom of the princes and chief families of India to have private temples, whither they resort, to perform the services for which they are the sooner to return to the great Brahma. Broad flights of stairs, called ghauts, lead down to the water's edge, and crowds of people may be seen here at all hours bathing or pouring the sanctifying water over their bodies. Funeral piles, near the river, send up their flames where the bodies of dead persons are consumed; devotees are brought when dying to breathe out their spirit at this spot; and dead bodies, in all stages of corruption, are seen continually floating down the stream. Nay, so sacred is Benares deemed, that the shortest residence in it is supposed to confer a right to an immediate consummation of the individual's happiness. The city is said to rest on a peculiar foundation—that, properly speaking, it forms no part of this earth, since it rests upon one prong of Siva's trident.

On leaving Benares for Calcutta, whither he travelled by dawk, Von Orlich was surprised by an immense number of lights dancing about through all the country. They proved to be straw torches lit to celebrate the festival of Hooli, which men and children were running about with, and throwing in all directions, at the same time shouting and singing lustily. The next day he found himself amongst mountains, the loftiest of which were not more than 1000 feet in height. It seems that a race apparently distinct in religion, language, and physiognomy, from the Hindoos, inhabits these hills—a people amongst whom there are no castes—who are not image worshippers, but who pay reverence to a supreme being called Bude Gosai, to whom sacrifices of buffalos and other animals are offered. They support themselves mainly by

the produce of the chase; and their chiefs are under British protection. Calcutta is 460 miles from Benares; like most oriental cities, the houses are loftily built and the streets narrow. The climate is exceedingly unhealthy, for the city is placed in a damp hollow on the banks of a wide spreading river. This is the Hooghly, an arm of the Ganges. Calcutta is the principal seat of government. The palace of the governor-general is an immense building which cost £130,000. The citadel is very strong; it cost two millions sterling, and takes 15,000 men to keep it in a proper state of defence; the arsenal has arms for 80,000 men. The mint is an enormous building in the Grecian style, furnished with apparatus to coin two lacs of rupees (£20,000) in seven hours. Since 1831, 200 millions of rupees have been struck here, and distributed over the peninsula. At Calcutta, Captain Von Orlich experienced the same friendly hospitality which greeted him wherever he went. Indeed, he speaks throughout in unmeasured terms of the courtesy and kindness he received at the hands of the English, whether civil or military. After spending some little time in the capital of British India, he set sail for Europe; and we shall now take leave of him, with thanks for the instruction and amusement his letters have afforded us.

FRANK CAMPBELL; OR, GOOD FOR EVIL

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF JAMES VI.

In the days of James VI., and dark and stormy days they often were, there dwelt in Croft-an-righ Wynd, in the city of Edinburgh, a decent, reputable craftsman, who made his bread by fabricating boots and shoes for the gallants who fluttered about the court, and the burly lords and starched-up ladies who perambulated that fashionable promenade which extended from the Luckenbooths to the Palace.

Mark Comrie was a cheerful old fellow, whose head was indeed grown hoary, but whose heart was a fresh green garden, glowing with the flowers of charity and love, and redolent with the perfume of human sympathy. He was garrulous, and loved to talk on all manner of subjects, from the wrongs of poor Queen Mary to the rights and privileges of his craft; and if any one was hardy enough to oppose Mark they found him to be very tough indeed. Mark had been deacon of his right honourable craft, and had once represented that august personage so often mentioned in old chronicles, called King Crispin, but these events had never caused him to bear himself haughtily towards his neighbours. Mark, too, had been a bold martial fellow; for he had often dressed himself in the habergeon his grandfather had worn at Flodden; and he had often done duty with his father's partizan, when the fierce lords would spill each other's blood in the High Street, to the serious detriment of their doublets, and the scandal of the right worshipful magistrates.

Mark loved to fight his 'battles o'er again,' and as they had not been particularly stirring, he used to spice them with the doughty deeds of his ancestors, much to the amusement of Frank Campbell, his journeyman; and also to the delight, if not to the edification of Mark the younger, and his bright-eyed, merry, laughter-loving daughter, Menie. Frank Campbell was an especial favourite with old Mark, because, in the first place, he was an excellent workman, and a patient good-humoured listener; and, in the second place, he was the most accomplished quoit and ball player, the most expert and fearlessshintier, and the best player at singletick that appeared on the summer evenings within the precincts of the King's Park. Frank was a favourite with young Mark too, because he was not vain of these great acquirements, and did not boast, as many of the smiths' apprentices did, because, forsooth, they made swords, and concluded from this that they knew how to excel in all manly exercises. Ay, and Frank too was a favourite with Menie, not because he listened well, but because he talked into her pretty little ear, that looked like ivory, such soft and gentle speeches, that she believed the good Mr Knox

himself could scarce surpass him in eloquence. Frank was a strapping youth, with eyes as clear as the water of St Anthony's Well, and as blue as the unclouded sky; and yet the hair that curled all round his velvet bonnet was as black as the leather of Cordova. It was a rare sight to see Menie Comrie, with scarlet bodice and green kirtle, leaning on old Mark's arm as he strolled with her to the park, on a fine evening; and it was something to see how proudly Mark bore himself, as he gave some courtly customer good e'en, and passed, with a polite bend of his head. But the best sight of all was, when any conceited young buck stared admiringly upon the damsel; then it was that old Mark looked King Crispin indeed, and Frank and young Mark grasped their shinties, and frowned; and Menie did not seem to notice the impertinence, but blushed, nevertheless. This family often had little excursions of this nature. Old Peg, who had been old Peg since the memory of man—what particular man it is useless to specify—kept the house on these occasions, and a large shaggy dog, whose meals she attended to, bore her company, it is presumed, from gratitude.

The old man would stand patiently for hours and gaze upon the youngsters, as they strained, and ran, and drove the ball before them, and struggled for the goal; and yet he did not gaze patiently either, if we take into consideration sundry shouts and clapping of hands as Frank Campbell scoured away with the ball, and loud peals of laughter as he saw the heels of his own born son take the position of his head; and then he would tell Menie to watch Frank, as if her eyes had been on anybody else; and he would praise the youth's agility and vigour, as if she did not see them; and, lastly, he would tell her to remember him to rally Mark on the morrow, as if she did not intend to do so herself. But old Mark laughed himself quite into a convulsion when the opposing players would cluster together like bees at the hiving, and drive away with their shinties as if every one of their eyes had fallen on the grass, and they were knocking away at them in their blindness. And, on these occasions, as Mark's chubby face became very high in the colour, and as his eyes seemed ready to start out of his head and have a run for it, his daughter was constrained to beat him so on the back that all the neighbours around remarked what a care she had for her father.

It was on a beautiful summer evening;—the sun was leaving our hemisphere, but ere he departed he was tipping the borders of the gathering clouds with fringes of radiant gold; the waters of the broad Forth were blushing with the reflected lustre of the setting luminary, and the peaks of Salisbury Crags and lion-crested Arthur Seat, were lighted up with the glory of the slowly departing rays; gay groups of citizens, and their wives and children, dressed in their holiday attire, were strolling slowly on the green sward of that spacious park, which stretches from the palace of Holyrood to the adjacent hill; knots of brawny men were hurling the putting-stone or throwing the quoit, while a more active and sanguine band were driving the ball, with short thorn shinties; the manly shouts of the players and the shrill cries of children, as they rolled upon the grass, were cheerful and exhilarating;—mounted on a beautiful black horse, the caparisons of which were of the richest material, and ornamented with gewgaws that jingled as the noble animal curvetted and tossed its head, a young, sumptuously dressed cavalier caracoled through the animated park. The face of the young noble was beautiful, he was a favourite of King James, but there was a look of insolent, ignorant assumption in the curl of his lip and the gleam of his eye, in every way compatible with the character of a royal favourite. The rich silken reins were gathered in his gloved left hand, in his right he carried a beautifully ornamented whip, with which he cut the flank of his fiery charger, and then checked its impetuous boundings, while it champed the bit till its breast was white with foam, and its eyes were starting from its head. He scoured along with the impetuosity of a warrior,

then curvetted with all the coquetry of a carpet knight. He kissed his hand with insolent boldness to the pretty daughters of the citizens who watched their lovers and brothers in the game, and ordered the youngsters imperiously out of his way, as he drove his charger amongst them. Now, if there had been any thing awaiting to prove this man a 'jack in office,' it was supplied by his free use of his whip, upon the little embryo burghers and citizens that contracted themselves like hedgehogs, and rolled upon the sward. In the first place, it is one of the attributes of a gentleman to conduct himself with respect to all men. In the next place, the law interdicted quarrelling in the Royal Park, and this gilded peacock, with all the gay plumage, lofty airs, and paltry head of that screech-owl of a bird, felt himself at liberty to break the civil law and that of politesse. There was a noble gathering of youths in the park this evening, and it was a pleasant sight to see how lightly their hearts danced, for they had laboured hard all day, and nothing canonizes noble labour more than when it is cheerfully, hopefully borne. There was Frank Campbell, light-hearted, vigorous, and happy, for he knew that Menie Comrie was watching him. Who could keep beside him as he bounded over the plain, with his short gnarled club in his hand, and sent the ball whisking through the air with his nervous sturdy arm? There was young Mark Comrie tumbling, to the infinite delight of his fat laughter-loving father; and there was Eben Amos, a stalwart smith, who was as strong as the horn of his anvil, as fierce and fiery as the sparks from burnt iron, but as true to his friend as the best of tempered steel. There were 'prentices from the West Bow, who had thrown down their hammers for basket-handled hazel sticks, with which they hammered at each other right lustily. And there were venders of muslin from the Lawnmarket, who exchanged their ell-wands for quarter-staves, and measured their length right often on the ground. And there were bucks from the Cowgate, with their gay doublets, who kept aloof from the plebeian crowd, and amused themselves with shooting arrows at a target.

Now, everybody appeared to be happy, and there seemed to be sufficient space for everybody to enjoy his own peculiar pastime, without interfering with the pleasures of his neighbours. But, somehow or other, a spirit of aggression is insatiable in action; it is a restless incentive to quarrel in the tiny boy; it excites to cowardly dominion over weaker beings in the adult; it is the moving power of the grasping, greedy votary of ambition, and of his tool the son of battle. The gay cavalier on his black charger went ambling towards the active band, of which Frank Campbell and Eben Amos were the leaders. Frank had got a free run, but the smith was straining hard behind him. The goal was close at hand, the 'sides' were dashing on, flourishing their clubs and encouraging their leaders with shouts of—'Weel run, Frank; licht fit and strong hand'—'Bravely done, Eby; hurrah for the hand o' airn'—when our gay cavalier drove his horse right before the youths. The uplifted hand of the smith fell with a heavy blow upon the leg of the steed; the animal reared and plunged, and Campbell, to prevent it from kicking him, seized its reins and drew it to the ground; and then its rider, proud and haughty, and boiling with rage, struck the artizan upon the face, and a glowing crimson mark streaked his visage after the infliction of the cutting whip. This gross outrage was witnessed by fifty spectators, young athletic men, with clubs in their hands and excited blood dancing through their veins; but the unusual nature of the action stopped them in their career, and they looked wonderingly at the perpetrator of the deed, and then at their companion, who, as much astonished as themselves, seemed to bear the painful outrage in stupefied wonder. The stalwart smith had beheld it too—he gazed for a moment at Campbell, and then at the noble, who was about to amble proudly away, when with a shout he sprung upon the patrician and clutched him by the leg. The lordling uttered a cry of pain, and, dashing spurs into his horse, struck at the

smith, who, clinging to the limb with a grasp of iron, caused the face of the noble to contract with agony; and then there were shouts of—'Doon wi' him!'—'Are we bounds that he daurs strike?'—'Clubs against whips,'—until an uproar, fierce and stormy, was about to burst. Frank Campbell, roused from his stupor by the cries of his companions, saw at once what would be the result of these angry demonstrations. Flinging his club from him, he rushed towards Eben and the noble—the former striving to throw its rider from the back of the plunging steed, the latter striking the exasperated artizan about the head and shoulders, and at the same time clinging to the horse. In a moment Campbell had seized his companion by the waist; with a violent wrench he separated him from the aristocrat, and as the young men struggled in each other's arms, the black horse and its rider shot away like the wind.

'Stop, Eben,' cried Campbell, as the smith still strove to throw him down—'ye ken the penalty o' fechtin' in this park, and why will ye brave it against a noble?'

'Against Lord Arran, if he had struck me!' cried Eben, with excitement; 'or any lord in broad Scotladd.' 'But it was I he struck,' cried Campbell; 'and I will have no man peril himself for me.'

'It's weel seen that he struck you,' said the smith, ironically; 'for a' the blood in your body cries dishonour on your face;' and he turned away from the calm unmoved Frank, and muttered the word 'coward.' It was caught by the young men around, and echoed from mouth to mouth, and from that evening Frank Campbell was shunned by those who formerly looked upon him with esteem.

Mark Comrie the younger affected to pity Frank now, who, still as industrious and good-humoured as formerly, worked away and listened to old Mark with all his former patience, and without one single feeling of abasement. But one thing that stung him cruelly was the apparent indifference of Menie. Did she believe that he was destitute of that attribute of almost every animal—courage? Did she too believe that he ever feared a lord in the land? Oh, if the best and bravest of them would but dare to injure her, she would see who would be her champion—whose bosom would be her shield!

A woman's heart is an intricate piece of mechanism, but, unlike the dial of a watch, which betrays its inward disorder, her face often belies her bosom's workings. Menie loved Frank even more dearly than formerly, but she was hurt to think that other people thought lightly of him now, and to veil her vexation she assumed towards him cold and indifferent airs. Old Mark, however, did not join in this proscription; he knew that Frank did not lack courage, for he had seen him brave the fury of a stronger man by far, that he might save a blind man's dog from his blows; he had seen him snatch a tiny child from the feet of a fiery steed when its mother stood screaming by; and Old Mark did not think these acts so lightly done, and he was ready to annihilate any one who would say they were. He even increased in respect and attention towards Frank, for he knew it required a stout and manly heart to bear up against unmerited obloquy so calmly as he did.

Menie always found some excuse for remaining at home on the evenings now, and young Mark found means to go forth always alone, but old Mark would by no means allow Frank to tarry at home, and he held up his head so proudly when he accompanied him, and looked so determined to share his young journeyman's disgrace, that Frank felt pleased and gratified, and snapped his fingers at all his detractors from the Castle Hill to St Ann's Yards. Old Mark and his young friend were strolling again through the busy park, just as if they had been taking a walk for their health, and looking as if they did not by any means take the least interest in the sports and pastimes that were going on around them. The echoes were merrily multiplying the loud laughter and gay shouts of the actors in the busy scene, and old Mark's heart responded lightly to the echoes. Frank Campbell knew what was passing

in the breast of his kind old master, and he loved so to see his grey eye twinkle with pleasure that he smiled in sympathy.

We love to see the heart of youth expand with joy and the eye light up with rapture, for nature stirs the fountains of the one and lights the vestal torch that irradiates the other. But we doat upon the cheerful smile of age, and venerate the heart that never grows old. Age, holy chastened age, that tells of duty done, of earth made better by its closing pilgrimage; age that draws closer to innocence and childhood at its close; God blesses it. Silvery locks and wrinkled brows are hallowed emblems of approaching death, but the calm smile that tells of sympathy with life, the tearful eye that tells of kindly pity for the erring, the Christian charity that senility refines but cannot chill, these are the links that bind stern manhood to the old and weak.

Mark and Frank had climbed the rugged hill, and gazed with delight upon the scene around and below, and now they returned to the park again. 'Look, Frank,' cried old Mark, as they walked leisurely along, 'there goes the court gallant once more. Shall he use his whip to-night again, think you?'

'It is a pity he possesses the will to do so,' said Frank, mildly; 'he will not find every one bear the lash so tamely as I.'

'Cheer up, boy,' said old Mark, gaily; 'you could have hurled him to the ground and you did not, that was brave of you, for the merciful are ever brave.'

'Ay, but every one does not think as you do, and I am scorned now,' said Frank, bitterly.

As he spoke, the shouting players came rushing towards the spot where he stood, and the black horse, frightened by the cheers and confused evolutions of the crowd, became unmanageable, reared, plunged, and seizing the bit between its teeth, bounded furiously amongst the young men. It kicked madly at the flying people, and, with foaming mouth and dilated eyes, spread dismay amongst those who were within its reach. Eben, who was still smarting under the recollection of that rider's whip, and who attributed the angry demonstrations of the horse to the agency of the rider, rushed upon the noble, and striking him with his bat, sent him rolling to the ground. The charger, freed from its burden, leaped high into the air, and receiving from the courageous artizan a blow that sounded from its side, sprang wildly away, and galloped round the park. Then a wild uproar arose. The young bloods from the Cowgate and St Mary's Wynd forsook their archery, and with unstrung bows hastened to the spot. A cry went forth that a workman had slain a gentleman, and people looked aghast as they hurried from the scene of action. There on the ground, with the blood streaming from his head, lay the gallant, and over him stood the smith, waving his short black club; and then a young aristocrat struck the artizan with his bow, and clubs and bows were quickly mingling and meeting in angry concussion. Frank Campbell had witnessed this scene quietly, for, to tell the truth, he had no great love for the gallant, but when he saw him down and trampled on by angry combatants, he forgot everything save their common humanity. He was strong and active, so raising the youth, he threw him on his shoulder and strove to bear him away. In a moment he and old Mark Comrie were in the centre of a struggling mass of passion-tossed fierce men. Now borne impetuously along, now torn and rent as if the combatants sought only to part him, and each to have his share, Frank was driven now here and now there, but still he clung to his burden. His blood was up, and like a brave man among robbers, he determined to preserve his charge the more, the more strenuously he was sought to be dispossessed of it. He felt the warm breath of the aroused men hissing in his face like the pestiferous virus of serpents; he heard their muttered threats come growling through their teeth, and their blows as they rebounded from broken heads. On, on they went out of the park, and straight towards Croft-an-righ Wynd, for thither Frank bore his burden whenever he could make a foot of ground. He was often

on the point of fainting under his load, for the heat and labour of his position were hard to bear; but still a jolly voice, broken and thick a little, cheered him on. 'Well done, Frank, wha will ca' ye coward now? cowards destroy life, brave men preserve it.' And then he would feel old Mark's arms twined round him and bearing him stoutly on; and then he would see him for a moment warding blows from the bleeding man he bore; and then they would be wedged into a clump of fighting struggling men again. 'Hurrah, Frank, here we are at last,' cried old Mark, as he burst open his own door, drew Frank into the kitchen, and called his shaggy dog to his side. 'Cross this threshold the stoutest of you,' he cried, as old Peg presented him with his father's partizan, and he flourished it round his head. 'Gentle or simple, cross this lintel to injure that dying man, and I will show you who is king of this castle.' The angry crowd hung back, and old Mark facing them fearlessly, and bringing his partizan to the charge, till he gathered wind, flung it on his shoulder, and, standing on the door step, addressed them like a born parliamentarian, not like your town councillors or police board, but like a real unadulterated elocutionist, who says what he has got to say without one hum or haw, as if speaking was his trade and it was nothing to him. 'You would kill that man who is in my kitchen, would you?' cried Mark, holding up his hand.

'No, no,' cried the nobles, as they eyed the workmen scornfully.

'Then you would cut my journeyman with your whips, would you?'

'No, no,' cried the artizans; 'but the man Frank rescued did so.'

'I know it, brothers,' said Mark, facing about to the workmen; 'and you called him a coward because he struck not again. A bull-dog bites if he is whipped; a Christian forgives those who despitefully use him. I am no prophet,' continued the fine old burgher, 'but I'll pledge my reputation against a pair of dog-skin shoes, that there is not a generous man who hears me who will venture to call Frank Campbell coward again.'

A tall brawny youth, with torn vestments and bleeding face, stepped from the crowd to old Mark's side. It was the smith. 'Brothers,' he said, 'I was the first to call Frank Campbell coward, and I am the first to retract. It never shall be said that Eben Amos did a man an injury and refused to do him justice.'

A cheer, loud and strong as sturdy men can cheer, rose like the echo of a torrent from the crowd around. And as the burghesses with their hauberts and pikes were said to be marching quickly down the Canongate, the crowd quietly and prudently melted away.

What a fine bustle Menie Comrie was in as she drew smelling bottles from strange corners, and tore down her kerchiefs to bind the wounded man's head, and did not seem to think them good enough after all. And how she wished that this gay lord had been a thousand times gayer and handsomer, that she might show Frank how little she valued him compared with himself. And Frank wished that ten lords had been knocked down, if the happiness of rescuing them all had been proportioned to the pleasure that had accrued to him from saving one. At last the wounded man recovered sense sufficient to make inquiries concerning himself, and old Mark so tempered his information with references to pride and abused power, that the noble actually seemed abashed. At last he proposed to go home; Frank Campbell was at his side with a stout club in his hand; young Mark stood beside Frank with a staff and lantern. The young lord looked at old Mark, and his purse was in his hand. The sturdy old burgher saw the movement, and he waved his hand proudly; in a second the noble and his guides were gone. They wended through the muddy labyrinths of the Canongate and High Street, till they reached a gay house that overhung the West Bow, and there the noble drew his arm from Frank Campbell's, and stopped.

'I would fain repay you for the service you have done me,' said the noble; 'will you tell me how I can?'

'I only paid a debt I owed you,' replied Frank, turning away.

'Stop, workman, and tell me for what?' said the aristocrat.

'You struck me an unmerited blow,' said the citizen, proudly; 'I have paid it.'

Young Mark averred that he saw his face grow red as crimson as Frank said so; and as Mark held the lantern it is probable that he did, but it is certain that he remained silent some time, still holding Frank's arm.

'Blows are generally repaid by blows,' said the noble, in a low voice; 'I hardly understand the principle upon which you have acted, but I feel that it is noble. Yet I cannot let you go thus; will you take this ring?'

'Nothing,' said the workman, firmly; 'I will take nothing. I will ask a favour of you, however,' he said, as he felt the young noble's hand tremble.

'Name it,' said the patrician, eagerly.

'When you see a weary artizan crawling in your path, remember he is a brother, and do not trample him down. When your hand is uplifted to strike a roughly clad workman, remember that noble hearts are often beating beneath coarse doublets, and restrain your passion. And when you have power to crush your enemy, curb the will, and remember who commands us to forgive injuries.' Frank turned away, and young Mark and he walked silently side by side to Croft-an-righ Wynd. When they stood upon the doorstep young Mark caught his companion's hand.

'You are a brave fellow, Frank,' he said, warmly.

'Thank you, Mark,' Frank answered; 'and you are a generous fellow.'

Great deeds have been done in the King's Park since the days of Frank Campbell, but it would be well for the world if that heroism which is so purely Christian, that bravery which consists in the restraint of evil passions, were more the subject of the world's praise, and that 'evil for evil' was less the maxim which regulates its practice.

PAGANINI.

For some years previous to his death, Paganini was exhausted and languishing, and had but little strength left to cultivate the art which was with him a worship. Paganini, like Byron, was born lame, but was much more than Byron a physical sufferer. He was ill in health during the greater portion of his life. At one period the symptoms of decay had arrived at such maturity, that he was believed to be dead. His birth took place at Genoa, in 1784. His father was a notary, whose ordinary recreation after business hours was playing on the mandolin. It was from him that Paganini received his first lesson. After a few weeks' practice, the child was so far advanced as to be able to warn his father that he beat the time incorrectly. Struck by the accuracy of the boy's ear and the singular passion which he displayed for music, his family yielded to the youthful Paganini's wishes, and set him to study the violin. He was placed at the school of the leader of the orchestra at the Genoa Theatre. The musical art was for him but a simple initiation. When he was only eight years old, he executed a *concerto* of Pleyel's in a church. After this, he took part in all the religious solemnities of Genoa. At twelve years of age, he gave a concert at the Teatro San Agostino. Some time after this he was sent to Parma, where he remained for a short time with Paer, who heard him with much interest, and gave him a letter of recommendation to his colleague Rolla. At the moment of being placed under Rolla's care, he executed music at sight, playing off-hand an unpublished *concerto* for the violin, composed by his master. He subsequently studied under Ghiberti, the celebrated violoncellist, to whom Paer was indebted for a great portion of his skill. It was at this time that Paganini, while still a mere boy, gained an excellent violin from Guarnerius, which was presented to him as the guerdon for playing, without the slightest fault, and with all

the inspiration of genius, a most difficult *concerto*. A number of diseases now laid siege to his constitution; and he had many serious attacks, but got the better of them all. At fourteen years of age, he was almost entirely prostrated by bilious fever, which developed in him the most frightful symptoms—he was seized with catalepsy, and was now, for the second time, believed to be dead. It was not until the moment when he was about to be placed in his coffin that he uttered a slight cry, which informed his family that he still lived. Paganini's first professional tour was through Upper Italy. He was then seventeen years of age. He was received everywhere with the liveliest interest; and everywhere his programme had inscribed in it a challenge, that no amateur could embarrass him by demanding the immediate execution of any composition whatever, for the violin, of any master he might choose to name. He learned, from an early period, to compose the music which he executed; and, in seeking out new modes of execution, he conceived the idea of suppressing the two intermediate strings of his violin, and executed a *sonata* entitled *Scena Amorosa*, in which the fourth string performed the man's part, and the first string the woman's. To those who heard this *morceau* for the first time, it appeared as delicious as it was novel and astonishing. Some one having asked him whether it would be possible to play on a single string, Paganini answered 'Yes,' at haphazard. Upon his return home, he applied himself to this new difficulty. In about a month afterwards he executed variations on the fourth string alone, and from this new mode drew forth effects at once powerful and charming. Sensibility alone gives it not—reflection must prepare it.

Towards the close of Paganini's life, when he was broken down by disease, and harassed by worldly concerns, he was greatly altered in person. His frame was utterly prostrated—a spectacle of afflicting ruin. The loss of his teeth gave to the lower part of his face an expression twenty years older than the years which he really numbered. His eyes were still lustrous; but you could no longer recognise in his physiognomy that mirror wherein had gleamed the first reflections of the magic produced by his violin, returning on himself. He had undergone a remarkable change from the period when, young, gay, and dissipated, he was abreast of all the highest society of the Duchies of Lucca and Piombino, and filled the elegant little court of Eliza Bonaparte, a woman of very superior mind, with the fame of his improvident life and talents. When he was last seen in Paris, nothing remained but a sickly, fantastical, easily-moved, and irascible man. It is deeply to be regretted that, at this epoch, a bitter and depreciating spirit of social sarcasm and doubt in matters of religion, appeared to be almost the only feeling by which he was animated. Sardonic sneering and mockery were the uniform tendency of his mind, while he was governed by his ordinary character and habits. He had become, at the same time, hard and avaricious, refusing himself even the simplest indulgences and clothing his person meanly, while the large sums which he gained by his professional labours were remitted to Genoa, or commuted into securities, which he always carried about his person. To have large possessions, to be the *maestro primo* in his art, to aggrandize his fortune—this was his aim. The life which he led was close and rigid; he had neither decent furniture nor wardrobe, nor a servant near his person, while his 'intendants' inhabited, with his full consent, the splendid palaces of which he was the proprietor, and uniformly found him a generous master. There are facts in abundance to establish this half-maniacal generosity. Some years since, one of his old friends having met Paganini, after a long series of misfortunes, told him his history, and moved him to compassion. What did Paganini do, when he found that a small sum of money would make his friend perfectly happy? He sent him an order on his banker at Rome for 50,000 francs (£2000 sterling), while he refused to himself, personally, a decent coat and a new pair of boots! Paganini was, latterly, almost settled

in Paris. In the brilliant literary and artistical circles of that capital he enjoyed the highest degree of consideration, notwithstanding his Timon sort of life. His parsimoniousness, however, detracted in no small degree from his reputation. Like Rosini, he became of a speculative turn; and the Casino was a club, with a concert-room annexed, which was got up principally upon Paganini's capital, as a money-making speculation. It was no sooner completed than his health, which had been for a long time in a most precarious state, compelled him to remove to a southern climate; and he fixed upon Nice, with its glowing sky, and the expansive waters of the Mediterranean stretched out before it, in all their cerulean beauty. Here he languished from day to day, after his arrival, reduced to a mere skeleton, but still retaining the great powers of his mind unimpaired. He breathed his last as gently as an infant, in the arms of a very few intimate friends.—*Charivari*.

SACRED BIOGRAPHY.*

A second edition of this interesting and useful work has just been published. We feel anxious that it should be widely circulated, and are therefore glad that its price has been so much reduced as to place it within the reach of all classes. Its fresh and vigorous style; the light it throws on many of those characters who figure in sacred story; the spirit of piety and love of virtue which pervade it, will, we feel assured, make Mr Smith's *Sacred Biography* a general favourite. Proverbially, example teaches us better than precept, and upon this principle we very cordially recommend the work as one which the young especially will peruse with interest and profit. We subjoin the following sketch of one of the most celebrated of Scripture heroines, as a specimen of Mr Smith's style and descriptive powers:—

HISTORY AND CHARACTER OF DEBORAH.

'In the economy of Providence, comparatively feeble and unnoticed agencies are accomplishing most important purposes. The neglected flower of the field, 'born to blush unseen,' is exerting a most salutary influence on the surrounding atmosphere, by preparing it for healthful respiration. The insect, carelessly trodden under foot, has a work to perform, in opening the face of the ground, to enable the earth to bring forth her fruit. The sand which is drifted on the shore, 'breathe it but an air of heaven,' proves a barrier too powerful for the ocean, confines its waters to their channels, and prevents them from overflowing the dry land.

'It is also observable, that certain obscure and unnoticed agencies occasionally assume a giant might, and spread terror and dismay far and wide. In the subterranean caverns of the earth, certain gases are being generated, which for a time lie concealed and innocent; but let them collect and mingle, and at length—and often when least expected—they upheave rocks, uproot mountains, and with terrible force cast them into the midst of the sea. The material which composes the lightning of heaven is continually playing innocuously around us. At this moment, it circulates around the minutest particles of matter, as well as among its mightiest masses; according to the opinion of some, giving health and vigour to the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and motion to our earth and surrounding worlds. But when certain conditions are present, the lightnings flash, the thunders roar, the cedar is broken, the rock is rent, the wilderness quakes, the Lord sitteth on the floods, and terror, wild and universal, reigns!

'As in the natural, so in the moral world. Beneath that tree, between Ramah and Bethel, in Mount Ephraim, sits a tender and delicate female. That she possesses a

* Sacred Biography. By J. SMITH, M.A. Glasgow: G. Gallie Edinburgh: J. Hogg. London: J. Snow.

certain influence—and a most important influence too—every one knows; but that influence is generally exerted unnoticed and unknown, and in the shape of kindness and love in the domestic circle. No one of the enemies of Israel stands in awe of her. When the warriors of Israel are sheltering in their strongholds, and when none of the men of might can find their hands, what have the mothers and daughters of Israel to expect, but to be laughed to scorn? and how could they feel otherwise than as wax before the fire? Take care, Jabin, king of Canaan; and Sisera, captain of his host! The mighty have fallen, it is true, and the weapons of war have perished; the strength, the beauty of Israel, is fallen on high places! Your sword has made many children fatherless, and many mothers widows; but now the cries of Israel (chap. iv. 3) have reached the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth, and already vengeance is determined, and shall come from a quarter whence you least expect it. Beneath that palm tree, in that humble abode, there sits—no warrior arrayed in brass—no hero whose praises have been sung—but a delicate woman, and that woman shall prove your overthrow. Smile you may at the idea of being vanquished by such instrumentality—boast you may of your iron chariots, and of the many noble captives that have been dragged at your chariot wheels, to grace your triumphs, but that same woman shall subdue the proudest of your armies, shall burn your chariots in the fire, and shall work a great salvation for Israel.

Others, as well as Jabin and Sisera, may learn important lessons beneath that palm tree. Some entertain grossly false views of the female character, and consequently treat females improperly and insultingly. When in their company they studiously avoid anything approaching to the rational or intellectual of conversation—because such conversation, as they think, would neither be appreciated nor understood. The utmost stretch of female understanding could not go beyond a smart repartee, or a sally of wit. Let such mistaken men behold the *men of Israel* visiting the palm tree of Deborah. Why do they gather around that woman? Is it for amusement—or to while away an idle hour—or to astonish her with their wisdom? No. They come to her for *judgment*—for the last thing some would expect in such a quarter; but the men of Israel did expect it, and found it too. They received the law at her mouth, and on the most difficult and intricate cases received an equitable and discriminating judgment. Others again—and very generous men they think they are!—admit that the female may equal, if not excel, the other sex in certain particulars, such as kindness, tenderness, imagination, elegance of sentiment; but they sternly refuse to endow them with any thing approaching to courage—intrepidity—perseverance. Let such visit the palm tree again. Where are the men of Israel—the proud lords of this world? Fleeing to their strongholds—fainting at the sight of nine hundred chariots—tamely submitting to their ruthless invaders, and thinking themselves happy that they are living men. Whom see you undaunted beneath that palm tree? Who summons the men of Israel from their strongholds to fight the battles of the Lord? It is a woman! Deborah sounds the alarm for war, and goes out herself at the head of the armies of Israel. 'Go,' says she, and she speaks as one having authority—'go, Barak, draw toward Mount Tabor, and take with thee ten thousand men, &c., and I will draw to thee, to the river Kishon, Sisera, and will deliver Jabin's army, and his chariots too, into thy hand!' Tell me not that this is a rare case. It is *rare* conduct, because nothing but the shameful cowardice and effeminacy of the men of Israel could have rendered such conduct necessary; but the courage that was here displayed lies slumbering in thousands of female bosoms, and it occasionally displays its strength in an hour when least expected.

Barak is probably the boldest man in Israel, but the chariots of Jabin are iron, and his armies are terrible in battle, and Barak trembles before them. Deborah 'calls him to his feet,' and commands him to lead forth the

hosts of the Lord; for who is Jabin, and what are his armies, that they should defy the armies of the living God? Let the sex to which Barak belongs be ashamed of his reply. 'If thou wilt go with me, then I will go; but if thou wilt not go with me, then I will *not* go.' It is very likely that Barak was a very valorous man when there was no danger threatening, and no doubt he would assume his superiority, and throw the shield of his protection over those with whom he was wont to associate; but, when danger threatens, his courage is gone. Such men may often be found. Take their own testimony, and put a *fair* construction on their deportment when they are in company, and what noble characters they are! How bold—how courageous—how valorous—how much they sympathise with the weakness, and how much do they encourage the timidity of the other sex! Set nine hundred iron chariots against them—yea, let danger far less imminent threaten them, and their valour is at an end; they say, 'If thou wilt rise and go with me, then I will go, but if not, I will not venture.'

The reply of Deborah to Barak is noble. 'Certainly,' says she, 'I will go with you—I will frown on your enemies, I will dissipate your fears; but you may cease to think of honour in the matter, for not only must a woman accompany you to the battle-field, but a woman shall crown the victory and carry off the laurels of the day.—God shall sell Sisera into the hand of a woman! All the way to Kedish—say forty miles—must Deborah accompany the cowardly man. He with difficulty musters courage enough to accompany Deborah. Onward he proceeds with faltering step—quaking as he thinks of the iron chariots, and but for the counsels and encouragements of Deborah, it is probable he would have 'returned,' and let whoever choose fight for Israel. Sisera collects all his chariots, and all the people that were with him, from Horosheth of the Gentiles unto the river Kishon. Deborah, from the top of Tabor, casts her intelligent eye across the vast armament, and still undaunted, she addresses Barak in language equal to inspire with courage the greatest coward on earth—'Up! this is the day in which the Lord hath delivered Sisera into thy hand; is not the Lord gone out before thee? Heed not the numbers of his armies, nor the strength of his chariots, for there is a God in Heaven, mighty in battle.' Barak goes down from the top of the mountain with his ten thousand men, and I wonder not to read of his successes, however great, when I see, on the top of Tabor, one who has such power with God. Already, too, He who, some thirteen hundred years afterwards, was transfigured on this mount, has descended as captain of the hosts of the Lord. 'The Lord discomfited Sisera and all his chariots, and all his host, with the edge of the sword before Barak.' Barak pursues, and not a man of the vast multitude is left. The proud Sisera seeks shelter in the tent of Jael, supposing that he had in her a friend; but who shall befriend those whom the Lord hath forsaken, and surrendered to the destroyer? Wearied with the fatigues of the day, he falls asleep—ay! he sleeps his sleep outright. Jael nails him to the ground. 'God hath indeed sold him into the hands of a woman.'

Jabin, king of Canaan, the oppressor of Israel, is destroyed—Sisera, captain of his host, and all his armies, are cold in death—Israel is free. Who shall celebrate the triumphs of the day in strains worthy of them? Where is there a mind equal to compose a song at all in keeping with the great deliverance? We have seen Deborah occupying the judgment-seat with dignity and honour—we have seen her urging on the hosts of the Lord to battle and to victory, and now, *to her* must we look for the song of triumph. Her soul is on fire, and she utters strains more lofty, and more elegant, than the world ever knew.

Our author winds up this description with an enumeration of the different features of the character of Deborah, her piety, modesty, patriotism, and the like; but our space will not admit of farther extract.

UNION OF DIVINE AND HUMAN AGENCY.

The providence of God treats men as moral and free agents. Providence will do for a man nothing that he can do for himself. Providence will give seed to the sower, but it will not sow it nor reap the crop for him. Providence will fill the sail of the vessel with gales, but it will not steer the helm. Providence makes no arrangement to encourage the idleness or inactivity of man, but all its provisions require and demand the full exercise of his agency. God promised to feed the Israelites in the wilderness with manna, but *they* were to gather and prepare it for food. Providence gives us our 'daily bread,' but not in baked loaves falling from the sky. Providence supplies us with raiment, but not in garments ready-made, descending upon us without any agency of our own. Providence has made bread to be the staff of life, but here it meets us as free agents, for if we do not exercise our own agency to partake of it, it will avail us nothing.—*Rev. T. W. Jenkins.*

LIFE OF THE EARTH.

Mark our planet's power of locomotion, in its diurnal movement, and in its annual course—the dignity of its march, the fidelity with which it keeps its appointments, and the even tenor of its way, as it wheels its ethereal round. Behold the variety of its dress—the verdant drapery of spring, the flowery robe of summer, the russet mantle of autumn, and the eider down of its snowy coverlet. See the flash of its eye in the aurora's fire columns, in the volcanic flame, or in the lightning's blaze. Hear its gentle voice in the murmurs of its granite rocks—the tinkling of its driven sand—the murmurs of its waters; or its louder strain in the roar of its foaming breakers, and the awful diapason of its subterranean thunder. Listen to its breathing in the gaseous elements which exhale from its pores, or in the suffocating vapours which rush from its burning lungs. Nor is this Earth-life but a name to please the imagination and scare the judgment. The globe which it animates has a real dynamical existence—instinct with vital power—sustained from perennial resources, and wielding inexhaustible energies. No created arm is needed to repair its mechanism, nor human skill to direct its operations. The mighty steam-power, which works the wonders of our age, is but man's tool—useless unless he guides it—dead unless he feeds it. But the locomotive giant which carries us on its shoulders is framed by an abler artist, and poised by a mightier arm: it affords to man's mortal being a pilgrim-home—at first a cradle, at last a grave. It is the nursery too of his race—the gymnasium for the development of his intellectual powers—the Elysium of his enjoyments. But while thus the self-supplied storehouse for his physical wants, it is tributary also to his spiritual necessities. It is the grand penitentiary of the moral world—in which are tried the spirits, and searched the hearts of its inmates; and according to the efficacy of its discipline, it may prove either the gloomy prison-car which conducts to judgment, or the triumphal chariot which transports to victory.—*Sir David Brewster.*

BENEFITS OF ADVERSITY.

A smooth sea never made a skilful mariner, neither does uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify for usefulness or happiness. The storms of adversity, like the storms of the ocean, arouse the faculties, excite the invention, prudence, skill, and fortitude of the voyager. The martyrs of ancient times, in bracing their minds to onward calamity, acquired a loftiness of purpose, a moral heroism, worth a life of softness and security.

THE POWER OF TIME.

FROM THE SPANISH OF LOPE DE VEGA.

The towers and haughty palaces of stone
Which Rome's seven lofty hills once proudly crow'd,
No more obstruct the horizon all around,
And where they were grim ruin sits alone.
Where the Lyceum, Plato, Zenophon,
The blood-stain'd circus-temples? Nowhere found.
Swept are the theatres from off the ground.
The sacrifice, the priest—all, all are gone.
Vain pomp of glory, say whose stern decree
Hath tumbled empires, triumphs, learning, down,
And dropp'd them from the page of things that be?
Time the destroyer's: all his power must own—
A thought which comforts poor and wretched me,
Since he hath torn to rags my worn-out gown.*

* *Botana*—a priest's gown.

PROFESSIONAL PERSONS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

The returns of the census of 1841, under the head 'clerical profession,' contains 14,612 clergymen, and 8,930 ministers and clergymen. The number of barristers, advocates, and conveyancers, was 2,373; attorneys, solicitors, writers, and law students, 14,657; and there were 1,476 physicians, 18,658 surgeons, apothecaries, and medical students, cuppers, dentists, &c. The class headed 'other educated persons,' comprises 56,830 clerks, 45,767 schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, assistants, teachers, and governesses; 4,985 teachers or professors, 4,556 surveyors, 4,974 accountants, 4,337 artists, 3,992 musicians and organists, 620 newspaper editors, reporters, and proprietors; 1,904 bankers, 1,675 architects, 167 authors, 1,563 actors, 959 civil engineers, 860 land agents, and 306 sculptors.

. The present Number completes VOLUME II., which is just published, handsomely bound in cloth, lettered, price 4s. 6d. The Title-page and Index for the Second Volume, price One Penny, may now be had; also, Stamped Cloth Boards for binding up the Numbers, price One Shilling. Parties who wish the *Instructor* from the commencement, may have copies of the First and Second Volumes, neatly half-bound together, in coloured calf, price 5s. Odd Numbers or Parts, to complete sets, will be furnished by all Booksellers who supply the *Instructor*.

END OF VOLUME II.



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